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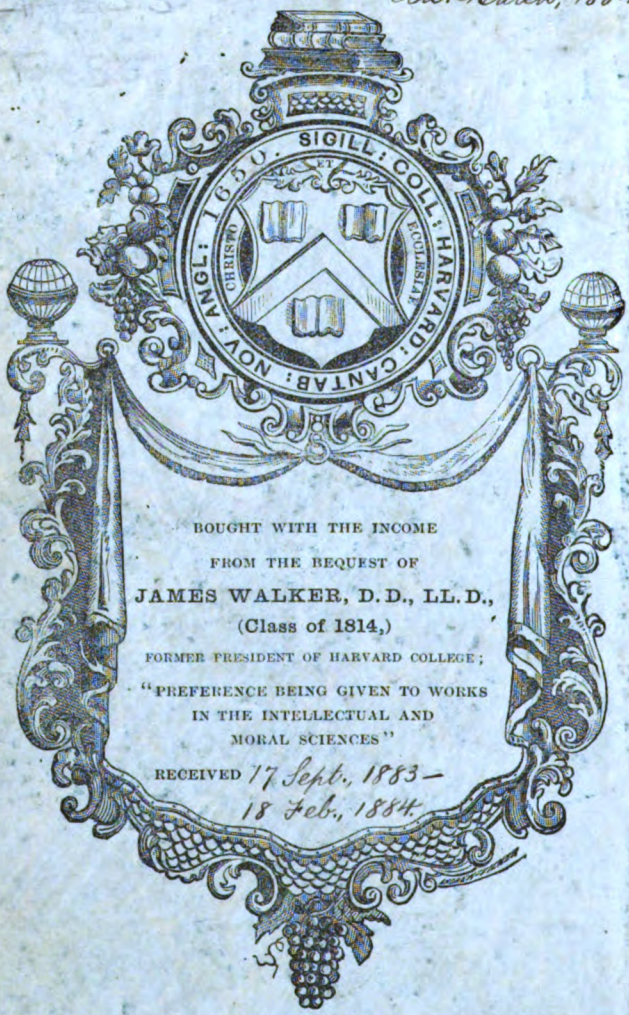

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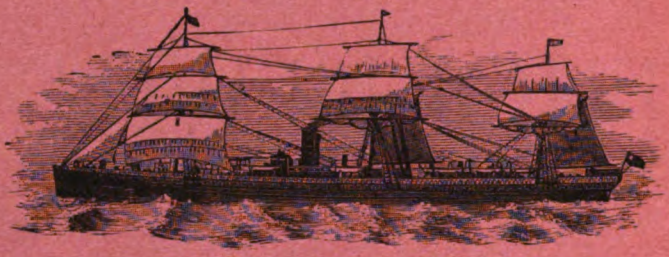

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXVIII. OCTOBER, 1883. NO. 223.

PROTESTANTISM *VERSUS* THE CHURCH.

ONE among the events which have greatly affected the development of Christianity was the religious movement of the sixteenth century called Protestantism. Millions of Christians within a short period of time separated themselves from what they had been taught to believe was the Christian Church. It is unnatural, as it is unchristian, that men who have a common nature and a common destiny, and who acknowledge the same Mediator and Saviour, should stand towards each other in hostile attitude. All is not right where such a state of things exists. To produce such results there must have been error somewhere, and guilt too. For humanity means common brotherhood. Truth is one. And Christianity is, in the highest sense of the words, Love and Truth.

These disagreeable facts are becoming more and more apparent, and people are becoming more and more convinced of these primary truths. Who knows? perhaps the time has come when, if men would consider impartially the causes which have brought about the deplorable religious dissensions and divisions existing among Christians, a movement would set in on all sides towards unity, and the prayer of Christ that "all who believe in him might be made perfect in unity" would find its fulfilment. This is our hope. To contribute to this result we labor.

It is in the spirit of impartiality and charity that the investigation of this subject should be pursued. Perhaps we shall not

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succeed in this task as we would wish. Be that as it may, one thing our readers may be assured of: we approach it with the sincerest desire to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We have nothing to hold back. The man who fears to face the whole truth is a coward.

The main point which faces every one who thinks seriously and consecutively on this subject is the church question. By resistance to her authority Protestantism was an attack against the church. It is, therefore, impossible to investigate this matter thoroughly and to settle it satisfactorily without first examining: What is the church? Is the church a voluntary assembly of Christians? or is the church a society established by Christ, through whose instrumentality Christ makes men Christians? Do Christians make the church? or does the church make Christians? That is the question. The first is the statement of Protestants; the second is affirmed by Catholics.

If Christians make the church, as Protestants maintain, then to make the church we must first have Christians. This forces one to ask: How, then, does Christ make men Christians? For all men who believe in Christ agree that the only way of becoming a Christian is by a personal communication from Christ.

Now, man is a rational soul and a material body united in one personality. This personality is ordinarily reached through the instrumentality of the body. Christ came in contact with men, when upon earth, through his bodily organization. The question, then, resolves itself practically into this: How does Christ, from generation to generation until the end of time, reach men in order to make them Christians? or what is the principle of Christ's personal communications to men? The chief answer that Protestants give to this is, The Bible!

If the reading of the Bible were the ordinary means appointed by Christ to receive the grace of salvation for all men, then the first thing one would suppose is this: as God wishes all men to be saved, he would bestow upon all men the gift to read at sight. But such is not the fact. It stands to reason, then, that the reading of the Bible cannot be the appointed way, for those who do not know how to read, of reaching Christ in a saving manner.

Again, everybody knows that one has to learn how to read. This is no slight task. It takes years to do it. Millions upon millions in the past never knew how to read. Millions upon millions do not know now how to read. Millions upon millions for generations to come will not know, most likely, how to read.

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To make salvation depend upon reading the Bible excludes all these souls from eternal life. A religion based upon such an hypothesis is not a practical religion. Therefore it cannot be Christianity.

Once more, if the reading of the Bible were the ordinary means of obtaining the power of God unto salvation, then one would reasonably expect to find recorded in the Bible from the lips of the Saviour himself words of the following import: "Unless a man read the Bible and believe what he reads, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." But such words are found in the Bible nowhere. The idea that one is to become a Christian by reading the Scriptures is not scriptural.

The Bible in its completeness, such as we now have it, did not exist in early apostolic days. Yet Christians laid down their lives during this period in testimony of the divine character of the Christian religion. Then, too, were given to the world the brightest examples of Christians. All these never saw the complete Bible, for the New Testament was not then all written. How, then, could the reading of the Bible, such as we have it, be the ordinary way of making men Christians?

The art of printing was invented about the middle of the fifteenth century after the birth of Christ. Previous to this it was a small fortune, almost, to possess a copy of the Bible. This limits salvation to the wealthy only. The poor and the illiterate, who make up the bulk of mankind, were on this hypothesis excluded, from necessity, at least for fourteen centuries and upwards, from the kingdom of heaven! The thought is atrocious.

What is the Bible? The genuine Bible consists in what the Holy Spirit inspired. But certain books are held as inspired by some whose inspiration is denied by others. It is notorious that men learned in these matters do not agree. Who is to judge which is which—what is the true canon of Holy Scripture?

What is the Bible? Surely not the simple written words, but their meaning as intended by the Holy Spirit. Who is to determine, in case of doubt, what was the meaning intended by the Holy Spirit? This hypothesis supplies to the bulk of mankind no such judge, no such criterion.

But suppose that everybody knew how to read, or all men were gifted to read at first sight; suppose that everybody had a copy of the Bible within his reach, a genuine Bible, and knew with certitude what it means; suppose that Christ himself had laid it down as a rule that the Bible without note or comment,

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and as interpreted by each one for himself, is the ordinary way of receiving the grace of salvation, which is the vital principle of Protestantism—suppose all these evident assumptions as true, would the Bible even in that case suffice to make any one man, woman, or child a Christian? Evidently not! And why? Because this is a personal work, and the personal work of Christ, for Christ alone can make men Christians. And no account of Christ is Christ. Though this was the special message of George Fox and his followers, nobody nowadays needs to be told that the contents of a book, whatever these may be, are powerless to place its readers in direct contact and vital relations with its author. No man is so visionary as to imagine that the mental operation of reading the *Iliad*, or *Phædo*, or *The Divine Comedy* suffices to put him in communication with the personality of Homer, or Plato, or Dante. All effort is in vain to slake the thirst of a soul famishing for the Fountain of living waters from a brook, or to stop the cravings of a soul for the living Saviour with a printed book!

No doubt the written works of great men teach great truths, and great are the truths taught by inspired men; but one may know the whole Bible by heart without being thereby nearer to Christ. Christ nowhere enjoins reading the Bible. His words are: "Come unto ME, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." No book must be interposed between the soul and Christ!

It was the attempt to make men Christians by reading the Bible that broke Christendom into fragments, multiplied jarring Christian sects, produced swarms of doubters, filled the world with sceptics and scoffers of all religion, frustrated combined Christian action, and put back the Christian conquest of the world for centuries.

Three centuries of experience have made it evident enough that if Christianity is to be maintained as a principle of life among men, it must be on another footing than the suicidal hypothesis invented in the sixteenth century after the birth of its divine Founder.

Undoubtedly the Bible is a precious book. It is the most precious of all books. The Bible is "*The* Book." The reading of the Bible is the most salutary of all reading. Catholic readers, read the Bible! Read it with prayer, that you may be enlightened by the light of the Holy Spirit to understand what you read. Read it with piety, that you may have the dispositions which will enable you to profit by what you read. Read it with gratitude

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to God's church, who has preserved it and placed it in your hands to be read and to be followed.

God forbid that a word should ever proceed from our lips or be written by our pen that would diminish the inestimable value of the Bible! But it is not by fostering a false conception of its purpose, or by placing an exaggerated estimate upon its contents, that one learns its precious value. Great as this may be, Christ is more, greater; and even the Bible is not to be put in comparison with Christ. "What did you do with your Bible?" asked once a Christian of another. "What did I do with my precious Bible?" replied the saintly man. "Why, I followed its counsel: I sold it and gave the money to a poor man in distress! Does not the Saviour say, 'Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and then come and follow me'?" To substitute the Bible for Christ is bibliolatry.

Abandoning all effort to conceive, on the Protestant hypothesis, how men can be made rationally Christians, let us suppose for a moment that individual Christians, no matter how made, are the instrumentalities by which Christ makes his church. Consider the consequences which flow from this assumption as a working principle. Grant this, and what is there to hinder any body of Christians to resolve themselves, whenever they think there is a sufficient reason, into a church? Why should not the discovery of a new truth, or a new interpretation of an old one, or the desire for a new rite or ceremony, or the revival of an obsolete one, or impatience with a hoary custom, produce a new sect, an additional ecclesiastical assembly, a church? Why not? Who as a Protestant can give good reasons why the protest against error, or the discovery of new religious truth, should stop with Martin Luther, or John Calvin, or Henry VIII., or John Knox, or George Fox, or John Wesley, or Mother Ann Lee, or Emmanuel Swedenborg, or Alexander Campbell, or Joseph Smith? Was not the setting up a new church a thing commendable, a duty, a triumph of principle? Was it not on this individual conviction of duty or presumed personal right that Martin Luther had the hardihood or heroism to make his world-famous assumption at the Diet of Worms? Was it not upon the same assumption that every single one of the so-called Reformers proceeded? And what right had any one of these men that every other Christian man has not, and may not, at any time he deems it proper, also assume and freely exercise? Whatever unspent force the Protestant movement may still possess, it moves in the direction of breeding new sects and forming new

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churches. Thus Christ, who prayed for unity, is made, upon the Protestant principle, the author of division and the promoter of wrangling sects!

But sectarianism is not the ultimate outcome of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century. Suppose a number of Christians cannot agree to form another sect or make another church; what good reason, assuming the Protestant basis, can be given why every individual may not determine to be his own sect or church? As a working principle Protestantism resolves itself into individualism.

"If it was the resuscitated spirit of Jesus that began the revolt in the sixteenth century," as the author of the volume entitled *Ecce Spiritus* would have men think, then Jesus was the author of individualism; and if of individualism, then of free-religion; and if of free-religion, then Christianity means anything that you please to call it. For if free-individualism is the high court of jurisdiction, then there is no room left for an appeal.

If free-individualism is Protestantism carried out to its logical consequences, then men who know how to put two ideas together in a logical form fail to see why the cloak of Dr. Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms does not cover under its folds equally the Anabaptist John of Leyden, M. D. Bennett, the late free-love editor of the *Truthseeker*, the "insane" Freeman, and the murderer Guiteau. The declaration as insane of Freeman, who killed his daughter Edith, and the condemnation as a murderer of Guiteau, who killed President Garfield, may pass without note or comment in a Protestant community, but men who look below the surface of things trace without difficulty the features of Martin Luther in the lineaments of Freeman and Guiteau.

For men to whom thinking consecutively is a necessity do not hesitate to say that a religion which affords no criterion between the inspirations of the Holy Spirit and the criminal conceits of passion, a religion which delivers the Bible to the interpretation of each individual for himself, leaves itself open fairly to all sorts of attacks, and cannot reasonably condemn those who rely upon the premise which it furnishes them for their justification when they follow it out to its logical conclusions. They do not hesitate to affirm that when Freeman was declared insane and sent to an asylum, and Guiteau was put on criminal trial, Protestantism was sent to Bedlam and tried for its life in a criminal court. And when Guiteau was condemned by an American judge and jury as a murderer, and this verdict to

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all appearance was ratified by the American people, then and there the standpoint of Protestantism was also condemned. For if the oracle within each individual is the high tribunal, in religion, of last appeal, when these men appealed to this oracle within in evidence that they had done, according to its teaching, good and praiseworthy acts, and notwithstanding they were condemned, then the principle upon which Protestantism was started by Martin Luther was declared insane and condemned. And now, to show their consistency, a bronze statue is about to be erected, or is already erected, in honor of the parent in the very city which hanged as a criminal, upon an infamous gallows, his logical child! O consistency, thou art a jewel!

But this reparation comes too late, for if a statue were erected in every village, town, and city in the length and breadth of this extensive land in honor of this pseudo-reformer, it would not hide from intelligent men the falseness of the fundamental principle of the religious secession of the sixteenth century, or expunge its condemnation by judge and jury from the authentic records of our American criminal courts!

But Freeman and Guiteau still claimed to be Christians, though Protestant; and the more venturesome spirits, on the basis of "the divine right to bolt," feel at liberty to push forward their protest against all Christian truths, whether intellectual or ethical, as though chaos were the garden of paradise and zero the ultimate goal of all felicity. Is it surprising, when such views circulate in a community, that in the course of time the complaint should be made of the lack of candidates for the sacred ministry, the falling off of church membership, and the cry of alarm should be sounded of the impending danger of its extinction? Protestantism, like all other heresies, failing to secure a rational foothold, disintegrates; and when men once discern this fact no effort can save it from rapidly extinguishing itself.

We now turn our attention to Catholics and ask them the same question: What is the church? or, How does Christ continue to fulfil his mission upon earth from generation to generation unto the end of time? We have Christ's own promise to remain upon earth until the end of the world, in these words: "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the consummation of the world." And all Christians, as has been said, agree that Christ alone can make men Christians. The problem to be solved is this: How does Christ fulfil his promise? The Protestant solution of this problem is no solution. And, if in courtesy we allow it to be one, it is unsatisfactory and self-destructive. How

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stands the case with the Catholic solution? It is no answer, as we have seen, to say that the church is made by Christians. Let us reverse the answer, and say that it is Christ, by the instrumentality of the church, makes Christians, and see whether the difficulty does not disappear.

For Christianity, once the Incarnation is admitted, must somewhere exist as an organic force to be an effective and practical religion. This statement is based upon the truth of the principle that without organism there is no vital force. Christianity is life, and no believer in Christ will for a moment deny that since God became man Christianity is an organic force. Or what believer in Christ will entertain the thought that Christ will yield the advanced position he gained by becoming man? Life, then, to operate upon men effectually, must be organic, incorporated, one. That Christ is the true life of men in the highest sense of the word he himself affirmed: "I am the life of the world." To a Christian mind this needs no further proof.

This is why Christ himself, before his ascension, designed his church. Christ chose and appointed her first officers, conferred upon them their special powers, instituted her sacraments, laid down the principles of her discipline, and formed the main features of her worship. Christ was the architect of his church, and the Holy Spirit incorporated what Christ had designed.

Hence the church of Christ is the logical sequence of the Incarnation, and not an accident or after-thought of Christ's mission upon earth to men as their Mediator and Saviour. The church may justly be said to be the expansion, prolongation, and perpetuation of the Incarnation. Behold the device by which Christ fulfils his promise to remain upon earth unto the consummation of the world!

We have now found the key of the Catholic position. This gives us the Catholic solution of the problem, Who built the church? A Catholic can claim with confidence as his motto: "Christ yesterday, to-day, and for ever!"

No other explanation of Christianity than the indwelling Christ in his church as the absolute and historical religion is tenable. Hence those sectarians who feel called upon to defend the Christian religion against the attacks of infidelity find themselves forced to uphold the divine origin and character, not of the truncated and parvenu sect to which they belong, but the great historical Catholic Church—so much so that some of the more recent expositions and defences of the Christian religion

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might pass, with little or no essential alterations, the ecclesiastical censorship of the press of the Church of Rome.

Men build churches! Churches built by human hands!—what else could these be fitly called than towers of Babel?

The Catholic idea, then, is this: that Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, became man, and, after his ascension, continues his mission upon earth through the instrumentality of his church as really and truly as when he was manifest in the flesh and walked among men, in the country about Judea. And all enlightened and upright men, when they see her as she is, recognize spontaneously the Catholic Church as "the Body" or "the Spouse of Christ," just as the Israelites without guile recognized at first sight Christ as the Messias.

We have seen who made the church and what is the nature of the church; let us see now how Christ, through the instrumentality of the church, makes Christians. The work of the church of Christ is the continuation of Christ's own work upon earth with men. Christ's work was the communication of life to the world, to give the grace of filiation with God to men, women, and children. As human beings are constituted they can neither act nor be acted upon independently of their bodily organization. Hence life, to be communicated to men, must be organic. But the communication of sonship with God belongs exclusively to the only-begotten Son of God, the God-Man. Hence the power and life of the church can be no other than the indwelling Christ. As the soul is the life of the body, so Christ is the life of the church. This is why St. Paul calls the church "the Body of Christ." This is the reason why he who has not the church for his mother cannot have the Son of God for his brother, and he who is not the brother of Christ cannot have God for his father. Therefore he who has not the church for his mother cannot be a child of God. For the object of Christ in the church is not to interpose the church, or her sacraments, or her worship between himself and the soul, but through their instrumentality to come in personal contact with the soul, and by the power of his grace to wash away its sins, communicate to it fellowship with God as the heavenly Father, and thereby to sanctify it. None but a denier of the Divinity of Christ will incline to regard such a doctrine as springing from "a materialistic view of Christianity."

For underlying the Incarnation there is necessarily an idea of materiality. "The Word was made flesh." God, who made the rational soul, made also the material body, and it is the ra-

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tional soul united to the material body that constitute man. It is spirit and matter united by the authority of Christ that constitute a sacrament. The Incarnation is the universal sacrament, from which divine source the specific sacraments derive their grace and efficacy.

The denier of the Divinity of Christ is ready to admit that once grant the Incarnation, and one is inevitably landed, if consistent, into the Catholic Church. But he should not forget that the laws of logic work both ways; therefore he ought to be willing to accept the logical consequences of his denial. To deny the Divinity of Christ involves the denial of the Trinity. But this costs the Unitarian nothing. But the denial of the Trinity involves the denial of the living God; for no man can form a rational conception of the life of God exclusive of the idea of the Trinity. Hence to think, and to think consecutively, a man must become a Catholic. Catholicity or agnosticism are the only alternatives left for men in our day.

Catholics repudiate both formalism and materialism. They repudiate materialism, and consider it an insufferable tyranny for an assembly of men who profess to be Christians to insist upon, as most Protestant sects do, the reception of a sacrament whose inward reality they have repudiated! This is rank materialism. If this be the only door open to Christianity, then it is no wonder that serious-minded men who have a conception of Christianity as a spiritual religion, rather than to enter by such a door, seek a home in solitude and content themselves in its haunts with nature and nature's God. At least they are resolved to keep their faculties uncrippled and their hearts upright. Catholics repudiate formalism. A sacrament is no idle ceremony or mere outward sign, or rite, or symbol. A sacrament is a sensible means, instituted by Christ, to convey grace to the soul. These are the three essential elements of a sacrament, lacking any one of which it is no sacrament.

Man is not a bodiless spirit, and a sacrament without a sensible sign or medium is not fitted for the twofold nature of man. Christianity has abjured shadows; and a sacrament is not a symbol of a process, but the very process itself of conveying grace to the soul. If a sacrament lacks the grace of Christ, then, it is powerless to regenerate and sanctify souls. A sacrament without grace is a fraud. God alone is competent to institute a sacrament. For God alone is the author and source of grace, and a sacrament not instituted by Christ has no valid reason for its existence. The realities which the Jewish ordinances fore-

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shadowed and promised the sacraments of the church of Christ possess and bestow upon men. The sacraments bear the same analogy to the church as the church bears to the Incarnation, and as the Incarnation bears to the twofold nature of man. The Incarnation, the church, and the sacraments rest upon the same foundation.

But does God's mercy dispense no grace outside of the sacraments? God's mercy is not tied to the sacraments, but ordinarily he operates through their instrumentality. The sacraments were not instituted to hedge in the action of God's mercy. On the contrary, the sacraments were instituted by Christ in order that the precious gifts of God's mercy might be more freely distributed and more abundantly received. Christ alone is the inward reality of the church, of her sacraments, of her discipline, of her worship, and the church exists solely for her inward reality—Christ.

Neither should it be overlooked that when a church fails to supply sufficient external appliances and supports to spiritual truths and to the inward feelings of devotion awakened by grace, when her worship becomes colorless, then religion fails to exert that influence over the minds and hearts of men which properly belongs to its sphere. And when religion fails to give to the great bulk of mankind that fair share of spiritual comfort and inward satisfaction which men legitimately seek from it, they become restless, sad, and sour. The consciousness of spiritual destitution has led even the Unitarians to observe Christian festivals and decorate their religious structures with Christian art and with flowers; while stiff Presbyterianism gives its reluctant consent to the introduction of the "kist o' whustles" into their places of divine worship in order to lend more attractiveness to their singing the praises of the Lord. It is to this reaction against the repudiation of the corporeal side of man's nature under the pretence of a spiritual Christianity can be traced the extravagances of ritualism, the crude efforts of Salvation Armies, and the rise of other disturbing elements.

There is a heresy of the spirit, as there is a heresy of the forms, of religion. Both are mischievous, fatal to man's happiness, destructive of human society. Christ stigmatizes the partisans of both extremes as "fools." "Ye fools," he said, "did not He who made that which is without make that which is within also?" All attempts at separating the without from the within, or the within from the without, betray heretical tendencies and end in spiritual death.

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True religion, Christianity, takes human nature as its Maker made it, and neither seeks its destruction nor to alter its constitution. It is a radical misconception to suppose that the reception of the sacraments abases it. The sacraments are due to the wise provision of God to convey to men, in a way fitting to their nature, the grace of Christ. And the aim of Christ is the purification of human nature from all alien mixture, and, by its elevation to a higher plane of life, to enhance immeasurably its activity, its dignity, and its joy!

Behold the Catholic solution of the problem of the church question, and how Christ through her instrumentality remains upon earth and makes men Christians!

Men hold the state sacred; and so it is. They can scarcely forgive those who revolt against the authority of the state. How great, then, must be the crime of those who revolt against the authority of the church of Christ!

Men whose intelligence has a controlling influence in the formation of their religious belief look upon Protestantism as being as destitute of an intellectual as it is of a moral basis. All the force it ever had was borrowed, and this is all spent, or nearly so. They have learned to cease to respect it as the representative of Christianity. They see also clearly enough that he is on the wrong road who imagines that the age is seeking a new form of heresy. The age is weary of heresy, whether theological, philosophical, or scientific. Men are sick as death of heresy, and heresy is in the last stages of consumption. What the age demands is more life, not less. Men seek fulness. The increasing tendency of the age is towards unity.

They also misunderstand their age who fancy that the repudiation of sectarianism is a movement which ultimates itself in infidelity or free-religion. Men of our times distinguished for their intellectual gifts have committed this mistake, and now find themselves entrapped into the pits of agnosticism, scepticism, and positivism. But there is no rest for souls in these stray places. The age is awake to better things. The repudiation of sectarianism, with sound and healthy minds, is a movement forward to genuine Christianity.

They, too, misinterpret the promise of the age who look for the solution of its problems to a new coming of Christ. Christ has come. Christ is here, now upon earth. Christ ever abides with men, according to his word. What the age promises is the rending asunder the clouds of error which hinder them from seeing that Christ is here. What the age promises and men

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most need is the light to enable their eyes to see that the Incarnation involves Christ's indwelling presence in his church acting upon man and society through her agency until the consummation of the world. Christ is here, and was never more so.

The faces of upright men who best represent their age are set Christward. False Christianity has been forced to unmask itself. Men seek a closer fellowship with God. They ask to worship God in his very beauty, grandeur, and holiness. Some simply feel this. Some point out the way to it. Others are in the way. Others, again, have reached the goal; these are the early-ripened stalks of the approaching rich harvest of God's church.

Nothing less can satisfy the inmost desire of the soul, when once awakened, than truth in its wholeness and fulness. The mists of heresy are lifted up to make way for the glorious vision of the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth. The winter is past, the spring has come, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in the land.

A NINTH-CENTURY ANTIPHON AND ITS COMPOSER.

"Ecclesia Domini luce perfusa per orbem totum radios suos porrigit. Unum tamen lumen est, quod ubique diffunditur, nec unitas corporis separat. . . . Unum tamen caput est, et origo una, et una mater fœcunditatis successibus copiosa."—ST. CYPRIAN, *De unit. Eccl.*, v.

QUITE enough has already been said by well-equipped specialists in disparagement of the spirit and the manner in which both Mr. Froude and Mr. Buckle deal with historical facts and difficulties which oppose their prejudices and jeopardize their conclusions. It is not our purpose, therefore, to offer still further proof of their mode of tampering with or exaggerating authenticated principles of history at variance with preconceived theories, but merely to note the fact that the judicial blindness which comes over men of such intellectual gifts illustrates the narrowing and destructive power of an historical school that is built up by suppressing perplexities and distorting truths in order to establish conclusions. While both these historians have been subjected to the searching criticism of Catholic and Protestant writers, they are by no means the first or chief offenders against the recognized canons of historical investigation. The majority of Anglican critics who have exposed their unfairness

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and inveighed against their fallacies have themselves, in the interpretation of the early ecclesiastical position of Britain, acted on the very principles which they have condemned, and accepted theories which destroy conventional usages and established institutions growing out of the great historical fact of Christianity—the supremacy of the see of Rome. When Henry VIII. and his obsequious parliaments had fully settled the question of the royal supremacy, by which "the king was to be the pope of his kingdom, the vicar of God, the expositor of Catholic verity, the channel of sacramental graces," * a system of church authority was bequeathed to the church of the realm thus severed from the centre of unity, the chair of Peter, which the state had the power to enforce, but which was soon recognized as so repugnant to ancient precedents that a novel line of defence was invented in justification of the then new order of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Like Mr. Froude and Mr. Buckle, temporizing prelates adopted an ingenious but sophistical theory, which Dr. James Kent Stone † felicitously calls the "autocephalous theory" of the Anglican Establishment. The alleged independence of the early British church in ritual, as in jurisdiction, was an afterthought of the English revolt, and from that day to this it has formed an important part of historical controversies. Anglican writers no less able than Mr. Froude and Mr. Buckle have displayed a like ingenuity in torturing every fact which lends an appearance of reality to the anomalous position of the Establishment, thoroughly English, thoroughly insular, and thoroughly modern. The spirit in which they have sought to energize a mythical theory devoid of light and life, by investigation of events antedating by centuries the usurpations of the royal supremacy, reminds one of the old story of the man who, when informed that the facts contradicted his theory, coolly remarked, "Tant pis pour les faits."

Nothing in the whole history of Anglicanism strikes the Catholic mind as more incongruous than the vehemence with which writers of ritualistic tendencies excuse and defend that strangest of liturgical medleys, the *Book of Common Prayer.* ‡ Compiled

* Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. i. p. 43.

† *The Invitation Heeded*, p. 269.

‡ It is interesting to place side by side the thought of two Oxford men of a half-century ago, whose subsequent history is now well known: "I can see no other claim which the Prayer-Book has on a layman's deference, as the teaching of the church, which the Breviary and Missal have not in a far greater degree" (R. H. Froude's *Remains*, vol. i. p. 402). "I do not wonder you should envy the Latin service books, for anything more elevating and magnificent than the western ritual is not to be conceived. There is not such another glory upon the earth. It gives to men the tongues of angels, it images on its bosom the attitudes of heaven, and it catches

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in the main from various Catholic sources, the ancient missals, breviaries, and sacramentaries supplying all that is worthy of notice in its different offices, it nevertheless bears the unmistakable traces of the compromising and Erastian spirit in which it was finally adopted as the ritual of the English Establishment. Its several parts are highly paradoxical, being sufficiently Catholic to please the taste of High-Churchmen, and at the same time sufficiently Protestant to satisfy the piety of Evangelicals. While the advanced Anglican deplores the ultra-Protestant bias which Cranmer's Continental divines, Martin Bucer and Peter Martyr, gave to what his Low-Church co-religionist calls the incomparable liturgy, yet it is his solace to glory in the Eastern sources whence he alleges the major part of it is derived. "All history," says a High-Church writer of "Tracts on the Prayer-Book," "assigns to the British rites an oriental origin." * We look with no especial favor on what is called popular opinion as to any question, much less as to matters ecclesiastical; but despite our distrust of what is merely popular, we must admit that facts sometimes enter into the traditions of society in regard to the Catholic Church which no special pleading of her acutest opponents can controvert. Of this character, in the current belief of all mankind save the Anglican body, is the question of the Catholic sources of the *Book of Common Prayer*. Such reflections are awakened by the frequent inquiry of Anglicans as to the origin and authorship of the beautiful antiphon, *Media Vita*,† an excellent translation of which is found in the burial service of both the English and American *Book of Common Prayer*: "In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succor, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased? Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death." ‡

glorious shreds of echo from the eternal worship of the Lamb. It has a language of its own—a language of symbols, more luminous, more mystical, more widely spread than any other language on the earth" (F. W. Faber's *Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches*, p. 614).

* *The Prayer-Book not Romish*, No. i. p. 9.

† The Rev. Frederick Gibson, of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Baltimore, in answering an inquiry made in a former number of the *Churchman* as to the authorship of *Media Vita*, says in the issue of April 12, 1879, p. 404 (the italics are his): "This antiphon, introduced into the Sarum service book soon after its compilation, *but never received into any part of the Roman Breviary*, is one among many proofs that our ancient English books are independent of the Roman, though kindred to them." If this is a sample of the "many proofs" which satisfy Anglican critics, it takes but little evidence to convince them.

‡ "Media vita in morte sumus; quem quærimus adjutorem, nisi te Domine, qui pro peccatis nostris juste irasceris? Sancte Deus, sancte fortis, sancte et misericors Salvator, amaræ morti ne tradas nos."

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St. Gall,* an Irish monk and disciple of St. Columbanus of Bangor, who had declined to follow his apostolic countryman into Italy, founded near Lake Constance, in Switzerland, the celebrated monastery which bore his name. A few humble huts, constructed on the confines of vast forests haunted by bears and wolves, at first sheltered the little community from the inclemency of the seasons, but in time they disappeared, and in their stead arose the walls of that magnificent monastic school, destined to live in history among the great abbeys of the middle ages, with Bobbio and Fulda, with Monte Cassino and Cluni, which conferred such incomparable benefits on literature and civilization:

> "He founded here his convent and his rule
> Of prayer and work, and counted work as prayer;
> His pen became a clarion, and his school
> Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air." †

Mediæval history has preserved the fame and grandeur of its early name, around which are gathered associations, traditions, and legends whose diverse and complex interests are full of fascination for the antiquary and of affection and awe for the hagiologist. Before the death of its saintly founder, in the early part of the seventh century, St. Gall had become a centre of Christian life and thought in the Germanic world.‡ No less than five monks named Notker are numbered among its illustrious scholars. Some writers have so confounded one or other of these with the author of *Media Vita*, who was canonized by Pope Innocent III., that it is important to give a list of the four who also bear the name of Notker, in order to guard against the mistakes which others have made.§ They are Notker, surnamed Physicus, who was both painter and musician, and for a time physician at the court of Otho I.; another, of whom little is known, is said to have been abbot of St. Gall; a third, Notker Provost, or Notger, who flourished about the year A.D. 1000, was

* "Gall" and "Gallus," the names by which this monk is usually known, were merely corrupt forms of "Gael"—the Irishman—the name he himself loved to be called. In the same way Columbanus is the Latinized form of *Colm bàn*, two Gaelic words signifying "the Fair Dove"; just as that other Irish apostle, who brought Christianity among the Saxons by disciples who went out from his foundation at Iona, was known as *Colm cille*, "the Dove of the Cells," on account of the great number of monastic communities subject to him.

† Longfellow's "Monte Cassino."

‡ Ozanam's *Etudes Germaniques*, ii. 123.

§ Butler says: "Sigebert and Honoratus confound Notker with Notger, Bishop of Liège, who lived a century later, and who was not, as they imagine, abbot of St. Gall. It is equally an error to confound him with Notker Labeon and Notker the Physician, who had been in the same monastery" (*Lives of the Saints*, vol. iv. p. 163, note).

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bishop of Liège and author of a *Life of St. Remælus;* a fourth, called Notker Labeo, or Teutonius, who died about A.D. 1002, was the most celebrated of all these, save the author of *Media Vita.* He excelled in many branches of learning and enjoyed great repute as painter, poet, astronomer, and mathematician. Possessing the diligence and industry of the cloister, he made many translations of the sacred and profane writers. The manuscript of his translation of the Psalms into High German is still extant, and is regarded by bibliographers as one of the most valuable monuments of the oldest German prose.* The work is printed in Schilter's *Thesaurus.*

How beautiful even to our modern, prosaic eyes, accustomed to the garish lights of publicity in all that we do and in all that we say, are the simple and unostentatious accounts which the monastic annalists have given us of the good old monks, so cheerful in temper, so liberal in heart, and so unobtrusive in life! How serene and peaceful in the picture of mediæval Europe stand the monastic communities, undisturbed by turbulence from without or by anxieties from within, regulating the daily round of cloistral duties by punctual obedience to rule, which allotted, with wise economy, an appropriate portion of time to the sacred offices of the choir, the learned labors of the scriptorium, and the manual exercises of the field, thus pursuing in undeviating diligence from generation to generation their appropriate work for religion and society! Happy, tranquil spirits, with no other aspiration than to do their duty in humility,

> "Plying their daily task with busier feet
> Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat,"†

and, when it is done, content to lie down in forgotten graves with that vast monastic brotherhood whose very names have long since faded from the records of earth! Brave, noble souls, who in unselfish love wrought with brain and hand that other ages might enter in and possess the heritage of their labors with little thought of the nameless sleepers of centuries ago, who sang the praises of God, deciphered the almost obliterated parchment page, and reclaimed the wild morass! But in every human epoch

> "Strongest minds
> Are often those of whom the noisy world
> Hears least."‡

* Pierer's *Universal-Lexikon*, band xii. p. 141, sub Notker.
† Keble's *Christian Year*, St. Matthew's Day. ‡ Wordsworth's "Excursion," book i.

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Such an one is St. Notker, author of the antiphon *Media Vita*, one of the most interesting characters in the history of the old abbey of St. Gall, whose figure is seen high among the lights which shone above the intellectual horizon towards the sunset of the ninth century. His career is especially noteworthy because it extends by some dozen years into that age which Baronius* calls *iron* from its barrenness of good, *leaden* from its hideousness of superabounding evil, *dark* from its scarcity of writers, and in which Muratori, adopting the first characteristic given to it by his illustrious predecessor, finds grounds for thankfulness to God for his own times—not, indeed, that these were exempt from vices and abuses, but that they were golden in comparison with the tenth century: "Motivi a noi di ringraziar Dio, perchè ci abbia riserbati ai tempi presenti, non già esenti dai vizi ed abusi; ma tempi aurei in paragone di quelli."† The life of a simple monk, whose days are passed in a seclusion remote from the eye of the world and in the exercise of those qualities of mind and heart which test the gift of vocation, possesses few of the striking features of detail which captivate the pen of the modern biographer and the interest of the modern reader. The lights and shadows which lend beauty to the picture of a career spent in the discussions of the public arena with its ardent ambitions and triumphs, or in the intellectual pursuits of authorship with its keen jealousies and defeats, are almost wholly wanting in the representation of the life of the monastic. His is an interior career which seeks no combat save that which lies within—the subjugation of self; no victory save that over his own nature. He is called to a state of repose whose highest condition is what the biographer of St. Maurus calls "*summa quies*."‡ It is the antithesis of those mental and moral perturbations and rivalries which play a prominent part in the world of action and of thought, and give to the narration of biography an artistic splendor and a potent fascination. In our day art and artist are one. We cannot dissociate the creation of the author from the varied influences in his life of which that creation is the visible outcome. All art is the product of an environment made up of biographical details which shed light on criticism. In the de-

* "En incipit annus Redemptoris nongentesimus, tertia Indictione notatus, quo et novum inchoatur fæculum, quod sui asperitate, ac boni sterilitate ferreum, malique exundantis deformitate plumbeum, atque inopia scriptorum appellari consuevit obscurum" (*Annal. Eccles.* ad ann. 900).

† "Secolo di ferro, pieno d'iniquità in Italia per la smoderata corruzion dei costumi non meno ne' secolari, che negli Ecclesiastici" (*Annal. d'Italia*, ann. 900).

‡ Mabillon, *Act. Benedict.*, t. iv. p. 37.

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velopment of man lie the growth and prevalence of sentiments and principles of which authorship is the exponent. Personality is nothing more than the manifestation of the relations between character and circumstance, and art the transformation into ideal forms of the philosophy of life and conduct. The opinion of Voltaire may appear grand as principle, but it is worthless as criticism: "Je ne considère les gens après leur mort, que par leurs ouvrages; tout le reste est anéanti pour moi." In certain aspects of monastic life, allowing for individuality of tepmerament and condition, there is a oneness of aim and pursuit which unifies growth and controls aberration. Biographical details, however valuable in reaching critical estimates of men who have figured in literature, science, and art, lose importance in a survey of writers developed under monastic rule; for unity of situation, purpose, and life produces unity of result. The career of one, modified by limitations of epoch and country, is apparently the career of all who have not been called by public exigency or peculiar fitness to exchange the cell and the cowl for the palace and the mitre.

The life of St. Notker forms no exception to this general monastic principle of which we have been speaking. It presents none of those piquant and romantic episodes which enhance the interest of the reader with something of the charm of an historical novel. It is comparatively barren of incident, and but for the fact of his place in the sacred calendar and the circumstances which gave rise to his celebrated antiphon his name would lie in the dusty tomes of great libraries, among the forgotten worthies whose good deeds and works would only be appreciated by scholars who delve into the records of ecclesiastical chroniclers. Beyond a few facts gathered together by the annalists who revered his memory, and the pious traditions which cluster about it, we know but little of his early days. The exact date of his birth is uncertain, but the majority of writers whose opinions on mediæval subjects are worthy of consideration represent him as the senior in age by some months of his friend and patron, Charles le Gros, the last emperor of the Carlovingian dynasty. They agree in dating his birth about the year A.D. 830. His native village was situated in the old province of Thurgovia, in Helvetia, which, at the disruption of the vast empire founded and held intact by the splendid genius of Charlemagne, was divided, and the present canton of Thurgau became a part of the dominion of Louis of Bavaria. So St. Notker was, in the parlance of our day, a German Switzer. His

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lineage was both ancient and noble. Following the custom of his age and country, St. Notker was trained from youth in a monastic school. Dedicated to the service of God from childhood, the neighboring monastery of St. Gall, but a short distance from his ancestral estate, was his home from the period at which he left the paternal roof until called, at the advanced age of eighty-two, to sleep in everlasting rest with the soft tranquillity of an innocent child. Divers were the out-door occupations which filled up the hours of recreation among the monks of St. Gall. Fruit-trees were to be planted or pruned, gardens to be seeded or worked, and nets to be woven or tended when spread for fish or birds. In these various pursuits the monastic disciples assisted their masters, who combined, as in our industrial and agricultural schools, both mental and manual labor. Surrounded by beauties, always fresh and always new, which keep the poetry of life unvexed by art, towering Alp and shimmering lake breaking the monotony of the landscape,

> "Unquiet childhood here by special grace
> Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
> That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power
> In painful struggles." *

Sweet to eye and to heart must have been the face of St. Notker as a child among such scenes of Arcadian beauty and monastic piety. Gray-headed monks too old for work, who crept with infirm step about the cloisters of St. Gall, noticed the demure little boy of quiet manners and studious ways, whom they surnamed Balbulus—the stammerer—from an impediment in his speech. Some, of larger insight into human character than their aged brothers whose faculties were dimmed by weight of years, discovered in the sensitive boy a poetic fervor, supplemented by a humility of spirit almost preternatural in one so young. Under the direction of Ison and Marcellus, his instructors, and in communion with pure souls bound to each other by that most enduring and ennobling of all ties, the profession of a higher theory of life than that which prevailed in the world, St. Notker advanced in the sphere of human knowledge and in the wisdom of the saints. Among his fellow-disciples, who always held him in tender affection, was Salomon, afterwards bishop of Constance. When the period had arrived for the fulfilment of the special purposes of his monastic training he made his religious vows, and from that time forward we find him pursuing

* Wordsworth's *Poems of Imagination*, part iii. No. 16.

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with ardor and devotion the every-day duties in the life of a monk of the ninth century. Possessing talents of a high order, which claimed greater scope for development than that afforded in the mere routine of transcribing sacred or profane writers, he spent much of the time usually given to that kind of labor in original composition, and became distinguished as a scholar, poet, and musician.

But although so richly endowed with mental gifts differing from, or superior to, those of his associates, St. Notker was never neglectful in the performance of his full share of work, both in the garden and in the scriptorium. Like the true monk as well as the true poet, he loved nature and understood the tranquillizing power which lives in her majestic symbols. Her book, wherein he read the mystical meaning in which things earthly prefigure things heavenly, lay open to his mind and heart.* After the manner of St. Ephrem, who saw the sign of the cross in the outstretched wings of the tiniest bird, or of St. Dunstan, who heard the melody of the antiphon *Gaudete in Cœlis* when the wind swept the strings of his harp suspended on the wall, St. Notker, moved by the sound of the slow revolutions of a mill-wheel in midsummer when the water was low, wrote the words and music of his hymn, *Sancti Spiritus adsit nobis gratia.* When a messenger of his friend and admirer, Charles le Gros—affectionately called "our Charles" by the monks—arrived at St. Gall on a spiritual mission in behalf of the emperor, he found St. Notker weeding and watering the herbs in the garden. The interview was brief and the lesson taught suggested by the lowly occupation in which he was engaged. "Tell the emperor to do what I am now doing," was the saint's reply. Hearing the advice, Charles at once caught its import and said: "Ah! yes, that is the sum of all: destroy the weeds of vice and water the herbs of grace." On another occasion during a visit of Charles le Gros, who delighted in the companionship of the monks, the evidence of confidence and love shown towards St. Notker excited the envy of the chaplain who attended the emperor, and he determined to revenge himself by jeering at the stammering speech of the saint and by perplexing him with knotty questions. Approaching St. Notker, who was composing sacred melodies on his psaltery, the chaplain of Charles addressed him: "Master! solve for us a point in theology, we pray you. What is God,

* In one of his homilies St. Chrysostom beautifully illustrates the wisdom of God in calling the Magi, not by prophet, not by apostle, not by scripture, but by a star, as their art related to the stars, and adds: Ἀλλ' ἀπὸ τῶν οἰκείων καὶ συντρόφων πραγμάτων ανιμᾶται τῆς πλάνης αὐτούς.

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doing now?" The attendants of the jealous and conceited inquirer, knowing the secret purpose of the question, were astonished at the promptness and wisdom of the reply: "God is doing now," said the saint, "what he has done in all past ages, and what he will continue to do as long as the world lasts: he is setting down the proud and exalting the humble."

St. Notker was a central figure among the transcribers and illuminators of manuscripts in the spacious scriptorium of St. Gall, in which quiet reigned because all the busy monks were intent upon their special work:

> "Against the windows' adverse light,
> Where desks were wont in length of row to stand,
> The gowned artificers inclined to write;
> The pen of silver glistened in the hand;
> Some on their fingers rhyming Latin scanned;
> Some textile gold from balls unwinding drew,
> And on strained velvet stately portraits planned;
> Here arms, there faces, shone in embryo view:
> At last to glittering life the total figure grew." *

As a collator St. Notker was zealous and accurate, and his services were of incalculable value to the library of St. Gall. Through intercourse with the learned men of his times he became acquainted with the character and contents of other libraries than that of his own community, and by such knowledge he was enabled to procure copies of scarce manuscripts or to borrow them for transcription. From Liutward, Bishop of Vercelli—a Ghibelline city of northern Italy, whose episcopal see dates back to the fourth century, and whose cathedral library is rich in ancient manuscripts—he received a copy of the Canonical Letters in Greek, which he copied with his own hand.

It is painful to think that such a man as St. Notker, whose simplicity of character and sweetness of disposition are the themes of panegyric with the historians of the abbey of St. Gall, did not escape the envious promptings which stirred the bosom of Sindolphe, a brother of the same community. Allowing for the natural glow of enthusiasm which would animate the portraiture drawn by a monk of St. Gall three centuries after the close of the earthly career of the saint, other evidence is not wanting in confirmation of the testimony of Eckehard, who says that "no one ever saw him unless either reading, writing, or praying; he wrote many spiritual songs; he was the most hum-

* Fosbrooke's *British Monachism*, Economy of Monastic Life, part ii. p. 529

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ble and meek of men, and most holy." * We sometimes find in the cloister, as in secular life, that men of dissimilar tastes and talents are often attracted to each other by the very dissimilitude which at first sight appears incompatible with the ordinary notions of gravitation in the moral and intellectual world. Associated with St. Notker from the date of his novitiate were Ratpert and Tutilon, two monks wholly unlike the saint in temper and character, yet among them there had grown an affectionate regard for each other which had never been chilled by open strife or secret distrust. Common aims and common dangers shared together seem to have softened those little asperities, frequently united with quick feelings, which are yet not inconsistent with holiness of life. But this union of confidence and affection awakened in Sindolphe a suspicion that it had some other motives than those which appeared on the surface. In his ignorance and jealousy he attempted to poison the mind of the abbot against them, but the latter had sounded the shallowness of Sindolphe's undisciplined will, and took no heed of his insinuations. Tutilon, learning of these wayward acts, was watchful of his foolish brother, and soon found means to administer a wholesome lesson. St. Notker and the two monks had repaired together on one occasion to the scriptorium for study, and Sindolphe, believing that he might overhear something which would convince the abbot of their unworthiness, secreted himself under the window outside and placed his ear close to listen to their conversation. Tutilon, keen-eyed and alert, observed the action, and, sending the sweet-tempered Notker into the chapel, persuaded Ratpert to take a whip, and, coming up softly to the unsuspecting Sindolphe, to beat him severely; while Tutilon, opening the window, seized him by the head, calling for lights that he might see the face of Satanas, who had come hither with evil intent. Besides his bodily chastisement, which amused even the grave abbot, the unamiable monk had to endure a still further penance in the well-merited raillery of the community of St. Gall. But whatever may have been the peculiar trials to which the conduct of Sindolphe subjected St. Notker, it is pleasant to believe that they were unable to destroy his high serenity or to tarnish his purity of soul, as in later times the *advocatus diaboli* was unable to present evidence which in any way interfered with his being a saint. In his long career many honors commensurate with his talents and vocation came to him, but in meekness of spirit he turned away from them all, even the episcopal dig-

* Eckehard, *Min. in Vita.*

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nity more than once pressed upon him, to pursue the humble path of a simple monk. As an author his fame spread abroad, and he was remarkable for the variety and extent of his erudition. On this account certain writings continue to this day to be wrongly attributed to him, notably among these the *Gesta Caroli Magni.* He compiled a life of St. Gall in verse, and wrote a martyrology "which he chiefly collected," says Butler, "from Ado and Rabanus Maurus, and which was for a long time made use of in most of the German churches."* His skill in music found expression in many sequences and proses which established his reputation as a master of ecclesiastical chant, and his small treatise on the value of letters in music is still extant in the *Scriptores* of Gerbert. Ruodbert, Archbishop of Metz, requested him to compose a hymn in honor of St. Stephen to be used at the opening of a church dedicated to the proto-martyr. He complied, and accompanied it with these words: "Sick and stammering, and full of evil, I Notker, unworthy, have sung the triumph of Stephen with my polluted mouth, at the desire of the prelate. May Ruodbert, who has in a young body the prudent heart of a venerable man, see a long life full of merits!"

The voice of the thoughtful monk, who had chastened his soul in solitude and turned a deaf ear to human applause, has gone out into all the earth and his words unto the ends of the world. The antiphon *Media Vita in morte sumus,* which commemorates the insecurity of life and the certainty of death, has preserved the name of the severe ascetic in the literature of the church and among those who have ceased to be partakers of the lot of the saints. It was sung for centuries at St. Gall, and formed part of the solemn supplications every year in Rogation week during a religious procession to an awe-inspiring region situated between two mountains and spanned by a bridge beneath which the roaring torrent dashed over the sullen rocks. Peak to peak reverberated the penitential song of the monks, until its last echoes died away among the lofty summits of Alpine solitudes. The antiphon soon spread over Europe and thrilled the hearts of pilgrims from the stern regions of the inhospitable north and from the vine-clad shores of the blue Mediterranean. Sung by Crusaders, it stirred the most listless and apathetic on the eve of conflict, and at the close of day it was a prayer for protection through the awful perils of the night. So profoundly had it moved the mediæval world that it was heard in the ranks of opposing armies going to battle. But by and by the imagina-

* *Lives of the Saints*, vol. iv. p. 163.

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tion of the ignorant began to invest it with a sort of superstitious charm, which led the Synod of Cologne, in 1316, to inhibit its use except by express permission of a bishop. Two accounts of its origin, slightly differing in detail, have been given by monastic annalists, and both are in harmony with the moral vision of St. Notker, through which the lowliest and the loftiest aspects of nature were solemnized to religious uses :

> "The animating faith
> That poets, even as prophets, . . .
> Have each his own peculiar faculty,
> Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to perceive
> Objects unseen before." *

The monks of St. Gall made frequent excursions into the neighboring country, some for recreation, some on missions of mercy, and others for herbs and flowers which clung about rocky projections or grew in mountain recesses perilous of ascent. Their circuit of ordinary travel, hedged in by a snowy palisade of Alps, abounded in scenery of infinite variety and grandeur. The earliest version of the origin of the antiphon is that, during one of these rambles in the wild region of the chasm of Martistoble, St. Notker was drawn thither by the sound of the hammers of workmen engaged in the construction of a bridge across the yawning abyss. The spectacle of the masons suspended over this awful gulf on movable scaffolding, adjusted by means of ropes which swayed to and fro by the very motion of their bodies, presented to the mind of the saint a realistic picture of the uncertainty of life, and suggested the train of pious thought elaborated in his great antiphon.

The flora of the mountain ranges and the outstretching valleys was pretty well understood by the monastic herbalists, who had traversed the whole region on foot and given to some of the plants and flowers the names which they retain, although in a corrupted form. Between the pages of well-used manuscripts preserved in the libraries of religious houses are still traceable the dim, faint outlines of the rare flowers gathered, perhaps, from rocks and ravines seldom touched by human foot save that of the monk, and in this way the delicate petals and stems were dried for the *hortus siccus* of the monastery. The monks were physicians of both body and soul. They made many discoveries in the medicinal properties of herbs which entered largely into the practice of the healing art. The sampetra, or samphire plant, well known in Great Britain, was highly esteemed for its aro-

* Wordsworth's "Prelude," book xiii.

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matic and curative qualities. It grows on rocky cliffs and promontories the sight of which almost confuses the vision and makes the brain reel. Shakspere, by a few touches, paints the appalling dangers of the hunter of samphire in the inimitable scene between Edgar and the eyeless Gloucester, in which the unhappy earl is led to believe that he is ascending the chalky cliff of Dover, there to shake his great affliction off:

> "How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
> The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
> Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
> The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark,
> Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
> Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high." *

The second account of the composition of *Media Vita* relates that the clinging form of an adventurous gatherer of the plant, hugging, as it were between life and death, a precipitous rock which juts over the very edge of the torrent below, his body at one moment wrapt in a violet mist, then apparently within the full sweep of the foaming spray, so pierced the imagination of St. Notker that not only the words but even the measured movement of the original melody of the antiphon sprang spontaneously from his awe-struck soul.

Of the career of its composer but little more remains to be told. St. Notker was now an octogenarian and the weariness of years weighed heavily upon him. The animation that had lighted up his face in the flush of manhood was gone, his eyes were hollow, and his flesh was wasted with the long conflict of life. His body, frail and shrunken, was scarcely equal to its functions, and the intellectual fibre, once so strong and vigorous, was worn out. The candle was burnt to the end and its dying light fluttered in the socket. In his own person was fulfilled the prophecy of old: "The days of our age are threescore years and ten; though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow." The verdure of spring, so grateful to the languid eyes of the sick man, had now begun to clothe valley and hill with its richness. Winter

* "King Lear," act iv. sc. vi.

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was relaxing its icy hold, and nature, like a young giant refreshed with sleep, was putting forth the strength and fulness of life. Even the coldness of the snow-crowned Alps seemed to decrease under the lustre and warmth of a vernal sun. The quickening influences of reawakened nature, which touched all visible forms with the glory of resurrection, made no impression on the attenuated frame of the saintly ascetic stretched on his narrow couch. His mission was nearly accomplished, and only the feeble pulsations showed that life was not quite extinct. The morning of the 6th of April, A.D. 912, wore away as usual in the cloisters of St. Gall, and no change was apparent in the face of the dying monk; but when silence and night settled over the sorrow-stricken community the joy of eternal day had dawned on the vision of the saint. So quietly and peacefully came his release from the earthly tenement that none knew the moment when he ceased to breathe. If we would realize the greatness of such a saintly character in its completeness, we must remember that St. Notker closed his career in the second decade of a century rife with ecclesiastical scandals and abuses without a parallel in the history of the church. It is not unreasonable to believe that such men as the author of *Media Vita*, with ken quickened and outlook widened in the high spiritual plane in which they dwelt, discerned the beginnings of those moral evils and human perversities which menaced religion and society. When encompassed by such calamities, foretold by our Lord, where did they look for consolation, where seek a refuge, but under the shadow of the divine promise given for all ages and for all conditions of the world? "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."* In better and purer times the life and example of the monk of St. Gall engaged the thought of the church, and he was canonized by a pope whom Mr. Edmund S. Ffoulkes regards as "one of the most eminent and exact canonists that ever adorned the chair of St. Peter."†

In an age like ours, full of novelty and discontent, we turn with greater confidence of edification to the saintly exponents of the ancient faith than to the eloquent teachers of the new, because they have exercised themselves with the weightiest interests involved in the destiny of man. It is this fact that makes their career and their words a perpetual benediction, ever present and ever operative amid the perplexing enigmas of life. The universal law of pain and of death, the vehement play of passion and the remorse of guilt, the misunderstanding of friends

* St. Matt. xvi. 18. † *Christendom's Divisions*, part ii. p. 200.

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and the separation of kindred, the pangs and desolation of bereavement that rend the soul—these and a thousand lesser ills that fret and torture are subdued or elevated when measured by the supernatural gifts revealed in the lives of the saints. "So long as people were conscious of possessing themselves an interior moral force they believed the possibility of its existence in other men," says an historian of St. Gall, "and valued this mode of dying to the world, partly as an example of high self-command of taking up the cross to follow Christ, and partly as the operation of a deep conviction and of an all-subduing faith. But when they no longer felt themselves strong for moral efforts they ceased to believe that others were capable of making them, and loved rather to persuade themselves that such strength had its origin in an aberration of the intellect." *

THE WIZARD OF SAINTE MARIE.

ONE mild, moonlight night in April, 1648, the Jesuit missionary Father Daniel reached the western shore of Lake Huron. His well-worn shoes and tattered cassock told that he had journeyed many a league, and, seeing near by a bed of moss, he was fain to lie down and pray himself to sleep, lulled by the voice of the whip-poor-wills. And while he slept the expression of weariness passed from his face; he smiled; his lips murmured words of delight, for a golden vision had arisen before him. Again he was in his far-off ancestral home in Normandy; strains of sweet music fell on his ear; he beheld dear friends beckoning him to come to them; his father and mother, too, he beheld. In fact, all that might go to make life on earth a paradise came before him in this tempting, intoxicating dream. But by and by in the sky overhead appeared a great, flaming cross; onward through the air it slowly moved toward the west, then just ere it disappeared below the horizon Father Daniel awoke. He opened his eyes with a look of bewilderment, as if he could not realize where he was, and as he gazed about him he heard the melancholy howl of a wolf. But presently the truth burst upon him: more than a thousand leagues he was from dear old France, alone in the wilderness of North America. Then, making the sign of the

* *Geschichte des S. Gall*, ii. 205.

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cross, he said aloud: "Ad majorem Dei gloriam." While he was wondering how long he had been asleep he heard, besides the howl of a wolf, the sound of a human voice among the bushes, and in another moment an Indian stepped forth into the moonbeams. He was tricked out in his war-paint; in his right hand he carried a tomahawk, and a solitary scalp dangled from his waist. "You are doubtless one of the pale-face medicine-men from the mysterious land of the rising sun," spoke the savage; "otherwise you would not be resting here so peacefully without any arms to protect you." "I carry this, and I have no fear," answered the priest, rising to his feet and holding up a little crucifix. Atsan—for such was the other's name—smiled, then asked whither he was going.

"To Ossossané," replied Father Daniel. "There I hope to found a mission of the holy church and to teach the red men to love one another."

"Well, I hope that the Hurons of Ossossané will listen to you," said Atsan, "for then they will forget how to be warriors; they will become squaws, and my tribe will easily vanquish them." "Pray, to what tribe do you belong?" inquired the missionary.

"I am an Iroquois," said Atsan proudly.

"An Iroquois?" echoed Father Daniel, who felt a cold stream through his veins at this much-dreaded name. "Well, is this the first year that you are a brave? For I perceive that you have taken only one scalp. Or are you weary of shedding blood?"

"I might have girdled my loins with scalps," said the Iroquois; "but for a secret reason I have vowed during twelve moons to kill no more Hurons." "You interest me; there is some romance in you," continued Father Daniel, taking him by the hand. "And while I am going to preach the faith among those whom you call your enemies, yet I trust to meet you again."

"It is possible we may meet again," said Atsan. "And when that day arrives I shall perhaps tell you why my tomahawk refuses now to strike any Hurons." "Well, is it far to Ossossané?" inquired the priest. "It is half a day's march." "Oh! that seems a very short distance to one who has trudged all the way from Quebec," said Father Daniel, smiling. "I have taken two whole moons to get where I am."

"If you like I shall keep you company part of the way to Ossossané," pursued the Iroquois; "for there are more wolves

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than one roving through the forest, and you are too brave a pale-face to be devoured by the wolves." Accordingly, as day was beginning to break, the missionary resumed his journey to the chief town of the Huron nation, and, as he spoke the Iroquois tongue pretty well, he endeavored to give some instruction in the faith to his swarthy companion. He spoke in simple, winning language, and when at length they separated within a couple of miles of the journey's end they had become quite good friends. "The Iroquois medicine-men are wise," were Atsan's parting words, "but they are not like you: they teach us not to love our enemies."

Some Hurons of Ossossané, who had been on a trading expedition to Quebec the previous summer, had brought back word that Father Daniel might shortly establish a mission among them, as Father de Brébeuf and Father Jogues had already done in other places along Lake Huron. His appearance, therefore, this April day was not altogether unexpected. Still, the excitement and curiosity were great when Father Daniel passed through the palisade which surrounded the town, and at the head of the multitude who advanced to meet him were the chief sachem, Ontitarho, his handsome daughter, Weepanee, and a noted medicine-man, or wizard, named Okitori. The last had a vicious countenance and scowled when he saw the priest bow to the maiden, who wore about her neck a string of party-colored shells, and whose loose, dark hair, which fell to her waist, was adorned with discs of shining copper. Almost the first question which Ontitarho put to Father Daniel was whether he had met any Iroquois on his way through the wilderness; and when the latter frankly owned that he had met one solitary individual of that tribe the previous night, the other Indians drew nearer to him and listened with eager ears. It was evident that the missionary had imparted startling news, for where one of this ruthless tribe was found lurking there must needs be others; and immediately the trembling squaws declared that they were afraid to venture beyond the stockade to prepare the corn-land. For stretching along the lake for the distance of a mile was a strip of uncommonly fertile soil, and no better corn could be seen anywhere than the corn which was grown by these industrious Huron women.

Weepanee alone appeared calm and unconcerned, and expressed her willingness to sally forth and hoe her father's patch of ground. Whereupon the chief shook his head, and Okitori again frowned when he heard Father Daniel say: "Of such as

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you, Weepanee, I hope that my Christian flock may be composed; you have a fearless heart."

"To-morrow," spoke Ontitarho—"unless the enemy in the meanwhile shows himself—to-morrow you may go forth and till my land. But to-day you must stay and help to build the Blackrobe a mission-house." Accordingly with willing hands Weepanee assisted in this good work. Hundreds of men and women were thus busily employed, and by the time evening arrived there was a not unseemly structure ready for Father Daniel to occupy. It was seventy feet long, composed of bark laid over an arched, arbor-like frame; in the walls were numerous crevices which served for ventilation, and through the roof was a hole for the smoke to escape. Father Daniel himself made a cross of two hickory boughs, which he placed as far as possible from the smoke-hole; and if he had no bell wherewith to summon his flock to prayers, he was furnished with a tin kettle which had found its way here from the French settlements on the St. Lawrence, and which made a pretty loud noise when he struck it with the stick of copper which Weepanee gave him. "I am glad that you are pleased with what we have done for you," spoke Weepanee just as the sun was setting. "Indeed I am," answered the priest. "And although this is not the first mission which the church has established among your people, I hope that it will surpass the others in numbers and in zeal." "I heard you say," pursued Weepanee, now lowering her voice to a whisper, "that you had met on your way hither a solitary Iroquois brave; pray describe him to me."

"He was tall and fine-looking, and carried himself like a warrior," replied Father Daniel. "Yet he could boast of only one scalp."

"Are you sure? Only one scalp?" said Weepanee, ill concealing her emotion, which the wizard's keen eyes observed from a distance. Indeed, since morning Okitori had held aloof from the others and had watched with sullen visage the work going on. He had already heard of the Jesuit missionaries. "And if this pale-face medicine-man who has come among us succeed," he muttered to himself, "then nobody will put faith in me; Okitori's power will be gone."

"What I have told you about this Iroquois seems to cause you joy," continued Father Daniel presently. "May it be that you know him?" "Know him?" ejaculated Weepanee, with an air of alarm, and glanc ng nervously round. But her father was not within earshot, nor was Okitori, although she perceived him

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watching her. "Know him, did you say? Oh! no, indeed. I would shun an Iroquois as I would a rattlesnake. I loathe all who belong to that cruel, bloodthirsty nation, and the one whom you met must be a faint-hearted fellow, since he has taken only one scalp." Yet Weepanee's expression belied her words, and while her lips were uttering an untruth her heart was in a flutter of joyous expectation. Father Daniel, however, deemed it best not to speak anything more on the subject at present.

On the morrow Weepanee set an example of boldness, and, at the head of many other young women, led the way to the corn-land. A flock of wild turkeys had got there before her, who slowly withdrew to the edge of the woods as she approached, and a couple of foxes, too, slunk away. For a while she labored industriously with her primitive hoe made of a forked root. But sooner than her companions she seemed to fag, and then went off to slake her thirst, not at the lake, which was close by, but at Wolf Spring, a fountain hidden in the gloom of the primeval forest, and whose water even in midsummer was icy cool. When Weepanee reached this lonesome spot she did not immediately drink, but carefully examined the fresh green moss which grew about the rock out of whose cleft bosom the water bubbled. But not a trace of human hand or foot did she discover. "Yet what a pleasant couch this would have made for my Atsan!" she murmured. Nor was there a single twig broken off any of the laurel-bushes which surrounded the bed of moss. "I do not think he has been here," she said. "Where can he be?"

Presently, while she was listening to catch the faintest sound, a loud, fearful cry rent the air above her head, and a moment afterward down through the branches of a whitewood-tree tumbled a huge panther with an arrow driven through and through his quivering body. "Oh! what a very narrow escape I have had," exclaimed Weepanee, shuddering and jumping back from the dead brute at her feet. "The Great Spirit guided me here exactly in time—he was about to spring," spoke a voice which she recognized at once, and out of a dense laurel thicket her lover emerged with outstretched arms. For a moment neither of them breathed another word; their hearts were too full. Then looking up in Atsan's face while he caressed her, "Ay," said Weepanee, "as when a few years ago you generously saved my dear mother from the tomahawk of one of your own tribe, so to-day you have saved me from death." Then, while he embraced her again and again, "Can you wonder," she added,

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"that I love you even if you are an Iroquois? Can you wonder?" "Well, am I quite safe here?" inquired Atsan when the first passionate caresses had ceased. "Safe?" said Weepanee, with a look of tender reproach. "Oh! how could you imagine that I would allow any evil to befall you? In the opening beyond these trees are only some squaws at work with their hoes; a few men without weapons are on the edge of the lake mending their canoes. But the greater part of the inhabitants of Ossossané will spend the day within the palisade listening to the preaching of a new medicine-man, a pale-face." "No doubt the one whom I fell in with day before yesterday," said Atsan. "And I told him, if they asked any questions, to frankly answer that he had met an Iroquois brave not far away. You see that I am not afraid." "Father Daniel told me that he had met you," said Weepanee.

"Indeed! Well, how knew you 'twas I and not some other Iroquois?" asked her lover, smiling.

"Because I questioned him apart, and he said that the Iroquois whom he met had captured only one scalp, and by this fact I recognized my beloved." "Well, it was for love of you that I made the vow to kill no more Hurons during the space of twelve moons," said Atsan.

"I know it, and I am quite sure no other Iroquois is like unto you in goodness." Then shaking her head, "But, alas!" she added, "your nation is terrible indeed; your warriors are everywhere; at all seasons, in the most unlooked-for places, they appear—stealthy as wildcats, blood-seeking as wolves. Alas! alas! you will end by exterminating us. There will be no Hurons left by and by." "None except Weepanee. But she shall live when the last fight comes; no arrow shall pierce her heart; no hand shall steal her scalp," answered Atsan, again clasping her in his arms.

"Well, tell me," pursued Weepanee, "how soon may danger threaten my native town?" "There is nothing to fear at present," said her lover. "No war-party will march in this direction for several moons—perhaps not even then. But when we do advance 'twill be with warriors from each of the five tribes who compose our mighty league. Ay, Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, Cayugas, and Senecas will take part in the final struggle with the Hurons."

"Alas! you will sweep us away even as grass disappears in a prairie fire when a whirlwind blows," moaned Weepanee. "O Atsan, Atsan! what will become of my father? I dearly love my

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father. Between him and you my poor heart is divided. Oh! what will become of my father?"

"When the fatal hour arrives, if I cannot save him, he will know how to die like a brave," answered Atsan. "But hark! Is it he calling you?" Weepanee listened and presently heard her father shouting her name. "Flee!" she said, pushing Atsan away from her. "Not further than yon hollow tree," replied the Iroquois. And so saying, he went and hid himself in an ancient oak a short distance off, while Weepanee advanced to meet the chief, who kept shouting her name in lusty tones. But not many steps had she taken when whom should she come upon—like a snake out of the grass he started—but Okitori, whose small eyes twinkled maliciously, and he seemed to rejoice in her confusion. "The sachem's daughter is fond of solitude," spoke the wizard. "She loves to linger by the fountain and admire her pretty face in its limpid water." "I go there when I am thirsty," answered Weepanee.

"Always?" said Okitori, with a cunning grin. Then, pointing to one of her moccasins, "But whence that blood?" "Why, sure enough! Can I have hurt my foot?" ejaculated Weepanee in faltering accents. "Well, tarry here a moment while I go for a drink; I, too, love Wolf Spring," said the wizard. At these words Weepanee's heart throbbed violently, and when in a few minutes he came back and questioned her about the dead panther she could hardly speak. "What has happened, my child?" said Ontitarho, who now joined them. "You are trembling as if you had seen a demon in the forest."

"A dead panther has scared her," put in Okitori. "The animal has barely done breathing, and its blood has spurted on her foot."

"Why, sure enough," exclaimed the chief. "I wonder who killed it." "I saw not whence the fortunate arrow came; the panther seemed to drop from the sky," answered Weepanee. "Some friendly spirit from the Happy Hunting-Ground must have sent it as a gift to Okitori," spoke the wizard, again smiling maliciously. "Its coat is superb; I will go and fetch it home." "Father and I will accompany you," said Weepanee, who was determined, should the wizard track her lover to his hiding-place, to intercede with her parent for Atsan's life, or else to die with him. Accordingly all three returned to Wolf Spring. But Okitori, albeit keen of eyesight, seemed not to observe the foot-prints which led away in the direction of the hollow oak; while Weepanee kept pointing at a squirrel that was jumping from tree

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to tree, and begging her father to shoot it. Whereupon the guileless Ontitarho wasted half a dozen arrows on the little creature, who escaped unhurt, to Weepanee's inward joy, for she took it as a happy omen that no ill would betide Atsan.

On the morrow Weepanee was impatient to go again to Wolf Spring, but her father bade her stay and hear the new medicine-man discourse on the God of the pale-faces. Full of high hope was the heart of Father Daniel when he saw the crowd assembling in front of the mission-house in response to the call of his tin kettle. "This kettle hath done many good things since it left old France," he thought to himself, "but nothing half so good as this."

We need not repeat all that he said to his attentive listeners; enough to know that when he got through many expressed a willingness to be baptized, and among these was Ontitarho, who, being head chief, had great influence over the others.

Weepanee, however, strange to say, refused to follow her father's example, which much grieved Father Daniel, who knew that she was a young woman of character and ability, and other maidens would probably hold aloof, too, from the sacrament when they saw her do so. He argued with her mildly but in vain. Weepanee kept inwardly repeating: "My God shall be the same God as Atsan's; I wish to go to the same Happy Hunting-Ground that he goes to." But of course she durst not speak this aloud; and great was the delight of the wizard, who was lying on the roof of the building, glaring down upon the priest with eyes like a wildcat. Okitori had done nothing thus far to interrupt Father Daniel. Angry words, indeed, he had muttered, but only to himself. When, however, the missionary, after baptizing a score or so of Hurons, paused to say that he hoped they would change the name of the town from Ossossané to Ste. Marie, he could no longer curb his wicked tongue, and springing to his feet, "Friends and brothers," he cried, "what has come over you? Have you all become children again? For the pappoose is ever crying after something new to play with. Has this strange Blackrobe, who appeared among us only yesterday, already turned your heads? He bids you lay aside your tomahawks and love your enemies. He bids you to think more of raising corn and tobacco than of sounding the war-whoop and adorning yourselves with glorious scalps. He even urges you to love the Iroquois, who have never spared the life of a Huron and who make bonfires even of our squaws and pappooses. O friends and brothers! heed the voice of Okitori. Keep the

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ancient name of your town. Ossossané was known as a happy spot, the happiest on all this broad and beautiful lake, long before the great-grandsire of this false magician-doctor was born; and 'twill be known generations hence, unless ye become children and do what he requests. But mark my words: if you forget to be warriors, if you love your enemies, then the powerful Iroquois will one day come and jeer at your death-songs while the crackling flames consume you." When the wizard had concluded his appeal not a few braves shook their heads, especially the young and fiery ones, and it needed all the influence of Ontitarho to make them change the name of the town to Ste. Marie. But even he, renowned though he was for wisdom, was not able altogether to undo the baneful effect wrought by Okitori's artful speech, and the discontented ones withdrew to the council-lodge muttering, "Okitori is right, Okitori is right."

"I will call my native place Ste. Marie, if it pleases you," said Weepanee to Father Daniel after he had spoken to her privately a few minutes. "And when you ask us to love the Iroquois it proves that your heart is full of goodness; you would injure nobody; you would be as peaceful as a squaw. But—but I cannot love all who belong to that bloodthirsty nation; no, not all."

"Can you love any?" inquired the priest in an undertone, for he recalled her look of delight when he first spoke of the Iroquois whom he had met journeying hither, and now he suspected that he had discovered the reason why she refused to be baptized. "You may speak to me in perfect confidence," he added. "Your secret shall never pass my lips." But Weepanee hesitated. "Even in a whisper I might be overheard," she said to herself.

"Well, well, never mind," continued Father Daniel, who read in her countenance the inward struggle that was going on. "Never mind; I shall say no more at present. But remember, my child, I am one whom you may in all things implicitly trust." "Oh! I know you are very good," answered Weepanee, with moistened eyes; "and although I do not wish to become a Christian, I will call Ossossané Ste. Marie to please you."

Three days elapsed before Weepanee ventured anew to meet her lover at Wolf Spring; for wherever she went Okitori followed with his restless, wolfish eyes, and whenever she passed near him he would ask, "Who killed the big panther? who killed the big panther?" But on the third day, toward sunset, while Father Daniel was giving an instruction in Christian doctrine to a number of converts, among whom the most devout

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was her father, Weepanee eluded the vigilance of the wizard, who was amusing himself by interrupting the priest with foolish questions, and stole away unobserved to the forest. She tapped on the hollow tree to call Atsan's attention, then began to bark like a puppy; and presently out he came from the dark hole.

"Look!" said Weepanee, after he had kissed her—"look! I have brought you some pounded corn and a fish which I caught myself to-day. I should have come sooner, but there is a medicine-man who watches all my movements; I was afraid lest he might follow me, and I could not get away until now." "Not the pale-face, I hope?" said Atsan. "Oh! no, indeed. I like Father Daniel ever so much; he never annoys me. And you, too, must like him; for do you know, dear boy, he says that we Hurons must love your nation—ay, love those who wage constant war upon us." "Well, I am sure there is one Iroquois whom you do not hate," said Atsan, smiling.

"I hate you so little, you who saved my mother's life," continued Weepanee, "that I will not pray to the God of the pale-faces, although my father does, and although the Blackrobe in the kindest manner urges me to be like my father. But I wish in all things to be like you." Here Atsan again pressed his lips to hers and said: "When my nation sweeps down like a hurricane upon Ossossané, Weepanee shall be spared; she shall be adopted and become an Iroquois."

At these words the maiden bowed her head on his shoulder and heaved a sigh. "Do you believe that your nation will soon attack us?" she asked presently, with tearful eyes. "I know not how soon we may be on the war-path," replied Atsan. "To-night I must leave you for what will seem an age to me. I am going away for the space of one moon in order to obtain fresh tidings of what my people are doing."

"And then you will hasten back and tell me?" "Indeed I will." "O my beloved! if I could only feel sure that my father would survive the last fight, that he would not be put to the torture and die in the flames, I should be happy," said Weepanee. "Ontitarho will kill many an Iroquois ere he chants his death-song," said Atsan. "If they burn him I will never, never become a member of your tribe," pursued Weepanee. "Oh! why cannot all red men love one another, as Father Daniel says that they should?"

"Would you have the Huron and Iroquois braves turn squaws? Would you have them do nothing but plant corn?" said Atsan.

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"Well, I begin to think that Father Daniel may be right," pursued Weepanee. "If we buried the hatchet for ever my heart would be at ease, and you and I might have our wigwam together immediately. But now, alas! all is cruel uncertainty."

For about a minute Atsan remained silent. Her last words had moved him deeply, and he, too, Iroquois though he was, felt a strange yearning for peace, lasting peace and quiet, which he had never experienced before. Presently turning toward the hollow oak, he pointed to a figure cut deep into the bark about five feet from the ground. "Very early this morning," he said, "I heard somebody at work on the outside of the tree. Look what an odd figure he has cut. What means it?"

"That is a cross," answered Weepanee. "Father Daniel calls it the sign of salvation; he has such a totem, made of two big sticks, stuck on the top of his prayer-house. He likewise wears a small one round his neck. It must have been he who cut that cross yonder." "I hope to meet him again some day," said Atsan. "Although we were only a few hours together, we parted excellent friends. The words he spoke were so different from the words of our medicine-men; and I no longer wonder that he and the other Blackrobes who have come to preach among your nation have succeeded in winning the hearts of so many Hurons."

"Could Father Daniel win a certain Iroquois' heart he'd win mine with it," said Weepanee.

"Well, what the pale-face medicine-man teaches may be true—it may," pursued Atsan, after reflecting a moment. "Yet to love our enemies is something beyond my wits to conceive. I find a delight, a rapture in the war-path which all the sunny days of a long life of peace could not equal."

"Not even if you spent that life with me?" said Weepanee, gazing fondly at him.

Atsan's breast heaved, but he made no response.

At length, running his fingers through her long, black hair, "No Iroquois maiden had ever hair so beautiful as yours," he said. "I could toy with it all day and never grow tired. Oh! would that I might carry it with me." "What a fine scalp mine would make to grace an Iroquois war-feast!" answered the maiden. "By the great Manitou! never—never," exclaimed Atsan. Then, pressing her to his heart, "But I must now bid my love good-by. I must depart. Look for me by the time the first fireflies appear." "Dear fireflies! may they

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come very soon," murmured Weepanee. And with these farewell words she turned and walked sadly back to her home.

For more than six weeks Weepanee saw nothing more of her Iroquois lover, and during this time Father Daniel did good work among the Hurons of Ste. Marie and its neighborhood, just as other Jesuit missionaries were doing in the Huron country further east. The zealous priest's heart was filled with holy joy as he pictured to himself the whole of this heathen land penetrated and redeemed before many years by the light of the faith. Nor was there a more edifying member of his flock than Ontitarho. But Weepanee, much as she loved her father and esteemed the missionary, always shook her head whenever the latter spoke to her about being baptized. Yet near the sachem's corn-land she had diligently tilled another piece of ground and sown it with wheat wherewith to make for the kind Blackrobe sacramental bread. Needless to say that the wizard was greatly pleased to see Weepanee hold aloof from Christianity. Nevertheless her conduct in some things puzzled Okitori. "She refuses to have water sprinkled on her head and to make the sign of the cross," he muttered. "Nor will she enter the prayer-house and pray with her father. Yet she labors industriously to raise wheat for the pale-face magician, and whenever she hears me flinging gibes at him, and trying to confuse him when he talks about his God, she turns on me like a wildcat."

But if Weepanee often saved Father Daniel from Okitori's insults, the wizard at night would have his revenge. Rising from his couch when all the others were asleep, he would wander about among the houses, crying aloud in a voice which roused the soundest sleeper: "Awake, brothers, awake! Be watchful, brothers, be watchful! The Blackrobe preacher is in league with the Evil Spirit; the crosses which he cuts on the trees are meant to woo the demons of the forest. He bids us love the Iroquois, who have never spared a Huron. One day the Iroquois will rush out of the forest and spring on you like wild beasts. O men who have turned squaws! be braves, be warriors again. Awake! awake! awake!" And these words, uttered in shrill accents, which sounded shriller and more unearthly for its being night-time, always wrought a baneful impression on Ontitarho, who for an hour afterward would lie awake repeating the prayers which Father Daniel had taught him, and trying sincerely to say: "I love my enemies." But his prayers did not always bring relief, and then, jumping to his feet, he would curse the Iroquois and cry out: "If my

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tongue says I love them it lies, it lies!" Between the chief and the wizard a coolness had naturally sprung up, and now they seldom exchanged a word. Indeed, Okitori secretly hated Ontitarho for only for his influence Father Daniel would not have had so pleasant a time in Ste. Marie. "But the day may come," murmured the wizard, "when Ontitarho will crouch at my feet and beg me to be merciful." For Okitori remembered that the missionary had seen an Iroquois journeying hitherward; nor had he forgotten the dead panther which he had once found by Wolf Spring, and he remembered Weepanee's blood-stained moccasin and her confusion when she had seen him suddenly rise up out of the bushes. Every man, young and old, in Ste. Marie he had questioned about that panther. Not one said that he had killed the beast. "Who, then, did kill it?" was a question which Okitori had often asked himself. But, shrewd as he was, it was not until he had long meditated on Weepanee's odd behavior that he could bring himself to believe that his first suspicion was correct, and then he chuckled and said: "The sachem's daughter is at my mercy."

One evening in June Father Daniel found Weepanee engaged in tying together a number of fireflies. "Look!" she exclaimed with a radiant countenance. "These are the first fireflies of summer. Oh! I am so happy, so happy. And I am going to weave them into a shining festoon to hang before your altar, where you say God is ever present." The missionary thanked her warmly and said: "I hope one of these days to see you praying with us in the chapel. Many of your friends have been baptized. Why do you hold back?"

Weepanee sighed. "Pray tell me what the difficulty is," continued Father Daniel. "The fireflies are now all ready to hang up before the altar. Look! look! how beautiful they are," said Weepanee, handing him the fantastic, flashing wreath of light. Then, before he could do more than express anew his thanks, she turned and walked rapidly away.

"Strange, tender-hearted maiden! where may she be going?" thought the priest when, a quarter of an hour later, he saw her passing through the main gate of the town. It was growing dark. But the moon would soon be up. Might she be going into the forest?

The full moon was just rising when Weepanee got to the hollow oak. She gave a peculiar cry, and in a moment Atsan crawled out of the dark cavity at its base. "How true you are to your promise, dear boy!" she said, as he caught her in his

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arms. "The fireflies are flashing this evening for the first time, and here you are."

"I might have arrived a little sooner," replied the Iroquois, "only that I wanted to obtain better information as to what the warriors of my nation are meditating." "And what have you learnt?" inquired Weepanee anxiously.

"That before the snow falls deep enough to track a rabbit they will be on the war-path." "Alas! alas!" sighed Weepanee. Then for more than a minute she did not open her lips, but leaned heavily on his shoulder.

It was with no intention to spy Weepanee's movements that Father Daniel in a little while entered the forest too. The wizard had begun to fling jeers at him while he was saying his rosary in front of the mission-house, and he had felt a yearning to be alone amid the silent trees, where his ears would not be shocked by Okitori's blasphemies. But to the very gate of the town the latter had dogged his steps, crying aloud: "Behold the Blackrobe going forth to cut more demon-marks on the trees. Like an evil spirit, he is fond of the night. Beware of the Blackrobe, who bids you love the Iroquois!"

Scarcely had Father Daniel begun again to tell his beads—which he did facing the venerable tree in whose bark he had carved the deepest cross of all—when he was startled by a hand clutching his arm, and, turning, whom should he discover but the young Iroquois that he had met three months before, while behind him stood Weepanee.

"I am delighted to meet you again," spoke the priest, shaking his hand.

"You have found out our love secret, but my dear Weepanee assures me that you may be trusted," said Atsan. "Implicitly," said Father Daniel. "Well, I once told you an untruth," spoke Weepanee, stepping forward. "I once said that I did not love any Iroquois. I now ask forgiveness for telling that untruth."

"Would that your whole tribe might do as you are doing: would that every Huron loved an Iroquois!" answered the missionary. "For then would reign unbroken peace, and our missions would flourish everywhere in this benighted land." Then, addressing Atsan, "Why," he added, "do not you red men bury the tomahawk? Why do you exterminate one another? Think how much happier you all would be if Hurons and Iroquois lived like brothers."

"Ay, how much happier!" murmured Weepanee, gazing with tender eyes on her lover. "You speak golden words," said

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Atsan. "But the Happy Hunting-Ground is not in this world; it is somewhere far, far amid the stars." "Father Daniel preaches peace and good-will to others," said Weepanee. "He is not fond of bleeding scalps and tortured prisoners, like our loathsome wizard, Okitori. O Atsan! if we were all like Father Daniel—and we might be, if we tried—then the Happy Hunting-Ground would not be so far away."

Encouraged by her words, the missionary now went on to speak in fervent accents of the holy Catholic religion, while the Iroquois listened without interrupting; until at length, warned by the height to which the moon had risen, he was obliged to stop, for it was time to go back to the mission-house, where his flock were no doubt waiting for him to say the evening prayers.

"May I return to-morrow?" he said. "Yes, indeed; come and talk to us again to-morrow," cried Atsan and Weepanee at one breath.

The following morning Ontitarho found his daughter sauntering alone by the edge of the lake. Ever and anon she would pause and cast her eyes over the sparkling water; then she would frown, for she saw Okitori watching her from a canoe a little distance off. "Why are you not at work?" inquired the chief. "Are there no weeds in my corn to weed out? Have I no moccasins which need mending?"

"A heavy weight presses on my spirits to-day," answered Weepanee, "and the fresh breeze from the lake soothes me. 'Tis why I am here." "A weight on your spirits!" exclaimed Ontitarho. "Ah! my daughter, why do you not become a Christian? Why do you not let Father Daniel baptize you? Then you would never be melancholy."

Weepanee made no response.

"Is it the wizard," he continued presently, scowling at Okitori—"is it that plaguing, devil-worshipping wizard yonder who has persuaded you to remain a heathen? Why has he more influence over you than your father?" "Okitori has no power over me for good or ill," answered Weepanee in a firm voice. "I detest him. Look at him crouching in his canoe like a wild animal. I can see his eyes glistening from here. I believe there is a demon in him." "Well, I wish with all my heart that he were gone from Ste. Marie," pursued Ontitarho. "He never ceases to annoy good Father Daniel. Did you not hear him last night howling through the town and crying out that the priest is in league with the devil?" "I never knew a better man than Father Daniel," said Weepanee. "And I always take his part

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against Okitori, who calumniates him. But, dear father, while we may love our enemies, as he bids us to, is it wise to devote so much time to prayer? Oh! I beseech you, do not forget how to use the tomahawk and war-club: our warriors must not become squaws. The Iroquois may appear before many moons, and we should be ready for them. Let the palisade be strengthened; let our warriors practise with their arms. Let them pray to the God of the pale-faces, if they will, but at the same time they must not forget how to fight."

"Verily, you presume to address me as if you were old in wisdom," answered Ontitarho somewhat harshly. "It is not thus that you used to speak to your father. How dare you insinuate that I pray too much?" At these chiding words Weepanee bowed her head and began to cry. The sachem, whose heart was easily moved, and who loved her dearly, was trying to calm her when Father Daniel approached and asked what fault she had committed.

"I do not find her at work this morning as usual," answered Ontitarho. "But she is a good girl and will now go to work. There are some weeds in my corn, Weepanee, are there not?"

"Well, methinks Weepanee is a pretty good worker," said the priest. "She is raising for me as much wheat as I shall need; she keeps me well supplied with fish and Indian meal, and every evening she has promised to make me a fresh wreath of fireflies to hang before the Blessed Sacrament."

"Thanks for taking my part," spoke Weepanee, smiling through her tears. "I like you ever so much, even if I am not one of your flock."

An hour later Weepanee might have been seen in the schoolroom of the mission-house, whither Father Daniel had invited her. "I have been praying for you a great deal to-day, my child," said the missionary.

"Your prayers will do me good," answered the maiden. "You comfort me; Atsan likes you, too."

"I wish that your Iroquois lover would listen to my instructions for a few days—or rather nights, for 'tis only at night we can meet. He might then become a Christian," continued Father Daniel. "If he does, then so will I," said Weepanee. "The faith which you preach has much in it that is consoling. To love the Iroquois seems less difficult for me to do now than when I first heard you say we ought to love our enemies." Every word of this conversation, which lasted for half an hour, was overheard by Okitori, who had sneaked into the house a few

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minutes before the priest and concealed himself under a pile of beaver-skins, a gift to Father Daniel from Ontitarho. "Ha! ha!" chuckled the wizard, "my shrewd suspicion turns out to be quite correct: Weepanee has an Iroquois lover." And so elated was Okitori at what he had heard that he could scarcely keep quiet in his hiding-place.

As soon as Father Daniel had finished evening prayers this evening—which he always said aloud in the midst of a throng of fervent neophytes, of whom none were more prayerful than Ontitarho—he bent his steps toward the forest, not expecting to be back until morning; for all night he would instruct Atsan, if the Iroquois would listen to him.

His face wore a bright smile when he approached the moonlit trysting-place where Weepanee and her lover were awaiting him. But presently his countenance fell, for he discovered that the young woman was in tears.

"Atsan says he must depart ere the moon wanes," sobbed Weepanee. "Why, he makes you a very fleeting visit. What has happened?" said the priest, who was chagrined, too. "Another Iroquois, a spy sent in advance of the war-party, is hovering about Ste. Marie," answered Weepanee; "and Atsan does not wish this spy to find him holding converse with a Huron maiden; otherwise it might fare ill with my lover."

It had been well had Atsan departed earlier than he did, before the moon had risen so high; for the guileful wizard, who seemed never to sleep, had spied both Weepanee and Father Daniel quit the town, and immediately seeking Ontitarho, he had said: "O chief! I know that the friendship which you once had for me is dead; no Huron in your eyes is so detestable as Okitori. But if I have refused to become a Christian like yourself, if I am bitterly opposed to the Blackrobe medicine-man, who has turned the once warlike Ontitarho into a praying squaw, 'tis because I dearly love my tribe and wish not to see the Hurons destroyed by the Iroquois." "What mean you?" exclaimed Ontitarho. "Father Daniel bids us to love our enemies, but he goes no further; we may defend ourselves if they attack us. He is not partial to the Iroquois. We have no truer friend than Father Daniel."

At these words there spread over Okitori's ugly visage a demoniac grin. Then, lifting up his hand, he merely answered: "Follow me."

And now behold the wizard leading Ontitarho with cautious, stealthy step toward Wolf Spring. You could hardly hear a

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leaf rustle as they made their way through the trees and underbrush. At length Okitori paused and whispered: "Look! yonder in the moonbeams are three persons—your daughter, an Iroquois brave, and holding each of them by the hand is your darling Blackrobe."

Ontitarho's straining eyes rested with savage glare on the group a little distance ahead, and he discerned, sure enough, the priest and Weepanee, the latter greatly distressed at something, while beside her was undoubtedly an Iroquois. Scarcely breathing, Okitori and the chief now crawled nearer.

"Well, if you must leave me," spoke Weepanee, "come back before the first snow, but come not as a destroyer of Ste. Marie." "Your dear scalp will be safe in my hands," replied Atsan. "And my father—will you save him, too?" continued Weepanee.

"We will adopt him as well as you—you shall both be made Iroquois."* It was these last words of Atsan which most infuriated the sachem, and now while Weepanee and her lover embraced for good-by he muttered: "I am a squaw indeed! Oh! why have I buried my tomahawk? I'd give all my beaver-skins, my birch canoe, my priceless wampum belt for a tomahawk."

"Love your enemies and bury the hatchet," answered the wizard in a sarcastic voice, which Weepanee and Father Daniel heard, and they immediately turned their faces toward a clump of laurels a few paces distant.

We may imagine the wonder of the Christian Indians of Ste. Marie the following day to see their chief absent himself from Mass. Nor would Ontitarho pause at noon to say the Angelus; and when Father Daniel accosted him he turned his back and walked sullenly away arm-in-arm with Okitori, with whom he seemed to have renewed all his old-time friendship. Among the gossips many things were whispered about Weepanee, who had not been seen since the previous evening. Was she ill? Or was it true that her father had forbidden her to leave her cabin?

The missionary was, of course, well-nigh heart-broken at what had occurred. He knew that Weepanee's love for an Iroquois had been discovered by Ontitarho, and that the latter had seen both himself and Weepanee conversing with Atsan. Nor did he doubt that the wizard was the author of all this trouble; and it was sad to think where it might end.

Ontitarho's example was ere long followed by others, and within a week a score or more of young men, who had never

*In rare cases prisoners were adopted.

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altogether approved of the missionary's exhortations to peace and good-will toward their enemies, formed a circle around the wizard while Mass was going on in the chapel, and listened with delight to his exciting descriptions of combats between Hurons and Iroquois, from which the former always returned laden with countless scalps. "And how much more glorious are those trophies of victory," exclaimed Okitori, "than the stupid beads which the Blackrobe has given you to count your prayers by!" Whereupon, one by one, his hearers tore their rosaries apart and trampled the fragments under foot.

Father Daniel, however, was not sorry to see that precautions were being taken to prevent a surprise by the Iroquois, who, he knew, would be on the war-path before many months. He exhorted his pious flock to devote some hours daily to strengthening the palisade. "And those of you," he said, "who in your zeal for religion have buried your tomahawks must dig them up again. For great will be the blow to the faith in the Huron land, if this mission of Ste. Marie be destroyed."

As time wore on, and Weepanee still did not appear, Ontitarho was more and more plied with questions concerning her. But to nobody would he reveal the cause of her punishment; he merely said that she was alive. And the poor girl suffered much during the long, hot summer, fanning herself with the wing of a wild turkey, and with never a soul to speak to. Only once a day did her father bring her food and water. On one occasion Okitori brought her a drink, but she dashed the cup in his face, and he came not a second time.

Poor Ontitarho! His father's heart all this while was torn with anguish. That his only child, in whom he took so much pride, should be enamored with a hated Iroquois, and that the latter should talk of his tribe adopting both himself and her, was enough to drive him distracted. And in certain things his mind did, indeed, appear to wander. Nor would he believe that Father Daniel, whom he had once so revered, was not what Okitori said he was—a spy and worthy of being put to death. "And if I was deceived in him, in whom may I trust?" he would ask.

The wizard was certainly playing his part well. In his hands he held the life of both Weepanee and the priest. If he breathed a single word of what he knew regarding Weepanee she would immediately be stoned to death by the other squaws. And this her unhappy parent was well aware of. Therefore, in order to bribe the wizard to hold his tongue, Ontitarho made him gift after gift. He gave Okitori first five, then ten, then twenty

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beaver-skins; and when these presents were declared not sufficient, he gave him the skin of a grizzly bear. Finally he made him a present of his birch canoe—the largest and finest of any canoe on the lake. Yet still the wizard kept hinting that his tongue would not keep silent unless he received more gifts. "More, more, more!" he would say, "or I will reveal that your daughter is betrothed to an Iroquois."

"Mean, avaricious wretch!" muttered the unhappy chief one day. "I am half tempted to dash your brains out and afterward to kill myself."

But while Okitori was thus impoverishing Ontitarho he had actually wrung from him a promise to murder Father Daniel. Yet why did the sachem hesitate to keep his promise? Even the wizard, subtle as he was, was unable to account for the Jesuit's life being spared week after week; and he would sometimes whisper in Ontitarho's ear: "Keep your promise. The Blackrobe is hateful in my sight. Kill him soon; I am growing impatient." Still Ontitarho's hand refused to strike the blow, because Weepanee had said: "Father, if a single hair of Father Daniel's head is touched I will proclaim aloud my own guilt; all who hear my voice shall know that I am bound by an undying love to an Iroquois, and then I shall die a cruel death."

Nor was Father Daniel ignorant of the imminent peril which hung over him. Ever and anon he heard ominous threats, while Okitori grew so boldly impudent as to curse him from the very threshold of the mission-house. Once he even succeeded in breaking up his catechism class. When the priest walked through the town many of the young men frowned and clutched their tomahawks, and sometimes little children spat at him. Yet never a thought of flight entered Father Daniel's mind. He fervently prayed that Ontitarho might come back to the faith and that the wizard might be confounded in his wickedness. Where souls were to be saved, there Father Daniel would abide: Ad majorem Dei gloriam.

One rainy morning toward the end of September, after the wizard and Ontitarho had had a long and angry talk together, the sachem entered his daughter's prison-chamber with a very distressed countenance. "What troubles my father?" inquired Weepanee in tender accents; for she loved him dearly, albeit he had kept her so long in solitary confinement, and perhaps made it impossible ever to meet Atsan again. "Tell me, father, has Okitori been urging you anew to kill the Blackrobe?" "Yes," answered Ontitarho; "he has been pressing me harder than

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ever to fulfil my rash promise. But, estranged though I am from Father Daniel, 'twill break my heart to kill him. But the wizard, who, alas! knows the great power he wields, has threatened that if I procrastinate one hour longer he will divulge the crime of which you are guilty—your love for an Iroquois, a deadly foe of the Hurons—and then in a few minutes I shall hear your death-shrieks."

"Well, but, father, you dare not redden your hatchet with the blood of the Blackrobe; for if you do, then, as I have said before, I will myself tell aloud what I have done and begin to chant my death-song." "Alas! the way is dark; I am bewildered. Oh! what must I do?" groaned Ontitarho, burying his face in his hands. "Bid the good priest to flee—flee toward the rising sun," answered Weepanee.

"Flee?" ejaculated the sachem, looking up. "Oh! he would not budge an inch: he knows not fear. What a glorious Huron brave he would make, could he only change his skin and learn to hate the Iroquois! Why, Father Daniel would rather be eaten by the wolves than to flee."

"Well, if he tarries here his life may soon be in great danger," continued Weepanee. "If the Iroquois attack us—as I expect they will before the first snowflake drops—think you that he will escape from the massacre which will follow?" "But may we not beat off the attack?" said Ontitarho. "Has your heart become so wedded to the Iroquois that you believe they are certain to be victorious? O my child! shame, shame on you!" "But they are coming in tremendous force," pursued Weepanee earnestly. "And I implore you to make Father Daniel, whether he will or no, flee toward the rising sun. Escort him yourself into the forest, show him the trail, forbid him to return; and as my Atsan will doubtless be at the head of the Iroquois warriors, he will take the Blackrobe under his protection."

The chief made no response; he was in tears, and so was Weepanee. They were still weeping when a harsh voice outside was heard summoning Ontitarho to appear. "Come forth," growled Okitori, who was armed with a tomahawk—"come forth and redeem your promise. I will wait no longer; my patience is exhausted." In another moment Ontitarho was facing him. "Are you ready?" asked the wizard. "I am," answered the sachem. "I acknowledge that the Blackrobe is deserving of death; he is a secret friend of our deadliest foes. Where is he?" "In the mission-house, teaching Huron children to love

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the Iroquois," said Okitori, with a grim smile. "Then lend me your hatchet," said Ontitarho. Weepanee, who had heard what was said, was about to utter a shrill cry, which would undoubtedly have proved her death-knell, when, with a heavy thud, down dropped Okitori half-way across the threshold, and spattered over the floor were his brains. "Well done, father!" she exclaimed, springing forward and bending with savage delight over the quivering corpse of the wizard.

"Well done!" echoed Ontitarho, spitting upon it. "But now I must haste away and lead Father Daniel into the forest, whether he will or no. For great will be the uproar when Okitori's friends discover what has happened. They will thirst for his scalp—perhaps, too, for mine."

Scarcely had the chief spoken when yells and screams were heard without the palisade, and in a few minutes in through the gateway pell-mell rushed hundreds of terrified men and women, crying out: "The Iroquois are here! The Iroquois are here!"

In the great confusion which followed this startling alarm nobody heeded Okitori's mangled remains. Warriors, snatching their bows and tomahawks, hastened to meet the advancing enemy; trembling mothers clasped their pappooses to their breasts. Weepanee clung to her father. But Ontitarho broke loose from her, and, flourishing aloft the wizard's gory hatchet, took his place among the foremost defenders. Meanwhile, surrounded by a crowd of old folk and those too young to fight, was Father Daniel. He was giving them his last blessing, after which to the post of danger he bent his steps; and soon there was plenty for him to do.

Many a dying Huron received absolution, and among these, with tears of repentance, crawled the valiant Ontitarho; an arrow had pierced his breast, and as his life-blood ebbed away he murmured the name of Weepanee. "Baptize her, my father," he said—"baptize her. For I wish to meet her in heaven; every Huron of Ste. Marie must perish to-day. Oh! seek Weepanee and baptize her."

What the sachem predicted seemed too likely to come true. Desperately as the Hurons were defending the town, the assault of the Iroquois was like unto a whirlwind of demons; in full strength they had come, and once inside the palisade there was no resisting them. Their tomahawks spared neither man, woman, nor child, with the exception of Father Daniel and about twenty others; for this day's victory would not end to the taste of the victors without a bonfire of prisoners.

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"I claim these as my captives," spoke Atsan, grasping Weepanee and the priest by the arm.

But Father Daniel, who espied hard by a dying Huron, was resolved at all hazards to shrive him and give him absolution. But hardly had he escaped from Atsan's protecting hold when he was pounced upon by a number of yelling savages.

"Let us begin the bonfire with the pale-face," cried these. In a brief space the missionary was bound to a stake. "Why does not your pale-face God save you now? Is your God a squaw?" cried a mocking voice. "Are you hungry?" shouted another Iroquois. "If you are, here is something to eat." And so saying, in derision he threw the victim an ear of corn to whose husks were providentially clinging a few raindrops.

By a superhuman effort Father Daniel freed his hands, and, catching the ear of corn, he bent over Weepanee, who, despite her lover, had flung herself at his feet; and now, even while the torch was being applied to the pine fagots scattered around him, he administered to the brave girl baptism. Yet indeed Weepanee had run very great risk in order to receive the sacrament. Already the sparks were singeing her robe; nor was it easy for Atsan to save her.

"Now is our only chance," spoke the latter presently in a hurried whisper, and pulling her away from the circle of howling Iroquois, who were dancing about the writhing form of Father Daniel, dimly visible through the smoke and flames. "Come, come quick," he said. And with this Atsan snatched her in his arms and with the fleetness of a deer made off toward the forest.

This night, at the stillest hour, when the Iroquois had fallen asleep after the fatigues of the battle and the excitement of torturing to death the Huron prisoners, Atsan stole back to the site of Ste. Marie, and, threading his way amid the smouldering remains of the houses, he sought the spot where Father Daniel had breathed his last. Peering above the ground was the charred stump of the post to which he had been tied, and, as Weepanee had requested, he stooped and gathered as much of the hallowed ashes as he was able to carry away in both hands. Then, just as the dawn began to break in the east, he and Weepanee—the latter with many a tear—plunged deeper into the forest. On and on they journeyed, until, after travelling half a moon and enduring much hardship, they came once more in view of the water. It was a charming spot, just where Lake Superior falls into Lake Huron. "And in these bright rapids and long,

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sweeping eddies fish must abound," spoke Atsan. "Yes, let us pause here," said Weepanee. "And we will name our new home after the dear one where I was born and which Father Daniel loved so well."

"For your sake I, too, love the name of Ste. Marie," answered Atsan, touching his lips to hers. "Therefore let us call it Ste. Marie."

"And with drops from this pure, sparkling current let me baptize you," said Weepanee. "Then we shall both be Christians."

Many years afterward, when the first white explorers came here, a big cross was found planted at the edge of the water, and crosses, too, were faintly visible cut in the bark of some of the trees. They likewise found a few Indians settled near the rapids —a happy, innocent band, who still retained such traces of the Catholic faith as Atsan and Weepanee had bequeathed to them. These red men have now disappeared, but this beautiful spot is known to-day as the Sault de Sainte Marie.

INFALLIBILITY AND PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

I.

"WE ourselves have, equally with those in the Roman Church, infallible truth, as resting on infallible authority. We do not need the agency of an infallible church to assure us of the truth of what has been ruled infallibly. Nor, in fact, have Roman Catholics *any more infallible authority* for what they hold than we, seeing that it was ruled by the church in past ages, to whom, so far, the present church submits." *

So wrote Dr. Pusey eighteen years ago in that far-famed work which in its time made, perhaps, a greater stir among religious circles in the Established Church of England than any other publication during the latter half of this century, not excepting the *Essays and Reviews* and Bishop Colenso's book on the Pentateuch; a work perhaps the most singular of any proceeding from the pen of an author, himself remarkable for his strange and persistent inaccuracies, his curious method of treating the Fathers, and the still more incomprehensible way in which, when dealing with other authors, he—let us hope not de-

* *Eirenicon*, part i. p. 96.

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liberately—puts forward the *objections* which those writers had set down for refutation as their own personal views: a system of polemics which caused even so staid a journal as the *Athenæum* to exclaim: "It will be necessary for careful readers to compare the citations with the originals, and to look narrowly at the inferences derived from them. Since Father Harper exposed the manner in which Dr. Pusey treats the Fathers and others it is necessary to be cautious in the matter, for that learned Jesuit has shown that the Oxford professor's accuracy cannot be relied on." * But my intention here is not to criticise either the *Eirenicon* or its author; that has already been done with fearfully damaging effect by the learned religious above referred to. I have merely introduced the foregoing extract from Dr. Pusey's work because it appears to me to be as clear an exponent of the advanced Anglican idea of an infallible authority, its strength and its weakness, as one can well find. Not very clear, I admit, and hopelessly illogical; but what would you have? When men turn their backs upon God's everlasting truth they must take refuge in sophisms. However, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum;* the author has himself now passed out of the jurisdiction of our weak censure. May that Immaculate Mother whom his dear friend Cardinal Newman declared that he "loved well" have intervened even at the eleventh hour; and when the lips were motionless and the eye glazed, and while the sweats of death were already creeping over that frame from which the life was fast ebbing out, may his heavenly Father have once more opened the eyes of his soul to the light of Catholic truth and have given him the grace of conversion! R.I.P.

Leaving, therefore, the memory of one whom once, long ago, I revered as a saint, I purpose, taking the above passage as my text, to examine the question whether Anglicans really possess any infallible authority at all—in a word, whether, in spite of their boasted superiority over other Protestant sects whose rule of faith is *the Bible, and the Bible only*, and the supposed security of their situation on account of their appeal to the judgment of the universal church, they have in reality, when their position comes to be carefully investigated and their principles analyzed, any better grounds of certainty for the doctrines they profess than the Biblicists whom they condemn, or are possessed of any ultimate arbiter in matters of faith beyond their own private judgment. I think it will be seen that, beneath the light of strict investigation, Dr. Pusey's claim, on the part of his communion,

* *Athenæum*, October 7, 18,6.

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of "infallible truth, *resting on infallible authority*," vanishes into thin air.

I have emphasized the words *resting on infallible authority*, because it is not for a moment denied that Anglicans can attain to, and are in the possession of, *some* infallible truths, which they are able to know with certainty as such; but then we are bound to admit this much not only of every Protestant as well, but even of every human soul which God has created. Take, for instance, the doctrine of the existence of God himself. This is one of those immutable and inevitable truths which can be known even by the light of nature, apart from revelation—a truth which, although it is not, strictly speaking, intuitional in the mind of man, can yet in a secondary sense be said to be innate on account of the natural facility with which it can be comprehended, and whose proofs can be worked out and demonstrated with logical completeness (as, indeed, they were by Aristotle, and by St. Thomas of Aquin following in his steps) by the simple workings of human reason, and that with a force and unanswerable lucidity which none have even attempted to impeach. Then, again, the Christian, of whatever denomination, if through baptism, validly administered, he has received the gift of faith, may apprehend with absolute certainty—that is, he may *know infallibly*—many truths forming part of divine revelation. Among such I may mention the doctrine of our Lord's divine mission, the eternity of heaven, the existence of angels, the authority of the apostles to preach the Gospel, the mercy of God in forgiving sins to the truly penitent—these and many others can certainly be apprehended by any one of ordinary intelligence, and known infallibly by the baptized Christian. In this sense, then—viz., that Anglicans, with all Protestants, are able to know some religious truths with certainty—Dr. Pusey and we are at one. But I do not imagine that this was at all the construction which he intended should be put upon his words; indeed, he himself expressly excludes all such limitation to those truths which can be known with certainty by the light of nature or deduced by natural reason from the pages of God's written word; he refers to truths of a more obscure kind, matters not at once palpable to the ordinary light of reason, questions to which there are two sides and which require an *infallible* authority to explain them.

It ought to be scarcely necessary to remark here that "infallibility" and "the knowing a thing infallibly" are *not* the same. Still, as Anglican writers appear frequently to confuse the two, it may be advantageous to introduce a few words of explanation.

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To know a thing infallibly signifies nothing more or less than to know it with *absolute certainty*—such certainty, for instance, as we have of our own existence and of the reality of the visible world around us. Or we may possess certainty as to matters not under our personal observation, by reason of the entire and implicit confidence we have in the *credibility* of the person who supplies us with the information. In the former case we have metaphysical and physical certainty respectively; in the latter case, moral.

But this certainty, absolute and immutable as it is under the proper conditions, by no means precludes the abstract possibility of our *making mistakes.* I am perfectly *certain* that I hold this pen in my hand and that I am writing at the present moment. I do not admit the possibility of my being mistaken upon this point as long as I possess *mens sana in corpore sano.* I therefore know this fact *infallibly*, but I am not on that account *infallible.*

Infallibility is an attribute which, if it be abiding and perpetual in its subjects, precludes the possibility of their ever making mistakes. Of course we can conceive of such a thing as temporary or partial infallibility—that is to say, an infallibility which has for its object certain special matters, or which exists under certain conditions and for certain periods of time. But whether it be absolute and permanent, or temporary and partial, it is manifest that it can only exist in an intelligence other than that of divine omniscience by special divine assistance and divine guidance.

The infallibility with which Christ our Lord endowed his church and its visible head, though permanent throughout this dispensation, "even to the consummation of the world," is nevertheless only partial. It has for its object matters only relating to faith and morals, including the adjudication of what are called dogmatic facts—that is to say, matters of fact which are intimately bound up with dogma.* The Holy Father would not be infallible with regard to a problem in mathematics, nor as to mere historical facts unconnected with divine revelation. On the other hand, it is of faith that the Catholic Roman Church and its visible head are infallible in defining dogmas binding upon the consciences of the faithful, and, by consequence, in their interpretation of the words of Holy Scripture, and the writings of the Fathers as witnesses to the tradition of the church.

* As, for instance, the question, decided *ex cathedrâ* by Pope Clement XI. in his constitution *Vineam Domini*, as to whether certain propositions attributed to Cornelis Jansen were really contained in his book, the *Augustinus.*

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Now, it would appear that Dr. Pusey, in the above passage from the *Eirenicon*, claims for his church a share in this infallibility, at all events as regards past ages. Let us examine more at detail in what the infallibility of Christ's church, according to his ordinance, consists; we shall then be in a position to determine whether or no the Anglican communion has any share or lot in this matter.

In a document familiar, of course, to all the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and even to many Episcopalians—namely, the Creed of Pope Pius IV.—the following passage occurs: "I acknowledge that the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church is the mother and mistress of all churches, and whatsoever heresies have been condemned, rejected, and anathematized by the church I equally condemn, reject, and anathematize."

In a previous number of this magazine I pointed out that this supreme office of judging in faith and morals must, from the very constitution of the church, have existed somewhere from the beginning; and I endeavored to show that, according to the teaching of St. Irenæus, which, from the prominent position which that Father held, may be regarded as being the generai belief of the Christians of his time, this *magisterium*, if I may use a theological expression, had its seat in the Roman pontiff and the bishops who were in communion with him. These constitute the *Ecclesia Docens*, which expression, I need scarcely say, does not include the laity, but only the clerical order, and especially the bishops, who alone are the judges of doctrine—co-judges, that is, with the pope. The clergy of the second order merely teach, each in his respective diocese, as representatives of the bishop and in subordination to him.

The infallibility of the Catholic Church may be classed under two heads—viz., her infallibility in teaching and her infallibility in believing. The former of these is infallibility properly so called, and constitutes the *active* infallibility of the church; while the latter, constituting the *passive* infallibility of the *Ecclesia Discens*, is more correctly that inerrancy and indefectibility which the church possesses as a whole—an inerrancy which is most intimately connected with, and, indeed, may be said to depend upon, the infallibility of the *Ecclesia Docens*. We shall see in the course of our investigation that this passive infallibility is all that Anglicans of Dr. Pusey's school claim for the church, and consequently their theory leaves them practically without any infallible church at all. The office of the *Ecclesia Docens* is a threefold one: to wit, that of witness (*testis*), judge (*iudex*), and teacher

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(*magistra*). She executes the office of witness whenever a dogma is defined as of faith, which simply amounts to the declaration that such doctrine formed part of the original *depositum* of revelation delivered by our Lord to his apostles; we see her performing the office of judge whenever she interposes her voice to determine conflicting controversies, whether regarding matters of faith or questions of the moral law; of *magistra** in her daily ministry of preaching. The duties of this threefold office are exercised with more or less frequency: that of *magistra* is perpetual and non-intermittent; that of *judex* is quite frequently called into operation; while that of *testis* is more rare, being called into exercise only as occasion requires. But without the two former the ordinary *magisterium* of the church could not be carried on at all. For the infallibility of the church's *magisterium* is most intimately bound up with her oneness; indeed, the mere idea that inerrancy could exist in a body disunited as to its formal belief is an absurdity. But, except by unduly constraining the free-will of man or by rendering every individual infallible, there is no conceivable means by which a world-wide society of human beings can be maintained, and maintain themselves, in perfect unity of belief, except by the voluntary union of all the members with a common head. And this applies to the *Ecclesia Docens* no less than to the church at large. The unity of the episcopate consists in union with the "throne of Peter, the chief church, whence priestly unity takes its source."† Upon consideration it will be seen that this arrangement is a *sine quâ non*, for unity and infallibility are necessary co-ordinates.

Before proceeding to apply this doctrine of the infallibility of the church to the position of Anglicans it may be well to fortify our argument with two brief pictures, drawn from early ecclesiastical history, as illustrative of the working of the above theory. It is manifest that upon any hypothesis in which the Petrine centre of unity is omitted the church can only be regarded as an infallible teacher so long as all the bishops hang together in one body. Judging from the experience of the past and by our knowledge of human nature, this will not be for long; and when a schism has been effected to which party are we to look for the truth, as both claim to be in possession of the genuine tradition? Is every one to judge for himself which of the conflicting parties is right and which wrong? Then the very

* The expression *magistra* implies much more than this—far more, indeed, than can be rendered into any single word in English. I shall return to this subject later on.

† Ante-Nicene Library: *The Writings of Cyprian*, vol. i. ep. liv. p. 173.

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idea of an infallible church has disappeared. Or is it to be supposed that the truth goes with the majority? A dangerous doctrine indeed; for have we not read somewhere that the world "woke up one morning and found itself Arian"? But even supposing that such a theory were admissible, it yet remains impracticable. For it is at least conceivable that the bishops might be equally divided in point of numbers, or be split into a number of small sects neither of which could claim any distinct majority. Something very much like this has actually happened among the oriental non-Catholic Christians, although, of course, the adhesion of Russia has accidentally given a large preponderance to the "Orthodox" Church. In this case there would be absolutely no means of determining which communion had retained the tradition of the apostles in its integrity, except by the exercise of every man's individual private judgment. But then what becomes of the infallibility of the church?

The two cases in point to which I would call the attention of my readers are those of the Novatians and the Donatists. Both of these schisms furnish us with very remarkable parallels, not with what the Anglican Church is in reality, but with what its devotees claim for it to be. And the lesson that we learn from the history of these two sects is this: that taking Anglicanism in its fairest form, admitting the validity of its hopelessly discredited orders; conceding to it an orthodoxy in matters relating to the sacraments which, as a matter of fact, it does not possess; clothing it with that internal unity which never was and never can be one of its attributes, and so far giving free play to our imagination as to suppose that every Anglican clergyman is a Machonachie and every Anglican church a St. Alban's; in fact, allowing ourselves to be lulled into that sensuous and delightful dream in which the nineteenth-century Ritualist passes his days and nights—I say that *if* the Church of England were all this, were she everything that her Puseys and her Littledales claim that she is, she would still be nothing but a miserable band of schismatics, a limb cut off, a dead branch, a ship without rudder or steersman. I am so profoundly convinced that it is the non-apprehension of this fact which retains many a conscientious Anglican in his present position that it is my earnest wish, knowing the wide circulation of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, to make some endeavors through means of its pages to open their eyes to the reality of their situation.

Two widespread schisms troubled the early church, Novatianism and Donatism; the former of these, arising from a dis-

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puted papal election, lasted for three centuries and had its ramifications throughout the whole Roman Empire, East and West. The peculiar error of this sect was a denial of the possibility of absolution being given to those who after baptism had committed the mortal sin of apostasy. The schism of the Donatists, on the other hand, was chiefly, although not altogether, confined to Africa. It had its origin in the refusal of certain bishops, chief of whom was Donatus of Carthage, to receive back into Catholic communion those who, though subsequently penitent, had during persecution surrendered the Holy Scriptures to the heathen, on which account they received the name *traditores.*

Now, in the case of both of these schisms the most remarkable point for our present consideration is the fact that although their position was considered so hopelessly untenable and dangerous in itself that the great saints Cyprian and Augustine respectively felt it their bounden duty to spare no pains both to denounce their errors and to endeavor to reclaim them; although both in their own time and ever since they have been universally regarded as schismatics cut off from Catholic communion, nevertheless the simple fact remains that, from the high Anglican point of view, their position was immeasurably superior to that which the Established Church of England has at any time enjoyed, both as regards their acknowledged doctrinal orthodoxy, the undisputed validity of their orders and, as a consequence, the reality of their sacraments, and, last but not least in the eyes of a Ritualist; the close similarity of their ceremonial with that of the Catholic Church and their freedom from state control. It must be remembered once for all—and we cannot too strongly, in our controversy with Anglicans, insist upon this point—that neither the Novatians of the third nor the Donatists of the fourth and fifth centuries were *heretics* in the strict sense of the word.* They denied no article of the Creed nor any dogma which had been formally defined as of faith. Their respective errors were in their inception purely disciplinary, whatever erroneous opinions may logically be deduced from them; the great flaw in their position being, as we shall presently see, in the eyes of St. Cyprian and St. Augustine, that by disuniting themselves from the see of Peter they had cut themselves off from Catholic unity and from the promises and privileges attached thereto. Space will not permit me to enter into a detailed account of either of these

* Although, of course, there is a sense, as St. Augustine tells us, in which every schismatic is a heretic.

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schisms, the outlines of which, at all events, are generally known. I simply desire, in this connection, to call attention to the following facts. I have already pointed out that could that ideal church which Anglicans of the Ritualistic school pass their time in dreaming about be really reduced to an accomplished fact in the case of their own church—a consummation which, judging from the past history of Protestant Episcopalianism and our knowledge of the English character, is, even with the assistance of the "Order of Corporate Reunion," simply inconceivable—their claim to be recognized by the rest of Christendom as a "branch" of the Catholic Church would be just as hopeless as ever; they would even then, although having attained to every advantage which, in accordance with their theory, heart could desire, be in *no better a situation* than those ancient schismatics of whom we are speaking, whom the voice of the whole church condemned as being outside of Catholic unity, and whom these very Anglicans themselves would never dream of regarding as Catholics.

For instance, the plea that every bishop is independent in his own diocese, and every metropolitan in his own province, by which it is maintained that the provinces of Canterbury and York were acting wholly within their rights in casting off the usurped authority of the Roman See in the reign of Queen Elizabeth *—this plea is entirely demolished by the history of the Novatians. Take as an example the well-known case of Marcianus. This prelate was bishop of the metropolitan see of Arles. He had made open cause with the Novatians, on which account St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage and primate of the church in Africa, wrote an epistle to the then reigning pontiff, St. Stephen, calling upon him to send apostolic letters deposing Marcianus from his bishopric. "Wherefore it behooves you," he says, "to write a very copious letter to our fellow-bishops appointed in Gaul, not to suffer any longer that Marcianus should insult our assembly. Let letters be directed *by you* [*a te*] into the province, and to the people of Arles, *by which* [*quibus—i.e., the pope's letters*] Marcianus being deposed, another may be substituted in his place." † Now, surely we have here a very peculiar commentary upon the Anglican theory of church government. It is quite a favorite device with the more advanced members of that

* Which, by the way, they *never did*, for the see of Canterbury was vacant, and the archbishop of York, with all his episcopal brethren, save one, of both provinces, was violently deposed for refusing to do this very thing.

† Ante-Nicene Library: *The Writings of Cyprian*, vol. i. ep. lxvi. p. 232.

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communion to bring forward St. Cyprian as a model bishop, who believed that the diocese was the "ecclesiastical unit" and that every bishop was entirely independent in his own see. They quote St. Cyprian's speech to his fellow-bishops at the Council of Carthage, to which I need not further refer, as the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will remember an admirable explanation of the holy bishop's conduct on that occasion in the issue for June, 1882. It is upon this ground, and this only, that those among them who have not discarded the idea of a visible church altogether uphold the right of the English metropolitans with their suffragans to repudiate the jurisdiction of the Roman pontiff. Now, what I would wish to inquire is this: If the pope possessed in the third century the power which St. Cyprian attributes to him of *deposing from his see a metropolitan bishop* by his mere letters-apostolic, although that bishop was perfectly orthodox in creed, the undoubted possessor of valid orders and valid sacraments, and in canonical possession of his see, simply for uniting himself to a body which repudiated the authority of the pope, upon what possible grounds can Anglicans establish themselves, whose orders and sacraments have ever been unrecognized throughout the whole of Christendom, who do not even pretend to hold the same doctrines regarding the sacraments either as the Roman Church or as the Greek schismatics, and who have synodically recognized the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, a body absolutely without orders and sacraments, and steeped in the most abominable heresies of Calvinism, as a "branch" of the Catholic Church—upon what possible grounds, I ask, can such a society claim an advantage over the Novatians, who were saddled with none of these drawbacks, and who, with the exception of a point of discipline, *and in their separation from the see of Peter*, differed in nothing from Catholics themselves?

I am aware that a reply is ready in the shape of a reminder that Novatianism was a schism *in Rome itself*—the intrusion of one bishop into the diocese of another, and not a mere declaration on the part of the bishop of Arles of independence from the Bishop of Rome, which, according to Anglican ideas, would have been entirely justifiable. But even here the parallel between the two sects is closer than many may imagine. There is an amusing passage in the letters of the late Father Faber where he tells us of the arrival at Rome, during one of his visits there, of an Anglican prelate rejoicing in the title of bishop of Gibraltar. The jurisdiction, however, of this awful potentate (who omi-

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nously enough bore, I believe, the patronymic of Harris) * was by no means confined to that impregnable rock; indeed, it extended almost all round the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, including the patriarchates of Rome, Alexandria, and Constantinople, modestly leaving the two remaining patriarchal jurisdictions to the "bishop of the Church of England in Jerusalem," now happily defunct.† On the arrival of this prelate in Rome the High-Church and Low-Church parties (as usual) got to loggerheads as to whether a cross should be carried before him on his entrance into the Anglican chapel to administer the rite of confirmation, and the dispute grew so loud that it reached the ears of the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory XVI., himself. Some of the cardinals, scandalized that a handful of heretics should disturb the serenity of the Holy City, urged the pope that he should take some measures to call Mr. Harris, or whatever his name was, to a sense of his own insignificance. But they failed in making the good old man angry; in fact, he was hugely amused, and is said to have observed with a chuckle, "I was not previously aware that Rome was in the diocese of Gibraltar"!

But the point in connection with all this to which I desire to call attention is as follows: If it was lawful for Dr. Harris to claim and exercise episcopal jurisdiction in Rome itself, and for the archbishop of Canterbury to hold communion with him and not with the pope, without (from the Anglican point of view, of course) incurring the guilt of schism, why was it not equally open to Marcianus to unite himself to the communion of Novatian and to repudiate that of Pope Stephen? The only difference that I am able to detect is this: that while Novatian only claimed ordinary jurisdiction in the Roman diocese, the authority granted by her majesty to Mr. Harris extended over three patriarchates including hundreds of dioceses. In point of fact, Novatian was the more modest of the two!

I have left myself but little space for touching upon the subject of the Donatist schism, but inasmuch as this is in some respects the more remarkable of the two, since a closer parallel can be drawn between it and the facts no less than the ideal of Anglicanism, I must not altogether pass it by.

Whatever may have been the opinions of the later and more fanatical Donatists, it cannot be denied that their schism had in

*On consideration I think that this was another and later bishop of Gibraltar. But there *was* a Bishop Harris.

† I refer, of course, to the bishopric, not to the estimable gentleman who lately filled it, of whom I know nothing.

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its inception taken up a position precisely similar to that claimed by Anglicans who sit restively under the Royal Supremacy. The corruptions of Rome, say the latter, are our justification; and inasmuch as the aberrations of that church from the strait path were such as to imperil our own salvation, if, indeed, they did not constitute her, as our own theologians for full a hundred and fifty years strenuously maintained, the Babylon of the Apocalypse, it was our duty so far to renounce communion with her as to repudiate her supreme jurisdiction and set out on an independent course of our own. Corruption, too, in the case of the Donatists, was their plea for breaking away from the unity of the church; and although the precise grounds of schism were not in both cases the same, nevertheless the *principle* was identical, and many of the facts on either side alike to an extraordinary degree. The Reformed religion in England, as manifested in the Established Church, in reality dates from the accession of Queen Elizabeth. The Church of England bears upon its brow the impress of her character, as, indeed, it was the creation of her mind. Its vagueness as to doctrine, its clumsy attempts at compromise, its empty ritualism, its aristocratic ἔθος, its thorough and essential erastianism, all bear witness to the influence of her moulding hand; and such as she made it it has, in spite of external changes, ever remained. The same sort of influence, that of a powerful and unprincipled woman, had its share in the formation of the Donatist schism. Lucilla, a wealthy woman, whose spirit of self-will had been offended by her having been rebuked by the bishop of Carthage for the superstitious veneration of certain unauthenticated relics, threw herself heart and soul into the movement, encouraging the schismatical clergy with money and protection. Nor does the parallel between the African schism and the English defection end here. Just as the prime motive power which prompted the nobles of England to second Henry VIII. in his designs was the greed of plunder, so, although on a much smaller scale, were the schismatical clergy in Carthage influenced by the desire to keep in their possession certain treasures which had been placed in their hands for safe-keeping in times of persecution. But these points of similarity were, of course, merely accidental; let us pass on to those which can be brought nearer home.

It is the common theory of High-Church Anglicans that the possession of valid orders and sacraments, together with the sincere profession of the Constantinopolitan Creed, is all that is necessary in order to establish a claim to the name of Catholic.

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They assert that, being in possession of these advantages, it is not their fault if they are not in visible communion with the rest of Christendom, but that the blame lies with the Holy See, which, having usurped to itself an authority unknown to the early church, is in itself the efficient cause of the schism, and actually going so far as to call it, with a recent French writer,* "the schismatical papacy." Now, the words which St. Augustine addresses to the Donatists are equally forcible with regard to the position taken up by Anglicans of the Puseyite school. The holy doctor tells them, in the plainest and most emphatic terms, that neither orders, nor sacraments, nor the profession of an orthodox creed, *nor all three together*, suffice to make them Catholics, *if they are outside the visible unity of the church;* and he entirely destroys the quibble about "corruptions" as a justification for separation by the simple argument that if corruption had so far destroyed the Catholic Church that it became a duty to separate from it, then Donatus had no source from whence to get his orders and his sacraments; but if it had not been so destroyed, then to separate from it was the sin of schism. He *admits*, it will be observed, all that they claim on their own behalf. "You are with us," says he, "in baptism, in the Creed, in the other sacraments of the Lord; but in the spirit of unity, in the bond of peace, *in fine, in the Catholic Church itself, you are not with us.*" †

But even here the difficulty was not ended. The Donatists were an exceedingly numerous sect, numbering their bishoprics in Africa alone by hundreds. They claimed to *be* the Catholic Church of the country, precisely as do high Anglicans, and even asserted that they were in some kind of communion with the rest of the church. Here was a clear local case of that division of which I have spoken in an earlier portion of this article—two conflicting bodies both claiming to be the true and only representative of Christ's church within their borders. By what test is it to be decided whether of the two claims is valid? Whatever hazy "views" Anglicans may have upon this subject, the Fathers of that day never doubted that the true and only criterion of Catholic communion was *visible union with the see of Rome.* St. Optatus of Milevis, the great champion of Catholicity against Donatism, is most clear and distinct upon this point. It is in union with the Apostolic See that the fulness of Catholic privilege consists. "Therefore," he says, "of the above-named gifts, the chair is, as we have said, first, which we have proved to be

* The apostate priest Guettée. † Ep. xciii. vel xlviii. *Ad Vincent. Rogat.*

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ours *through Peter*." * And later on in the same treatise he repeats this expression, "through the *chair of Peter, which is ours, through it* [*per ipsam*] the remaining advantages are with us." † Nor is St. Augustine himself behindhand in asserting this principle. In a hymn which he addressed to the schismatics occur the well-known words:

"Come, brethren, if you wish to be inserted in the vine;
It is a grief when we see you lie thus cut off.
Number the priests *from the chair of Peter itself*,
And in that line of Fathers see who has succeeded to whom.
That is the rock which the proud gates of hell do not conquer."

From all this it is plainly manifest that in the opinion of these holy Fathers, the spokesmen of the Catholic Church in their time, the Anglican Church could not, even did it possess the utmost advantages which its votaries claim for it, command a better position than the Donatists of old. In our next article we shall see the bearing of all this upon the subject of infallibility and private judgment.

CHANTELLE.

"Salut à toi, beau pays de Chantelle!
Cloître, château, donjon, vieille tourelle!
J'aime tes rocs et ta Bouble limpide,
Et tes moulins qui blanchissent ses eaux;
Et ce sentier tortueux et rapide
Tout ombragé de noyers et d'ormeaux."

THE traveller in the northern part of Auvergne comes across a limpid, sparkling stream called the Bouble, whose windings it is pleasant to follow in the sweet spring-time, as when we first set foot on its banks. It has its source in the little fountain of St. Eloi, near Montaigut-en-Combrailles, among the shady hills of Echassières. Beside this bubbling spring stands, on a pedestal of granite, a colossal statue of St. Eloi, the patron of smiths and all workers in metals, extending his hand as if in benediction over the water at his feet. The stream issuing from this fountain goes winding off between two lines of high cliffs difficult to cross, and worn into deeply-indented masses that often look like the battlements and towers of some feudal hold. One of these

* *Contra Donatistas*, cap. vi. † *Ibidem*, cap. ix.

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is the Roc de la Busc, with bold peaks, which has the aspect of a citadel, with bastions and outworks over which have been trained espaliers, grapevines, honeysuckles, and other climbing plants, with a beautiful garden in the midst. But in the wilder parts of the valley flocks of sheep and asses browse along the steep, dangerous sides of the cliffs, which are shaded, at least on the northern side, by fine walnut-trees. The valley, thus sheltered, is so warm that vegetation is earlier here than in the surrounding country. And in the spring, when the vines begin to put forth and everything is fresh, it is a genuine rendezvous for nightingales, larks, blackbirds, linnets, goldfinches, wrens, and other birds. And there are blue-winged dragon-flies, that love the flowers, and the *bergeronette* that follows the herd, lighting on their horns and feet. The murmur of the countless insects, the singing of the birds, the plaintive cries of the animals, the rippling of the swift current, the freshness of the verdure, the utter seclusion, make this narrow valley a delightful retreat. And the stream contains a great variety of fish to attract the sportsman. The cliffs, too, are full of recesses and caves, as if to tempt the lover of solitude and the contemplative life. And, in fact, as late as the middle of last century many pious hermits dwelt in these caves along the banks and on the summit of the *rochers*. Among these was Jean d'Artoul, who belonged to one of the most distinguished families of this region. He lived in his peaceful hermitage of St. Jean to the advanced age of ninety, and, when no longer able to go in quest of alms, accepted aid from his own family, who seem to have been so generous that robbers were tempted to his cave; for we read of the archbishop that, after summoning them for three weeks in succession to appear and confess their guilt, he proceeded to excommunicate them for depriving the aged hermit of his means of subsistence.

In the lower part of the valley, where it widens, are tanneries, tileries, grist-mills, and factories of various kinds. In the space of a single league there are fifteen of these industrial establishments. One of the mills is called the Moulin-Dieu, because it formerly belonged to the hospital at Chantelle—a beautiful instance of giving the highest of names to what was consecrated to the poor, so especially beloved of God. The hospital itself, founded and endowed in 1240 by Archambaud IX., Sire of Bourbon, is styled in the charter, *Domni Dei, seu pauperum de Cantella.* In this mill of God were ground the one hundred bushels of barley and the one hundred and eleven bushels of wheat annually given to the hospital by the Prince de Condé.

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The Bouble is a dangerous, capricious river, with all its attractions, for the rains often swell it to an enormous size, giving it a furious current and causing it to break through its embankments and carry off the mills. And sometimes it dries up to a mere silvery thread. The water is very pure and possesses remarkable bleaching powers. As the people say, it is *extrêmement savonneuse.* Hence it is a favorite resort of peasant women, who come here to wash their clothes, which they spread on the odorous bushes and plants to dry. One of their favorite places is beyond the blackened ruins of Motte-à-Bourbon, where, on the top of a peak that rises from the very edge of the torrent, is a rock worn by the elements into the shape of a statue that looks like a Madonna, called by the peasants the " Bonne Vierge de la Mère Madeleine " from the name of the owner of the soil. The washerwomen, before they begin their work, never fail to look up at this statue and make the sign of the cross.

Following the Bouble as it flows along its bed of granite from one sparkling cascade to another, we pass Cluzor with its picturesque monastery and several manor-houses, among which is Deux-Aigues, where Sir John Chandos held imprisoned a short time the mother of Louis le Bon of Bourbon. Then the stream rushes past the fortress of Montel, that stands on a height overlooking the fair valley of Bost, and the tower of Vignère, and comes breathless and foaming with impetuous haste to the town of Chantelle, after which it slackens its speed, as if weary, and descends softly into the plain, passing in its course the château de Chareil, noteworthy for its frescoes and carved chimney-pieces, and Cintrat, a hermitage of the Premonstrants, built in the woods, and finally empties into the Sioule near the pretty town of St. Pourçain.

In this varied panorama nothing attracts the eye so strongly as Chantelle, an old fortified town of ancient Bourbonnais, standing on a mountain or plateau of granite surrounded by gentle hills that form a verdant zone. Its lofty position, its embattled walls, the majestic towers of its formidable castle, and the turrets of its old priory give it a most picturesque and feudal aspect. The spot where it stands affords such natural means of defence that Cæsar himself established a *castrum* here and made it the centre of several Roman roads, remarkable for their solidity, leading to Lyons, Clermont, Autun, Limoges, etc. It is only within a few years the old milliary stones that marked the legal distances were removed. Here, as everywhere they set their foot, the Romans left an ineffaceable impress. Roman blood

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mingles in the veins of the people. There are still many Latin words in use, even among the peasants. The shepherd urges on his dog with the cry of *velox*, and says *fore* (from *foras*) instead of "begone." The housewife calls a chair a *selle* (*sella*), and her water-pitcher a *pote*, from *potare*. The very children play at games called *rapio* and *capio te*. The cock, so dear to ancient Gaul on account of its consecration to Jupiter, is called at Chantelle by the name of *Jau*, from the Celtic word for Jove, the worship of whom the Romans introduced here, as shown by a statue of him recently found in a spot still known as the *Champ du Temple*. And the river Bouble, that flows beneath its walls, was originally called Jouble, from *Iovis bulla*.

Chantelle, however, seems to have been one of the first places evangelized in the province, and had in the earliest ages its church, baptistery, and band of neophytes. St. Antoninus, a disciple of the great St. Austremoine, was its first apostle. The church here was of so much importance in the fifth century that St. Sidonius Apollinaris, Bishop of Clermont, came here more than once, and showed by his writings how much he loved this region for its primitive piety. His first visit was on his way from Bourges, where he had been to install the archbishop, Simplicius. While at Chantelle he stopped at the house of Germanicus, a man of standing, quite advanced in years, but with the true French regard for his personal appearance. The *spirituel* bishop, in a letter to his friend Vectius full of the perfume of ancient times, describes his host as a man of excellent health and still fresh notwithstanding his twelve lustres, lithe of limb, brisk in his movements, with a firm hand, vigorous lungs, and teeth as white as milk. And to give himself a more youthful appearance he wore such garments as would add slenderness to his figure, well-adjusted buskins, his beard closely trimmed, and his hair arranged in the shape of a wheel or crown. The bishop seems to have groaned somewhat over this evidence of vanity and worldliness, and recommended Germanicus not to attach too much importance to these exterior advantages, but rather to clothe himself with all Christian virtues and thus restore the youthful innocence of his soul. It was not to exercise his wit the accomplished bishop wrote to Vectius, but to enlist his aid in drawing Germanicus to more serious things, the former being their mutual friend and living in the vicinity of Chantelle.

This Vectius was an illustrious personage of the race of Vectius Epagathus, one of the early martyrs of Lyons, whose memory is still celebrated in that city. Losing his wife while

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still young, he retired with his only daughter to his estates near Chantelle, where, surrounded by his vassals, he attended to the cultivation of his domains and led a life of exalted piety and patriarchal simplicity not to be found in our day. Here he was visited by St. Sidonius, who gives an interesting description of his manner of life. His household was admirably regulated. He educated his daughter with special care, endeavoring to make up for the affection of the mother she had lost. He exercised great hospitality towards strangers, and treated his vassals as a kind administrator rather than master, never speaking to them in a haughty, threatening tone; and they in return were honest, industrious, and devoted to his interests. His sobriety was remarkable. He never ate meat, even the game he brought home from the chase. He read daily the sacred books, especially during his meals, and often chanted the Psalms devoutly. And he spent much time in serious meditation as he paced the well-trimmed alleys of his garden or the sombre paths of the forest. But austere as were his private habits, Vectius did not disregard the exigencies of social life, and he retained the manners of a genuine Roman patrician, as he was by descent. His address was noble and dignified, and his conversation grave and elevated in tone. His dress, too, was invariably rich and scrupulously clean, and he had a special regard to his girdle—*cultus in singulis*. His favorite exercise was the chase, and he allowed no one to surpass him in the training of horses, dogs, and falcons.

But to return to Chantelle. The most ancient church here is under the invocation of St. Vincent the Martyr, and stands on the banks of the Bouble. Its foundation dates from the earliest ages. Beside it, in the tenth century, Airald, a nobleman of uncommon piety, *consentiente uxore meâ*, as he says—with the consent of his wife, Rothilde, Viscountess of Limoges and sovereign lady of Chantelle—founded a monastery, moved thereto by the thought of the judgments of God, of whom mercy and pardon were implored against the last great day. The charter was witnessed, among others, by Count Guy of Bourbon and St. Odo, abbot of Cluny.

The place where this convent was built is exceedingly romantic. It stands on a bold promontory of granite, surrounded on one side by tall cliffs, and looking off on the other over a landscape of commingled beauty and wildness. At its base is the torrent once sacred to Jove, hastening impetuously away, sometimes to disappear in the dark woods where the Druids once held their rites, and then coming forth with a deep, solemn murmur

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to display its winding, silvery current. In the distance are the plains of Bourbonnais, bounded by the mountains of Forez.

The church of St. Vincent was rebuilt a century or two later, and is still the pride of Chantelle. It is of the Romano-Byzantine style peculiar to Auvergne, and in the form of a Latin cross, with a lantern at the intersection of the nave and transepts, and its head turned duly to the east. There were once five belfries with melodious bells that rang in chime—the boast of the whole country around. These were destroyed by the Huguenots, who also sadly defaced the church, after their wont. But where in France do we not come upon the traces of these heavy-footed sectaries, who went through the fair garden of the church, remorselessly trampling down the flowers? . . . The great *bourdon*, a modern bell, now removed to the parish church, is called by the peasants the Taureau de St. Vincent, and the vine-dressers do not fear hail, thunder, or lightning when they hear its roar.

The interior of the church is striking. The sides of the broad nave extend upward and meet in one grand arch like two hands joined in prayer. The capitals of the pillars are covered with flowers, birds, and fantastic animals, with man as the centre of creation. The choir, which is at the east end, inclines to the right like the head of the expiring Saviour. Five painted windows admit a rich light. Here are the remains of an ancient zodiac, and ten griffins are depicted as drinking from curious antique vases, emblematic of the Eucharistic communion. In the right transept is the altar of the Cinq Plaies, and in the other the Chapelle des Rois for the special use of princes, with beautiful flamboyant tracery of the fifteenth century. Here are to be seen our first mother plucking the fatal apple, and that ennobler of our fallen nature, the second Eve, with the glorious Assumption crowning the whole. And on the walls is pictured a long procession of canons, with the dean at their head, coming to offer the keys of the church to Our Lady. Everywhere in the church are the remains of paintings and carvings, not always in the highest style of art, but always expressive of the mysticism and piety of the ages of faith.

Around the high altar are three chapels. The middle one, at the very apsis of the church, is the chapel of the Saintes Reliques, where once stood twenty-two beautiful shrines full of relics, mostly brought from the East by Archambaud VI., Sire of Bourbon, when he returned from the holy wars. These have fortunately been preserved, and the great festival of the Holy Relics, celebrated for the first time in the church of St. Vincent

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more than seven hundred years ago, is still kept up. It takes place the Sunday before Pentecost, at the most beautiful season of the year, when all nature seems to be exhaling the perfume of flowers and fresh vegetation. In former times the shrines were taken down from their niches on the eve of the festival, the bells ringing out a joyful chime through the valley and deep gorges, that was echoed by hundreds of cliffs till lost in the mountains of Forez. Vespers were sung, there was a salvo of artillery, and then came a joyful peal of trumpets by way of prelude to the *fête.* In the morning the outer walls of the ducal palace were hung with tapestry, and the castle and public edifices were gay with flags, chief among which floated from the highest tower of the château the banner which Archambaud VI. of Bourbon had planted with his own hands in a breach he had made in the walls of Laodicea. A procession was formed between long files of soldiers from the garrison. First came the pilgrims of St. James, staff in hand, and mantles adorned with scallop-shells, singing hymns learned at Compostella. Drums were beating. In the distance the slow and solemn voice of the priests could be heard intoning the supplicatory:

"O bone Jesu, Salvator mundi!
Exaudi preces populi tui!"

The choristers every now and then took up a versicle of the grand litany, to which the vast crowd responded: *Ora pro nobis!*

There were the Templars, in rich armor, with their mystic ensigns, and poor hermits from the cliffs along the Bouble, with shaven heads, long beards, sandalled feet, and their brown robes confined by a cord. The monks and sisters of different orders came out of their retreats. The prior of St. Vincent, clothed with the insignia of his office, presided. Behind him was the Duke of Bourbon with his family and court, attended by the magistrates of the country, and followed by a company of cavalry. Amid these were borne the twenty-two rich feretories, or shrines, all of wrought metal, or wood artistically carved or painted, given by the sires of Bourbon and other nobles. These were borne by venerable old men chosen from the notabilities of Chantelle, clothed in floating white robes confined at the waist by a scarlet cord. They wore a white cap embroidered with flowers, but their feet were bare, like those of St. Louis when he received the sacred Crown of Thorns. This long procession went around the ramparts of the town, and through the principal streets and squares, which were filled with kneeling people

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weeping and praying. But the most touching part of the scene was in the Grande Rue, where were gathered all the infirm, who eagerly passed beneath the shrines, pressing against them their bandages and flannels with pious faith. The soldiers, too, touched them with their swords, and the crowd with their rosaries and medals. The Revolution interrupted these solemnities, but they were resumed in 1840, and are still celebrated with great splendor, attracting a prodigious crowd. A few years ago forty mountaineers from the Pyrenees took part in the procession in the costume of ancient minstrels. They had been to the Holy Land in fulfilment of a vow, and bore a banner blessed at the Holy Sepulchre. These pious troubadours sang a Mass called the *Messe solennelle de Jérusalem*, with various airs learned in Syria and Constantinople.

One of the great memories of Chantelle is that of Anne of Beaujeu, daughter of Louis XI., who married Duke Pierre de Bourbon. Brantôme says she possessed rare beauty and an energy beyond her sex. When she came to take possession of her duchy she was so struck with the picturesque site of the castle of Chantelle, with its immense view across Bourbonnais, Forez, and La Marche, and the deep ravine through which comes pouring down the impetuous Bouble, that she resolved to make it her residence as soon as freed from the regency. Here she ended her days, gathering around her brave knights and fair ladies, poets and troubadours, and learned men. She established a school for the young nobles, did much to improve the town, and showed a pious liberality to the churches and religious houses. She also converted the old Carlovingian castle into a feudal hold of truly royal proportions and strength by adding to its defences and building three massive towers named St. Pierre for her husband, St. Anne for herself, and St. Susanne for her daughter, whose birth had been predicted by St. Francis of Paul, and who married the Grand Constable of Bourbon. On these towers she placed colossal statues of the saints whose names they bore. It was under Anne of Beaujeu and the Grand Constable that Chantelle became emphatically a fortified town. All that military art could do at that time was done to add to the natural defences of the place. This was the period of its greatest glory. Here came all the young nobles of Bourbonnais to acquire knightly accomplishments, to joust, use a lance, and obtain a knowledge of fencing, hunting, hawking, etc., as well as mental training. François de Beauquaire, lord of Puyguillon and bishop of Metz, an historian and one of the lights of

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the Council of Trent, was brought up at the castle of Chantelle among the young nobles of the province, and was still there at the defection of the Constable. His brother John was the friend and almost constant companion of the duke, with whom he had been educated.

In those days there were more than a hundred châteaux in the vicinity of Chantelle, besides commanderies and rich abbeys, and in the town itself were many distinguished residents. The names of the nobles who composed the court of the Duke of Bourbon in the reign of Charles VII. are to be found, together with their armorial bearings, in an old MS. on parchment preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. Among them figures the name of Chatard, happily illustrated in the hierarchy of our country. It was in the castle of Chantelle that Louis le Bon, called a "*moult bel et gracieux chevalier qui aimait l'honneur sur tout*," founded the military order of Espérance, or Notre Dame du Chardon. For this purpose he gathered here in 1366 the very flower of the French chivalry, ready for any knightly deed at the first sound of "Bourbon Notre-Dame!" —the old war-cry of the Sire Archambaud. Only twenty-six knights, distinguished for their nobility and valor, were admitted to the order at first. Among them was the peerless Du Guesclin, whom Duke Louis loved with a "*sainct amour*." They wore a cap of green velvet with bands of cramoisie, adorned with pearls and the device *Allen!*—that is, Be ready to serve God and the country wherever honor is to be won. Their baldric was of blue velvet embroidered with gold, and lined with red satin. On it gleamed the inspiring word *Espérance!* It was fastened with a clasp of pure gold, on which was the head of a thistle (*chardon*) enamelled in green. The foundation of this order was celebrated by jousts, tournaments, hunting parties, dances, the lays of minstrels and troubadours, and sumptuous repasts, which *grande et joyeuse vie* lasted for days.

At that time arms were manufactured at the castle itself noted for their efficiency, as the enemies of France often testified. Froissart tells how Louis le Bon brought forth all sorts of engines of war from his arsenal at Chantelle to go to the rescue of his mother, taken prisoner by the English, and used them to such purpose as to terrify the *bonne dame* herself, who sent word for him to desist, which he did out of filial respect.

It was at Chantelle the Grand Constable first took refuge from Francis I. His downfall was owing to the vengeance of

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a disdained woman—the queen-mother, Louise de Savoie, whose hand he had twice refused. With him departed the glory of Chantelle. The brilliant court was for ever dispersed, with the exception of the *noblesse de robe*. The ducal lands were confiscated. The châteaux one by one fell to ruins. The town, deprived of its ancient defenders, was taken by the Huguenots, who despoiled the churches and convents and swept away its artistic riches. But the natural beauties of the place could not be injured, nor its grand old castle, which time alone can destroy; for the stones themselves could be more easily broken than the cement that fastens them together. Of the twenty-seven towers that defended the town several are still standing, two or three hundred feet in circumference. The donjon is at the north end of the town on a cliff in the form of a horseshoe, around which sweeps the Bouble like a natural moat. A subterranean passage beneath the stream once communicated with a castle on one of the heights beyond, so a sortie could be made to harass a besieging army, and perhaps drive it into the river.

In spite of its misfortunes Chantelle has preserved its mediæval aspect. At every step, particularly in the quarter of St. Nicolas at the east end of the town, you see Gothic doorways with their escutcheons, sharp spires and gables and high-pitched roofs, carved balconies and projecting upper stories. Some of the streets still have high-sounding, historic names, such as Rue Pepin le Bref, Rue Anne de Beaujeu, etc. Among the houses of the nobility still remaining, with their towers and coats of arms, is that of Chauvigny de Blot, one of the most ancient families in the country and allied with the Bourbons, established at Chantelle as early as the twelfth century. The last of the name to reside here was known as the Sire de Blot. He lived in the eighteenth century and still kept up many of the customs of ancient times. Every day at dinner, after the example of *moult anciens et preux seigneurs*, he had his steed led through a glazed door (still to be seen) into the dining-hall during the dessert, and here served with a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, to which the noble animal did full justice. And the wine of Chantelle is not to be disdained even by a horse. It is a drink fit for kings. "Come with me to Bourbonnais," said Henry IV. to his courtiers, "and we will have some of my good Vin de Chantelle."

The Sire de Blot had not only the manners of the *ancien régime*, but the virtues and piety of a bygone age. He was remarkably compassionate and charitable to the poor. It is related

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the Council of Trent, was brought up at the castle of Chantelle among the young nobles of the province, and was still there at the defection of the Constable. His brother John was the friend and almost constant companion of the duke, with whom he had been educated.

In those days there were more than a hundred châteaux in the vicinity of Chantelle, besides commanderies and rich abbeys, and in the town itself were many distinguished residents. The names of the nobles who composed the court of the Duke of Bourbon in the reign of Charles VII. are to be found, together with their armorial bearings, in an old MS. on parchment preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. Among them figures the name of Chatard, happily illustrated in the hierarchy of our country. It was in the castle of Chantelle that Louis le Bon, called a "*moult bel et gracieux chevalier qui aimait l'honneur sur tout*," founded the military order of Espérance, or Notre Dame du Chardon. For this purpose he gathered here in 1366 the very flower of the French chivalry, ready for any knightly deed at the first sound of "Bourbon Notre-Dame!" —the old war-cry of the Sire Archambaud. Only twenty-six knights, distinguished for their nobility and valor, were admitted to the order at first. Among them was the peerless Du Guesclin, whom Duke Louis loved with a "*sainct amour*." They wore a cap of green velvet with bands of cramoisie, adorned with pearls and the device *Alleu!*—that is, Be ready to serve God and the country wherever honor is to be won. Their baldric was of blue velvet embroidered with gold, and lined with red satin. On it gleamed the inspiring word *Espérance!* It was fastened with a clasp of pure gold, on which was the head of a thistle (*chardon*) enamelled in green. The foundation of this order was celebrated by jousts, tournaments, hunting parties, dances, the lays of minstrels and troubadours, and sumptuous repasts, which *grande et joycuse vie* lasted for days.

At that time arms were manufactured at the castle itself noted for their efficiency, as the enemies of France often testified. Froissart tells how Louis le Bon brought forth all sorts of engines of war from his arsenal at Chantelle to go to the rescue of his mother, taken prisoner by the English, and used them to such purpose as to terrify the *bonne dame* herself, who sent word for him to desist, which he did out of filial respect.

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of him that walking out one day with his little daughter of five or six years of age, they were accosted by a beggar, to whom the child paid no attention. "My daughter," said he, "do you not know that we should regard the poor as the very image of Christ? Kiss the ground for not returning this good man's salutation, and give him these alms." When the Sire de Blot died his body was exposed for two days on a *lit de parade* in a *chapelle ardente*, and he had the obsequies of a prince.

The manners and customs of the people at Chantelle are as quaint as their ancient town. On the wedding day the bridegroom, before going to church, comes all dressed, with long ribbons streaming from his button-hole, to formally demand his bride. "Seek her," says the father. But she has hidden, and often has to be sought for a long time. On returning from church a broom is put across the doorway, which the bride thrusts away with her foot most energetically as a foresign of her vigorous housewifery. Then a soup, hot with pepper, is brought forth. The bride takes the first spoonful, her husband the second. All the guests take their turn. This is to show that everything in the married life is not quite palatable.

Once a year all the peasants go through the vineyards, fields, and orchards in the evening, torch in hand, brandishing their lights among the trees and vines with mysterious cries. It is a curious sight to see all these lights moving to and fro in the darkness like luminous insects in the air. This is always done on a Sunday evening, and the day is known as the *Dimanche des brandons*. It is perhaps the remnant of some old Druidical custom.

On Whitmonday takes place the *Procession des blés*, which is terminated by a festivity akin to the Fête de la Rosière annually held at Nanterre. The curé goes early with his parishioners in procession to the chapel of Charboulat to say Mass, and afterwards breakfasts on the green with the crowd. Charboulat is a little village near Chantelle that grew up around a grange that once belonged to the canons. Near by, in a clump of willows, is the miraculous spring of St. Pierre, good for fevers, with a niche to receive offerings. And at no great distance is the fountain of St. Giez, still noted in diseases of the eye. After breakfast the procession makes the round of the parish and returns to Chantelle. At the entrance all the young men of the place, with fronds of graceful ferns in their hats, come to meet it and present to the priest the queen of the festival—a young maiden chosen for her virtues. The curé gives her his blessing, places a crown of ferns on her

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head, and makes her a short address. Then a cortége of white-robed maidens with the white banner of Mary, and fern-leaves in their hands, surround the queen and lead her away, singing merrily as they go. In the afternoon young and old collect a vast quantity of ferns, which they burn at night in a great pile on the public square. The queen sets fire to it, and the people dance gaily around. The curé himself comes for a few moments to see this joyous rural spectacle.

Only a few of the lowest class of people here seem to be entitled to any family name. They are generally known by some sobriquet, which has to be added to their Christian names for want of a better—perhaps derived from domestic things, as La Bouteille, or Lapaille; or some reminiscence of war, as Marengo and Dragoon; or from their province, as Bourbonnais, Picard, Auvergnat, etc. Even titles are given them—Empereur, Prince, Duke, and Baron. At baptism the names of festivals are often given, such as Noël, Pasques, and Toussaint, which frequently become patronymics. And there are strange feminine names, like Esteniette, Pasquette, Lionette, Bastienne, Benoiste, Ysabiau, etc.*

In every household curious prayers in rhyme are daily said, called *Les Or' à Dieu* (Orationes ad Deum). Among these devotions is a kind of meditation on the Passion which has something of the local picturesqueness. The Holy Virgin, going in pursuit of her Son, meets a pious woman, who gives her an account of what she has seen: "They have taken our Lord. They led him up the steep Calvary by a narrow way rough with stones. Our Lord fell down. They raised him up again, but with blows of whips and staves. Our Lord grew faint: he asked for drink. They gave him a horrid draught mingled with the gall of toads and serpents." Two of the lines tell us of

"La petite alouette qui est dans son nid,
Qui chante le nom de Jésus Christ."

These *Or' à Dieu* end with the following assurance:

"O qui les sait, et qui les dit,
Mettra son âme en Paradis."

*We are indebted for many of these details to the Abbé Boudant's interesting *Histoire de Chantelle*.

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BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

II.—MARYLAND TOLERATION.

IN our last article, reviewing Mr. Bancroft's *History of the United States*, we took exception to the distinguished author's views on two important subjects—viz., his rejection firstly and his silence secondly in regard to the discovery of America by the Northmen, and his greatly changed and apparently prejudiced position in regard to Catholic toleration in Maryland—and we objected to the alterations which the author has seen fit to make in the text of his last two editions, 1876 and 1883, showing a great change in his opinions since the publication of the fifteen preceding editions, embodying the result of nearly fifty years' study, especially in regard to Catholic toleration in Maryland. Having devoted that article to the consideration of the Northmen in America, we propose in the present article to review Mr. Bancroft's altered positions in relation to Lord Baltimore and religious toleration in colonial and Catholic Maryland. We will first give in the following parallel columns the alterations in relation to Lord Baltimore and Maryland made by Mr. Bancroft in the first volume of his history:

FIFTEEN OLD EDITIONS.	EDITION OF 1883.
"In an age when religious controversy still continued to be active, and when the increasing divisions among Protestants were spreading a general alarm, his [Lord Baltimore's] mind sought relief from controversy in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church; and preferring the avowal of his opinions to the emoluments of office, he resigned his place and openly professed his conversion" (pp. 238, 239).	"In an age of increasing divisions among Protestants his mind sought relief from controversy in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church; and, professing his conversion without forfeiting the king's favor, in 1624 he disposed advantageously of his place, which had been granted him for life, and obtained the title of Lord Baltimore in the Irish peerage."
"The nature of the document itself [the charter of Maryland] and concurrent opinion leave no room to doubt that it was penned by the	"The conditions of the grant conformed to the wishes, it may be to the suggestions, of the first Lord Baltimore himself, although it was

* *History of the United States of America from the Discovery of the Continent.* By George Bancroft. The Author's Last Revision. Vols. i. and ii. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

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first Lord Baltimore himself, although it was finally issued for the benefit of his son" (p. 241).

"Christianity was by the charter made the law of the land, but no preference was given to any sect; and equality of religious rights, not less than in civil freedom, was assured" (p. 243).

"Yet the absolute authority was conceded rather with reference to the crown than the colonists; for the charter, unlike any patent which had hitherto passed the Great Seal of England, secured to the emigrants themselves an independent share in the legislation of the province, of which the statutes were to be established with the advice and approbation of the majority of the freemen or their deputies" (p. 242).

"Calvert deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent lawgivers of all ages. He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of papists was the spot, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state" (p. 244).

"At a vast expense he [the second Lord Baltimore, Cæcilius] planted a colony, which for several generations descended as a patrimony to his heirs" (p. 245).

"Lord Baltimore, who for some

finally issued for the benefit of his son" (p. 157).

"Christianity, as professed by the Church of England, was protected, but the patronage and advowsons of churches were vested in the proprietary; and, as there was not an English statute on religion in which America was specially named, silence left room for the settlement of religious affairs by the colony" (p. 158).

(Omitted.)

"Sir George Calvert deserves to be ranked among the wisest and most benevolent lawgivers, for he connected his hopes of aggrandizement of his family with the establishment of popular institutions; and, being a 'papist, wanted not charity toward Protestants'" (p. 158).

"He planted a colony, which for several generations descended as a lucrative patrimony to his heirs" (p. 159).

"Lord Baltimore was unwilling

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unknown reason abandoned his purpose of conducting the emigrants in person, appointed his brother to act as his lieutenant; and on Friday, the 22d of November [1633], with a small but favoring gale, Leonard Calvert and about two hundred people, most of them Roman Catholic gentlemen and their servants, in the *Ark* and *Dove*, a ship of large burden and a pinnace, set sail for the northern bank of the Potomac" (p. 246).

"Mutual promises of friendship and peace were made [with the Indians], so that upon the 27th day of March the Catholics took quiet possession of the little place, and religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary's" (p. 247).

"A cross was planted on an island, and the country claimed for Christ and England" (p. 246).

"No sufferings were endured, no fears of want excited; the foundation of the colony of Maryland was peacefully and happily laid. Within six months it had advanced more than Virginia had done in as many years. The proprietary continued with great liberality to provide everything that was necessary for its comfort and protection, and spared no costs to promote its interest to take upon himself the sole risk of colonizing his province; others joined with him in the adventure; and, all difficulties being overcome, his two brothers, of whom Leonard Calvert was appointed his lieutenant, 'with very near twenty other gentlemen of very good fashion, two or three hundred laboring men well provided in all things,' and Father White with one or two more Jesuit missionaries, embarked themselves for the voyage in the good ship *Ark*, of three hundred tons and upward, and a pinnace called the *Dove*, of about fifty tons" (p. 159).

"Upon the 27th the emigrants, of whom by far the greater number were Protestants, took quiet possession of the land which the governor bought" (p. 161).

"This [the Mass] being ended, he [Father White] and his assistants took upon their shoulders the great cross which they had hewn from a tree; and, going in procession to the place which had been designated for it, the governor and other Catholics, Protestants as well participating in the ceremony, erected it as a trophy to Christ the Saviour, while the litany of the holy cross was chanted humbly on their bended knees" (p. 161).

"No sufferings were endured, no fears of want arose; the foundation of Maryland was peacefully and happily laid, and in six months it advanced more than Virginia had done in as many years. The proprietary continued with great liberality to provide everything needed for its comfort and protection, expending twenty thousand pounds sterling, and his associates as many

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terests, expending in the two first years upwards of forty thousand pounds sterling. But far more memorable was the character of the Maryland institutions. Every other country in the world had persecuting laws. 'I will not,' such was the oath for the governor of Maryland—'I will not by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion.' Under the mild institutions and munificence of Baltimore the dreary wilderness soon bloomed with the swarming life and activity of prosperous settlements; the Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake, and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance" (p. 248).

"Such were the beautiful auspices under which the province of Maryland started into being; its prosperity and its peace seemed assured; the interests of its people and its proprietary were united, and more. But far more memorable was the character of its institutions. One of the largest wigwams was consecrated for religious service by the Jesuits, who could therefore say that the first chapel in Maryland was built by the red men. Of the Protestants, though they seem as yet to have been without a minister, the rights were not abridged. This enjoyment of liberty of conscience did not spring from any act of colonial legislation nor from any general or formal edict of the governor, nor from any oath as yet imposed by instructions of the proprietary. English statutes were not held to bind the colonies, unless they especially named them; the clause which in the charter of Virginia excluded from that colony 'all persons suspected to affect the superstitions of the Church of Rome' found no place in the charter of Maryland; and, while allegiance was held to be due, there was no requirement of the oath of supremacy. Toleration grew up in the province as the custom of the land. Through the benignity of the administration no person professing to believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ was permitted to be molested on account of religion. Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find an asylum on the north bank of the Potomac; and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance. From the first men of foreign birth enjoyed equal advantages with those of the English and Irish nations" (pp. 161, 162).

"The prosperity and peace of Maryland seemed assured. But no sooner had the allegiance of Clayborne's settlement been claimed," etc. (p. 162).

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for some years its internal peace and harmony were undisturbed. Its history is the history of benevolence, gratitude, and toleration. No domestic factions disturbed its harmony. Everything breathed peace but Clayborne" (p. 248).

"The controversy between the king and the parliament advanced; the overthrow of the monarchy seemed about to confer unlimited power in England upon the embittered enemies of the Romish Church; and, as if with a foresight of impending danger and an earnest desire to stay its approach, Roman Catholics of Maryland, with the earnest concurrence of their governor and of the proprietary, determined to place upon their statute-book an act for the religious freedom which had ever been sacred on their soil. . . . Thus did the early star of religious freedom appear as the harbinger of day," etc.

"But the design of the law of Maryland was undoubtedly to protect freedom of conscience; and some years after it had been confirmed the apologist of Lord Baltimore could assert that his government, in conformity with his strict and repeated injunctions, had never given disturbance to any person in Maryland for matter of religion; that the colonists enjoyed freedom of conscience, not less than freedom of person and estate, as amply as ever any people in any place of the world. The disfranchised friends of prelacy from Massachusetts and the Puritans from Virginia were welcomed to equal liberty of conscience and political rights in the Roman Catholic province of Maryland" (pp. 255, 257).

"For his [Lord Baltimore's] own security he bound his Protestant lieutenant, or chief governor, by the most stringent oath to maintain his rights and dominion as absolute lord and proprietary of the province of Maryland; and the oath, which was devised in 1648, and not before, and is preserved in the archives of Maryland, went on in these words: 'I do further swear that I will not by myself, nor any other person, directly trouble, molest, or discountenance any person whatsoever in the said province professing to believe in Jesus Christ, and, in particular, no Roman Catholic, for or in respect of his or her religion, nor his or her free exercise thereof within the said province,'" etc.

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"Maryland at that day [1642] was unsurpassed for happiness and liberty. Conscience was without restraint; a mild and liberal proprietary conceded every measure which the welfare of the colony required; domestic union, a happy concert between all the branches of government, an increasing emigration, a productive commerce, a fertile soil, which Heaven had richly favored with rivers and deep bays, united to perfect the scene of colonial felicity and contentment" (pp. 252, 253).

fluence of this liberality for the province appeared immediately," etc. (pp. 168, 169).

"In the mixed population of Maryland, where the administration was in the hands of Catholics and the very great majority of the people were Protestants, there was no unity of sentiment out of which a domestic constitution could have harmoniously risen" (p. 166).

Several distinct questions are raised, either directly or indirectly, by the extracts we have made from Mr. Bancroft's earlier and later editions of his history:

As to the motives which actuated the first and second Lords Baltimore, George and Cæcilius, father and son. Was Maryland sought out and founded as an asylum for Catholics from Protestant persecution in England? The effect of the Maryland charter upon religious toleration. Was religious toleration in Maryland co-existent with the origin and first planting of the colony, 1633, as the policy and, at the command of Lord Cæcilius Baltimore, the common law of Maryland, or did it have its origin in the Act or Statute of Toleration in 1649? Was the Religious Toleration Act in Maryland the work of Catholics or Protestants? Was Maryland a Catholic or a Protestant colony? Who was the author of the Act or Statute of Toleration?

We think injustice has been done by Mr. Bancroft to both George, the first Lord Baltimore, and to Cæcilius, the second Lord Baltimore, in respect to the motives which actuated them in founding the colony of Maryland—an injustice made all the more marked and noticeable by the changes which the historian has been pleased to make on this subject in his two last editions, and by the contrasts presented in our parallel columns giving extracts from the fifteen earlier editions and from the editions of 1876 and 1883. Mr. Bancroft has thus certainly retracted in the last two editions much of the good he had previously written and published in relation to the characters and motives of these two illustrious men. Let us consider this subject in the true and impartial light of history.

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Mr. Bancroft intimates that George Calvert lost and suffered nothing by abandoning Protestantism and embracing Catholicity. His remarks on this point are that Lord Baltimore's "mind sought relief from controversy in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, and, professing his conversion without forfeiting the king's favor, in 1624 he disposed advantageously of his place, which had been granted to him for life, and obtained the title of Lord Baltimore in the Irish peerage." It is thus clearly intimated that Lord Baltimore not only lost nothing by his conversion, but even made his change of faith the occasion of great temporal gain.

None acquainted with the persecutions and penalties endured in England at that time by Catholics could believe there was nothing to lose by abandoning the dominant religious party to join the down-trodden minority, by leaving the persecutors to join the persecuted; or that any one could find relief for his mind from controversy by uniting himself with the very people whose religious tenets were then made the subject of incessant attack and misrepresentation, whose religion was the very ground of the controversy then raging. It is difficult for us in America, in the nineteenth century, to realize the deplorable condition of Catholics in England at the period in question. It would be unjust for us to judge those times by the standard of our own times and country.

James I. ascended the English throne when Europe was in the midst of that great religious war which lasted for more than a century. With a shrewdness for which few of his contemporaries gave him credit, he consulted entirely his own personal interests in selecting his course amid the contending religious factions of the day. The Established Church had strong hold upon the king, though its supporters always had reason to doubt his true loyalty to it. He managed to cause the Catholics to regard his accession to the throne as auspicious to them, for he "had before endeavored to enlist them in his favor by holding out hopes of relief from the cruel laws then in force against them." The Puritans hoped to gain him to their cause, because he had been educated in the Kirk of Scotland and had professed that faith, and they hoped he would reform the Church of England according to their standard. But neither the Catholics nor the Puritans could accept him as the spiritual head of their churches, while this servility was freely offered to him by the prelates, clergy, and people of the Establishment. This, together with the political and religious power it carried with it, gained

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the selfish and vacillating monarch to the Church of England. The following account of the sequence as it affected Catholics is from the pen of a Protestant historian of Maryland, Mr. Scharf:

"Having thus chosen his faith, he began to persecute the others, though his persecution seems at first to have been inspired rather by avarice and policy than bigotry. On February 22, 1604, he required all priests to depart the realm before the 19th of March, under pain of having the sanguinary laws of Elizabeth put in force against them; many of them were shipped off. In that year and the next one priest and five laymen were executed for their religion. To the dismay of those Catholics who had relied upon assurances of the king's lenity, the legal fine for recusancy, twenty pounds per lunar month, was again exacted, and not only for the time to come but for *the whole period of the suspension*. This atrocious exaction, by crowding thirteen payments into one, reduced many families to beggary. To satisfy the wants of his needy countrymen, whose importunities were incessant, he transferred to them the claims on his more opulent recusants, with authority to proceed against them by law in his name, unless the sufferers should submit to compound by granting an annuity for life or the immediate payment of a large sum.

"The prisons had been crowded with priests, yet from 1607 to 1618 only sixteen had been put to death for the exercise of their functions. From the fines of lay Catholics the king derived a net income of thirty-six thousand pounds per annum, equivalent to more than twice that sum in our day. 'When the king,' says Dr. Lingard, 'in 1616, preparatory to the Spanish match, granted liberty to the Catholics confined under the penal laws, four thousand prisoners obtained their discharge.' . . . Hated and persecuted by Puritan, Independent, and Churchman, the Catholics of England now drained the bitter chalice of persecution. They were deprived even of incidental protection; for to pardon a single Catholic was to give mortal offence to a Puritan, who was conciliated even when persecuted. Yet they were guilty of no treasonable designs; nor had the plots of a few fanatics tainted the body of the English Catholics. Lord Montagu, under the stern reign of Elizabeth, had borne fearless and unquestioned testimony to their loyalty. 'They dispute not, they preach not, they destroy not the queen,' he exclaims in his powerful appeal to the Lords. They had seen their proudest hopes wither on the scaffold of Mary of Scotland, and gave vent to no open murmur. In that memorable year, when Europe watched in fearful suspense to see the result of that great cast in the game of human politics, . . . in that agony of the Protestant faith and English name, they stood the trial of their spirits without swerving from their allegiance. 'They flew from every county to the standard of the lord-lieutenant; and the venerable Lord Montagu brought a troop of horses to the queen at Tilbury, commanded by himself, his son and grandson.' But neither uncomplaining submission, nor courage, nor patriotism that, superior to the 'scavenger's daughter' and the dungeon, to insult and wanton spoliation, had rushed to the shore when the terrible Armada came on, could soften the cruelty that demanded their lives and the avarice that lusted for their fortunes. There was not one generous pulse to stay the

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hand that crushed them; and the work of death and confiscation went on more mercilessly than before.

"Archbishop Whitgift's Court of High Commission, clothed with almost unlimited powers, studied to entrap the unwary dissenter, and employed every artifice to hush for ever the uncouth voice of liberty of conscience. The cruelty of this tribunal must have been excessive, since Strype and Burleigh, employing terms by which they meant to express the height of fiendish malice, stamped it as worse than the Spanish Inquisition. . . . As the oath of supremacy denied the spiritual supremacy of the pope, the Catholic found that perjury or apostasy were conditions precedent to his enjoyment of civil privileges. . . . There was a wide difference between persecuting the Catholic and persecuting the Independent. In the first case it was unprovoked oppression; in the last partly defensive. The Catholic, as we have seen, guilty of no political offence, *could not expiate his sin by any political virtue. A deep-rooted antipathy sealed his doom, though his behavior as a citizen was unquestioned.* . . . Irritated to the acutest suffering by the unremitting sufferings to which they were exposed, . . . the Catholics of England and Ireland . . . joyously contemplated the possibility of escape from a thraldom so oppressive. . . . To all imagination pictured *a far-off land where, amid the grandeur of nature, they might pursue their way undisturbed, and regulate matters, both spiritual and temporal, according to their faith and conscience; and many had long turned their eyes to the vast forests and boundless fields of the New World,* whither Providence was directing them, to sow the seed that was to ripen into a mighty people. . . . To George Calvert, the first Baron of Baltimore, and his son Cæcilius Calvert, belongs the glory of providing a shelter from Anglican intolerance not only for their brethren in the faith, but for the oppressed of every Christian denomination."

The Catholics of England, who remained true to their faith, their conscience, and their God under such an ordeal of persecution as this, deserve and have received the admiration and praise of all Christendom. But what shall we say of one who in such times, following the convictions of his conscience, abandoned the society of the ruling party in the state, jeopardied life, fortune, and reputation, and laid aside the honors and emoluments of office, to join the unfortunate and the persecuted, and to walk in that narrow and thorny path, described in the sacred volume, in which the Saviour had led the way? It seems rather ungenerous in the historian to dismiss this sublime act of heroism and self-denial with the few words, "professing his conversion without forfeiting the king's favor." The king, having thrown his whole personal and royal or official power with the Established Church and become the leader of the persecution, could not and dared not show favor to a personal friend among the Catholics. The favor of King James did not and could not save Lord Baltimore from the loss of his office as

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secretary of state, nor that of Charles I. prevent him from realizing the necessity of going into retirement in Ireland. The Rev. E. D. Neill, a bitter critic of Lord Baltimore, in his *Founders of Maryland* writes:

"In 1625 he announced his conversion to the Church of Rome, and when Charles I. came to the throne the oath of allegiance being offered him" (this, we think, the author has mistaken for the oath of supremacy) "as one of the Privy Council, he hesitated, and was relieved of duties at court and went to his estate in Ireland" (p. 41).

Mr. Scharf, a Protestant, thus notices the conversion of Lord Baltimore in his *History of Maryland:*

"Thus we see that while high in favor at the court of James and Charles, holding the station of secretary of state, and respected and trusted above all others, he resigned an office of great importance and large emoluments, and with it his brilliant hopes of higher political distinction, in obedience to the dictates of his conscience, and voluntarily associated his fortunes with a church in the minority, laboring under disabilities, and the object of popular odium. Few recorded changes of faith bear more convincing marks of sincerity."

That Lord Baltimore personally experienced the bitter cup of persecution, in common with his fellow-Catholics, we have many proofs. He had now already founded his colony in Newfoundland when we learn from a letter of April 9, 1625, that "it is said the Lord Baltimore is now a professed papist; was going to Newfoundland, and is stayed." And again we find that King Charles admonished him to return from Virginia to England and abandon all attempts of settling in Virginia. For it is laid down by Sir William Blackstone, in his *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, under the title of "The Rights of Persons," book i. chapter vii. section 265, that the king has power, "whenever he sees proper, of confining his subjects to stay within the realm, or of recalling them when beyond seas." Not only this, but we find that the Rev. Erasmus Sturton, who had been the resident Protestant minister at Ferryland, Lord Baltimore's Newfoundland colony, made formal complaint against his lordship to the authorities of England that, in violation of law, Mass was publicly celebrated in Newfoundland. And when he went to Virginia with his family and his entire colony from Newfoundland he was treated with the utmost intolerance as a papist; required to take an oath which would have been on his part an act of open apostasy, which he refused, while willing to take the oath of allegiance to his sovereign; and that he was, on account of his faith, actually driven from Virginia and forced to

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return to England, his family lost at sea, and his colony broken up. Of his son Cæcilius, the second Lord Baltimore, it is well said in the charter of Maryland that he was treading in the steps of his father; for not only did he continue his father's noble work, but, like him, as we shall see, he suffered persecution from the religious bigotry of the age, which, though foreseen and staring him in the face, did not deter him from making the sacrifice for conscience' sake. Mr. Bancroft further states, "in 1624 he disposed advantageously of his place, which had been granted him for life, and obtained the title of Lord Baltimore in the Irish peerage." These few words contain many historical errors: the only place he held for life was the clerkship to the crown, and of the peace, and of the assizes and Nisi Prius, and this office he resigned on April 1, 1616, eight years before he became a Catholic; the office he resigned on becoming a Catholic was that of secretary of state, and this he did not and could not hold for life; the large grant of land in Ireland from the king was made before 1620–21, and he was not raised to the peerage as Lord Baltimore until one year after his conversion. So much for the details of Mr. Bancroft's accuracy as an historian. How, then, could any of these circumstances have influenced Lord Baltimore's motives, as intimated by Mr. Bancroft in the passages quoted above?

The religious and pious motives which actuated both the first and second Lords Baltimore have scarcely been handled with justice in the history before us. While they receive a measured amount of praise, the impression is now studiously sought to be made that they were actuated by love of gain and worldly profit rather than by any zeal for religion or devotion to the cause of liberty of conscience.

We think both were actuated by the highest and purest religious motives. Now, we find a beautiful incident in the life of George, the first Lord Baltimore, which shows that even during the last part of his Protestant years, while perhaps his mind was tending towards the Catholic faith, he was deeply imbued with religious sentiments. In 1623, the year before his conversion to the Catholic faith, George Calvert obtained from King James I. a grant of the territory at Ferryland, in Newfoundland, for an English colony. The name which he selected for this new colony is a touching tribute to an ancient English tradition tracing the foundation of Christianity back to the apostolic age. In Somersetshire was situated the ancient district of Glastonbury, in which, according to tradition, St. Joseph of Arimathea had

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landed and first planted the Christian faith in Britain. This district was anciently called Avalon,* and this name was selected by George Calvert for his new colony in America, thus showing that there was something more than red tape and formula in attributing to him in the charter of Avalon the motive of "being excited with a Laudable and pious Zeal to enlarge the extents of the Christian world," and in the language of the charter of Maryland, prepared in his name and after his death issued in the name of his son Cæcilius, "treading in the steps of his father, being animated with a laudable and pious zeal for extending the Christian religion." George Calvert's zeal for religion is further manifested in his carrying with him two seminary priests to his colony of Avalon on his first voyage thither in 1626–7, and also another, making three in all, in his second voyage in 1628; and in the courage he manifested in following his religious convictions by refusing to take the oath of supremacy tendered to him by the Protestants of Virginia at a time when he was anxious to conciliate the king rather than offend him. "His public spirit consulted not his private profit, but the enlargement of Christianity and the king's dominions," says Fuller, an English historian, who was a contemporary of Lord Baltimore. His religious sentiments, and what he suffered for his faith and for his efforts to found an asylum for his Catholic countrymen in America, are clearly referred to by himself in a letter of condolence addressed by him to his friend Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who had just lost his wife, dated October 11, 1631: "There are few, perhaps, can judge of it better than I, who have been myself *a long time a man of sorrows.* But all things, my lord, in this world pass away; *statutum est*—wife, children, honor, wealth, friends, and what else is dear to flesh and blood; they are but lent us till God please to call for them back again, that we may not esteem anything our own or set our hearts upon anything but him alone, who only remains for ever. I beseech his almighty goodness to grant that your lordship may, for his sake, bear this great cross with meekness and patience, whose only Son, our dear Lord and Saviour, bore a greater for you; and to consider that these humiliations, though they are very bitter, yet are they sovereign medicines, ministered unto us by our heavenly Physician to cure the sickness of our souls, if the fault be not ours."

* It is singular and apparently undignified in Mr. Bancroft, differing from other authors, to trace this name to a poetic fiction, for he states that this colony was "named Avalon after the fabled isle from which King Arthur was to return alive."

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His zeal for the marriage of King James' son to the Infanta of Spain can be explained upon no other theory than his desire to ameliorate the condition of his own church and of his fellow-Catholics. This projected marriage was finally broken off; but the project was accompanied not only by great promises on the part of the king to relax the severity of the persecution against Catholics, but also with many acts of amnesty and pardon; for we are told by Dr. Lingard in his *History of England*, vol. vii. p. 96: "When the king in 1616, preparatory to the Spanish match, granted liberty to the Catholics confined under the penal laws, four thousand prisoners obtained their discharge." And by the same authority we are informed that King James promised the king of Spain in 1620 that he would relax the laws against Catholics; that in July, 1620, in order to reconcile the pope to the Catholic marriage, the promised relaxation actually took place; and that in 1623 the king bound himself by the word of a king that the English Catholics should no longer suffer restraint, provided they confined the exercise of their worship to private houses." Lord Baltimore was the principal promoter of this measure, fraught with so many actual results of relief to his church and her children, and with so many others promised but not granted. He drew upon himself, for his zeal in this regard, the odium and abuse of his Protestant countrymen, and Mr. Bancroft himself states that "as a statesman he was taunted with being 'an Hispaniolized papist.'" Mr. Bancroft also admits that the oath of supremacy was purposely tendered to him by the Protestants of Virginia in order to exclude him from that province, and that he suffered this wrong solely on account of his religion—a wrong that resulted in a long train of disasters to him: threats and insults at the hands of the brutal Tindall, the breaking up of his colony seeking an asylum in Virginia from the inhospitable climate of Newfoundland, the loss of his wife and all his younger children at sea, and his own recall to England. And yet Mr. Bancroft, as we have above stated, clearly intimates that Lord Baltimore lost but little and gained much by his conversion to the Catholic Church. We treasure, however, all the good Mr. Bancroft has written of our hero, especially since he has become so guarded in his measure of praise in the two editions we are noticing, and hence it is with satisfaction we repeat from his pages that, "being a papist, he wanted not charity toward Protestants."

Mr. Scharf thus alludes to the religious motives of George Calvert in answer to the charge that he was indifferent about

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religion: "We have seen him embracing and making open profession of a faith that was in the minority and subject to disabilities and persecution. This does not look like indifferentism."

Of Cæcilius Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, it has been well said by the concurrent voice of historians, including Mr. Bancroft, that he inherited not only the title and estates of his father, but also his intentions and his spirit. With such men as George and Cæcilius Calvert the language of the charter, declaring their purpose to be to enlarge the boundaries of Christendom, were not mere words of form and legal verbosity.

There is now extant a *Declaratio*, or announcement—or prospectus, as it would be called in modern phraseology by the projectors of colonization projects—attributed to Lord Baltimore, Cæcilius Calvert, himself, the Latin MS. of which was found by Father McSherry, S.J., in 1832 among the archives of the *Domus Professa* of the Society of Jesus at Rome, at the same time that he discovered the MS. of Father White's *Narrative of the Voyage to Maryland*. It is believed to have been prepared by Lord Baltimore, or under his direction, with the view of inducing colonists in England to join his expedition to Maryland, and also of influencing the provincial of the Jesuits to accede to his request to send some missionaries of the society with the colony. Translations of this *Declaratio* and of Father White's *Narrative* were published together by the Maryland Historical Society in 1874. At the end of the *Declaratio* is appended a note in Latin, of which the following is a translation: "Here ends the account of Cecil Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, which he himself faithfully compiled from the reports scattered through England by travellers who had sought their fortunes in the New World." The contents show that this document was issued immediately after the issue of the charter, towards the last of 1632. From it we quote:

"Therefore the most illustrious baron has already determined to lead a colony into those parts. *First* and especially, in order that he may carry thither and to the neighboring places, whither it has been ascertained that no knowledge of the true God has as yet penetrated, the light of the Gospel and the truth."

And again we quote from the same document as follows:

"The first and most important design of the most illustrious baron, which ought to be the aim of the rest who go in the same ship, is not to think so much of planting fruits and trees as of sowing the seeds of religion and piety—surely a design worthy of Christians, worthy of *angels*,

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worthy of *Englishmen*.* The English nation, renowned for so many ancient victories, never undertook anything more noble than this. Behold, the lands are white for the harvest, prepared for receiving the seed of the Gospel into their fruitful bosom. They themselves are everywhere sending out messengers to seek after fit men to instruct the inhabitants in saving doctrine and to regenerate them with the *sacred* water. There are also men here in the city [London], at this very time, who declare that they have seen ambassadors who were sent by their kings, for this same purpose, to Jamestown in Virginia, and infants brought to New England to be washed in the saving waters. Who, then, can doubt that by such glorious work as this many thousands of souls will be brought to Christ? I call the work of aiding and saving souls glorious, for it was the work of Christ, the King of Glory. For the rest, since all men have not such enthusiastic souls and noble minds as to think of nothing but divine things and to consider but heavenly things, because most men are more in love, as it were, with pleasures, honors, and riches [than with the glory of Christ], it was ordained by some hidden influence, or rather by the manifest [and] wonderful wisdom of God, that this one enterprise should offer to men every kind of inducement and reward."

So far as the religious motives of the second Lord Baltimore are involved—and these have been more questioned than even those of his father—the first and prominent events and circumstances attending the foundation of Maryland clear this question up most favorably. His first step was to secure religious men and missionaries to attend to the spiritual wants of the colonists and to labor for the conversion of the Indians to Christianity. Father Blount, provincial of the English Jesuits, was his chief adviser at the beginning and fitting out of the colony. Both he and Father Blount were connected by family ties through the Howards and Arundels; and a recent able and valuable document prepared by General Bradley T. Johnson, and published by the Maryland Historical Society, *The Foundation of Maryland*, states that Lord Baltimore was assisted by the counsel of Father Blount and by all the power of the Society of Jesus. The popular sentiment of Protestants in England was most hostile to his enterprise, and for the avowed reason of its Catholic and religious character; and no effort was left untried by his enemies to prevent the *Ark* and *Dove*, with their heroic leaders, the colonists, and missionaries of the Catholic faith, from departing from England for their asylum in the Land of Mary. So truly Catholic and religious was the enterprise that it was currently reported in England that his vessels were to carry over nuns to Spain and soldiers to serve the king of Spain. The allegiance of the colonists to the king of England was violently

* *Angelis* et *Anglis*.

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and fraudulently questioned upon the sole ground of their being papists and yielding spiritual allegiance to the pope. The voyage to Maryland, as shown by Father White's *Narrative*, was a religious and devotional pilgrimage to the very shrine they were going to erect in the forests to the Virgin Mother, and the prayers of the Missal and the Catholic litanies resounded o'er the sea. Truly did they chant on their floating chapel, *A solis ortu, usque ad occasum, laudabile nomen Domini.* "No sooner do they touch the shores," writes the Protestant historian Scharf, "than they engage in solemn thanksgiving with all the forms of Roman Catholic worship; an altar and a cross are erected, litanies sung, and Mass celebrated. Next they name capes and islands, bays, rivers, and their new city, after saints; showing not only the religious feeling that inspired them, but their eagerness to enjoy their new freedom. These facts, and a host of others in the early history of the colony, show the motives and intentions of the founders and first settlers in a light so clear that misty speculations and *à priori* inferences vanish before it."

The Rev. E. D. Neill, who is no apologist for Lord Baltimore, but his severest critic, writes also on this subject as follows:

"*Deeply interested in the propagation of religion* under the forms Baltimore approved, he despatched with the colonists Fathers Andrew White and John Altham, *alias* Gravener, of the Society of Jesus, with John Knowles and Thomas Gervase as assistants, two of whom appear on the catalogue of Jesuits of Clerkenwell College, that was in 1627 broken up."

The same author, though evidently out of sympathy with the event, likens the religious ceremonies of occupation on the banks of the St. Mary's in 1633 to those described by the poet Alexander Smith in *Edwin of Deira*, commemorative of the first planting of Christianity in Great Britain:

"In the bright
Fringe of the living sea, that came and went,
Tapping its planks, a great ship sideways lay;
And o'er the sands a grave procession passed,
Melodious with many a chanting voice.
Nor spear nor buckler had these foreign men;
Each wore a snowy robe, that downward flowed;
Fair in the front a silver cross they bore,
A painted Saviour floated in the wind;
The chanting voices, as they rose and fell,
Hallowed the rude sea air."

With such facts before him, and with such a sublime picture realized in the truth of history on the banks of the St. Mary's

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River in 1633, it seems ungracious in Mr. Bancroft to attribute to Lord Baltimore the motive of personal or family aggrandizement, though, as he admitted, this motive was entertained by one of the wisest and most benevolent of law-givers, who united it with the establishment of popular institutions. Selfishness seems an inconsistent motive to attribute to such a character, especially to one who encountered in his person, his family, and his church the bitterest experiences of religious persecution, and yet, though a "papist, wanted not charity toward Protestants."

It is quite certain from unanswerable evidences that both George and Cæcilius Calvert, the first and second Lords Baltimore, in their colonizing enterprises at Avalon and Maryland, practised unbounded liberality toward their colonists, and that they greatly expended and impaired their fortunes in those noble efforts to extend the benign influence of the cross of Christ and the rule of the English sceptre. Lord Baltimore the first refers, in a letter to his friend Wentworth, May 21, 1627, to the great expenses and outlays he had put himself to in building up his colony of Avalon; and Mr. Bancroft acknowledges "how lavishly he expended his estate in advancing the interests of his settlement." In the unfortunate attempt to return his wife and younger children to England from Virginia, where he had been compelled to leave them when he was recalled to England by the king, and all were lost together with the bark on which they had sailed, it is related, on the authority of the Ayscoup MS. in the British Museum, that his lordship's personal property, with "a great deal of plate and other goods of great value," were lost with the wreck. Cæcilius, the second Lord Baltimore, received the inheritance depleted by the expenses and losses sustained by his father in the efforts to make the Avalon colonization a success, and by his preparations for that of Maryland. The delays thrown in the way of the sailing of the colony from England, and the compulsory return of the ships from Gravesend after they had set sail, entailed great additional expense; Mr. Hawley, his agent and probable partner, having to board a number of the men and women of the expedition with the people of the neighborhood in consequence of these delays and the impossibility of keeping so many people on the ships so long inactive; and though this expense only amounted to sixty pounds, Mr. Hawley was unable to pay and was thrown into the Fleet as a prisoner, and the creditors petitioned to the Privy Council for relief and asked that Lord Baltimore might be compelled to pay the bill. In 1641, after the colony had been planted eight years, so great

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had been the drain upon his resources to sustain the colony that he was actually a poor man, as shown in Neill's *Founders of Maryland*, and was actually forced "to depend upon his father-in-law, Earl Arundel, for bread to support his family." With these facts within his reach, Mr. Bancroft, vol. i. p. 159, states that "Lord Baltimore was *unwilling* to take upon himself the sole risk of colonizing his province; others joined with him in the adventure." Would it not have been more just, as well as more historical, to have stated that the efforts of the two first Lords Baltimore to found English colonies in Avalon and Maryland, and the little return they received therefrom in consequence of their generous methods of dealing with their colonists, had rendered them pecuniarily *unable* to undertake the founding of the colony of Maryland without the aid of partners or friends who joined them in the business adventure?

In every work of philanthropy and benevolence there is a business or financial side of the work. In that period of English history it was a most common aspiration of the nobility to take part in American colonization, but there were none besides George Calvert and his son Cæcilius who made the cause of religion, as we have shown, and the desire to provide an asylum for the persecuted members of their own or of a despoiled church, as we expect to show in another article, the chief objects of their labors. There were none that practised such benevolence toward their followers and associates; none that extended such justice and charity to the Indians in their dealings with them; none that thought so little or derived so little of profit from their enterprises. It was these facts that elicited such encomiums upon the Calverts from their contemporaries, and from historians to the present day, most of whom are Protestants. The Rev. E. D. Neill, a sectarian minister, has vainly endeavored to check this just and enlightened current of historic truth in his *Founders of Maryland, Terra Mariæ, English Colonization in America.* It was Mr. Gladstone who, smarting from his defeat by the Catholic bishops on the Irish University Bill, turned against the church he had imagined he was serving, and, in *The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance* and *Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion*, endeavored to sustain this ungenerous effort of an American sectarian. It was Mr. Bancroft who, coming from his Berlin mission affected apparently with Bismarckism and turned by the atmosphere of the Falk laws and the German persecution which he had been breathing, in his Centennial Edition retracted so much of good that he had written of the

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Catholic founders of Maryland, and repeated the retraction in the author's Last Revision of 1883. What reason can Mr. Bancroft give for omitting from his two last editions that beautiful passage adorning the pages of fifteen previous editions, on page 247? "*Mutual promises of friendship and peace were made* [with the Indians], so that upon the 27th day of March the Catholics took quiet possession of the little place, and religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village that bore the name of St. Mary's."

There were one or two instances in the history of Avalon and of Maryland in which either George or Cæcilius Calvert manifested a determination to prevent abuses, waste, or peculation on the part of their agents or others in the business management of those colonies. Both of them owed this to themselves, to the colonies, and to the very business necessities and proprieties of life. They were also determined that their own fortunes should not become wrecked in their efforts to build up the fortunes of others. To have done otherwise would have proved themselves to be imbecile and unfit to lead such enterprises. What would have become of Avalon the first year if George Calvert had allowed himself to become a bankrupt? What would have become of Maryland, even before the *Ark* and *Dove* finally sailed from Gravesend, had Cæcilius Calvert become then, what he certainly became in 1641, an impoverished and dependent patron of a hazardous and costly work of public enterprise and benevolence? As George Calvert himself stated in one of the Strafford letters, he would have proved himself a fool if he had done otherwise, or, as he himself expresses it, "if the business be now lost for want of a little pains and care."

These circumstances, which would, and no doubt do, commend themselves to the approval and praise of all fair-minded men, to all men of business education, and to historians, have given occasion to Mr. Neill to assert, in his tract, *Maryland not a Roman Catholic Colony*, that "the colony was not founded from a religious but from a pecuniary motive." Mr. Bancroft, too, has been induced by these circumstances to attribute to Lord Baltimore the aggrandizement of his family as a motive inducing him to assume the thankless, difficult, and, so far as his private fortunes were affected thereby, the impoverishing task of founding the colony of Maryland. That the proprietaries of Avalon and Maryland required the practice of business integrity from their representatives, agents, and colonists adds to the completeness and symmetry of their characters. Indeed, it is a characteristic

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mark of generous and noble minds bent upon vast and munificent enterprises to be exact in their methods of business, and such exactness is quite necessary to their success in building up their private fortunes and thus providing the means for their benevolent undertakings. Instances of this kind are not wanting in our own time and country (we wish we could select the names from among the wealthy Catholics of the land), and we will refer only to two of the most liberal of public benefactors, Mr. George Peabody and Mr. William W. Corcoran. These are names renowned for works of goodness, charity, munificence—names of which every American, every member of our race, may be proud; and yet strictness in their own business integrity, and rigid exactness in their requirements of all with whom they had dealings, were strong and admirable traits in their characters. We admire and commend the Lords Baltimore for the very cause on account of which Messrs. Neill and Bancroft have either detracted from their merits or diminished their praise.

From one of the passages quoted above from Mr. Bancroft we infer that he attributes to Cæcilius Calvert an unwillingness not only to incur the entire risk of the financial enterprise, but also to accompany in person and share the dangers and privations of the ocean and the wilderness. In his earlier editions Mr. Bancroft says that "Lord Baltimore, who for some unknown reason abandoned his purpose of conducting the emigrants in person, appointed his brother to act as his lieutenant." In the editions of 1876 and 1883 Mr. Bancroft classifies this fact with that of his unwillingness to incur the entire pecuniary risk. To us the reasons for this act are quite apparent. Lord Baltimore in 1632, in the *Declaratio* already referred to, had publicly announced his intention of accompanying the expedition to Maryland, and had fixed September of that year for sailing with his colony. But we have already seen the difficulties attending the fitting out of the expedition, some of which proceeded from financial causes and others from the malice of his personal and sectarian enemies. Had he gone to Maryland his enemies or opponents in England would have possibly, even probably, succeeded in destroying his work entirely. In addition to these the opposition made from Virginia in England to his planting a colony on the Chesapeake, the machinations and violence of Clayborne and Ingle, as well as opposition from other sources, required his presence in England to meet the storm raised against him. He could evidently serve Maryland more powerfully by remaining in England than by going to St. Mary's. The

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turbulent and revolutionary times that followed in England soon after the issue of his charter and the departure of the colony for the banks of the St. Mary's, which extended their baneful influence to the colonies, and with extraordinary violence to Maryland especially, rendered his presence in England most necessary and imperative. The important part he is believed to have taken in those unhappy events in the endeavor to secure protection, and existence itself, for Catholics in England, and their worship of God according to their consciences, required his presence in England, while the best and most loyal efforts of his faithful lieutenants in Maryland, with his aid in the mother-country, were barely able to keep the colony on the banks of the St. Mary's from extirpation. The view we have taken is supported by the *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*, by Brother Henry Foley, S.J., series v. vi. vii. viii., in which we read, "It had been Lord Cecil Baltimore's intention at first to lead his expedition himself; but deeming it more judicious to look after the interests of the colony in England, he gave the command to his brother Leonard, whom he commissioned lieutenant-governor."

The following tribute to the character and life of Cæcilius Calvert, which is most pertinent to our theme, is from the pen of that accomplished and just Protestant gentleman, General Bradley T. Johnson, in the paper entitled *The Foundation of Maryland*, recently published by the Maryland Historical Society:

"The life of Cecil was spent in struggles to found and maintain the institutions of liberty in Maryland. From June 20, 1632, until his death [November 30, 1675], more than forty-three years, he had passed through the most eventful epoch of English history. He saw parliamentary institutions overthrown and the whole power of government usurped by the king. He saw the monarchy destroyed and all governmental functions absorbed by Parliament. He witnessed the expulsion of the Parliament again, and liberty and law prostrate under the dominion of the sword; and then he lived to see the ancient balance of the constitution restored, with king, Lords, and Commons re-established, after an interregnum of nearly twenty years, and right and justice once again trampled upon in the frenzy of a political and religious reaction. Under all these extraordinary convulsions of society and revolutions of government he succeeded in planting and preserving in Maryland the rights of legislation by the freemen, of *habeas corpus*, trial by jury, of parliamentary taxation, of security against martial law, and of liberty of conscience.

"While the king was collecting aids and subsidies in England by the processes of the Star Chamber, no taxes or fees could be levied in Maryland save by the vote of the General Assembly. While the right of per-

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sonal liberty was denied in England by the Long Parliament, the Writ of Right protected the humblest citizen in Maryland.

"While the New Model lived at free quarters in England, no soldier could be billeted on the homes of the people here. While the Churchmen were fining and whipping Roman Catholics and Puritans, and while the Puritans were fining Churchmen and whipping Quakers, and denouncing death against all who refused to accept their creed as laid down in their Ordinance of 1648, all alike, Churchmen, Roman Catholics, Puritans, Presbyterians, and Quakers, found safety, toleration, and protection in Maryland.

"From 1634 until 1680 no man was ever molested in Maryland on account of his religious opinions, except in the short intervals of Ingle's occupation, the sway of the Protector's commissioners, and Fendall's brief usurpation.

"The man who could have thus founded a state in such institutions, in such times, and have safely preserved them through such revolutions, is entitled to be ranked with those who have been great benefactors of mankind."

More than a century's experience of the blessings of civil and religious liberty under our own free institutions should endear, by association of ideas, the name of Calvert to every American. That he was a Catholic should not prejudice his name with Protestants. His faith connects his principles and his education with the best ages of English history, when Alfred and other Catholic kings laid the foundation of those liberties and of that jurisprudence which are now the pride and security of the English-speaking countries of the world in the nineteenth century.

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ARMINE.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I WONDER," said D'Antignac one morning, "how our poor little Armine comes on."

"I have thought of her often lately," said Hélène, who was moving about the room putting things in order so quietly and deftly that it was only by the results any one would have perceived what she was about. "I should like to hear something of her."

"Gaston writes that her father is most energetic in stimulating opposition to him," said D'Antignac; "so I suppose we shall not hear from her till the election is over."

"Why should we hear from her then?"

"I did not mean that we should exactly hear from her, but rather that we should see her, for Duchesne will no doubt return to Paris."

"I suppose so," said Mlle. d'Antignac. "I hope it is not sinful," she added after a moment, during which she had taken down a small statuette from its bracket, dusted and replaced it, "but I cannot help thinking what a good thing it would be if M. Duchesne should be blown up, metaphorically at least, by some of his revolutionary schemes, and Armine could be free."

"It would be a desolate freedom, I am afraid," said D'Antignac. "As far as I know, her father is her only relative, and she is certainly very much attached to him."

"But she could order her life as it pleased her then, and not be transported from one part of Europe to another by every political wind."

"Order her life as it pleased her!" repeated D'Antignac in a musing tone. "There are few of us who are able to do that, and fewer still who, if we had the power, would find it easy to do. To please ourselves is, perhaps, as difficult a task as could be set us in this world, and to know what is best for us simply impossible. The safe path, therefore, is the path of God's providence. It is the A B C of religion that the graces which we receive and the merits we may obtain in the state and circumstances of life to which it has pleased him to call us are greater

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than we could obtain by leaving that path, even for one of apparently higher perfection."

"Yes," said Hélène, "I know that, and I was not wishing Armine to leave the path which is so rough, I am sure, to her feet; I was only wishing that she might be released from the necessity of following it. But, after all, such wishes are very foolish, a part of the littleness that besets us in our poor human horizon." Then, with a start, "There is the door-bell! I hope Cesco will not think of admitting any one."

"It is too early for visitors," said D'Antignac.

But this proved to be a mistake, for a moment later Cesco opened the door and said: "Mlle. Duchesne begs to know if she may come in."

"Armine!" cried Hélène. "Yes, certainly. My dear child," she went on eagerly, advancing to meet the girl who appeared in the door, "this is a most unexpected pleasure."

"Almost as unexpected to me as to you, dear Mlle. d'Antignac," said Armine, kissing her in the pretty foreign fashion on both cheeks. "I am so glad to see you again! And M. d'Antignac—how is he?"

"He will tell you himself," said Hélène, leading her forward.

D'Antignac raised himself—the only exertion of which he was capable unaided—to a sitting posture, and held out his hands, saying:

"'*On parle de soleil, et en voici les rayons*'! We were just talking of you and wishing for news of you."

"Were you, indeed?" said Armine. "How good of you to think of me! O M. d'Antignac, how I have longed for a word from *you!*"

"You shall have as many now as you like," he answered, smiling. "But the first must be to say that Brittany has not done you much good. You are looking paler and thinner than when you went away."

"Am I? It is likely," she said. "No, Brittany did me no good. I wish I could have stayed in Paris."

"We have wished so, too," said Hélène kindly. "When did you return?"

"Last night," she answered. "You might be sure that it was lately; that this is the first place to which I have come. I longed to come earlier, but feared to disturb you. I felt, until I entered your door, as if I could hardly be certain of seeing you."

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"But why?" asked Mlle. d'Antignac, smiling a little. "You surely did not think us likely to have vanished in a fortnight?"

"Oh! no," the girl answered; "but I did not know that my father might not forbid my coming, and, though I should have disobeyed him in order to see you again, I was glad not to have been forced to do so."

The brother and sister exchanged a glance. Then the former said: "What has happened? Why should you fear that he would forbid your coming?"

"Because he has already done so by implication," she answered; "and although he left the matter there for the time being, I do not think it will end there. Some change has come over him. He, who was so kind, so tolerant, has become—no, I will not say unkind: he is never that when he remembers himself—but certainly very intolerant. As I have often told you, if he knew that I did not think with him he ignored the difference; but the time has come when he ignores it no longer. It angers him, and he seems to have conceived the resolution to make me believe all that he believes and hope what he hopes."

"And do you know why he has so suddenly conceived this resolution?" asked D'Antignac.

She shook her head. "No," she answered. "There is only one thing which suggests an explanation, but that is incredible."

"The thing which seems incredible is often the thing which is true," said D'Antignac.

She did not answer for a moment. Then she said: "I scarcely believe you will think so when you hear what this is; but it is easily told."

Nevertheless she paused again, and the blood rose in her clear, pale cheeks, though her glance did not waver or turn from him as she went on:

"One day my father told me that he wanted me to go with him to Marigny—that is, to the village—and, though I tried to avoid it, I had no good excuse for refusing. So we went, and what I feared came about. I met the vicomte, and he spoke to me. I am sure that only his kindness made him do so, and he simply said a few courteous words; but my father saw us together and was very angry. I never saw him so angry before, and for the first time in my life he spoke to me as if he suspected me of something wrong. He asked where I had met M. de Marigny, and I told him. Then he said he understood

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why I had no sympathy with him; that he would tolerate no acquaintance with M. de Marigny, and that I should go no more where I was likely to meet him. This terrified me, but I hoped that he spoke in haste and would forget it, especially when I told him that I had met M. de Marigny only twice in all the time that I have been coming here. But from that day he is changed. He has said nothing more of the meeting with the vicomte; but he dwells bitterly on what he never seemed to think of before—my want of sympathy with his objects in life; and only last night he told me again that he intended to withdraw me entirely from influences 'that have been so pernicious.' I knew what that meant, and my heart died within me. It means that I shall come here no more. I trembled lest he should plainly say, 'Do not go again.' He did not say it *then*, but I know that he will, or else he will send me from Paris. He has spoken of that. In any case I see nothing but separation from you."

Her eyes filled with tears; her voice trembled and broke down. The bitterness of the separation seemed already pressing upon her. Mlle. d'Antignac rose impulsively, and, going over, placed her arm around her. "My poor Armine," she said, "life is indeed hard for you! But be patient; let us hope your father's anger will pass, and that he will prove more reasonable than to do what you fear."

"It is not merely anger," said Armine. "If it were it would pass; indeed, it would be already passed. He does not seem angry now; he seems only to feel a deep sense of injury that I am so alienated from him in sympathy, and to fancy that I am a piece of wax to be moulded by whatever influence is nearest me."

Meanwhile D'Antignac, lying back on his pillows, said nothing; but his grave, dark eyes, which were fastened on the girl, were as full of tenderness as of penetrating thoughtfulness. There was infinite comfort in this gaze, Armine felt when she met it, as she looked at him and went on:

"Now you see why I said that the only apparent reason for the change in my father is one which seems incredible. It dates apparently from the day when he saw me speak to M. de Marigny; and although that might have angered him—as I felt that it would—it is impossible to conceive that it could change his whole conduct toward me, that it could make of importance what never appeared to be worth a thought to him before."

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"You remember what I said a few minutes ago," D'Antignac answered. "What seems to us incredible is often the thing which is true. I fear there can be no doubt that your father's change of feeling and conduct does spring from that occurrence, simple and trivial as it looks."

"But it is impossible! I cannot believe it!" said the girl. "My father is a man of sense. He must have realized, when he came to think, that the meeting was nothing—a mere accident. And what is M. de Marigny to him but a political opponent?"

D'Antignac did not reply, "M. de Marigny is much more to him than a political opponent," but after a pause he said: "We cannot possibly tell all the motives that may influence your father. He may have been gradually rousing to a sense of the differences that divide you, and the final realization probably came when he saw you in friendly intercourse with a man against whom he was just then peculiarly embittered, as most men are against their political opponents when that thing most fatal to charity, a heated contest, is going on. You are certainly aware that it requires very little flame to kindle a large fire."

There was silence again for a moment. Armine sat with her eyes growing momently more sorrowful. Presently, with a deep sigh, she said: "I dreaded to go to Marigny! I felt instinctively that harm would come of it. But I did not dream of anything so bad as this—the prospect of being separated from you."

"I am sorry from the bottom of my heart that you ever met Gaston de Marigny here," said Hélène, who was still standing beside her, with one hand resting on her shoulder.

"I am sorry, too," said D'Antignac; "but regret is quite unavailing, and in a certain sense unnecessary, since we had nothing whatever to do with bringing either him or Armine here on the occasions when they met. It was a natural accident, rising from our acquaintance with both."

"Oh!" said Armine quickly, "do not think that I blame any one. It was only a natural accident, but how could you think—what I could never have believed—that my father would object to such a meeting? I should not have imagined that M. de Marigny was more to him than a name; and if any one had suggested that he would not wish me to meet him on account of his politics, I would have said: 'You do my father injustice. He is an enthusiast, but not a fanatic.

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Because he wishes to abolish the order to which a man belongs he would not refuse to meet that man in social life.' But it seems I was wrong," she added, her voice falling from the proud tone which it had involuntarily taken, as she uttered the last words.

"No, my dear Armine," said D'Antignac, "you were not wrong. Your father, no doubt, would have felt in that way of any other man than the Vicomte de Marigny. But there are reasons—reasons which go beyond the present generation—for his disliking the vicomte personally; and this dislike was naturally intensified by the political contest. As for his injured sense of your lack of sympathy—well, it is hard for a man to find contradiction and want of belief in those nearest to him, especially those (like wife and daughter) who, he thinks, should instinctively look up to and receive their ideas from him. Remember that always with regard to the differences of opinion between you, and say little. It is quite true that the law, 'Honor thy father,' rests on no authority commanding *his* respect, but it commands yours, and must be obeyed."

"I do not think," said Armine, "that my father himself would say that I have ever failed to obey it."

"I am sure that you have not," D'Antignac answered. "But you must not begin to do so. You said a little while ago that even if he had forbidden you in distinct terms to come to us you would nevertheless have come. That was not right. Only when a duty to God conflicts with the command of a parent may the last be set at naught. Now, there was no duty involved in your coming here."

"Yes," said the girl impetuously, "there was. For have I not learned here that there is such a thing as duty; that it is not a mere term, signifying nothing, which every man may use to suit himself? And where should I go to learn what *is* that duty, if I did not come here? You are my conscience, M. d'Antignac. Surely you must know that."

"If I am," said D'Antignac in a voice of gravity, but also of exceeding gentleness, "there is the more reason that I should speak plainly, and that I should say then it is well that, at any cost of pain to either of us, our association should be broken off, for a time at least. It is well that you should learn, in a spiritual sense, to stand alone; and that, for such guidance as we all need, you should go to one better fitted than I to give it. I have been to you all that it is necessary or fitting that I

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should be. It is not fitting that I should direct your conscience, or that you should find in me a substitute for the aids of that religion which you hesitate to embrace, and with regard to which I am bound to remind you that God's commands are not to be set aside for any fear of man. 'I am come not to send peace upon earth, but a sword,' said our Lord; and that sword has pierced many hearts before yours."

As he spoke—his tones growing gentler yet more impressive with every word—the girl gazed at him like one who hangs upon the lips of an oracle, with the whole being absorbed in the act of listening. When he ceased there was a silence which seemed long, until she said in a low voice:

"One's own heart does not matter. But to pierce another's —that is hard."

"Do you think that is not included in the saying?" asked D'Antignac. "To a sensitive soul the pain which it costs to inflict pain is greater than any that can be inflicted. But therein lies the cross. And the hearts which are pierced—how do we know what waters may not flow from them at last? Yet even if they remain closed to the end let us beware how we put the love, any more than the fear, of man between us and the command of God."

Armine bent her face into her hands. "It seems to me that you are hard upon me—very hard, M. d'Antignac," she said. "You tell me that I must obey my father and come to you no more. Yet you also tell me that I must do that which will be in his eyes the worst offence which I could commit, which will make him regard me as a traitor and an enemy."

"Have I seemed hard to you, my poor Armine?" D'Antignac asked with the same infinite gentleness. "Well, it is simply this: I have spoken to you as to one who is strong enough to do what is right. I grant you that courage is needed; but what then? Souls as tender, frames as weak as yours have possessed it. And when you called me your conscience you put a responsibility upon me. After that I could not be silent."

"Do you think that I wish you to be silent?" Armine asked. "Oh! no; I am glad that you have spoken, though what you put before me is very hard, and I may not have the courage and strength it demands. Will you despise me if I prove *not* to have them?"

"No, I shall not despise you, but I shall think that you make a great mistake," D'Antignac answered. "You will weigh in a

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balance obeying God or paining your father; and to avoid the last you will neglect the first. But do you ever think that you may be frustrating God's intentions towards you in some manner which concerns not only yourself but others? In the great economy of grace we cannot tell how one soul may act upon another, or what it is intended to supply. *You* may be intended to make reparation by your faith for your father's war against religion; by your courage in confessing, for his bitterness in denying; to atone by prayers for blasphemies, and by good works for evil deeds. At least we know that such reparation is possible."

"Is it?" said the girl. A sudden light came into her face. It was evident that D'Antignac had touched a chord which responded like an electric flash. "If I thought that," she went on in a low tone—"if I believed it possible that *I* could ever make reparation for the things of which you speak—I think it would cost me little effort to face any opposition."

"It is entirely possible that you should make it, and it may be the special work which God demands of you," D'Antignac replied. "But on such a point I speak with diffidence. Again I say, you must go to one better able to direct you."

"Ah! I shall never find one better able," she said with a little cry. "But if I must leave you—if you bid me not come back to you—I will go to whomever you wish."

"Do you mean that you will go to a priest?" he asked, regarding her searchingly; for up to this time she had always shrunk from such a decisive step.

"Yes, if you think that I should—that I ought," she answered like one in despair.

"I am sure that you should, and I think that you ought; that the time has come when you must act," he replied. "I will give you a note to a priest whom I know well, who is at once ardent and wise; who will know what is best for you, yet who will not press you. He is for the present attached to Notre Dame des Victoires, where you will find him when you wish to deliver what I shall give you. Hélène, will you hand me my writing-desk?"

"O M. d'Antignac, pray do not write now!" cried Armine before Hélène could move. "You must be tired, for I have made you talk so much! I will come back for the note. It will give me the happiness of thinking that I *may* come back!"

"But if your father forbids you to come?" asked D'Antignac.

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"Then I can send Madelon. But I do not feel it possible that I can be exiled from this room, which has been my haven of peace, my refuge of safety, for so long!"

"Nevertheless," said D'Antignac gravely, "you may be so exiled. And if your father does forbid you to return I do not wish you to have the temptation of thinking, 'I will go for the note,' nor yet do I wish to run the risk of any accident in its reaching you. It need not be long; a few lines will be enough—merely to introduce you. I will write another letter explaining your circumstances. Hélène, my desk."

Hélène was ready with the desk—a very light and convenient affair, which could be easily placed before him—and he wrote a few lines, which he enclosed, addressed, and gave to Armine. Then he lay back on his pillows with an air of weariness, while Hélène quickly removed the desk and brought him a dose of medicine.

Armine waited until he had taken this, and then said in a low voice: "I think I had better go now."

Yet it was pathetic to see the struggle she had to nerve herself to the point of departure even after she rose to her feet. She looked around, and her eyes filled with tears that threatened to overflow. But controlling herself with a strong effort, she went to the side of the couch and said hastily:

"Adieu, M. d'Antignac! Thank you a thousand times for all your kindness. I will come back—when I can."

"We shall look and pray for thy coming, *ma sœur*," said D'Antignac tenderly, as he took the hand she offered in both his own. "God grant that it may be soon; but, whether soon or late, may he go with thee and strengthen and bless thee for ever!"

A minute later, when Armine with tears bade farewell to Mlle. d'Antignac in the ante-chamber, her last words were:

"I feel like one thrust out of Paradise!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"AND where now, mademoiselle?" asked Madelon when she joined Armine at the foot of the staircase and they issued together from the *porte-cochère*.

Armine did not answer for a moment. Indeed it had been her evident hesitation in turning homeward which impelled Madelon to ask the question. They stood in the shadow of the archway for an instant; then the girl said:

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"Do you remember, Madelon, when we used to live in the Rue de Vaugirard, how I loved the Luxembourg Garden? I have not been there in such a long time, and I feel just now as if I should like to see it again. Let us go there. At this time of day there will be few people about, and I can find one of my old haunts to be quiet in, while you go to see your cousin, who lives near by."

"You are very good, mademoiselle," said Madelon, "and I should like to see my cousin, who has not been well of late; but to leave you alone in a public place—that is not possible."

"Well, we will go and walk through the garden, and afterwards, perhaps, I will go with you to your cousin's," said Armine, who knew that she generally had her own way in the end.

So they turned from the river, passed through the quarter of the Faubourg St. Germain with its stately hotels of the old nobility, and, presently reaching the boulevard of the same name, found themselves near the old abbey church of St. Germain des Prés.

Of the hurrying multitude that pours by this ancient and most interesting sanctuary there are probably few who give a thought to the panorama of French history which it has power to unroll to the mind's eye. Yet it stands as a witness and relic of that Christian civilization which has made France. Here, in the dawn of the light which was to wax so brilliant, Childebert, son of Clovis, founded the monastery and church in which his body rested for many centuries. To the student of mediæval history the fame of that great monastery, with its splendid domain and seignorial rights, is very familiar; but even such a student, looking at its surroundings to-day, must find it difficult to draw the picture of "that abbatial palace where the bishops of Paris deemed themselves fortunate to be entertained for a night; that refectory to which the architect had given the air, the beauty, and the splendid window of a cathedral; that elegant chapel of the Virgin, that noble dormitory, those spacious gardens, that portcullis, that drawbridge, that girdle of battlements cut out to the eye upon the greensward of the surrounding fields, those courts where men-at-arms glistened among copes of gold—the whole collected and grouped around three lofty spires with circular arches, firmly seated upon a Gothic choir, forming a magnificent object against the horizon." *

* Victor Hugo.

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So the ages of faith saw St. Germain des Prés, and so, with certain changes, it remained until the sacrilegious hand of the Revolution fell upon it, suppressing, confiscating, and (with a fine sense of the fitness of things!) converting the abbot's palace into a saltpetre manufactory, where an explosion occurred which destroyed the matchless refectory and valuable library. Afterward the work of destruction went on with celerity; for an age which is powerless to construct knows well how to destroy. Streets of houses without an architectural idea have been opened through the noble buildings, of which hardly a trace now remains to delight the antiquary. Not even the chapel of Notre Dame, built by Pierre de Montreuil in the thirteenth century, and famed as one of the most exquisite pieces of architecture of an age which covered Europe with glorious cathedrals and erected, by the hands of the same architect, the Sainte Chapelle, has been spared. The ancient church alone stands—as it was rebuilt by the Abbot Morardus in the tenth century, after the Normans had destroyed the older church—looking upon a new and strange world: a world from which all sense of the beautiful, as of the elevated, seems to have departed; a world intent only on sordid gain or ignoble pleasure; a world that in severing itself from the deep roots of the past destroys its hope of a future, and where the light which Clovis and Childebert kindled wanes more and more dim. Around these old walls the glowing, picturesque life of the middle ages, with its genius, its passion, and its ardent faith, bringing heaven down to earth, has swept, and passed, to give place to a narrow, dull, material life, which refuses to look up to where glory still shines in the clouds, but, with a strange infatuation without parallel in the history of mankind, seeks the secret, the motive, the end of existence in the dust beneath its feet.

But under this antique porch, with its square-buttressed tower, all the great past of France seems to meet those who still hold that past worthy of honor. An innumerable host, stretching back through the ages, of kings, cardinals, prelates, scholars, and saints, have crossed this threshold and passed under the lofty arches of the nave to adore upon the altar the same Sacramental Presence before which Clovis bent his pagan knee and rose up the first of Christian kings. Armine, when she saw before her the venerable, well-known walls, said to Madelon: "Ah! there is St. Germain des Prés. Let us go in for a few minutes." And when they entered the subdued

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light of the beautiful interior, rich with splendid color, proved grateful to eyes fresh from dazzling sunlight striking on asphalt pavements. All was steeped in quiet—the ineffable quiet which broods in the sanctuary as in no other spot of earth; a quiet in which it seems as if by listening intently one might almost hear the rustling of angel-wings around the tabernacle where dwells our hidden Lord. A few figures were kneeling here and there. In the nave stood a man with the appearance of an artist, studying intently those frescoes of Flandrin, to which no higher praise can be given than that in their beauty and devotional feeling they are worthy to be placed above those Roman arches which date back to the time of the Abbot Morardus.

Armine passed with her companion up the nave and knelt before the high altar. At that altar past and present met, as they meet in eternity before Him who is unchanging, "yesterday, to-day, and for ever." On a line with her as she knelt was, on one side, the chapel containing the marble figure of Casimir, king of Poland, who died abbot of the monastery, kneeling on his tomb and offering up his crown to God; on the other the chapel of St. Marguerite, adjoining which is the chapel in which James, Duke of Douglas, lies, his sculptured figure reclining on his tomb. Armine saw these things almost without seeing them; but they entered into and made part of what she was feeling. The king who had surrendered all things to follow Christ, though dead yet spoke to her, as did the soldier of a warlike age whose dust lay in the quiet keeping of that church which he had not followed his unhappy country in forsaking. But deeper and more penetrating than these was the voice which from the still depths of the tabernacle seemed saying to her soul: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." To these grave and terrible words what voice of earth can add weight? From them what appeal is there when the moment of final choice comes? When Armine rose at length to leave the church where these words had been, as it were, spoken to her, she felt as if hesitation were no longer possible, as if she had now only to nerve herself to action.

Again in the streets, they walked toward the Luxembourg and soon entered the garden by the Rue de Vaugirard. As Armine had said, it was not an hour when loiterers abound in its pleasant shades, and most of the seats under the spreading chestnuts were unoccupied. The girl gazed around her

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lovingly. How well she knew the long arcades, the spacious, stately terraces with their statues and great flights of steps descending to the parterre gay with flowers and the rainbow spray of flashing fountains! It had been the dreaming-place of her early youth, when from the study of history she had come here to see its figures move before her imagination—princes and courtiers and great ladies with manners and bearing of infinite grace. The marble queens of France who look serenely, and perhaps a little disdainfully, from their pedestals at the *bourgeois* throng that ebbs and flows through scenes fit only for a court were like old friends to her, and she knew every nook musical with the voice of water.

Toward one of these nooks she made her way, turning to the left and following a path that led to a spot where art had endeavored to imitate nature, where a fountain burst out of rock and fell into a great brimming basin edged with ferns, the boughs of trees arched overhead, forming a shade deep, green, and delicious. Under this shade, by the side of the fountain, a seat was placed; and here Armine sat down.

"Now, my good Madelon," she said persuadingly, "you see what a quiet place this is. No one is at all likely to trouble me by coming here; so you can with a clear conscience leave me for a little while, and go to see your cousin, who I know lives very near."

"Oh! yes, mademoiselle; only a step away in the Rue Soufflot," said Madelon, and then stopped. She was much tempted, being not often able to see this cousin, who kept a small shop in the neighborhood; but her sense of responsibility was strong. She did not really fear harm or insult for Armine if left alone, but her pride would have been wounded if the girl had been seen unattended by any one who knew her. There was apparently little prospect of such a thing here, however, so she finally consented to go, promising to return very soon, and exacting from Armine a promise that she would not stir until that return.

Armine had no desire to do so. The quiet was delightful to her, and as she listened to Madelon's receding steps she drew a deep sigh of relief and pleasure. For to those who are able to enjoy it there is nothing more refreshing to soul and body than solitude. It is like an invigorating bath to the mind tired of society, of the trivialities which make up most conversation, of the effort necessary to preserve that appearance of interest essential to good breeding, and also to

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the mind fatigued in the less common way by too much stimulation. Armine did not live enough in society to be conscious of either form of weariness; but all meditative natures spend their happiest hours alone. Poets, artists of all kinds, thinkers, and saints belong to this class. "The light that never was on sea or land" shines for them at such times and peoples solitude with glorious images. Armine, with her sad heart and troubled mind, would have been amazed to be told that she was of the stuff of which these dreamers are made; but no one who looked at her with an appreciative regard could doubt it. As she sat now by the brimming basin, in the softly flickering shade, with her clear, deep, wistful eyes, she looked like the ideal of one to whom such glory might be revealed.

This, at least, was the thought of a young man, who flattered himself that he was very appreciative, when he suddenly came in sight of her. She did not hear his footstep, and for a moment he paused regarding the charming picture which she made. Then he came forward, and with a start she looked up and recognized him.

"Mlle. Duchesne," he said, "this is a delightful surprise! I did not know that you were in Paris."

"I have not been in Paris much more than twelve hours, M. Egerton," she answered. "We returned—my father and I—last night from Brittany."

"And it is my good fortune to meet you to-day!" said Egerton. "I am certainly very much indebted to the chance which has brought me here."

"It seems rather a singular chance," said Armine, "for I remember that you were one of the last of our acquaintances whom I saw before I left Paris. And now you are one of the first whom I meet on my return! You seem likely to be met in very unlikely places, monsieur."

"But the Garden of the Luxembourg is not an unlikely place," he said. "Any one might be here."

"Not any one who lives on the other side of the Seine," she answered. "In the Champs Elysées, now, I should have thought it natural to meet you; but here you are out of your orbit."

"As much as I was in the Madeleine?" he asked, smiling. "But there is this difference: I was drawn into the Madeleine by the contagion of your example, while no such contagion drew me here, for I had no idea of seeing you."

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"Of course not; how could you have had?" she said quickly.

"Yet, all the same, it *is* remarkable," he went on. "That I should come over here to see a friend, who proved not to be at home—who never is at home, by the bye; then that I should stroll into the Luxembourg to look at the pictures, and that finally I should wander down to this quiet spot and find *you*—if it is only a bit of accidental good fortune, I can only say that it reconciles me to some accidents which are not fortunate. And now, mademoiselle, am I intruding upon you? Shall I go away? Or will you permit me to sit down and talk to you for a little while?"

His manner was so frank and so respectful that Armine hesitated for a moment before replying. She was aware that, according to French usage, such a tête-à-tête was inadmissible; but Egerton was a foreigner, belonging to a nation with different social rules. She had an instinctive sense that she might trust him not to presume in any way upon her permission, if she gave it; and, more than that, she felt a revival of her interest in him, and a sense as if this meeting was not due merely to chance. So she answered:

"You do not intrude, for I have no right to monopolize this place. It is simply an old haunt of mine, where I insisted that Madelon should leave me while she went to pay a visit near by. I did not think it probable that any one would disturb my solitude. That does not mean, however, that you need go away, if you care to stay."

"Of that there can be no doubt," he replied. And, having remained standing up to this time, he now sat down on the bench near her.

"It is a beautiful place," he said, glancing around, "and you looked, when I saw you first, as if you were indeed at home in it. Yet, according to the rule which you laid down awhile ago, you should be out of your orbit here as much as I."

"Oh! no," she said, smiling a little, "for five or six years ago we lived very near here, and the garden is as familiar to me as possible. That is why I spoke of this spot as an old haunt of mine. While Madelon would gossip with her friends on the terrace, I used to come down here and dream."

"It seems made for dreaming," said Egerton. "And that you came here for such a purpose explains why I thought, as I first caught sight of you, that you looked like a sibyl seeking inspiration."

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"Did you think that?" she said, with a glance of involuntary surprise. "Well, I am not a sibyl, but when you saw me I *was* seeking inspiration. Only it was a different inspiration from that which you probably mean."

"I don't know," he answered. "The inspiration which I mean dealt with the deepest questions of life; and there can be no deep question in life which does not reach beyond it. Now, the sibyls looked into the dread secrets of that which lies beyond, and spoke with the voice of the gods. I cannot tell, of course," he added after a moment's pause, "what form of inspiration you were seeking; but to say that you looked like a sibyl means more—much more—than to say that you looked like a muse."

"It is very extravagant to say that I looked like either," she observed quietly. "But the inspiration which I was seeking was on a question stretching beyond this life. For you are right in saying that there can be no great question which ends here."

"And yet," he said slowly, "I wonder if you know what it is to be assailed constantly with the doubt whether all things do *not* end here—whether whatever seems to go beyond is not merely a vain dream or a baseless hope?"

She looked at him for an instant without replying; then she said:

"Yes, I have known what it is not only to be assailed by such a doubt, but to live in it. The belief that all things do end here is the belief in which I was educated; but I found it as difficult to believe that as you find it to believe in another life. My mind revolted against a creed so narrow and so blind, and I felt, what I read long after on an inspired page, 'If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable.'"

"Miserable—yes," he said. "But what then? A man cannot believe a doctrine simply because it would be comfortable and consoling. And to a man of this generation, who breathes the air of his generation and keeps pace with its mental advance, faith has become well-nigh impossible. I grant that the most of us had not much to begin with—a few shreds of Christian hope and belief which were handed down to us after having been subjected to various eliminating processes, and had little to distinguish them from barest rationalism. When put to the test of logic could such faith as that stand? Ignorance is its only safeguard; and however much ignorance may be

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bliss, one hardly cares to indulge it in connection with this momentous subject. So one goes on, opening one's mind to conclusions and opinions of the time, and when at last an hour comes with some need for faith one puts out one's hand—to seize a wreath of mist, a vapor unsubstantial as a dream."

"And is that what you feel? Is that your position?" asked Armine, her eyes full of interest.

"That is undoubtedly my position," he answered. "I am blamed by my friends for having no earnestness of convictions, no depth of feeling on any subject. Men like D'Antignac on one side, and your father on the other, regard me with scorn and impatience; yet to believe with the one I find as impossible as to feel with the other without belief."

"I am sure," said Armine, "you are wrong when you speak of M. d'Antignac as regarding you with 'scorn and impatience.' I do not think it would be possible for him to regard any one with such a feeling as that—certainly not one of whom I have heard him speak as kindly as of yourself. And if you find it impossible to believe what he does, that is probably because you do not know *why* he believes. Even in my slight experience I have found that men are chiefly sceptical because they are ignorant."

Egerton smiled. "The world generally regards the converse of the proposition as true," he said. "And yet, in a measure, you are right: many men who turn to scepticism are profoundly ignorant of the claims of religion upon their reason. They grasp eagerly the wider freedom which unbelief offers, and the faith they demolish is a thing of straw set up by themselves. But I do not belong to this class. Unbelief has no charms for me. I have tested all that it offers to compensate for what it takes away, and I have found all hollow and unsatisfying. How can it be otherwise? For when men tell us that we have no souls to save and no God to serve, they drag down our whole conception of life, its meaning and its duty. What does a man who denies God mean by talking to me of duty? Have not I as good a right as he to my conception of it—which may be that of the most consummate selfishness? As for the welfare of humanity, why should I care what becomes of a few units in the infinite mass of succeeding generations, which crawl here for a little while in wretchedness and then go down to nothingness? No; if the day comes when the last gleam of blue sky—the last hope of immortality—is lost to me, Schopenhauer will be my prophet, and I shall believe that

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if a man can be said to have a duty it will be that of aiding as far as possible in the extinction of this misery-cursed humanity."

In the earnestness of his feeling he had almost forgotten to whom he spoke, but the girl who listened had understanding as well as sympathy for him. Over the ground where he was wandering her feet had already passed, and from where she stood, at the gate of the city builded upon a rock, she felt like stretching out a hand of succor to this wanderer in a world of shadows. But before she could decide what was best to say he spoke again:

"You must forgive me for the egotism into which I have been betrayed. I only intended, when I began speaking of myself, to make you understand what I mean in saying that if you have gained any inspiration, if you possess any sibylline secret bearing upon such a state, pray give me the benefit of it."

"I will most willingly," she said. "But in order to do so I think I will ask you first to endure a little egotism from *me*."

"I can ask nothing better," he answered eagerly.

But for a minute she was silent, and as she sat with her hands clasped together in her lap, and her eyes fastened on the brimming, flashing water in the gray, fern-clad basin, it seemed to Egerton that she was looking into the past as well as into the future, and her words, when she began to speak, proved that he was right.

"Perhaps you will think it strange," she said, "but as long ago as when I used to sit here—hardly more than a child or only passing out of childhood—such thoughts as you have described were present with me. It was singular, was it not, that I did not accept my father's opinions? But I could not. I suppose I had a questioning mind—at least I always found myself asking, 'Why? Why?' to the mystery of existence, to the riddle of history, to the crime and the infinite sorrow of life. These are dark problems, and I might not—probably I should not—have felt all their darkness and weight, if I had not heard the evils of the world talked of so constantly and their remedies so passionately advocated. But those remedies—how could I believe in them? How could revolutions unravel the mystery of life, or the establishment of communes end its sorrow? There was an unreal sound in the cries I heard, though I did not know *then* that the brotherhood of mankind has no meaning unless it rests on the fatherhood of God. But when men insisted that the human race only needs to be freed from

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'superstition' and restraint to become great and good, I looked back over history and out on the world around us, and wondered where they found any warrant or ground for such a hope."

"There is none!" said Egerton quickly; for had not he, too, heard the same cries and asked the same questions of history and of life? "But it seems almost incredible that you should have reached such conclusions alone and unassisted!"

"Why should it seem incredible?" she asked. "It seemed to me that the thing which taxed credulity was the existence of the world without God, and the belief that for all the manifold and terrible injustice of life there should be no redress, no compensation, no merit to be gained in suffering, no punishment for crime."

"It is an awful existence in which we find ourselves, if all those hopes are blotted out of it," he said. "But, as I remarked a moment ago, we can't shut our eyes to things because they are unpleasant."

"But you can shut them to other things," she said quietly, "because from them, as you think, the advancing thought of the world has turned away. So a man might close his eyes and refuse to believe that the sun shone at midday."

"Am I such a man?" he said. "I think not. I think I am willing to open my eyes. But you—surely during the time of which you speak you had some religious faith?"

She shook her head. "Not the least," she answered. "My mother had died early in my life, and the books upon which I was educated painted Christianity as the last and worst of the superstitions of mankind, a mere survival of ignorant myths. Yet, notwithstanding this, the idea of religion—little as I knew of it—had an attraction for me, as I presume it must have for every one who does not entirely stifle the spiritual side of nature."

"Yes," said Egerton, "I fancy that even the most hardened materialist must feel at times the longing and the impulse toward faith. But we are trained to distrust both that impulse and the attraction of which you speak."

"I know," she answered, "that we are trained to test everything by the scales and the crucible. Yet what is stronger proof than this universal *need* of the existence of that for which our natures so strongly crave? Let those who answer by talking of an inherited impulse tell us what other deeply-implanted instinct of man, found in all races, extending through all ages, has proved to be founded on a delusion."

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The energy of her speech and the clearness of her thought moved Egerton's surprise more and more. Notwithstanding his interest in drawing her out, he had not expected to receive anything of value; but now he owned that the sibyl had a message for him.

"But you did not reach a final conclusion alone?" he asked presently.

"No," she replied; "I had a helping-hand. Is there not always a helping-hand for those who need and will take it? Mine was the hand of M. d'Antignac. I was attracted to him first by his suffering and the heroic patience with which that suffering was borne. Then I began to ask what was the secret of the wonderful calm in which he lived, that atmosphere—you know it—of peace that no storm can ruffle. The beauty of his faith thus dawned upon me first; the glory and majesty afterwards. When I began to speak to him of the difficulties and perplexities with which I was struggling, then —and not until then—he led me into the temple of faith and showed me how all creation finds meaning and harmony there." She paused an instant, and there was almost a rapt look in her eyes as she went on. "It was like a vision of the new Jerusalem," she said, "of a world reconciled to God. It was no longer a thing of chance and chaos, a mad pandemonium of crime and suffering: there was a motive and meaning to all. If men suffered, it was that through suffering they should rise to heights where suffering alone could lead them; and if they sinned, it was because God gave to the being he created free-will, in order that his service might be voluntary and possess merit. There is no merit in the service of a slave. Good and evil are placed before us, and God disdains to lay a fetter on our choice. But it is a choice for all eternity."

"How can you know that?" said Egerton.

"There is only one way by which we can know that or anything else," she answered. "By the voice of the church which is 'the pillar and ground,' the teacher and guide of truth."

"And you are, then, absolutely a Catholic?" said Egerton after a pause of some length.

She hesitated an instant, then said: "I have long been one in belief, but I have never openly confessed the faith, on account of my father, fearing his grief even more than his anger. It is terrible to wound one whom we love; and that will wound him very deeply. But it seems as if the time has

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come when I may no longer be a coward—when I must act and bear the consequences. I told you that I was seeking inspiration here. It was the inspiration necessary for such a step."

"But is it essential that you should take it?" asked Egerton, startled; for he felt instinctively how terrible Duchesne's anger was likely to be.

"There is no compulsion but that of my own conscience," she answered. "That has been weak enough heretofore; but now—" She rose suddenly, for she saw Madelon coming down the path toward them. "I must go," she said; "and I fear that, after all, I have not been able to give you any help."

"On the contrary," he replied quickly, "you have said many words which I shall not soon forget. But this is not adieu; may I not come to see you?"

"You know that my father is always glad to see you," she answered gravely; "but I fear his influence for you."

"You are very kind to fear for me," he said; "but, with all his power and magnetism, M. Duchesne has never been able, and I am quite sure never will be able, to rouse me to enthusiasm in his cause. I admire his devotion to that cause; but it is as you remarked a little while ago—one must believe in the fatherhood of God before one can acknowledge the brotherhood of man."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LEFT alone—after Armine had walked away with Madelon—Egerton sank back on the seat and began in his accustomed fashion to consider the interview just past. Characteristically, his mind dwelt most on the personality of Armine, which had been revealed to him in a clearer light than ever before. It was like a pathetic picture—the idea of the girl, at an age when most girls are free from care or thought, sitting by this fountain in the garden of the old palace, pondering the deep problems and weighing the fierce war-cries of the tumultuous age in which her lot was cast. Egerton had known, in a degree at least, how heavy the weight of the time can be to a soul which is unable to satisfy itself with the mere surface of life, with the pursuit of gain or of pleasure; but what was *his* realization of this compared to that of Armine? In her very childhood she had struggled with giants—those giants called Ideas, which had drenched France with blood and convulsed all Europe—and she had come victorious from the struggle. He could not forget the rapt look

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of her eyes when she said, "It was like a vision of the new Jerusalem—of a world reconciled with God." The look had struck him even more than the words, for it indicated an assurance beyond the power of expression. Nor could he think it a mere exaggeration of sentiment. The memory came back to him of a day when he had stood under the mighty arches of Notre Dame and listened to a voice which while he listened reconciled for him, too, this crime-darkened, suffering-steeped world with the gracious purpose of its Creator. He remembered how eloquently that voice had justified the ways of God with man, and made it clear that those who in their madness constitute themselves the critics and judges of God display in their arraignments an ignorance equal to that of a child who should fretfully declaim against the heat of the sun that ripens the wide harvests of the earth.

Since that day it had more and more dawned upon him that if an answer to the riddles of life was to be found at all it must be sought in that Catholic theology which modern philosophers ignore, while they seek in systems without a base what such systems can never give, and then fling them aside, crying: "We have tested this thing called revealed religion, and found it without a single reason for its existence worth the attention of a philosophical mind." A multitude follow their lead as blindly as another multitude followed, three hundred years ago, those who substituted human opinion for the voice of God and led the human mind into a quagmire of error where it has struggled ever since. And among this multitude Egerton might have remained but for—yes, he said to himself with something like a start of surprise, but for the voice of Armine. If he had made a long mental journey since the day when he stood before the great portal of Notre Dame, and thought complacently, yet with some strange yearning toward the repose of faith, that a man must belong to his age, it was to her voice that he owed the first impulse on that journey. How well he recalled the evening when he met her first, and when, amid the passionate utterances of the apostle of destruction, her simple words had made so deep an impression and sent him to D'Antignac as a questioner rather than merely as a friend!

Yes, it was to Armine he owed whatever light had come to him; and that being so, was it more than chance which had led his feet here to-day? "It is strange," he thought. "'The ways are many'—have I not seen that somewhere? A Socialist meeting was to me the vestibule to Notre Dame. And

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now, coming in very idleness to seek Winter, who first roused my curiosity with regard to Duchesne, I find a sibyl with a message. Shall I ever heed it? God only knows. And yet if there be a God there can certainly be no duty higher than the duty of acknowledging him."

He rose, and, leaving the fountain, walked slowly along the allée which led to the broad terrace with its stately flights of steps descending to the parterre before the palace. Again he thought of Armine in her childhood and girlhood, of the poetic face and the clear, searching eyes, as she had wandered here, alone amid the *bourgeois* crowd, bearing already the penalty of isolation which all must bear whose mind or spirit elevates them above the multitude that surrounds them. What was to be the fate of this delicate creature—strong in mind, but sensitive as a mimosa in feeling—whom fate had placed where mind and heart were set so cruelly at variance? He felt his interest in her growing almost insistent in its demands, as if urging him to put out his hand to help her. But was it in his power to help? He knew that it was not; but he determined that at least he would know how it fared with her in the struggle, and that he would not lose the position in which her confidence and sympathy had placed him.

While thinking in this manner he had been walking toward one of the gates of the garden, and he now passed through into the Boulevard St. Michel, having before him the narrow streets and the steep hill of the Quartier Latin, when a hand fell on his shoulder, and, as once before in the same neighborhood, he was accosted by the man whom he had crossed the Seine to seek.

"So here you are!" said Winter. "I thought I should find you."

"How did you know that I was to be found?" asked Egerton, turning.

"Oh! the concierge, *chez moi*, told me that '*un monsieur bien distingué*' had been inquiring for me. So, judging it to be you, and judging also that, having nothing to occupy your time, you would be likely to stroll into the Luxembourg Garden—that is the benefit of having a palace for near neighbor—I decided to take a turn in search of you. *Et voilà!*"

He uttered the last words in a tone of satisfaction which Egerton felt unable to echo. His meeting with Armine had thrown him so entirely out of accord with Winter that it was only by an effort he could recall himself to the plane of the latter or remember why he had sought him. He had too

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much of the social faculty to suffer this to be apparent, however, and when Winter presently inquired concerning his immediate intentions he said:

"I was on my way home; but, now that we have met, the best thing to do would be to breakfast together. I presume that you know a good café in the neighborhood."

"I know half a dozen where you can get a better breakfast than in your gilded haunts on the Boulevard des Italiens," said Winter. "If you want to fare well in foreign towns you should avoid all places where strangers congregate. Their presence has always two effects—to increase prices and to deteriorate quality."

"Unhappily true," said Egerton; "so I put myself in your hands. Take me where our degrading influence is unknown."

Winter laughed, but proceeded to guide him to one of those cafés where students, artists, and journalists congregate, where the foreigner, unless he belongs to the Bohemian ranks, is unknown, and where one finds few mirrors and little gilding, but good service and distinctively French cooking.

The two men sat down at a small table, and, after they had ordered breakfast, Egerton looked around. "It strikes me," he said, "that I have been here before. Is not this the café where you found the man who so obligingly went with me to the meeting in Montmartre where I first saw Duchesne?"

"The same," Winter answered. "It is a great resort of Leroux's. I should not be surprised if he dropped in at any moment. If he did he might give us news of Duchesne, who has been out of Paris lately—"

"He is back in Paris now, however," said Egerton involuntarily.

"Indeed! Have you seen him?" inquired Winter.

"No," replied Egerton, slightly vexed with his own thoughtlessness and determined not to mention Armine; "I have only heard of his arrival."

The other looked at him with some surprise and a little curiosity.

"You seem well informed," he said. "Only yesterday I heard a man, whom I should have supposed likely to know more than you, regret his absence."

"Yesterday he *was* absent," said Egerton, "but he arrived in Paris last night."

"You are sure of it?"

"I am perfectly sure."

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"Well," said Winter, with a slight shrug, "it seems that you have become a Socialist in earnest, since you are admitted to the confidence of the chiefs of the party. Up to this time I have never believed in your conversion. 'He is only playing with that, as he has played with other things,' I said to Leroux when he told me how you were impressed by Duchesne; 'he has no stability in him.'"

"You are very kind," said Egerton. "There is nothing so refreshing as the good opinion of a friend candidly expressed."

"There is no worth in a friend who is not candid," said Winter. "And you must confess that up to this time stability has not been your most striking characteristic."

"I have laid no claim to it," said Egerton. "I have thought more of finding truth—if truth were to be found—than of preserving a character for consistency; which, after all, often simply means that a man is not accessible to new ideas."

"If you have been in search of truth I retract all my criticisms," said Winter, "for my opinion has been that you were simply in search of novelty. *Eh bien*, you have discovered what you sought, then, in the principles of Socialism as expounded by Duchesne?"

"By no means," Egerton answered. "Principles which would reconstruct the world on a basis of communal tyranny are not to my fancy. That part of Socialism which dwells upon the wrongs and the miseries of the poor is true; but when it comes to a question of remedies it is impossible to follow men who, if they had the power, would proclaim to-morrow a crusade of wholesale robbery."

"Who by one violent revolution would set right the wrongs of centuries and demolish social conditions which nothing short of revolution can overturn," said Winter. "It is natural that you do not welcome such a prospect, since you are one of the class to be dispossessed; but it proves that I was right in believing that you were only amusing yourself with Socialism, as with other things."

Now, Egerton was amiable almost to a fault, but the scarcely veiled contempt of the other's tone was too much even for his amiability. He looked up with a spark of fire in his glance as he said:

"You are entirely mistaken. I have not been amusing myself with Socialism. It is rather a grim subject for amusement. But I was attracted by the ideal which it presented; and in order to judge it fairly I heard its claims presented and its

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aims declared not by outsiders but by its warmest supporters and advocates. Consequently I have a right to say that I have weighed Socialism in the balance and found it wanting. It may convulse the world and destroy society—I grant you it has power enough for that; but it has no power to construct another society. The basis on which it rests is too unsound."

"Do you mean," said Winter, "the basis of the equal rights of man?"

"Yes," answered Egerton, "the basis of the equal rights of man. For how can you prove that man has any rights? It is an assertion without a shadow of proof. In the pagan world there was but one recognized right—that of force. The Christianity which you despise, in declaring that man has an immortal soul, gave him the charter of all the rights he possesses. But in destroying and denying Christianity you throw yourselves back upon Nature; and neither you nor any other man can prove that *naturally*—that is, according to the nature revealed to us by positive science—man has any rights above those of the horse and dog."

There was a moment's silence after this bold challenge—a challenge which no positivist can answer, and which was perhaps for the first time presented to Winter. It evidently startled him a little, and probably he was not sorry for conversation to be interrupted by breakfast, which the garçon just then placed on the table before them. But as he poured out a glass of red wine a minute later he recovered himself sufficiently to say, with the sneer which always comes readily in default of argument:

"Oh! if you have gone back to the fables of religion there is nothing more to be said. It is very natural in that case that you should turn your back on the rights of man."

"It would be so far from natural," said Egerton, "that I repeat and insist upon the assertion that it is religion which first introduced into the world the doctrine that man had any rights at all; and without religion—that is, without some form of theistic belief, however vague—you cannot prove the existence of a single right to which he may logically lay claim. All the high-sounding declarations of the French Revolution merely asserted in a political sense what the Catholic Church had for eighteen centuries asserted in a spiritual sense—that all men are equal before God. But obliterate the idea of God, and where is your equality? Science absolutely denies it, Nature—as has been well said—abhors it, all experience disproves it. And since neither Nature nor science gives man his charter of equal

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rights, where do you find it? Only in Catholic theology. Your leaders have stolen it thence, but the fire of heaven in their hands can only kindle conflagration on earth."

"By Jove!" said Winter, with a stare. "Well as I thought I knew you, this is a change for which I was hardly prepared! From liberalism to Catholic theology, from positive science to the dogmas of the church, would prove a very long step for any one but yourself. *You* seem to have taken it, however, with wonderful agility; and but for the fact that your conversions never last long, I should expect to hear of you soon as 'received' at the Madeleine."

"You could hear nothing better of me, if I had the necessary faith," said Egerton quietly. "But because I point out a simple fact—a fact easily verified by history—it does not follow that I must accept that on which the claims of the church rest. Yet the man is intellectually blind who denies that they are mighty claims," he went on after a moment; "and between that church as she stands, with all her glorious past behind her, pointing to the great fabric of Christian civilization as her work, and clothed in that mantle of infallibility without which she would have no right to speak—for what is a fallible church but a human society a little more absurd than any other, inasmuch as it attempts to teach great truths of which avowedly it has no certainty?—and liberalism with its creed of human progress, which the future alone can prove, the choice is to be made. These two forces divide the world. One or the other must win the victory—the kingdom of God or what your new thinkers call the kingdom of man."

Winter looked up with the defiance which is the characteristic attitude of his school. "The human mind has outgrown the fables of the church of which you speak," he said. "The kingdom of God which it invented has passed away, and the kingdom of man has come."

"Has it?" said Egerton. "Then God help—but how if there is no God? Can we call upon matter to help man thus left at the mercy of the blind forces of nature and the blinder passions of his fellow-man, for whom justice, mercy, and right must soon become mere idle words signifying nothing, since deriving authority from nothing? But let me tell you this: that as I am never so near being a Catholic as when I talk to a positivist, so there will be nothing so likely to drive men to the kingdom of God as the founding of your kingdom of man."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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WHEN VISIONS PASS.

A BOY beside my mother's knee,
  I dreamed myself a name
  That girt the land on wings of fame
And crossed the throbbing sea.
    Ah, simple dream!
Than scenes of elfin-land more fair—
  The child passed by, the youth came on,
    Yet roses warmed the air.

A student bending o'er the page
  Where dwells the brilliant past,
  Mine was the light illumed the vast,
The wondrous coming age.
    Ah, luring dream!
That taught my youthful mind to dare—
  The days stole by and manhood came,
    Yet found my brow still bare.

A man endowed with pride alone,
  I sought to pierce the skies,
  To grasp what far beyond me lies
And know as I am known.
    Ah, wild, wild dream!
That urged but failed to lead me there—
  The night has passed, the morning dawns
    And finds me here at prayer.

Gone with the song for ever mute,
  The lily's bloom that died,
  Still as the soothing tones that hide
Within a voiceless lute.
    Ah, buried dreams!
My soul is filled with fragrance rare
  Of that which knows no fading hues—
    God's love and tender care.

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THE TORPEDO STATION.

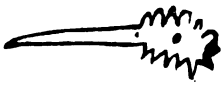
IN the Redwood Library at Newport is a deed of sale by which are transferred to Benedict Arnold and John Green three small islands in the bay—viz., *Nante Simunk*, the Indian name of Goat Island, now better known as the "Torpedo Station"; *Weenat Shasitt*, or Coaster's Harbor, and a small island called Dyer's Island—for the sum of £6 10*s*. To the deed are affixed the following classic signatures:

his marke

Witness:

JOHN SANFORD

Awashans his



marke

JAMES S SWEET

his marke

MAY 22nd 1658.

This is the earliest historical mention of Goat Island, where our present depot for the construction of defensive torpedoes stands. At this date it was covered with a heavy growth of timber, and, according to an early historian, the war-whoop of Cachanaqueant, then chief sachem of the Narragansets, rang through its forests; but we know not against what enemy the martial powers of the great sachem could have been directed, unless against the goats which overran and gave their name to his dominions, for the island, which is not more than a mile in length, and perhaps only a quarter of a mile in width, could hardly accommodate two hostile tribes. We can more easily credit the piscatorial exploits related of the red men, for the waters about the island still abound in fish.

In 1673 Benedict Arnold sold the island to Newport. Some

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twenty years after Queen Ann's fort was erected on it. In 1879, when the stones of which it was built were transported to form a sea-wall about the island, it was found to contain a curious chamber, the use of which could not be accounted for in the records of fortifications. It was oval, measuring about ten feet in length and eight feet in width, open at the top, but with no visible means of entry or exit. In a corner of the chamber lay an earthen pot and a bottle of medicine. The fort was built chiefly from the proceeds of general forfeitures, especially from plate and money taken from the unfortunate pirates, with which no locality is more closely associated than the harbor of Newport. Cooper's "Red Rover" was not the only daring adventurer who boldly took advantage of the "placid basin, outer harbor, convenient roadstead, and clear offing." Pirates were wont to lie in wait for the rich planters of the South who fled from the tropical heat of their own provinces to the salt breezes of the New England shores. Newport, which was called the Garden of America, was the favorite resort on the coast at that time, and Cooper, in the novel to which we have alluded above, tells us that "it was never more enticing and lovely. Its swelling crests were still crowned with the wood of centuries, its little vales were then covered with the living verdure of the north, and its unpretending but neat and comfortable villas lay sheltered in groves and embedded in flowers." A low headstone on the northern end of the "Station" marks the place of interment of twenty-six pirates who were buried there in 1728. They had attacked the British sloop-of-war *Greyhound*, mistaking her for a merchantman. They fled on discovering their mistake, but the *Greyhound* gave chase and captured them. After a summary trial they were executed on Gravelly Point and buried on Goat Island shore between high and low water mark.

There is a singular though well-authenticated pirate story connected with Newport, in which the generosity of the husband quite equals that of Enoch Arden. The hero, Governor Samuel Cranston, was a man noted for his strength of intellect and power of administration. His public career was quite as remarkable as the singular romance of his early manhood: he was thirty successive times chosen to fill the highest office in the colony, and in every crisis conducted public affairs with so much skill that there was scarcely a dissentient voice against him, and his popularity survived political convulsions which deposed every other official in the colony. In 1765, business being somewhat dull, he started in an adventurous spirit on a voyage to Jamaica.

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The ship in which he took sail was attacked by pirates off the Keys of Florida, and all on board were inhumanly massacred with the exception of Mr. Cranston, who was spared and retained for labor on the ship. After seven years of this servitude, which comprised the most cruel suffering and privations of every sort, he secured a boat, in which he gradually secreted provisions, and, watching his opportunity, committed himself to the mercy of the winds and waves, trusting in Providence. After tossing about for many days, uncertain whither his frail bark was drifting and watching with a sinking heart his diminishing stores, he fell in with an English ship bound for Halifax. From there he made his way to his home, where the first news he heard was that his wife was on the eve of marriage with Mr. Russel, of Boston. He entered the kitchen of his house and asked food from the servant. After his hunger was appeased he inquired if Mrs. Cranston was mistress of the house, and requested to see her; he was told it was impossible. "I have a message from her husband," said Mr. Cranston. "You cannot see her," answered one of the servants; "she is preparing for her marriage this evening." "Go to your mistress," persisted Mr. Cranston, "and tell her that I saw her husband to-day at noon crossing Howland's Ferry." This startling intelligence interrupted the bride's toilet for the moment, and Mr. Cranston was summoned to the library. He briefly rehearsed the sufferings endured by her husband, she listening with deepest sympathy and interest. At length Mr. Cranston rose, and, standing before her, asked if she had ever seen him before. He was dressed as a sailor, with a tarpaulin hat partially drawn over his eyes. In answer to her puzzled silence he pushed back his hat, and, pointing with a significant glance to a scar on his forehead, asked if she had ever seen that before. She screamed and fell on his neck, crying, "My husband!" Perhaps the scar to which he significantly drew her attention, and her ready recognition of it, may explain his subsequent generosity. However, when her paroxysm subsided he retired, and, after dressing himself to befit his rank and station, presented his arm to his wife and led her to the parlor, where the groom and the officiating clergyman were waiting. He then insisted upon the ceremony proceeding, and not only resigned her to Mr. Russel, but settled upon her the dowry due her as his wife.

Extraordinary as this story may appear, it is gravely told in a history of Newport now in the Redwood Library. Arnold, in his *History of Rhode Island*, however, gives another and more

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probable version, which runs that Mr. Cranston, after making himself known to his wife, went into the drawing-room and entertained the wedding guests with an account of his adventures.

On the west end of the island was Fort Wolcott, constructed by Major L'Enfant, the engineer of West Point, and named for Oliver Wolcott, a brave man of the Revolutionary war, a member of Congress, and a "Signer."

For many years previous to the fall of 1869 all that remained of the military fortifications of the island was a rambling old barrack occupied by an ancient ordnance sergeant and his family. The sergeant was quite a well-known character in Newport; he was named Morrison, and prided himself on his kinship with Burns' "peerless Highland Mary." He devoted himself to the peaceful pursuit of raising turkeys of a famous breed, which brought a good price when he was able to save them from marauders, who sometimes succeeded in landing despite his vigilance. Admiral Porter tells a story of his going to the island one stormy day in company with General Sherman, who was dressed in a rough suit of citizen's clothes, and he himself in a great pilot-coat. They had no sooner landed than they were ordered off the premises by Morrison. "I have lost a good many turkeys these dark nights," said the sergeant quite candidly, "and I would not be surprised if you were the fellows who took them"; and, eyeing the two heroes suspiciously, added: "I am not going to allow any more tramps on the island." "What if we refused to go?" said the admiral, relishing the joke. "Then, faith, I'll put the authorities on ye." "What if we have more authority than the authorities?" answered the admiral. "This is General Sherman." "And this," said the general, "is Admiral Porter." "Oh! I have lost my place," exclaimed the sergeant. "No, you haven't," said the general; "I like your zeal." The old fellow was quite fond of children, and for many years the island was famous picnic-grounds for the little ones, who loved to hear his stories of the war of independence and the old wife's tales of the pirates buried there—how on dark nights she could see a black gallows with all the bodies dangling, and when the winds were high she could plainly hear their bones rattle in the chains. The children could never be induced to remain on the island after nightfall.

In 1869, when Captain Mathews was sent to the "Station," the old sergeant was very loath to abandon his position, and it was with much difficulty that he was persuaded to resign; for

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some time after the advent of the naval officers letters still came to him from the department addressed "To the Commanding Officer of Fort Wolcott." Finally a small house was hired for him in Newport, which his daughter still occupied at a recent date.

Very different is the present aspect of the island from its appearance in 1869 when Captain Mathews took command. The old barracks have been metamorphized by a mansard roof, and a broad piazza running the whole length of the front of the building. One-half of the barracks makes a handsome residence for the commanding officer, while the other is converted into offices.

In the old fort is the chemical laboratory of the "Station." Some of the explosives are kept in small magazines about the island; the greater part of them, however, are deposited as a matter of precaution in a casemate on Rose Island, where the only habitation is a light-house. Nitro-glycerine and other explosives are manufactured at the "Station" in small buildings on the west bank. In front of the fort stands the electrical laboratory, which contains electrical instruments, batteries, and machines. Further to the front is the "machine-shop" building, the lower part of which is devoted to machinery, one room exclusively to the large dynamo-electric machines. The second story contains a torpedo museum and torpedo fittings; the museum is used also as an instruction-room where officers are taught the handling of torpedoes. Near the latter building is a large store-house for torpedoes and their fittings ready to be put on board ship. In a boat-house on the wharf are stored movable torpedoes and steam-launches used in torpedo exercises. To the right of the commandant's house are the officers' quarters—pretty cottages of uniform dimensions, with beautiful lawns running to the water's edge, interspersed with bright flower-beds, and kept with the neatness and good taste which usually distinguish naval stations. Over this portion of the island is an air of domestic life and peaceful beauty quite incongruous with the mysterious and devastating weapons manufactured there. One of the principal curiosities of the "Station" is the torpedo salute given to the President and other high officials. On these occasions torpedoes are planted at certain distances in the water, and, when exploded, send up a stream of water to a height measuring one hundred feet. Sometimes arrangements are made by which a lady may fire the salute, which is done by simply running the fingers over a key-board.

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Notwithstanding the number of years torpedo warfare has been in operation its results have not fulfilled the anticipation of scientists. The earliest and best-authenticated instance of the use of torpedoes dates back as far as the sixteenth century, when in 1584 some floating mines invented by Zambelli were sent from Antwerp against a bridge across the Scheldt erected by the Prince of Parma. The submarine warfare of that day was at least effective, if not as scientific as ours; for the result of this explosion—and only one of the mines went off—is thus described in a lecture by Lieutenant Barber, of our navy:

"At the instant of the explosion the air was filled with stones, beams, chains, and bullets; the wooden castle on that part of the bridge near which the mine exploded, together with its guns and soldiers, with part of the boats of the bridge, were all thrown into the air, while houses were toppled down and people within three hundred yards of the scene were killed by the concussion of the atmosphere. The earth trembled for leagues around, and some of the great tombstones were found a mile away from the river."

David Bushnell, of Connecticut, was the first to introduce torpedo warfare on our side of the water. One of his earliest attempts was the famous "Battle of the Kegs," when he cast adrift from Bordentown in 1777 a number of floating torpedoes in the shape of kegs for the purpose of annoying the British shipping at Philadelphia. The effect of his experiment, however, proved more amusing to the Americans than disastrous to the British. For the latter, fearing the rapid formation of the ice, had warped in their ships to the wharves, thus escaping Mr. Bushnell's unfriendly designs. The kegs were charged with gunpowder, and were to fire and explode by a spring-lock on touching the bottom of a vessel. One which was taken up by the crew of a barge exploded, killing four of the men and wounding the rest. The alarm of the explosion set the whole city in commotion. Soldiers and sailors lined the wharves. Housekeepers and children hurried to their homes for shelter. The British ran to their places of muster; horns, drums, trumpets sounded everywhere to arms, while cavalry and horsemen added to the din and noise by dashing to and fro in wild confusion. The kegs themselves could not be seen—only the buoys which floated them were above water—so imagination ran riot. They were kegs filled with armed rebels: the points of their bayonets had been seen sticking through the bung-holes; they were filled with combustibles which would turn the Delaware into a sheet of flame and envelop all the shipping; they were magic

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machines, which would mount the wharves and roll in flames into the city. The firing was incessant, and the best efforts of officers and men were concentrated upon every visible floating stick or chip. The story of the day has come down to us in Francis Hopkinson's * humorous song entitled "The Battle of the Kegs," of which the following is an extract:

"These kegs, I am told, the rebels hold,
Packed up like pickled herring,
And they've come down to attack the town
In this new way of ferrying.

"The soldiers flew, the sailors too,
And, scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes and spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

"'Arise, arise!' Sir Erskine cries.
'The rebels, more's the pity,
Without a boat are all afloat,
And ranged before the city.'

"The royal band now ready stand
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout, to see it out
And make a bloody day, sir.

"Such feats did they perform
Among those wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, when they get home,
They'll make their boast and brag, sir."

No doubt the opposition this mode of warfare encountered in its early stages from humanitarian principles militated against its progress. England, who now ranks first in torpedo warfare, condemned it on the occasion of the blowing-up of their line-of-battle ship *Plantagenet* as "*a villanous, invidious, improper, and cowardly* means of warfare." About the same time a writer in the *Navy Chronicle* stigmatizes Fulton's invention as "revolting to every noble principle," and their projector as "a *crafty, murderous ruffian.*" The Earl of St. Vincent's criticism, however, would lead us to suspect the disinterestedness of England's protest. "Pitt," he indignantly exclaimed, "was the greatest fool ever existed to encourage a mode of warfare which they who command the sea did not want, and which, if successful, would deprive them of it."

* We are indebted to a son of Francis Hopkinson for our national air, "Hail Columbia."

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The most widely known and generally adopted torpedo of the present day bears an English name—the Whitehead torpedo. It was constructed from some crude ideas left among the drawings and papers of an Austrian officer. To briefly describe it, it is a vessel made of iron and steel, very nearly the shape of a spindle of revolution, measuring in length nearly fourteen feet and in diameter fourteen inches, and carries an explosive charge of twenty pounds of dynamite. The invention has been successfully kept a secret since its introduction into notice in 1868. Several European governments have purchased the secret at a high price, with or without the right to manufacture—Austria first, and conceding the right to manufacture to Mr. Whitehead at the rate of six hundred dollars each for a small size and one thousand dollars for larger. England, it is reported, paid fifteen thousand pounds for the secret. Mr. Whitehead at different times offered his invention to our government for twenty thousand pounds, but it was not deemed advisable to purchase it. Some years ago an offer was made to the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance by a former employee at Woolwich to sell the secret and furnish the necessary drawings for a moderate sum; the offer, of course, was rejected.

There is no place more attractive to the summer residents of Newport than the Torpedo Station, where the warmest day is tempered by the salt breezes which sweep over its velvet terraces. A comfortable little steam-launch plies back and forth to Newport every half-hour for the accommodation of the officers and visitors. The view from the island is most extended and rich in picturesque beauty. A vast sweep of blue waters bounds the horizon on the north and south, interspersed with small islands, each surmounted by a light-house. To the south, on one of the "Dumplings," rises the circular stone tower built in the administration of Adams. This is an exceedingly picturesque relic. The parapet has crumbled and the bomb-proofs are choked with rubbish. It is about one hundred feet from the crown of the parapet to the water, and, though the elevation is inconsiderable, is one of the chief points of observation in Narragansett. At night the scenic effect of the surrounding country is very striking. On the north "Goat Island Light"

> "Through the deep purple of the twilight air
> Beams forth with sudden radiance of its light,
> With strange, unearthly splendor in its glare."

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On the southern extremity of an adjacent island "Beaver-Tail Light"

> "Starts into life, a dim, gigantic shape,
> Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge."

And the waters on the south are bathed in the soft splendor of "Lime Rock Light," the home of Ida Lewis, the "Grace Darling" of America:

> "The maiden gentle, yet at duty's call
> Firm and unflinching as the light-house reared
> On the island rock, her lonely dwelling-place." *

The bay is usually studded with craft of every description, each carrying colored lights at the mast-head. Viewed from the broad balcony of the commandant's quarters in the quiet stillness of a summer night, with the mellow light of a harvest moon over all, the scene is one of entrancing beauty; and when there is added the accompaniment of music from the well-trained fort band, we could readily believe ourselves on the dreamy shores of the Adriatic rather than on the coast of prosaic New England.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON, collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Volume iv., containing the Writings on Religion and Society prior to the author's Conversion. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse. 1883.

This volume of Dr. Brownson's works has for us more a biographical and historical interest than any other. The letter which it contains to Dr. Channing on "The Mediatorial Life of Jesus" in 1842 was the turning-point of Dr. Brownson's conversion. The letter had no effect on Dr. Channing, who appeared satisfied without further inquiry with his views of Christianity, and to make them the basis of his preaching and action. Not so with Dr. Brownson; his mind was more intellectual, and he sought after a radical and philosophical basis for the Christian faith. The moment he found this he found the Catholic Church, which is the only system of Christianity which is satisfactory to the demands of reason and at the same time embraces all the truths of revealed religion. Perhaps Dr. Channing had an inkling where such philosophical speculations would eventually lead, and he shrank from the consequences. But one would rather believe, in his case, it was more from defect of mind than of will which was in the way of his seeing the value of the truths which this letter contains. Not many did see its value, and to the few who did it threw

* Wordsworth's epitaph on Grace Darling.

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a flood of fresh light upon Christianity, and became to them, as it was to its author, the turning-point of their entrance into the fold of the Catholic Church. This volume contains an engraved portrait of Dr. Brownson as he appeared forty or more years ago.

THE LIFE OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE ROSSI. Translated from the Italian by Lady Herbert. Introduction, on Ecclesiastical Training and the Sacerdotal Life, by the Bishop of Salford. London: Richardson. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This life of a Roman ecclesiastic of the last century, who was canonized in 1881 by Leo XIII., has a singular interest from the fact that the Canon De Rossi is the first secular priest, not a bishop or a martyr, who has been canonized in modern times. It is true that St. Philip Neri and some others, belonging to institutes which have no religious vows, were, strictly speaking, secular priests. Yet this last term in common usage denotes only priests who are living and working in the ordinary way of the ecclesiastical state. St. John De Rossi devoted the labors of more than forty years in the priesthood, a considerable private fortune, and the revenues of his canonry to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the poorest and most neglected classes of the population of Rome and the adjacent provinces. His example shows how much can be done among the same classes of the population in all large cities, and the fact that he has been canonized for his zeal in the humblest and most self-sacrificing labors of the priesthood, and thus set before the secular clergy as a model, is an encouragement to those who have a vocation to works of the same kind.

Bishop Vaughan's introduction speaks of the reasons why so few of the secular clergy have been canonized, with a special view of vindicating them from suspicions or aspersions which lessen their claim to be respected and honored as a class. He afterwards proceeds with great strength and earnestness to recommend the adoption of all suitable means for the best training of young ecclesiastics. His remarks are worthy of most serious attention and are most appropriate to the occasion which called them forth—the publication of a new Life of a saint who shed lustre on the sacerdotal order by his apostolic virtues.

LIFE AND REVELATIONS OF SAINT MARGARET OF CORTONA. Written in Latin by her confessor, Fr. Giunta Revegnati, of the Minor Order. Translated by F. McDonogh Mahony. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

As one of the readers of the lives of the saints we feel grateful to Father Mahony, who has given to the public an interesting life of this remarkable person. The student of spiritual life may learn from this volume how our Blessed Lord turns a soul which has gone far astray into the roads of sin into the paths of virtue and of sanctity. St. Margaret of Cortona was a second Magdalen. Her life is full of instruction, encouragement, and aid to all who would lead a Christian life or who seek the paths of perfection. No one can read her biography without profit.

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE REV. FATHER AUGUSTUS HENRY LAW, S.J., formerly an Officer in the Royal Navy. Part iii. London: Burns & Oates. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

We are well pleased to find the Life of Father Law as a religious and priest continued and completed by his own venerable father, the Hon.

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William Towry Law. It is chiefly told in the words of Father Law's letters and diaries, and is thus all through more of an autobiography than a memoir. The same bright, affectionate, and playful spirit which made the letters of the school-boy and the young midshipman so winning and attractive is preserved throughout his correspondence as a novice and a priest. Father Law was ordained in 1864. In 1875 he was sent to the Jesuit College at Grahamstown, in South Africa, where he remained until April, 1879, when he was sent on the Zulu Mission. In September he was at Gubuluwayo, which he left in May for Umzila's Kraal in Zululand in company with Father Wehl and two lay brothers. At the end of August the small caravan reached its destination after a fatiguing journey of three hundred and fifty miles, having lost Father Wehl and abandoned their wagon on the way. On November 25 Father Law died of fever and a want of food almost amounting to starvation. His last letters and the last entries in his journal breathe the same cheerful and undaunted spirit which he had shown throughout his life, together with heroic faith and charity. The story of his sufferings and death is very pathetic and closes the narrative of the life of a lovely and noble character.

We have been told on good authority that Father Law was a lineal descendant from George Law, the author of that celebrated book, the *Serious Call.* Certainly he acted out from his youth to his grave among the African heathen the high maxims of perfection contained in the work of his illustrious ancestor.

It is to be hoped that the entire *Memoir* may be reprinted in this country in one complete volume, and may have the wide circulation which it deserves. The warm language of Cardinal Manning's letter expresses the sentiments which every one must feel who has read this beautiful *Memoir.*

CATHOLIC SERMONS. A series of sermons, on Faith and Morals, appearing every week. Conducted by Rev. J. B. Bagshawe. Vols. ii. and iii. London: Lane & Son. 1882. (New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The first volume of these *Sermons* has already been noticed in these pages, and all that was then said in its praise can with justice be repeated in favor of the volumes now before us. Indeed, they merit the greater commendation of successfully uniting simple and clear exposition of Catholic doctrines with a pleasing and attractive style—a merit rarely found in sermons of a doctrinal character. The greatest excellence of these sermons is found in this: that with a lucid exposition of dogma, besides making faith intelligent, they serve to make it *practical* by pointing out in readily-appreciated illustrations the influence the various articles of our belief should have on our conduct. Father Bagshawe in this regard has very happily realized the truth laid down by Cardinal Manning in his work on the Sacred Heart, "Dogma is the source of devotion." We, therefore, cannot but regard these as a valuable addition to the stock of published Catholic sermons.

SELECT SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES, ETC. Edited by Aubrey de Vere, Esq. 16mo, pp. xii.-308. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

Anthologies of English poetry are numerous enough, but this one commends itself by the fact that it is by a poet who is distinguished for lofty

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ideals, grand and vivid imagination, as well as for exquisite taste and acknowledged scholarship. One would have a right to expect from Mr. De Vere just what is found in this little hand-book: an admirable selection of short poems. It begins at Chaucer, with the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, and ends with a miscellaneous array which includes such names as Tennyson, Longfellow, Allingham, Leigh Hunt, Henry Constable, Cardinal Newman, Sheridan, Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Davis, Father Faber, as well as others who are known by one or two poems of uncommon merit. Except in the case of those brought together under the head of "Miscellaneous," a biographical sketch and a short criticism of the style is prefixed to each of the poets in the collection.

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS OF THE TUDOR DYNASTY AND THE REFORMATION PERIOD. By S. Hubert Burke, author of *The Men and Women of the Reformation*. Vol. iv. London: John Hodges. 1883. (New York: for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This volume ends the very interesting study which Mr. Burke has for a number of years been making in London from the original records in the State Paper Office there on the manners of the people and the methods of the rulers in England during the period of the establishment of Protestantism. "The history of those times," says Mr. Burke (p. 535), "appears like a dream in a chamber of horrors, yet all the incidents recorded are proved to be correct from contemporary evidence and well-attested State Papers." In the four volumes of this work the author has condensed a moving narrative of great events and of horrible crimes, yet so hedged about is this narrative with an almost overscrupulous anxiety not to exaggerate that the reader must occasionally desire a little more feeling. In fact, Mr. Burke does not need to asseverate his conscientious desire to be just; for this desire is clearly apparent throughout his *Historical Portraits*. Nowhere does he spare "bad Catholics," those selfish, haughty, unfeeling, and unscrupulous Catholics who helped to make the success of the "Reformation" possible.

Several chapters in this volume are taken up with Mary Stuart, and to many readers, no doubt, these chapters will be among the most interesting in the volume, although the subject has been so much discussed that one might fairly expect to find nothing new here. But Mr. Burke has had the advantage, in preparing these chapters dealing with the unfortunate Queen of Scots, of access to hitherto unpublished manuscripts that were not within the reach of previous writers. Very striking portraits indeed are drawn of the rough, uncouth Scotch, and the more polished English, villains who helped Elizabeth to bring about the poor lady's destruction in furtherance of "Gospel religion" and their own personal ends.

One instance of many of the pliability and duplicity of some Catholics in England during the "Reformation" is that of the Sydneys. "Sydney and his father had been Catholics in early life. The Sydney family and their relatives were noted for changing their religion whenever any 'worldly considerations' were likely to be favorable to such movements. It was no wonder for Elizabeth to entertain grave doubts as to the genuine Protestantism of many of those about her court. According to the De Quadra State Papers (Simancas), Sir Henry Sydney, Philip's father, was negotiating with King Philip and Queen Elizabeth for the restoration of

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Catholicity to England, whilst at the same time persecuting the English Catholics" (p. 219). There can be little doubt that Elizabeth's Protestantism was purely political. "The queen, who admired the court customs of old times, maintained a fool and jester. Pace, styled the 'bitter fool,' was very popular. He was employed by Knollys and Cecil to turn the Mass into ridicule, for which he was sharply rebuked by his royal mistress. Sixtus V. was also an object of satire on the part of the court jesters, but rarely in the queen's presence, who, while she detested that pontiff, had a certain respect for his office" (p. 59). In fact, "nearly the whole of her servants were Catholics; and many of them acted as her spies upon the Protestant party, in whose integrity she had little reliance, unless where their interests were concerned, and in such cases she gave them little credit for honesty."

But if Elizabeth's Protestantism was merely political it bore none the less hard on those Catholics (and Protestant Dissenters, too) who were courageous enough to avow their religious opinions. In contradiction of the assertion that has been made that the only persons put to the rack in Elizabeth's reign were the servants of the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Burke holds up the State Papers of the period, and he remarks that "the rolls of the Tower teem with records of the cruelties that were inflicted in Elizabeth's time" (p. 100). "On one occasion Elizabeth asked Lord Burleigh 'if some *more terrible mode of torture* or death could be devised for those who denied her supremacy or plotted against her life.' The astute minister assured his royal mistress that the law was strong enough to have the required vengeance; he would, however, see that the jailers did their duty promptly" (p. 101). As all Catholics and Dissenters denied the queen's supremacy in religion, the prospect for them was sufficiently appalling. "At a later period of her life (1601) Elizabeth seemed to rejoice at beholding the mangled remains of her victims. Holding the French envoy (De Biron) by the hand, she pointed to a number of heads that were planted on the walls of the Tower, and next conducted him to London Bridge to witness a similar exhibition, and told him 'that it was thus *they punished traitors in England.*'" All who refused the oath of supremacy, consequently all Catholics, were traitors, then! Chapter x., on "The Use of the Torture," is a heartrending one, yet necessary to be written and to be read in the cause of historical truth.

The defeat of the Spanish Armada has always been a subject of exultation with the English, yet how few English historians have told the truth about this ill-fated fleet! This unsuccessful attempt to invade England was, after all, but an attempt to administer merited punishment for the havoc and cruelties wrought by the English pirates. Those conscienceless scoundrels, among them Cobham, Cavendish, and Drake, sacrificed everything in their search for booty while in Spanish waters. Mr. Froude even admits this of the English cruisers in general: "English Protestants, it was evident, regarded the property of papists as a lawful prize whenever they could lay hands on it; and Protestantism, stimulated by these inducements to conversion, was especially strong in the seaport towns" (*History of England*, vol. viii. p. 467). As Mr. Burke says, "almost every circumstance connected with the Armada has been misrepresented for sectarian and party reasons." But the Catholics of England contributed

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more than their share of what they had not yet been plundered of towards the defence of their country, yet "from the defeat of the Spanish Armada till the death of the queen, during the lapse of fourteen years, the English Catholics groaned under the pressure of incessant persecution. Sixty-one clergymen, forty-seven laymen, and two ladies suffered capital punishment for some or other of the 'spiritual felonies and treasons,' which had been lately created" (p. 534).

Mr. Burke's description of the doughty Shane (or, correctly, Seaghan) O'Neill's visit to London is amusing. Seaghan was "a most powerful man, beyond seven feet two inches in height, quite erect, with a large head and face; his saffron mantle sweeping round him, his black hair curling on his back and clipped short below the eyes, 'which gleamed from under it with a gray lustre, frowning, fierce, and savage-like.'" Perhaps the cockneys in their dread magnified the O'Neill's stature; at all events Seaghan, on his return to Ireland, in imitation of his English adversaries, violated his treaties and oaths. Even after being treacherously slain by some Scottish MacDonnells among whom he was, he must still have looked grim to the inhabitants of Dublin Castle when his head was set up on a pole there by the suggestion of the Protestant Archbishop Loftus.

But it must not be supposed that Mr. Burke's volumes deal with what is dreadful only. For those who have read to their heart's content of the feuds, conspiracies, sacrileges, cruelties, wars, and ruin that accompanied and followed the "Reformation" movement everywhere, there will be found in his pages interesting and novel discourses on the literature of the period in its various forms, on courtship, marriage, the customs and the amusements of the people, etc.

MEDIÆVAL SERMON-BOOKS AND STORIES. By Professor T. F. Crane, Ithaca, N. Y. (Read before the American Philosophical Society, March 16, 1883.)

This lecture is intended, the author says, to direct attention to "the great collections of stories made chiefly for the use of preachers, which, besides giving a picture of the culture of the later middle ages, such as can nowhere else be found, throw a flood of light upon the diffusion of popular tales." The *exempla*, or stories with a moral, which became a regular part of the mediæval popular sermon, were the source of many of the favorite folk-stories of Europe. Speaking of the use of fables in Europe in serious instruction, Prof. Crane says that the first instance is the *Directorium humanæ vitæ*, a translation into Latin (1263-78) by John of Capua, based on a Hebrew version by Rabbi Joel (1250). The *Speculum Sapientiæ*, attributed to Bishop Cyril in the thirteenth century, is a collection of stories chiefly notable for the moral they bear. But the *Dialogus Creaturarum*, composed not earlier than the middle of the fourteenth century, by Nicolaus Pergamenus, "instead of the half-dozen fables in Cyril's work which may be compared with those of other collections, . . . offers a rich field for the student of comparative storiology, if we may coin a convenient word." Next comes the famous *Gesta Romanorum*, in which the moral aim of the story has almost or quite disappeared, the chief object being rather to amuse than edify. But a new impulse was given to the collection of *exempla* by the foundation of the two great mendicant preaching

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orders, the Dominicans and Franciscans. *Exempla*—or "examples," as we are familiar with the word in English Catholic literature—were, according to Prof. Crane, rare before the thirteenth century, the time of the great scholar and preacher Jacques de Vitry, many of whose sermons contain three or four of these stories with a moral. After Jacques de Vitry came Johannes Herolt, and then Étienne de Bourbon, both Dominicans, this last writer having compiled a volume known as the *Liber de Donis*, in which the various topics for sermons to the people are arranged under seven divisions, according to the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost.

This interesting lecture gives, in its text and numerous foot-notes, an excellent bibliography of the subject, about which a somewhat extensive literature has grown up.

LES SOCIÉTÉS SECRÈTES ET LA SOCIÉTÉ, ou Philosophie de l'Histoire Contemporaine. Par N. Deschamps. Tome troisième. Notes et Documents recueillis par M. Claudio Jannet. Avignon: Seguin frères; et Paris: Oudin frères. 1883.

In THE CATHOLIC WORLD for February, 1881, a review was made of the first two volumes of this work, which had but recently been published shortly after the death of its principal author, Father Deschamps. This third volume, which M. Jannet has just given to the public, is a sort of appendix to the first two, though it also contains a great deal of new material.

The evil work of secret societies has been deplored time and again, not only by Catholics, for whom they are under the ban of the church, but by honorable non-Catholics as well. Even in aid of the holiest cause the machinations of secret societies are always, as they deserve to be, unsuccessful. The fearful oppression to which the agricultural classes of Europe have often been subjected has been provocative of harsh reprisals, but there is not in history a record of a people who have been freed by the action of secret societies from a tyrannical or an alien rule. On the contrary, no ingenuity can prevent duplicity and treachery from being the certain accompaniments of secret-society attempts at liberation. Wherever a people have freed themselves from a heavy yoke it has been either by a spontaneous insurrection, the interference of a friendly power, or else by peaceable and wise constitutional agitation. Unfortunately, the majority of those who place themselves under the despotic rule of the secret societies are ignorant of all history, except, perhaps, that fragment of it which goads them on to use any means in their power.

But there are some inferences and some assertions which Father Deschamps and M. Jannet have made that may, without any presumption, be questioned. As was said in the former review of this work, Father Deschamps—and after him M. Jannet—having been for many years intent on this subject of the conspiracy of the secret societies against religion and civil order, would naturally come to regard Freemasonry and its allies in rather exaggerated proportions, and thus would be apt to attribute to this one source whatever mischievous influence would be observed to be anywhere at work.

It is but fair to note that M. Jannet is, or was recently, the editor of one of the organs of the Legitimist party in France, and that, through an

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indomitable loyalty to his party, he is very apt to identify the cause of the Bourbons with the cause of religion, treating any opposition to his party as if it were something essentially impious and uncatholic. But it is where English-speaking nations and their politics and policies are concerned that M. Jannet seems to be most often at fault. Palmerston, it is notorious, conspired in his time with almost every conspiracy against established government on the Continent of Europe, and Gladstone also rushed enthusiastically to the help of the discontented Neapolitans. No doubt, the general outbreak of 1848 was everywhere but in France—and in Ireland—favored, and in many cases helped, by the English ministry and the English ambassadors, consuls, consular agents, etc., and by English private persons; yet to infer, as M. Jannet does, that these English ministers were the puppets of a secret society must excite a smile in any intelligent Englishman, Irishman, or American, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. It was not the principles of secret anti-Christian societies which actuated English ministries in their propaganda of constitutional liberty in all European countries but Ireland during the years from 1815 to 1870. Palmerston and Gladstone, and other Irish or English statesmen, may, in their evenings of leisure, have put on a white apron and gone through the pantheistic mummery of the lodge, but the manufactures and commerce of England, not the communistic or atheistic dreams of pseudo-philosophers, are now, and have usually been, the "principles" of British diplomacy.

In like manner it is a mistake, and at the same time a fearful injustice, especially from a zealous Catholic writer, to represent, as M. Jannet does, the contest of the people of Ireland for the liberty enjoyed by almost every other civilized people as the struggle of a secret cabal against the wise administration of a virtuous government. It is well to translate a passage:

"For a century the English government has maintained peace in Ireland only by recurring from time to time to Coercion Acts—that is to say, to measures such as are brought about in France by a state of siege. The privilege of the *habeas corpus* is periodically suspended, thus authorizing the administration to arrest citizens without having to bring them to trial; public meetings are arbitrarily prevented whenever the authorities think them dangerous; seditious journals are suppressed—of late the circulation of foreign publications has been forbidden; and suspected foreigners are expelled by the police.

"Certainly *these precautions are perfectly legitimate, and the English government would fail in its duty if it did not take them*" (tome iii. p. 534).

Holding an opinion like the above, which it is sufficient for the purpose to characterize as *strange*, it is not at all to be wondered at that M. Jannet, though generously admitting that the Irish people are a good people and have been unjustly dealt with, yet should class constitutional agitation for Irish rights with whatever he regards as villanous in Continental politics.

In spite, however, of the numerous mistakes with regard to "tendencies" in the politics, and with regard to the politics themselves, of the people of English-speaking countries, on which Frenchmen are usually at fault, this third volume is a valuable addition to contemporary history. M. Jannet has done a great service by assisting and completing the labors on which Father Deschamps had spent many years of study. The work here under notice is an encyclopædia of information on the curious subject of secret societies in general and of Freemasonry and its branches

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in particular. No one who desires to have a clear idea of the history of Europe during the last hundred and fifty years can afford to leave this work unread. In its pages will be found the solution of many of the dark and intricate knots in political intrigue in that time. The whole action of the gigantic conspiracy against the Catholic Church, which has been waged under the ever-changing forms of what is called Liberalism, is there patiently, and for the most part skilfully, set forth.

IRISH LOCAL NAMES EXPLAINED. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D., M.R.I.A. New Edition. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

In this little book Dr. Joyce has condensed a good part of the Irish local etymologies contained in his larger work in two volumes, *The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places*. Some Gaelic enthusiasts seem to regard Gaelic as the key with which to open all the locked-up treasures of etymology. Nevertheless, as one of the most ancient languages, and at the same time excessively rich in its grammatical forms, it is only fair to expect that a knowledge of it will help over many hard places. For instance, with this little book in one's hand, and a little philological acumen, one might explain many geographical names on the Continent of Europe in a much more satisfactory way than they have hitherto generally been explained.

But it is wonderful to see what queer pranks have been played with Irish local names in the endeavor to retain somewhat of the original sound and at the same time to spell according to the English power of the letters. For example, "Ballinasloe" is an English phonetic attempt, and not a bad one either, at *Bel atha na sluaigheadh—i.e.*, the ford-month of the hosts, or gatherings; but that is not nearly so queer a corruption as "Estersnow," in the county of Roscommon, which somehow has been tortured out of *Disert Nuadhan*, which means the desert, or hermitage, of St. Nuadha.

A WASHINGTON WINTER. By Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

A fascinating book—hardly a story, rather a glance at the men, women, and manners that go to make up what is called society in Washington. There is a story, too, running through these pages, but it is a story rather suggested than told, and, besides, the didactic purpose shows too strongly everywhere not to obscure whatever plot and incident may have been intended. The reader, on reaching the last page, will, if he is not a Washingtonian, feel glad that he has been spared the contact with such varnished villains as move with a decidedly natural gait through the social whirl of one winter in the capital of the Union.

But, interesting and instructive as is a *Washington Winter*, one thing is disagreeably prominent, which of late years has helped to weaken the Americanism of too many of those who happen to have a grandfather. All through her book the author's indignation is apparent at the effort of *parvenus* to climb into "good society." There is an attempted contrast between "vulgarians" and "gentlemen." It is curious, by the way, how the references to "old families" are beginning to increase in our literature. But, with few exceptions, the progenitors of all our old families were *parvenus*, or "vulgarians," in their time; yet they were also, in most cases

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at least, honest men, with good health and a strong desire to better their condition, who, as a result of their industry, were able to get enough money together to pay their way as steerage passengers to this country, or perhaps had their way paid for them by the benevolence of others. Anyhow, the American people are destined to make a sturdy race, and it is too early yet in our history to lay down the lines that shall divide our people into conventional classes. Vulgarity of manner, and of mind, is a despicable thing, but it is a mistake in a country like ours to dwell too much upon it as the characteristic of those who have risen from poverty. After all, however, it is a question to decide whether a vigorous vulgarity is or is not to be preferred to an emasculated and simpering "respectability."

SIR WALTER RALEGH IN IRELAND. By Sir John Pope Hennessy. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Speaking of the little that has been said of Ralegh's exploits in Ireland by English writers, the author of this monograph, a gentleman well known for years in the British Civil Service, and now the governor of Hong Kong, remarks that Ralegh's life in Ireland "is still a fresh and living force in the unwritten history of the peasants from Youghal to Lismore, and along the banks of the Blackwater and the Lee from Imokelly to the mountains of Kerry. It is possible to meet men and women on the old ploughlands of the Desmond estate who speak nothing but Irish (in the province of Munster there are thirty thousand peasants who at this day speak no English), and from their stories to pick up more of the real doings of Ralegh and his comrades in Ireland than from Hume and the historians"—a fact which, without regard to Ralegh, proves the intense unchangeableness and the truth to tradition of the native Irish people. Seeing that even the industrious Froude, in his malicious though often truthful *English in Ireland*, makes no mention of Sir Walter Ralegh's exploits in the island of destiny, and that the other historians have for the most part been equally oblivious in this regard, the present writer has undertaken to supply the want.

That Ralegh was active among his countrymen in the work of "pacifying"—that is to say, destroying as far as possible—the native Irish is very apparent after reading a few pages of Sir John's narrative of his career. At Smerwick, in Kerry, in 1580, where the garrison that had been holding out for the Geraldines surrendered, the entire force, except a few sick and some officers put for ransom, were put to death by Grey, the English commander; and, to quote Froude, "the bodies, six hundred in all, were stripped and laid out upon the sands, 'as gallant, goodly personages,' said Grey, 'as ever were beheld.'" Now, Hennessy finds in Hooker's Supplement to Holinshed's *Chronicles* that "Captain Ralegh, together with Captain Macworth, who had the ward of that day, entered into the castle and made a great slaughter, many or most part of them being put to the sword." Apparently Froude has not exaggerated the atrocity of the English, for Hennessy quotes Hooker's Supplement: "The fort was yeelded, all the Irish men and women hanged [special honors were reserved for the Irish, then as now!], and more than four hundred Spaniards, Italians, and Biscaies put to the sword; the coronell, capteins, secretarie and others, to the number of twentie, saved for ransome." According to Froude, this

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massacre met the approval of Elizabeth. Of course it did. Has there ever been a similar act of the English government in Ireland that has not been approved by the English sovereign, so far as anything practical goes, even with such well-meaning sovereigns as the two Charleses and the second James?

But, at all events, Ralegh did not lack courage, as was proved by his encounter between Cork and Youghal with David Barry, the seneschal of Imokelly.

"The idea of giving real freedom to an Irish Parliament was not consistent with Ralegh's Irish policy. Few historians have noticed the fact that, at one moment in Elizabeth's reign, this all-important step was nearly taken." It is worth while to notice the last advice which Ralegh, then in England, gave to Elizabeth. It was at a meeting of the Council, where the question of how to deal with Cormac MacCarthy was under discussion, Cecil thinking that some mercy ought to be shown the hunted chief. "Whereupon Sir Walter very earnestly moved her highness to reject Cormac MacCarthy," for the reason, familiar then in English policy, that "his country was worth keeping."

Any one reading Sir John's book will naturally conclude that the Irish have reason to remember Ralegh with detestation only, as a man whose settled policy towards them was one of extermination, or, if not that, at least deportation from the land that rightly belonged to them. Admirers of the man will find the chapter entitled "Irish Portraits of Ralegh" especially interesting.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN YONKERS. By Thomas C. Cornell. Yonkers: The *Gazette* Press. 1883.

Last October the citizens of Yonkers celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of one of their oldest edifices, and to make the affair complete in all particulars the different religious societies were invited to compile the history of their growth. Mr. Cornell, in the pamphlet above, has made an interesting record of Catholic progress in Yonkers from the appearance, about 1836, of Father James Cummiskey, the first priest to minister there to the laborers at work on the construction of the Croton Aqueduct, down to this year, when there are two fine churches, besides others at no great distance from the town, and more than eight thousand Catholics. Local Catholic annals such as Mr. Cornell has so clearly arranged here will at some future day be of great use to the historians of the Catholic Church in the United States.

THE ULSTER CIVIL WAR OF 1641, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES: With the History of the Irish Brigade under Montrose in 1644–46. By John McDonnell, M.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

The most original and the most interesting part of Dr. McDonnell's narrative is that touching more particularly on the service in Scotland under Montrose of the brigade recruited in Antrim. He quotes the diary of Sir Thomas, the Lord Advocate of Scotland: "On 1st September, 1644, being Sunday, was the conflict at Perth, where our people were mechantlie defeated by the Irish. Item: on 13th September Aberdeen was taken by the Irish and our force defeated," the latter defeat clearly not to be attributed by the Covenanters to its occurring on Sunday.

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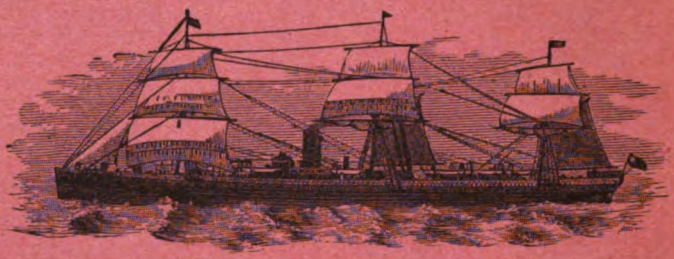

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXVIII. NOVEMBER, 1883. NO. 224.

LUTHER AND THE DIET OF WORMS.

THE celebration of the fourth centennial of Luther's birthday is a noteworthy event. Especially noteworthy, since the enterprise of substituting another foundation for that upon which Christ himself had placed his Gospel, begun at the Diet of Worms by Dr. Martin Luther, has proven an unsuccessful experiment. For it is evident now to the whole world that the faith of his followers in Christianity grows fainter and fainter. This is conspicuously true of the children of the cradle of Protestantism, his own countrymen, who are notorious for their indifference to Christianity. There is scarcely any one doctrine held as of Christian faith by the father of the Reformation that his offspring have not repudiated, or are not prepared to repudiate on the first convenient occasion. They treat Luther's doctrines with the same courtesy with which he treated the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The more active intellect of Protestants everywhere to-day questions not so much this or that doctrine of Christianity as the why they are Christians at all! They are for the most part convinced that Protestant principles furnish no solid reasons why they are still Christians. There are so-called orthodox Protestant sects which are willing to receive as members of their churches persons who make no profession of any doctrines of a distinctive Christian character whatever.

Thinking and religious men who feel an uncontrollable reluctance to give up the Christian religion begin to ask if it be not possible to defend its divine claims on Catholic principles. Not

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a few of this class, finding, on mature investigation, this to be the fact, reverse the religious revolutionary movement of the sixteenth century by becoming Catholic. The alternative now staring intelligent Protestants in the face is this: either they must enter into the fold of the Catholic Church to remain Christians, or become agnostics, which is a mild word for atheists. The foundations designed by Dr. Martin Luther for Christianity, after three long centuries of experience, have crumbled away entirely, notwithstanding there are Christians, apparently intelligent, who celebrate with unusual *éclat* the fourth centennial birthday of the pseudo-Reformer! This is noteworthy, a very noteworthy, a most noteworthy fact, worthy to be recorded for the memory of future generations.

"Luther's appearance before the Diet of Worms," so writes Mr. Froude, "is one of the finest, if not the very finest scene in human history." His view of this scene is correct, if "to cleave a creed into sects, and fool a crowd with glorious lies," is a work worthy of the effort of a true Christian and a sincere lover of his race. But from a Christian point of view the most pitiable spectacle that has happened since the heresiarch Arius denied the divinity of Christ before the Council of Nice was Luther's appearance before the Diet of Worms. What else at bottom was this scene than a crafty attempt to shift the authority of Christ's church as the divinely authorized interpreter of revealed truth to the questionable suggestions, not to say illusions, of Martin Luther's imagination?—a position which, viewed in its logical consequences and practical results, was an effort, under the plea of a resuscitated and purified Gospel, to undermine the Christian church, to repudiate the Christian religion, and to deny Christ.

When Martin Luther appealed at the Diet of Worms from the jurisdiction of the court to the Scriptures, from the authority of the church to his own individual judgment; when he said, "Prove to me out of Scripture that I am wrong, and I submit," it might be fairly asked, Why this appeal? Was not the court legitimate? Was it not called by the proper authorities? Was it not rightly organized? Was not the law which would have ruled in his case, in accordance with immemorial usage, with right reason, with the jurisdiction of the state and of the church of Christ? If every accused person could change both court and law to suit his purposes, where would there ever be one found guilty? Men might with just alarm ask: What, in this case, would become of society, what of civilization? The appeal of Dr. Martin Luther before the

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Diet of Worms was an artful dodge in order to escape legitimate jurisdiction, an impartial trial, a just judgment, and a possible, not to say a probable, condemnation, and, should he prove contumacious, serious consequences.

Luther showed a certain kind of bravery in appearing before the Diet of Worms, but, mark you, it was only after he had obtained from his political friends a *safe-conduct*. He lacked the courage of his opinions, and his political protectors showed no little discretion and dexterity in hiding him for their future political use so effectually that no trace of his whereabouts was discoverable. Luther, instead of fearlessly defending his convictions, played cunningly into the hands of the German potentates, and Christianity and humanity have paid bitterly during three centuries for this "fine scene" enacted in Germany.

What gave birth to Protestantism was the radical spirit of free individualism against the divine authority of Christ's church; hence the encouragement that it everywhere bestows upon apostates, such as an Achilli, a Gavazzi, or a Loyson. All heresies receive a welcome from its partisans, and every heresiarch finds an asylum in its bosom. It always abets fresh divisions and tends to create new sects. This is why it lends its sympathy to the "Old Catholic movement," and fosters it as much as it can. It curries favor with the state in hopes of obtaining power, and whenever or wherever the state usurps authority over the church it hails the act and expresses its delight, as is exemplified to-day in Prussia, in Italy, in Belgium, in France, and throughout the world, by its promoters in the public press. It is its nature to breed dissensions; it lives in insurrections and rejoices in revolutions. The specific work of Protestantism is destruction, and what is called to-day orthodox Protestantism will in three generations, more or less, be limited most likely to some obscure sect. The rest of the world will be either Catholic or atheist.

We do not hesitate to say "Catholic or atheist," because he who denies the truths of revealed religion will be led to deny the truths of reason, as the truths of divine revelation and the truths of reason spring from the same source, and once united, as they are in Catholicity, they are logically inseparable. Hence from the denial of the church follows the denial of the divinity of Christ; from the denial of the divinity of Christ follows the denial of the Most Holy Trinity; from the denial of the Trinity follows agnosticism, and agnosticism is the next lowest step of descent into atheism. Hence no man who thinks can deny the

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Catholic Church and maintain Christianity upon a consistent basis. Protestantism in its logical outcome is a protest against all religion.

But the question might be asked here, Were not the people of the colonies of this country guilty, in the political order, of the same blunder in separating from England? No! Because England had first violated the acknowledged constitutive laws which had from time immemorial governed the political society of Englishmen. It was upon this ground that the colonists took their stand and made their appeal to the civilized world. They only claimed the rights which belonged to Englishmen, and, after all redress had been sought in vain, they rightly separated from England and refused to be treated as slaves. The rightfulness of the position of the colonists English statesmen of to-day do not hesitate to acknowledge, and to condemn the wrong which their predecessors attempted to commit. The spirit of the American government was not revolutionary. The American system of government differs from others in a more strict application of the great truth of the rights of man as taught by the common authority of the sages of the past in connection with the principles of political society.

Luther had no such grounds to stand upon to justify his secession from the church of Christ. The church never did, and from the nature of the case never will, violate the constitutive laws of her government; because she is divine. It is absurd to suppose that Christ will go back upon his own work. Did the church refuse to abolish the abuses complained of? The calling of the General Council of Trent, and its conscientious labors, as is witnessed to by its decrees *de reformatione*, are the sufficient answer. The church is the only organic body where reform is always in order, and, in the nature of things, separation never!

The reply of Simon Peter to our Lord may be appropriately and justly quoted in this connection. When our Lord inquired of his apostles, "Will you also go away?" Simon Peter answered him: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Separation from the Catholic Church means, logically and practically, no church. No church means no Christianity. No Christianity, among intelligent men, means no religion at all!

Separation from a political government is one thing; separation from the church of God is quite and altogether another thing. For men are competent to form a political government, but to make the church, which is the organic issue from that

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bond of union of men with God which makes them children of God—that the only-begotten Son of God alone can do. The separation of the colonies from England has no parity of reason and bears not the remotest analogy with the Protestant position towards the Catholic Church. The religious revolution of the sixteenth century was both wrong in principle and wrong in its procedure. It was the greatest of blunders, and, like all heresies, is rapidly terminating in self-extinction. There has been no movement whatever which has started in the spirit of Protestantism that has not ended in ruin.

It is a misapprehension common among Protestants to suppose that Catholics, in refusing the appeal of Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms, condemn the use of reason or individual judgment, or whatever one pleases to call that personal act which involves the exercise of man's intellect and free-will. The truth is, personal judgment flows from what constitutes man a rational being, and there is no power under heaven that can alienate personal judgment from man, nor can man, if he would, disappropriate it. The cause of all the trouble at the Diet of Worms was not that of personal judgment, for neither party put that in question. The point in dispute was the right application of personal judgment. Catholics maintained, and always have and always will maintain, that a divine revelation necessitates a divine interpreter. Catholics resisted, and always will resist, on the ground of its incompetency, a human authority applied to the interpretation of the contents of a divinely-revealed religion. They consider such an authority, whether of the individual or the state, in religious matters as an intrusion. Catholics insist without swerving upon believing in religion—none but God!

Let us not be misapprehended on this delicate and most important point. The application of reason to the interpretation of the contents of a divine revelation is one thing. The application of reason to the evidence that God has made a revelation is quite another matter. The use of reason in the first supposition reduces the truths of divine revelation to the truths of reason, and this is rationalism pure. The other use of reason, to investigate and make one's self certain that God has made a revelation, is of obligation and consistent with Christianity, which proclaims both the truths of reason and truths above the sphere of reason, but these latter, the revealed truths, to be received solely upon the authority of God, the revealer, who cannot deceive nor be deceived. No rational creature feels any bond-

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age in believing what is above and beyond the grasp of reason upon the veracity of his Creator.

This can be easily shown, and in a few words, by an analysis of the foundation of an act of Catholic faith. The Catholic faith rests upon three elementary facts—the competency of human reason, the infallibility of the church, the veracity of God. He who undermines either one of these three positions destroys the Catholic faith. A Catholic who does not hold to the competency of human reason in its own sphere, upon sound philosophical principles, is bound to hold it upon religious grounds, for he has no other competent voucher than reason for the divine claims of the Catholic Church. This is one of the essential principles of the Catholic Church, that she is accompanied with ample evidence of her divine character to elicit from reason an act of assent which excludes all rational doubt. As a divine revelation springs from a source above the sphere of reason, it necessitates a divinely-authorized and divinely-assisted interpreter and teacher. This is one of the essential functions of the church, which Christ planned and the Holy Spirit incorporated, and with which Christ promised to remain until the consummation of the world. As to the veracity of God, the third essential element of Catholic faith, this is involved in the very idea of God's existence, which reason is competent to demonstrate. Cleared, then, from all extraneous matter, the main point in dispute between Catholics and Protestants is this: Catholics maintain the necessity of the divine authority of the church in a revealed religion such as Christianity, against the introduction of human authority to be exercised, not upon the fact of revelation, but upon the contents of divine revelation.

If you ask how the so-called Reformers could venture to substitute the private judgment of man in the place of the authority of the church within the sphere of revealed religion, when without exception they held man to be "totally depraved," we reply, in the words of the Protestant historian Guizot, "The Reformation did not fully receive its own principles and effects." That is, the Reformation was an insult to the common sense of mankind!

This, then, is the rational genesis of the Catholic faith. Without the competency of reason, within its proper sphere, one cannot know with certitude the church of Christ. Without the divine authority of the church of Christ all cannot know with certitude all the truths of divine revelation. Without the veracity of God one cannot believe without doubting what God has

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revealed. An act of Catholic faith includes necessarily each and all of these indubitable sources of truth. Hence when a Catholic makes an act of faith he says: "O my God! I believe without doubting all the truths which the Catholic Church teaches, because thou hast revealed them, who canst neither deceive nor be deceived." An act of Catholic faith is the synthetic expression of the highest value of human reason, the greatest dignity of man, the divine character of the Christian religion, and the supreme claims of God upon his rational creatures. Thus Catholics alone can point to their first principles and boldly admit all the consequences which rightly flow from them. Catholics cannot withhold the exercise of their faith without doing violence to the dictates of reason. This agrees with what a celebrated Scotch metaphysician said to some ministers who visited him in his last sickness. "Gentlemen," said he, when they pressed the subject of religion on his attention, "were I a Christian it is not to you I should address myself, but to priests of the Catholic Church; for with them I find premises and conclusion, and this I know you cannot offer."

Another source of misapprehension of the Catholic Church frequent, not to say common, among Protestants is the supposition that its authority is made a substitute for the guidance of the indwelling Holy Spirit. How many Protestants who pass for intelligent persons suppose that to make one's salvation secure and certain as a Catholic all that is required is blindly to follow the authority of the church and abandon one's conscience to the direction of her priests! They imagine the Catholic Church is a sort of easy coach, in which one has only to enter in order to be landed without exertion safely within the portals of paradise! Nothing is further from the truth than this idea, for it can easily be shown that the internal guidance of the Holy Spirit is thoroughly maintained and faithfully carried out in the Catholic Church only.

What, then, is Christian perfection, or sanctity, or holiness, according to the Catholic idea? Holiness consists in that state of the soul when it is moved inwardly by the Holy Spirit. Read the lives of her saints, Christian reader, if you desire to see this conception of Christian perfection practically illustrated. What else are the different religious orders and communities which she so carefully provides for her children who feel called by a divine counsel to a life of perfection, than schools wherein the principle of the internal guidance of the Holy Spirit is more practically applied and more strictly carried out than is else-

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where found possible?—spiritual schools in which men and women are rendered, not, as some foolishly fancy, stupid or degraded, or taught to destroy nature, or governed by arbitrary authority, but where souls are trained to follow faithfully the inspirations of the Holy Spirit; where nature is completed and perfected by the contemplation of its divine Archetype; where men and women, Christian souls, are taught not to be slaves to animal gratifications, but with high minds "to be strengthened by God's Spirit with might unto the inward man."

The Catholic idea of Christian perfection as a system is built up, in all its most minute parts, upon the central conception of the immediate guidance of the soul by the indwelling Holy Spirit. The Catholic Church teaches that the Holy Spirit is infused into the souls of men, accompanied with his heavenly gifts, by the instrumentality of the sacrament of baptism. These are the words of Christ: "Unless a man is born of water and the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Thus a man becomes a child of God, according to the teaching of Christ, not by right of birth, but by the rite of baptism. By the creative act man is made a creature of God; by the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit man is made a Christian, and, having taken up his abode in the Christian soul and becoming its abiding guest, he enlightens, quickens, and strengthens it to run in the way of perfection, which high estate is attained first by the practice of virtue in bringing the appetites of man's animal nature under the control of the dictates of reason. It is by the practice of virtue man is rendered, before all, a perfectly rational being. The men who kept under the control of reason the animal propensities of their nature by the practice of virtue illustrate the pagan ideal man. Zoroaster, Gautama, Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and many other worthies of antiquity attained to a greater or less extent this ideal of man. Christian souls, by the practice of recollection, prayer, fidelity to divine inspirations, moved and aided by the gifts of the Holy Spirit, render the dictates of reason submissive, pliant, and docile to the teachings and guidance of the Holy Spirit, until this becomes a habit and, as it were, spontaneous. Thus Christian souls, by the interior action of the Holy Spirit, attain perfection—that is, become divine men! This is the ideal Christian man, the saint!

The key to all the secrets of the economy of the Catholic Church concerning spiritual life is here exposed. Hence the reception of the sacraments, the exercise of church authority,

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and the practice of virtue are never presented as a substitute, but as subservient to the immediate guidance of the soul by the indwelling Holy Spirit.

But suppose there is a conflict between the divine external authority of the church and the inspirations of the abiding Holy Spirit in the soul, what then? Be a little patient, Catholic readers; having answered the present calumny thus far, let us pursue it to its remotest corners of concealment. What then? Why, then the reign of nonsense! For if the Holy Spirit acting through the authority of the church as the teacher and interpreter of divine revelation contradicts the Holy Spirit acting in the soul as its immediate guide, then God contradicts God! Can anything be more absurd than this supposition? It is enough to know that the action of God in the church and the action of God in the soul never have and never can come in conflict.

One more question or doubt, and we pass on. But it might be objected that the Catholic Church hitherto described on these pages is the Ideal Christian Church, and not the Roman Catholic Church! To this we reply: The Roman Catholic Church is the Ideal Christian Church in so far as the Ideal Christian Church is not an abstraction but existing, as it must, in men, women, and children, such as we are. Blindness to this plain truth is one of the main reasons why many fail to see the Catholic Church as she is, and entertain so many absurd and foolish notions about popes, priests, and Catholics generally. This blindness is one of the principal causes of the revolt of the sixteenth century, and demands more diffuse treatment, which we will now bestow upon it.

It has already been shown that Christ dwells in his church as the soul dwells in its body. But it must be borne in mind that the soul is not the body. So Christ is the soul of the church, but existing in her members, men, women, children, such as we are, ignorant, weak, with propensities and passions leading to the commission of sin unless kept under control. The popes, the cardinals, the bishops of the Catholic Church, and her people, are not angels dropped down suddenly from the skies, but sinners, and saved, if saved at all, solely by the grace of Christ. If St. John, the beloved disciple, could say with truth, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us," how much more we! Our Lord himself puts into the mouths of his disciples, when teaching them how to pray, this petition: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass

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against us." No man prays to be forgiven for what he has not done.

"All the beauty of the king's daughter is within, surrounded with variety." The human side of the church is therefore a mixture of good and evil. Christ himself has compared his church to a field of wheat in which tares spring up with the wheat. The wheat sown was good, but tares came up also. But how came the tares? "An enemy," said our Lord in reply, "has done this." Shall the tares be separated from the wheat? No, he answers, let them grow together until the harvest time comes. Then the wheat will be garnered up in the barns, and the tares be cast into the fire. This is a picture of the church. Good Christians are the wheat. They hear the word of God and keep it. They will be garnered into the mansions of paradise. Bad Christians are those who are deaf to the word of God, listen to the tempter, follow their passions. These are the tares, which will be cast into the fire. This is the sifting Christ will not fail to make of the members of his church at the day of judgment. In the meantime the wheat and tares, good and bad Christians, occupy the same field.

The idea of a church whose members are all saints is an abstraction which has never existed upon this earth. It has no record in history, no warrant in Scriptures, and contradicts the prediction of Christ when he said: "Scandals must come." Hence sensible and well-informed persons are not surprised to find abuses, corruptions, scandals among the members of the church. No instructed Catholic will hesitate to admit, though with grief and sorrow, that there have been evil-disposed men in the church as popes, as cardinals, as bishops, as priests, as people. He dreams who imagines there ever was a time when the members of the church upon earth were all angels or saints.

Such a state of things did not exist in Christ's own day. One whom he himself had chosen to be an apostle was Judas, the traitor. Peter, the prince of the apostles, denied Christ thrice. The Scriptures say that Christ upbraided the eleven because of their incredulity and hardness of heart: "they did not believe those who had seen him after he had risen."

Such a state of things did not exist in apostolic times. St. Paul says that there were sins committed by the Corinthian Christians "the like of which was not among the heathens." Among his own perils he counts those from "false brethren." Again, he writes: "Ye have heard that Antichrist shall come: even now there are many Antichrists." The sect of Ebionites,

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which existed in his day, denied the divinity of Christ, looked upon Paul as an apostate, and rejected all the gospels except that of St. Matthew. There were those who called themselves Christians in apostolic times, and who protested against the doctrines of the church; some denied her authority, others proclaimed themselves to be the true church.

Such a state of the church did not exist in the fourth century, when the divinity of Christ was controverted and denied by the Arians. This error was embraced by entire nations; kings, emperors, priests, bishops, patriarchs held it; ecclesiastical assemblies declared Arianism to be the true faith. Constantine, the first Christian emperor, banished Athanasius, the champion of the orthodox faith. But did the church succumb? Not at all! Conflict with error, abuses, and disorders is the lot of the church of Christ upon earth. It is for this reason she is called the militant church. Those who look upon the primitive church as the ideal church, exempt from abuses and corruptions, only display their ignorance of ecclesiastical history. As in the past, so in the present, her enemies will be made to serve her cause. When the church is disfigured by calumny she becomes better known; when wounded she conquers; when most destitute of all human help she is most powerfully aided by God.

The church of Christ on the divine side is always perfect, on the human side always imperfect. This is why reform in the church is always in order, separation never!

The nature of the church being understood, we can now take another step and ask: Shall we find errors, abuses, and corruptions in the church in the sixteenth century? Evidently there must have been. It would be the greatest of all marvels if there had not been such. But were the evils of that period worse, more crying, than at any other period? This is a grave and most pertinent question, and, lest our answer should be suspected, we will let a Protestant of our day, well versed in history, answer this question in his own words. "It is not true," so says M. Guizot in his *History of European Civilization*, "that in the sixteenth century abuses, properly so called, were more numerous, more crying, than they had been at other times."

To obtain a correct idea of the condition of the church at this epoch let us set down naught in malice, but look the truth squarely in the face, and also extenuate nothing. The principal evils then complained of were the following: too great a diffusion of indulgences; plurality of ecclesiastical offices; irregularity of the lives of ecclesiastics; corruptions of the Roman

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court. There will rest no doubt upon the mind of an impartial person that these evils did then exist, if he will take the time and pains to read the letters of the popes, the decrees of the councils, provincial and general, and the lives of the saints of this period, say from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century inclusive.

One step more. Had the church within herself the means to reform these abuses and evils, or was it necessary to go outside her pale to accomplish this desired purpose? It would be a pity if the church had not, for in that case she would be less wisely organized than the state. Every properly organized state provides itself with the means for the reform of any evils which may spring up within its own body, without necessitating recourse to revolution. Such was the foresight and care of the fathers of our republic that they not only provided means for reform, but even for the change, or even abolition, of the form of our political system by a two-thirds vote of the States. They acted upon the intention of removing all reasonable excuse for revolution. Now, Christ, who knew what was in man and foresaw the scandals that must arise—can it be supposed for a moment that he acted with less prudence, sagacity, and wisdom? It was in view of this that the late Bishop Dupanloup said: "The church is the only society upon earth where revolution is never necessary and reform is always possible."

What were the means provided by her Founder to bring about reforms? First, her pontiffs. Second, her providential men and women—her saints. Third, her councils, national and general. These latter gave birth, if M. Guizot is to be considered an authority, to modern representative political governments. But were these means employed in the church at this period? A general council, the Council of Trent, was called in 1545. What kind of men composed it—were they intelligent, earnest lovers of truth, and sincere in their desire for the reform of abuses? Here are the words of the English historian Hallam on this very point: "No general council," says Hallam, "ever contained so many persons of eminent learning as that of Trent; nor is there any ground for believing that any other ever investigated questions before it with so much patience, acuteness, and desire of truth. The early councils, unless they are greatly belied, would not bear comparison in these characteristics." One thing is historical: the reform inaugurated by the decrees of the Council of Trent was radical and complete—so much so that the abuses then complained of ceased to exist. "The decrees of the Council of Trent," so says the Protestant

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German historian Ranke, "were received by the spiritual princes of the empire, and from this moment began a new life for the Catholic Church in Germany." During the same period providential men and women labored incessantly in the different countries of Europe for the purification of the church. We give a list of these; though incomplete, it is sufficient to show that there has scarcely been an epoch in the whole history of the church when she could exhibit an equal galaxy of great men and great women—we mean great saints!

SAINTS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Spain.

St. Ignatius,
St. Francis Xavier,
St. Francis Borgia,
St. Teresa,
St. John of the Cross,
St. Peter of Alcantara,
St. Thomas of Villanova,
St. Lewis Bertrand,
St. Paschal Baylon,
St. Francis of Solano.
B. Peter Claver,
St. Joseph Calasanctius, of the Pious Schools.

France.

St. Jane, Queen,
St. Jane Frances of Chantal,
St. Vincent of Paul,
St. Francis of Sales,
St. Francis Regis.

Germany.

B. Peter Canisius.

Portugal.

St. John of God.

Poland.

St. Stanislas,
St. Josaphat.

Italy.

St. Pius V.,
St. Philip Neri,
St. Felix of Cantalice,
St. Aloysius,
St. Jerome Emiliani,
St. Catherine of Genoa,
St. Charles Borromeo,
B. Charles Spinola,
B. Lawrence of Brindisi,
B. John Marinoni,
St. Andrew Avellino,
St. Camillus of Lelli,
St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi,
B. Sebastian Valfré,
St. Leonard of Port Maurice,
St. Catherine of Ricci,
St. Cajetan,
B. Hyppolitus Gallantini, Congregation of Christian Doctrine.
St. Francis of Paula, of the Minims of Calabria.

Holland—Martyrs of Gorcum.

Nicholas Pieck,
Jerome Werdt,
Antony Werdt,
Thierry Van Emden,
Willehad Danus,
Godfrey Mervel,
Antony Hoornaer,
Francis De Roye,
Cornelius Wyk,
Peter Assche,
Father John,
Adrian Beek,
Godfrey Van Duynen,
Adrian Wouters,
James Lacop,
John Oosterwyk,
Leonard Vechel,
Nicholas Van Peppel.

America.

St. Rose of Lima,
St. Alphonsus Toribio, Archbishop of Lima.

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As to the supreme pontiffs of the Catholic Church. Because a man is called to occupy the chair of St. Peter he is not for that reason a great saint. A man may be a pope and his life be far from what it ought to be as a good Christian, and, above all, what it ought to be as one occupying so exalted a place in the church of God. Not all popes have been, like St. Peter, martyrs or saints, but a large number of them have been. The line of popes have been men far above any other line of rulers, in greatness, in virtue, in intelligence, which can be named in the history of mankind. This is no boast, but sober truth admitted by competent and non-Catholic authorities. Leo X., who was pope at the period under consideration, was, according to men able to form a good judgment, more brilliant as a prince than as a Christian pontiff. Notwithstanding a Protestant, Roscoe, wrote an eulogistic biography of Leo X., and non-Catholic writers of history have spoken of him and his pontificate with praise, yet Catholics remember his career with feelings of sadness rather than those of gratification. But it is the remark of Ranke "that since his time the lives of the popes have all been above reproach."

This now brings Martin Luther upon the scene. Who was he? Martin Luther was born in Eisleben, in Germany, in 1483. His parents were pious, honest, poor people, and sent Martin to school at an early age. For among a Catholic people ignorance is looked upon as a disgrace, and ignorance of what one ought to know and can know is held to be a sin. But if Martin's parents were poor, we are curious to know how they could pay for his schooling. They had not to pay. There were in those Catholic times free schools. There never was a time among a Catholic people when a bright boy could not get, provided he was in earnest about it, a free and good education. No people hold knowledge in so high honor as Catholics.

The sudden death by a stroke of lightning of a friend, with whom Martin was walking, caused the thought of eternity to impress itself upon his mind as it never had done before. He thereupon resolved to give himself wholly to God and his divine service. To accomplish this purpose most perfectly he joined the Augustinian friars, a community of priests following the rule given by the great St. Augustine. Luther at a proper age took the solemn vows, became a priest, was made a doctor in theology. Luther was now an Augustinian friar, an eloquent preacher, a professor of theology, and a man of no mean repute.

Pope Leo X., who then occupied the chair of St. Peter, proclaimed an indulgence. It was made known in Germany by a

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Dominican friar named Tetzel. Tetzel was a man of zeal, well versed in theology and gifted with eloquence. The people came in crowds to hear him and to gain the indulgence. Doubtless then, as now, there were Catholics who were more intent upon gaining the benefits of the indulgence than upon the dispositions which it required. This need excite no surprise, for then, as now, many people neglected to be instructed in their religion; then, as now, there were priests who neglected to instruct their people.

But how is this? You only mention the abuse of indulgences, when the thing itself is an offence in the nostrils of all true and sincere Christians! So much the worse, then, for such Christians. But suppose you tell us what is this thing which is so offensive to sincere Christians? Why, everybody knows that! No matter, tell us what "the thing itself is." Why, an indulgence is a license from the pope, for a stipulated sum of money, to commit crime. On this point any number of Protestant authorities, theologians, preachers, historians, literary men, poets, etc., might be quoted in confirmation of what we have said is an indulgence. Catholics may be negligent and ignorant, but here is a specimen of wilful ignorance which surpasses all we have ever met with among Catholics! An indulgence a license to commit sin for money! This is a falsehood cut out of whole cloth. He who entertains such an idea of indulgences should never again speak of wilful ignorance! For an indulgence refers neither to the present nor future commission of sin at all. It refers only to the punishments of sin for which the sinner has truly repented and has received God's pardon. An indulgence is nothing less or more than a release from the temporal punishment due to sin repented of sincerely and pardoned by God. Why, is that all? It is. And the strangest of all is that objections should be made to the Catholic idea of indulgences by those who profess to believe that all that the greatest sinner has to do to receive full pardon and plenary indulgence for all his sins, past, present, and future, is to have faith! Such is the omnipotence attributed to an act of faith by those who believe in "justification by faith alone." What hypocrisy to roll up the whites of one's eyes in a pretence of holy horror at the Catholic doctrine of indulgences, which is severity itself compared with their sweeping act of faith which alone suffices to wash all a man's sins away, and put him at once, without penance or purgatory, into the company of the angels in heaven!

But if one must be in a state of grace to gain an indulgence,

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was there not a certain sum of money also required? This is a question of some interest, and we would like to know what the Roman pontiff did with the money thus obtained. This is no mystery. It was devoted to pious uses. "Pious uses!" Suppose you be a little more specific? Well, some was spent in the erection of public hospitals, some was spent in building bridges, some was spent in building churches, and some was spent in wars against the Turks. Is that all? No, there is something more it would be well for you to learn. Why, what is that? It is that you owe it in all probability to the money spent in defence of Christendom against the threatening Turks that you are not to-day a follower of the false prophet Mohammed. What! it is due to indulgences that I am not a Turk? In all sober truth, yes!

But after this episode let us proceed with our narrative. Tetzel, the Dominican, was the promulgator in Germany of the indulgence proclaimed by Leo X., which owed its origin, it is said, to his great desire to complete the magnificent church of St. Peter's at Rome. Would to God that Leo X. would be the last to wreck his reputation upon increasing too exclusively the material grandeur of the church of God! Tetzel is charged with having employed extravagant language in his harangues, for which, it was said, his ecclesiastical superiors rebuked him, and poor Tetzel died of a broken heart.

Germany at this moment was in an uneasy state. This indulgence proclaimed by Leo X. was looked upon as an abuse, particularly so by the secular princes, who, with their gaunt purses, saw with feelings of reluctance money taken from the pockets of their German subjects and employed in building churches in Italy. Luther's voice was now heard in attacking indulgences and crying out for reform! Reform was undoubtedly needed. All the sincere and earnest Christians of that day were in sympathy with this cry. Luther's position at that juncture of affairs was the right one. Listen to the letter which he wrote in 1519 to the then reigning pontiff, Leo X.:

"That the Roman Church," he says, "is more honored by God than all others is not to be doubted. St. Peter and St. Paul, forty-six popes, some hundreds of thousands of martyrs, have laid down their lives in its communion, having overcome hell and the world; so that the eyes of God rest on the Roman Church with special favor. Though nowadays everything is in a wretched state, it is no ground for separating from the church. On the contrary, the worse things are going, the more should

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we hold close to her, for it is not by separating from the church we can make her better. We must not separate from God on account of any work of the devil, nor cease to have fellowship with the children of God who are still abiding in the pale of Rome, on account of the multitude of the ungodly. There is no sin, no amount of evil, which should be permitted to dissolve the bond of charity or break the bond of unity of the body. For love can do all things, and nothing is difficult to those who are united."

This letter has the true ring in it. The only position worthy of a true Christian and sincere reformer is within the church. Separation from the church is not reform. To stand up in God's church and to cry out for reform of real abuses and scandals, fired with genuine zeal and pure love for the beauty of Christ's spouse, is a noble attitude. Such zeal, such love, is capable of doing all things. Had Martin Luther fought it out on this line the name of Luther of Eisleben, the Augustinian friar, would have been handed down with benediction and praise along with the great names of Hildebrand, Bernard of Clairvaux, and Borromeo of Milan, to all future generations.

But one is filled with astonishment in reading so strong and unanswerable a testimonial in favor of the Roman Church, and that from the pen of Martin Luther, and written in the year of our Lord 1519. Did he write it? One would scarcely credit the fact, were it not found in the *History of the Reformation* by that partisan, Merle d'Aubigné. Martin Luther wrote it; was he an imbecile or a knave? Ignorant he was not.

From a reformer Martin Luther became a revolutionist; can you, honest reader, tell the reason for this change? Re-examine the event and see, on sound, rational, Christian principles, if you can.

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ANCIENT CELTIC ART.

IT has been too much the custom to look on history as exclusively concerned with wars and politics. The lessons to be learned from the past are not confined to the rise and fall of states, and the characters and fortunes of statesmen and generals. Man has other fields of work in which the knowledge of what has been done by former generations is equally valuable to the present. Law, commerce, manufactures, science, literature, and art have each a history of their own as interesting as the subjects which have long been regarded as the proper province of history. Nor is the value of such studies confined to their own departments. Each of them throws new light on the general current of human events, and enables us to understand history as we never could learn it from mere chronicles of political events. Science and scientists, law and lawyers, art and artists, are as much a part of humanity as politics and politicians, and the story of their progress in bygone days is as full of use to the men of the present.

Especially, indeed, is this the case with art, which by its very nature is intended more for public use and instruction than for the gratification of the artist. Painting, sculpture, architecture, and music interest every class as well as their special professors, and there seems no reason why their history should not do so likewise. If men who have never seen a field of battle can feel an absorbing interest in the campaigns of Napoleon or Frederick of Prussia, men who have never touched a brush or chisel may find equal pleasure in the story of the works of Michelangelo or Titian. The interest attached to the history of art is not confined to its brilliant epochs or renowned artists alone. As in the history of nations, so in that of art, the key to great revolutions is often found in scarcely noticed periods, and a deeper interest frequently attaches to the obscure work of unknown artists than to the masterpieces of world-famed genius. Art-schools and national arts have vicissitudes of their own, which call forth our sympathies, as well as those of nations and individuals. The bright promise of an age may be blasted by external circumstances or turned rudely from its natural course, and, on the other hand, the genius of a people may break forth in brilliancy after centuries of oppression. National life and national

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art are, indeed, so closely bound together that if we read the last aright it is often the best chronicle of the first, and, moreover, a chronicle which tells its story not in words but in works.

In the history of Europe Celtic art occupies a place distinctively apart from that of other races. The sculpture, architecture, and ornament of the other western nations of the European continent are derived more or less remotely from the Roman art which for four centuries was spread like the Roman language from the Rhine and Danube to the Atlantic Ocean. The branch of the Celtic race settled in Ireland alone retained its primitive civilization unmodified by foreign influences during the existence of the Roman Empire. Thus its arts down to the twelfth century retain a stamp of originality wholly their own while essentially progressive. During the seven centuries of its existence as an independent Christian nation the buildings, the literature, the painting, sculpture, and ornamental art of Ireland were of an entirely distinct character from those of the contemporary European races, and in many points far surpassed them in artistic merit. The amount of art-work done in Ireland during that period, if it is to be judged by the number of its remains that still exist, exceeded that of any other country north of the Alps.

The disparity in this respect between England under the Anglo-Saxons and Danes—a period only one century shorter than the contemporary existence of the Christian Celtic kingdom in Ireland—is most remarkable. Though unlimited wealth and the talents of a host of investigators have been employed for the last two centuries in preserving the antiquities of Great Britain, while during the greater part of the time the Celtic remains of Ireland were wholly neglected or even wantonly destroyed, yet at the present day the collections of the English museums are decidedly inferior to the Irish, both in the number and in the artistic merit of objects contemporary with the ages of Irish independence. In gold and bronze ornament and in illuminated manuscripts—the chief relics of the painter's art in those early days—the contrast between the wealth of the two countries is astonishing. In buildings a similar state of things is found. While the closest research has failed to discover even partial remains of more than twenty Anglo-Saxon buildings, the face of Ireland is still dotted by several hundred more or less ruined but still existing Celtic edifices. Besides this, a large proportion of the antiquities preserved in the English museums are of Irish origin, and not a few of those Celtic works are among the choicest art treasures of those collections. The "Book of Lindisfarne," admit-

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tedly the finest illuminated manuscript in England, is the work of the Irish monks who settled in Northumberland in the seventh century, and a similar origin is assigned to many of the so-called Anglo-Saxon works. Of the gold and bronze ancient works preserved in the British Museum a large portion, if not the absolute majority, are of Irish origin. The collections on the European continent also contain numerous examples of Irish work; indeed, in manuscripts some of them are even richer than those in the British Islands. Compared with the present time, indeed, the proportion of early art-works of Irish production is really wonderful.

The early art-works of the Irish Celts carry us back to a time far beyond the beginnings of their written history. The earthen urns for holding the ashes of the dead, which are frequently dug up in every part of Ireland, show clearly that ornamental design was known and practised long before the introduction of Christianity in the fifth century. While many of these urns are of the simplest form, others display a beauty of shape and an elegance of decoration that attest the existence of high artistic feeling in their makers. Nothing in their character implies any connection with the foreign works of a similar kind found elsewhere, and some of which are among the most valuable remains of ancient Grecian and Italian art. The form and the ornamental patterns of the Celtic urns are alike of home origin. One of the most beautiful is a little vase formed in the shape of the shell of the sea-urchin, and covered with patterns evidently copied from the markings of that most beautiful object. In size it is scarcely larger, being only two inches high and about three in diameter, thus giving an early instance of the patient elaboration of small objects which continued to the last to be characteristic of Celtic design. At the same time the beauty of its form offers a valuable hint for modern designers, who are too apt to believe that they have exhausted all the resources of art when they have reproduced the forms sanctioned by the taste of ancient Greece and Egypt.

The bronze weapons and tools, which are found in extraordinary abundance and variety, offer another class of examples of pre-Christian art. Iron, as it is well known from history, everywhere superseded bronze as a material for weapons in Europe at an early date. Among the Romans it had done so at the time of Hannibal, two centuries before the Christian era, and among the Celts of Gaul and Britain iron weapons were commonly in use in the time of Cæsar's campaigns. Accordingly we cannot be

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far astray in assigning the date of the latest of the Irish bronze swords and battle-axes to the commencement of the Christian epoch; and even on the existing examples many stages of progress can be plainly traced, showing a much earlier beginning of Celtic art. For other purposes of a more purely ornamental character bronze continued to be used after its abandonment as a material for weapons, and, in fact, it so continues to be used down to the present day. In the Christian times it was extensively used in shrines, crosses, bells, and other ecclesiastical objects, and hence it is but natural to suppose that it was also employed in personal and other ornaments. Of such the museum of the Royal Irish Academy possesses a collection unsurpassed, if indeed equalled, anywhere. These metal works may thus be divided into those which are undoubtedly pagan, as weapons, tools, and objects found in pagan tombs, on the one hand; into Christian works, the exact date of some of which is well known; and, finally, into those whose date may range from the earliest times of pagan Ireland to the last days of the Celtic monarchy in the twelfth century. Even in the latter class it is quite possible to assign at least the relative ages of many objects by comparison with those of the other two. Ornaments, such as rings, collars, and armlets, whose design corresponds closely with the patterns shown on the pagan weapons, may reasonably be assigned to the same period; while those whose workmanship resembles that of the Christian shrines and crosses may fairly be regarded as contemporary with them. The successive development of ornamental forms which may readily be traced in a large collection enables us finally to assign with probability something like definite ages to the works whose character is intermediate between the pagan and the late Christian styles. Thus a peculiar form of head-dress, resembling a half-moon surmounting the forehead, was common in ancient Ireland; but while some of the specimens preserved are simple plates of thin gold, others are elaborately decorated with raised mouldings, rims, and buttons, and finished with ornamental discs at the ends. As we know from the history of art in other countries that the invention of a new form of ornament in its plain state always precedes its modification by decoration, we can conclude that the Irish embossed diadems are a later form of art than the plain crescents. The plainer forms may, of course, have continued in use side by side with the ornamented ones, but the introduction of the latter must have followed, not preceded, them. Another guide to the comparative age of ornamental work is to be found in the technical skill

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displayed in its manufacture. Beauty of design may, indeed, be found in articles of rude workmanship, and baldness or positive ugliness may be associated with high mechanical skill of execution; but those objects in which we find equal beauty of design coupled with superior finish are unmistakably later in point of time than their ruder prototypes. From the history of all schools of art that have run their course, whether in sculpture, painting, or architecture, we know that this is the case. The power of designing decays before that of mechanical execution. The school of Italian painting, for instance, has unquestionably fallen away since the time of Michelangelo and Raffaelle, as it unquestionably advanced from the time of Cimabue to the sixteenth century; but the mechanical part of painting has continued to progress. The use of oil in coloring, the knowledge of perspective and anatomy—things unknown to men like Giotto and Fra Angelico—are familiar to the artists of the present day, whose talents are wholly inferior to those of the early masters. The same rule holds good, we believe, in all the fine arts, and by it we are enabled to trace with reasonable certitude the history of Celtic art in its existing remains. As we find in works of the time immediately before the English invasion, such as the Cross of Cong, a taste and fertility of invention unsurpassed by any other remains of the school, coupled with a mechanical skill and a mastery of new elements of decoration not possessed by the earlier examples, it appears that, at least in ornamental metal work, Celtic art had been steadily progressive from the earliest times in spite of domestic turbulence and Danish invasions. Its decline began simultaneously with the establishment of the Norman foreign power in the country. It was "extinguished, not decayed."

The ornament on the bronze weapons of the most primitive class is extremely rude, consisting merely of notches made by a chisel and arranged in a rude herring-bone form. In the axes of a later period this pattern is gradually developed into triangles of the chevron shape, and the edges are sometimes finished with a rope moulding closely resembling the pattern of the bracelets and collars of twisted gold wire which were a favorite ornament of the Celtic nations from the earliest times. The chevron pattern was worked out with still more finish on the trumpets which are very numerous in the collections of antiquities, but which, no doubt, continued in use long after the bronze weapons had been abandoned. Some of these ancient trumpets, which may have sounded the charge on Roman battle-fields, are won-

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derful specimens of Celtic metallurgy. One in particular in the Irish Academy collection is fully eight feet long, and not cast in a mould, but riveted together with the utmost care. Neither weapons nor trumpets, however, can compare as works of art with other objects used especially for personal decoration. These include breastplates, bracelets, necklaces and armlets, pins, brooches, and numerous other ornaments, all worked out in a perfectly original style, and many of them beautiful examples of forms unknown in other schools of art-workmanship. A favorite form of ornament on these is the divergent spiral or trumpet pattern, resembling in outline the shells of the snail set back to back. In bronze medallions four or more of these volutes are inscribed within a circle, and the combinations produced by other uses of this form are almost endless, and many of them most striking.

The most remarkable, in an art point of view, of these ancient ornaments are the pins and brooches used for fastening the mantles. Of these several hundreds are exhibited in the Irish Academy alone, varying in finish from the plain skewer of bronze to the beautiful Tara brooch, several inches in diameter, and perhaps the most artistic ornament of the kind designed anywhere. In the earlier times the pins seem to have been alone used, and the manner in which the brooch was developed from them is shown most plainly by numerous examples. The plain pin or skewer was followed by a headed one resembling a modern breastpin, but cast solid in bronze. Both forms seem to have been elaborately finished at times, and some of the specimens are beautifully inlaid with silver, gold, and niello. The curves on the shafts are varied and elegant in form, and a high finish was attained before the idea of connecting a ring with the pin was introduced. This, the earliest form of the brooch, at first was merely a small ring passing through the square head of a pin, and just large enough to turn freely around it. In this form of pin the ring, in fact, was a mere adjunct to the head; but the hint it gave seems to have caught the fancy of the old Celtic goldsmiths, who gradually enlarged and decorated the ring until its diameter equalled the length of the pin itself. To provide a clasp was then all that was required to transform the pin into a brooch, and that step was quickly taken. The ring brooch in turn was worked into new forms by succeeding artists. The ring was filled with tracery, either wholly or partially, and afterwards jewelled. Amber and enamel beads were set in its front, and raised patterns of tracery introduced in the centre. The

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circular brooch having been thus elaborated, new forms equally original and graceful were derived from it. These were the snap or buckle brooches, which are among the finest specimens of Irish design. Some are formed in the shape of serpents, others present the favorite snail-shell pattern and numerous other forms. Indeed, the fertility of design displayed by the old Celtic artists even in these matters of personal ornaments is perfectly astonishing. In bracelets, in collars, in horse-trappings, in all the adjuncts of daily life that could possibly be decorated, art found employment, and it was an art that never seemed to content itself with the servile reproduction of old forms. Endless variety and uniform good taste were the most striking characteristics of Celtic art, if we except, indeed, the unwearied industry which never seemed to give up a work until it had been elaborated to the very utmost finish it was capable of receiving.

Gold seems to have been among the earliest metals used in the decorative arts in Ireland, and the quantity of it so employed must have been very considerable. Even in the British Museum the majority of the ancient gold articles are Irish, while several hundred such are preserved in the various Irish collections. The amount of gold ornaments that from time to time are found in Irish bogs and under the surface of the ground, most of which have been sold to jewellers and melted down even during the last half-century, indicates a great abundance of the metal in former ages. Some goldsmiths estimate that they have purchased as much as fifty thousand dollars' worth of such relics during the present century. On one occasion, about thirty-five years ago, a hoard of golden ornaments, valued at over fifteen thousand dollars, was found while excavating a railroad cutting. The personal ornaments of gold do not present many art features to distinguish them from those in bronze and other metals such as have been just described; but it is different with the ecclesiastical ornaments, into the composition of which the precious metals usually enter more or less. These present distinguishing art features which make them worthy of special notice, and, indeed, they include the art masterpieces of ancient Ireland. They may be divided into reliquaries, chalices, processional and other crosses, episcopal crosiers, and some smaller articles. The reliquaries of Celtic Ireland that have been preserved were mostly cases for books, though shrines for portions of the bodies of saints were also made, and one or two are still preserved. The special veneration for books transcribed by their early saints is, however, a peculiarly Celtic feeling, analogous to that which gave

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to bishops and abbots their title, not from their respective sees or abbeys, but from their founders. The most celebrated of these ancient books was the copy of the Gospels known as the "Domnach Airgid," which is said to have been brought to Ireland by St. Patrick himself and given to one of his disciples. Whatever truth may be in that statement, there can be no doubt but the copy of the Gospels believed to have been thus brought to Ireland is of the highest antiquity. A few leaves of it have been deciphered, but the mass of them are glued together by time into a solid mass which it has not been deemed well to disturb for the present. As it is unbound, it was originally enclosed in a wooden box, which in the twelfth century was cased in a metal shrine of rich design. This second cover was again covered in the fourteenth century by a still richer case; and thus the relic proper consisted of a book enclosed within three cases, the inmost plain, the second or twelfth-century addition of copper and silver, and the outside of silver relieved with gold. The latter is entirely Celtic, as well as the two inner cases, though made for the abbot of Clones a full hundred and fifty years after the Norman invasion. His name and that of the maker, John O'Bardan, are both inscribed on the top of the case and worked into its ornament. Though the whole size of the "Domnach" is only nine by seven inches, the artist has wrought figures of eleven saints around the Crucifixion on the top, and a figure of the dove above the head of the crucifix is formed into a reliquary for some small object. Scenes from mediæval lives of the saints are represented on one end, and from the lives of the Irish founder of the church of Clones and St. John the Baptist on the other. The front is occupied by the figure of a horseman in the Irish dress of the time, the details of which are carefully worked out; and, besides, there are circles filled with grotesque heads and enamelling, the whole forming a striking monument of careful industry and design.

A scarcely less interesting historical object, of the same class as the "Domnach," is the "Cathac," or shrine of the psalter, believed to have been written by St. Columba (Columcille) in the sixth century. Like the former, it consists of a silver case adorned with bas-reliefs and enclosing the wooden box in which the vellum book was deposited. The book itself is in better preservation than that enclosed in the "Domnach," which is all the more remarkable from the use to which it was put for many centuries. It was, in fact, the battle-standard of the clan O'Donnell, and was carried on many a hard-fought field down to the close

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of the sixteenth century. The silver case itself was made in the eleventh, and thus we have an example unique in history of a national standard preserved unscathed through over five centuries of war, and, indeed, through twice that period as far as the book which formed a part of it was concerned.

It would be too long here to enter into a description of the other ornamented book-caskets which still exist in the museums of Ireland and other countries. The reliquaries proper, such as were used in other Catholic countries, were also a favorite labor of the Celtic artists, and specimens are preserved which may be fairly described as magnificent types of mediæval art. A class of objects on which the skill of the metal-workers was much employed both in Ireland and in other countries was the episcopal crosiers. The crosier of William of Wykeham, the celebrated architect-bishop of Winchester, is still counted among the finest specimens of English art in the middle ages. Several similar objects of at least equal merit are preserved in Ireland. That made for the bishop of Limerick in the fifteenth century, and still in the possession of his successor, is a fine example of later Celtic work. The pastoral staff of the abbots of Clonmacnoise, dating from the eleventh century, is still finer. The ornamental crosiers in Ireland were really cases for the old staffs of the first bishops or abbots of the sees or monasteries, which very frequently were preserved as relics through many ages. The staff of St. Patrick himself was thus preserved in Dublin down to the middle of the sixteenth century, when it was burned by the malevolence of the then governing fanatics.

Great as was the skill shown in the objects already mentioned, it was surpassed by the workmanship of the processional cross made for the archbishop of Tuam in 1123, and which is perhaps unequalled in its kind anywhere. It is about three feet high and covered with tracery in gold of patterns whose exquisite finish and variety of design are simply bewildering. One face alone contains forty-six panels of open work, none of which is in any way a copy of the other, though the general character of the whole is preserved with consummate art. A crystal case on the centre enshrines a relic of the true cross, and jewels and enamels are freely employed in other places, giving the whole a character of the utmost richness without the least appearance of barbaric ostentation. The interlaced patterns of filigree are worked out with a finish of detail peculiarly Celtic, and even under a powerful lens it is impossible to find a trace of careless execution in the smallest parts. A chalice with two handles, found in Long-

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ford, and thence known as the Ardagh Chalice, is an equally fine specimen of work in its kind. It is made of four metals, copper and brass being the basis of the work, on which the ornaments are raised in silver and gold. It is a good deal larger than a modern chalice, and is hemispherical in shape. A band of gold filigree runs around the cup and another around the stem, and circular medallions in low relief are disposed between the two. As an example of the combination of simplicity of form with the most elaborate ornament it would be hard to equal even at the present time the beauty of this triumph of old Celtic design and workmanship.

The painter's art was chiefly employed in Ireland on the illumination of books, of which several beautiful examples are still in existence. Indeed, the illumination of manuscripts was the only kind of painting known north of the Alps for several hundred years. Painting in oil, as it is well known, was only discovered in the fourteenth century, and fresco, though it continued in use in Italy, was hardly known elsewhere in western Europe down to the thirteenth century. Though distemper colors were used as a means of wall decoration in Ireland, they have mostly perished. In Cormac's Chapel there are, indeed, traces of former coloring still visible, but there is only one picture, properly so called, of Celtic production now remaining in Ireland. This is a representation of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, on the walls of the abbey of Knockmoy in Connaught, and, though interesting as preserving the dress of the time in which it was painted, it is in too dilapidated a state to enable us to draw any conclusion from it respecting the position of painting in ancient Ireland. The case, however, is very different with the illuminated manuscripts, many of which are preserved in Trinity College and in the Royal Irish Academy, as well as in numerous museums and libraries both in England and on the Continent of Europe. The Ambrosian Library at Milan, the Royal Library of Turin, the National Library at Paris, and the old monasteries of St. Gall in Switzerland, Rheinau in Germany, and many others, contain numerous valuable specimens of Celtic art in this line, and in England itself the Irish manuscripts known as the Books of Lindisfarne and Durham are recognized as the choicest works of the kind which that country possesses.

The practice of decorating books by ornament had been followed extensively by the ancients, but it assumed greater importance after the downfall of the Roman Empire. The first steps taken were confined to writing the first words of a chapter or a

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page in a different-colored ink from the rest. Afterwards the initial letters were enlarged and made ornamental by the addition of flourishes and color. Ornament was next carried around the margin of the page, forming a kind of frame for the text itself, and finally miniatures and pictures of various kinds were introduced to illustrate it. From the fifth century down to the close of the sixteenth the ornamentation of manuscripts was an important part of the painter's art in every country of Europe. Many of the great Italian artists of later times, including Giotto, Fra Angelico, and Perugino, employed their talent on the miniatures of books, and the practice was only abandoned after the introduction of wood and steel engraving on paper. But even the finest illustrated works give a faint idea of the glories of the mediæval illuminations which were their prototypes, and which for over a thousand years were the chief art-works of the whole of western Europe.

Celtic illumination, like the other Celtic arts, has a distinctive character of its own. It borrowed nothing from Byzantine or Italian painting, and it produced forms of ornament wholly unknown to those schools. The rudeness of its early attempts shows clearly the want of any model in pre-existing art, while its masterpieces are wholly unrivalled in their kind either for originality or for exquisite finish. An Irish manuscript in St. John's College in Cambridge, which belongs to the sixth or seventh century, shows a representation of the Crucifixion which might well be the work of an infant, but was apparently the best attempt the writer could make, though the writing itself is by no means bad. Other books show a marked improvement on this primitive style of art, though of course perspective was unknown in those early pictures. The ornament gradually assumed a definite though by no means a mechanical type. Narrow bands interlaced diagonally, serpents intertwined in peculiar knots, and the double spiral, which is such a marked feature of all purely Celtic ornament, were the main elements of the border decoration, and can be recognized at a glance as Celtic by a trained eye. The initial letters were magnified to a size unknown in any other style, and filled in with tracery in almost endless patterns, until each of them became a veritable picture, covering often an entire page. Some of these ornamented letters are twelve or fifteen inches in height, and designed with an endless variety of form and ornament. Besides these ornamental letters small decorations in the form of animals, plants, or geometric tracery were used to fill up the broken lines at the ends of paragraphs, and pictures illustrative of the text

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were frequently made part of each page. The copy of the Gospels known as the "Garland of Howth," which was written in the seventh century, is the rudest of the illuminated manuscripts in the Trinity College library, but its borders are marked by the distinctive Celtic tracery, as well as the more elaborate works. The Books of Durrow, of Mac Regal, of Dimna and Armagh are all beautiful specimens of illumination and far superior in execution to the "Garland of Howth." The "Book of Lindisfarne," in England, is reckoned by Mr. Westwood, one of the best authorities on the subject, as the finest illuminated work in that country, but he adds that it is undoubtedly Irish itself. The "Missal of St. Columban," an Irish saint of the sixth century, and founder of the monasteries of Luxeuil in France and Bobbio in Italy, is also a beautiful work. It is in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, in Italy —for the old Irish books lie scattered far and wide over Europe. But the masterpiece of the Celtic school is undoubtedly the copy of the Gospels on vellum known as the "Book of Kells," from the ancient monastery in which it was long preserved and where it may have been written. It is in the library of Trinity College, to which it was presented in the reign of James I. by Archbishop Ussher.

The style of decoration of this wonderful book is unlike anything which we are in the habit of seeing elsewhere in pictorial art. It has no resemblance to the miniatures of Italian art, and but little to the illuminated missals of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries of France and Germany, yet the beauty of its designs and the perfection of its work strike an impression of admiration mixed with wonder on every one who examines its pages. One is literally dazzled with the beauty and harmony of its coloring, the wonderful intricacy yet perfect symmetry of its lines, and the boldness with which mere letters are converted into works of the highest art. Nearly every one of its three hundred and thirty pages contains ten or twelve illuminated capitals, not one of which resembles another in finish, yet each is unrivalled elsewhere in ornamental lettering. The same variety is seen in the borders, in the figures of animals and flowers at the ends of broken lines, and in the small pictures of the Gospel scenes scattered over the pages. But the most wonderful parts of the whole are the four pages prefixed to the four Gospels, each of which is occupied by two or three initial letters wrought into a picture of surpassing beauty. The various shades of vermilion, crimson, blue, yellow, green, purple, and orange are blended with rainbow-like brilliancy through a network of tracery so

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fine and yet so accurate that it resembles the perfection of the most delicate flower rather than the work of a human hand. As in the works of nature, so in these marvellous pages, the use of a powerful microscope only brings out features unobserved at first from their minuteness, but fails to show a single false stroke, or even wavering line, in its delicate traceries. Animals, birds, serpents, foliage, human faces, and angelic forms are blended with its lines in a composition which has no sign of confusion in its marvellous intricacy. It is, indeed, the very perfection of the draughtsman's skill, such as elsewhere has no parallel in the whole range of art.

The age of the "Book of Kells" is unknown, but mention is made of it in the Irish annals in the year 1002 as already completed, though how long before we have no means of learning. Though the later manuscripts still preserved fall short of its finish, many of them, such as the "Gospels of Ricemarch," executed in the eleventh century, are very beautiful works and show no trace of the formal copyism which is the sure mark of a decaying art. After the Norman invasion, however, Irish illumination seems to have quickly perished. The works executed after that date are few in number and show scanty traces of the exuberant fancy and patient industry so marked in the old manuscripts. It was not that illumination as an art had been abandoned, for many most beautiful works of the kind were produced in other countries for fully four centuries afterwards; but the purely Celtic style seems to have been unable to survive the destructive influences of foreign rule and endless war. The more delicate art of painting seems to have been the first to succumb, for, as we have seen, metal work of a purely Celtic character was executed for several centuries afterwards. The school of illuminated painting, which for centuries had been unrivalled in Europe, passed into speedy decay, and was at length so forgotten in its native land that its very existence was doubted in the last century. More recent investigations have in our own days been successful in calling attention to its merits, and thus throwing light on one of the most interesting chapters in the history of European art.

Celtic sculpture is not less peculiar in its character than the other branches of the fine arts, and it bears the same stamp of laborious finish and endless variety. Colossal statues like those of Egypt, or even the life-size sculpture so common in Roman art, seem to have been little used among the Irish Celts. Whatever, indeed, they may have done in the way of religious art

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in that branch was destroyed by the fanaticism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But it does not seem that statuary was ever much practised in ancient Ireland. Stone-cutting and moulding had been in use among the pagan Celts, and it was to elaborating it into relief carving of natural objects, and finally of the human figure, that their descendants turned their efforts. In their more ornamental buildings flat surfaces were covered with tracery hardly less elaborate than the metal shrines and illuminated writings which seem to have suggested its use. But it is in the detached monuments erected to record public events or to mark the tombs of the mighty dead that the best and most characteristic sculptor's work was employed. The crosses, covered with relief pictures, in stone, which were the favorite monumental form in the days of old, are still numerous in Ireland and constitute almost as typical a class of its antiquities as the round towers themselves. A modern artist has engraved twenty-three of those monuments of Celtic times, and he has by no means exhausted the list. Every stage of progress in this form of monument is represented in existing examples, from the plain Cross of Finglas, and the flat stone marked with incised lines which covered the ordinary graves, to the combination of sculpture and ornament of the finest kind on the crosses of Tuam and Monasterboice. In some of the erect monuments the form of the flag is scarcely different from that laid over the graves. In others the form of the cross is marked by four circular holes in a plain slab, which in yet other examples is developed still more by projections at the top and sides in continuation of the arms. The next step was to give the body of the stone itself a circular form, with the ends of the arms projecting beyond it; and finally spandrels were pierced within the circle itself, giving the well-known form of the Celtic cross surrounded by a circle. It is on crosses of this form, which itself was evidently the outcome of considerable practice in monumental work, that the sculptured decorations were chiefly executed. We fortunately know the date of several of these, from which we can form an idea of the condition of the art at different ages. The great cross at Clonmacnoise, erected as a memorial of the monarch of Ireland, Flan, in the year 912, is indeed a beautiful work, but its execution is far surpassed by that of the crosses of Monasterboice and Tuam. The latter, having been erected in 1123, indicates that a progress had been made in sculpture almost up to the date of the Norman invasion. The Tuam cross is estimated to have been thirty feet in height, though it has been diminished by subsequent breaking,

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while the Clonmacnoise and most of the other crosses are not over twelve or fifteen feet. The finest examples are, perhaps, the three crosses still standing in the graveyard of Monasterboice, near Drogheda, where generations have uninterruptedly found a resting-place from the present day back to a dim and unknown antiquity. Headstones erected by residents of New York and New Jersey over the graves of their relatives stand under the shadow of these Celtic monuments which have weathered the storms of at least eight hundred years. It must be said that, in an artistic view, the contrast between the baldness and poverty of the modern monuments and the elaboration and grace of the old crosses is anything but flattering to the work of the present time. The ancient crosses are covered with figures in small compartments; in fact, they might be called pictures in relief rather than anything else. None of the figures exceed fourteen or fifteen inches in height, but they are worked out with an elaboration and spirit that are wonderful. The panels are divided by mouldings, and parts of the flat sides are also covered with interlaced ornament by way of relief to the monotony of such a number of figures. The mouldings, in the form of interlaced serpents with heads between their coils, are more like the work of a skilful painter than of a stone-cutter, and still retain their clearness of outline unaffected by time. The most remarkable thing about those crosses, however, is the skill with which anything of confusion or pettiness is avoided in such a variety of ornament. No other school seemed to possess this power of elaborating details with subordination to the general composition in the same degree as the old Celts. The result was the same whether they wrought in colors, in metal, or in stone, and it is the feature in their works which most conclusively shows the native artistic feelings of the race.

The decay of the once flourishing Celtic arts after the Norman invasion is most remarkable. Working in a track of their own during at least seven centuries, they had achieved results which gave promise of a still higher development in the increasing civilization of the middle ages, when their growth was suddenly arrested. The thirteenth century was, indeed, the golden age of mediæval art. The finest cathedrals of Europe, the sculptures of Rheims and Bourges, the glories of stained glass in the Holy Chapel of Paris, and all the noblest works of art in the middle ages belong to the thirteenth century, which may fairly be regarded as one of the greatest epochs of art. It was precisely at the commencement of this period, when the elements of

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the civilization that had been gradually forming itself on the ruins of the Roman Empire were opening into maturity, that the native Celtic art, which had shown the greatest originality of all in western Europe, was suddenly crushed. It would be too long to attempt here to investigate the causes of this decay. The art of illumination was the first to perish, and the Celtic style of building and sculpture speedily followed. In ornamental works of metal it lingered on, though with diminished perfection, for some centuries, and did not wholly disappear until the destruction of the Irish monastic schools under Henry VIII. On this subject, however, deeply interesting as it is, we shall not here enter. Our purpose is simply to show the character of art as it was developed by the Celtic mind in the last independent Celtic nation, and we shall not, therefore, pursue its history beyond the revolution which established a foreign race and alien arts on the soil of Celtic Ireland.

OUR GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCK.

Our grandmother's dear old clock was an object of childish reverence to the grandchildren whose home she came in her old age to share; and to have grandmother was to have her clock, for if anything had happened to her old clock it would have broken her heart. This old clock was brought with other less sacred household gods when the spirit of adventure had seized upon grandfather and made him leave the honored borders of old Virginia for a home in the far West. Like other pioneers, he builded better than he knew, and the little village where he invested his modest fortune had grown and prospered far beyond anything he could have dreamed.

At many a "children's hour" or on rainy afternoons we children would gather around grandmother's big chair and listen to the stories of the old Virginia days, when she was a young girl in her mother's home; for those days were full of stirring incidents—the days of the Revolution. The time when we used to listen to those stories was before the late war came, with its more recent thrilling episodes and wonderful successes, to cast into the background the heroism of the Revolutionary war. Grandmother knew many stories and anecdotes of the courage and

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fidelity of the patriots who had stood side by side, heart with heart and shoulder to shoulder, through all the dark hours of that war.

There in sight of the old clock we often listened to those stories, and to the story of the part that old clock had played in our family history—a part which had caused it to be loved and cherished almost as if it were a living thing and had known and sympathized in the joys and sorrows of a life lengthened beyond the threescore years and ten. Many a scene had it contemplated from its quiet corner! And now that all the actors in those checkered scenes of the past were gone except one feeble old woman, the clock seemed to have about it some of the pathetic dignity of the dear, white-haired old lady who loved it. The hours and days that the faithful hands had marked as they moved around the face of the clock, while they took from her the charms of youth, only added sweetness and grace to grandmother's soul; and in her serene and beautiful old age, having learned to accept all things as coming through a Father's wisdom, she now could quietly wait the hour when she should hear its familiar "tick" for the last time, and there should be ushered in for her the life where should be time no more, and the light that makes all clear should shine for her. The following is the story, which I shall relate in substance, and as nearly as my memory will allow, in grandmother's own words:

I wish that I could describe the old home at Mount Airy so that my dear children might know how wonderful it all was. Far away in the distance could be seen the Peaks of Otter like a blue line across the sky; sitting or standing on the porch at the side of the house, we could see the river and the old mill covered with the Virginia creeper. This mill supplied the neighbors for miles around with their corn-meal and flour; connected with it was a country store. All of these things seem very plain to my mind as I am telling you about them; but if a fairy carpet were suddenly let down here, and I could be transported to the place once so familiar, I should find so many changes that it would not seem like the same spot. The store-house and the old mill were gone many years ago, and the mill-race has long since disappeared. Several colonies of crows had established themselves in the big trees behind the old mill. Doubtless the neighborhood of the mill was a land of plenty for them; but, after the fashion of crows, they were not satisfied with what they could get right by their nests, but sent out parties every day in search of fresh fields. To watch the return of these explorers

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at sundown was a great amusement to us in our evening walks to the mill. I seem now to see them flying back in companies, and to hear their "caw," "caw" as those at home welcomed the new-comers; each party vociferating louder than the one who had come in before, as they related to their friends the news of the day. If it be true that crows can live a hundred years some of those very crows may be centenarians dwelling in the tops of some neighboring trees; but the big gnarled trees that used to be their habitat have grown old and died or were cut down many years ago. Only the everlasting mountains are there, and the river goes on its way to the sea.

The store-house and the mill, besides being centres of trade, were the headquarters for all the news that found its way to that quiet corner of the world. One day, just after Lord Dunmore's act of tyranny in sending the powder which belonged to the colonies on board a man-of-war, the word came to the mill that Virginia was rising in arms to resent this high-handed proceeding of the governor. That morning, soon after the news came, Cato went on an errand to the mill; he returned so quickly that when we saw him coming we knew something must be the matter. The length of time he usually took to accomplish these errands had become something of a joke in the household. He was a great authority in matters religious, social, and political with his colored brethren, and at the mill he almost always found an audience, some of whom needed to be labored with as to doctrine, others turned from the errors of their way and brought back into the fold, or else some sought to be enlightened as to deportment and social ethics generally.

But on the day I speak of he did not allow any grass to grow under his feet, so soon did he make his appearance before his master with the great news that troops were being mustered into service and that the din and preparation for war were being heard through the land. My father put aside the traditions of his early English home and cast in his lot with the people of his adopted country. His arrangements were soon made, and, bidding us a hurried farewell, he rode away to the scene of war, accompanied by Cato, his trusty body-servant. Cato came home in a year, leading his master's horse, but the master came no more to the wife and children who loved him and waited for his return in vain; his grave was made far from home and kindred. From the day of Cato's return without his master something had gone from mother's life, and the world was never the same again to her; but, with the quiet heroism that

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glorified the women of the Revolutionary period, she took up again her life and its duties, and many a sick and wounded soldier had need to bless her name.

Years came and went, carrying with them the lives of many men in the prime and vigor of life, and brave young soldiers who fleshed their maiden swords on the fields in which their lives went out, an offering for liberty and their native land; and others had gone in the quiet precincts of home, no less martyrs and heroes, though theirs were the slower deaths from sick and wounded hearts which refused to be comforted because the loved ones could come back on earth no more. During this time many stories reached us of the hardships and sufferings of our troops; it seemed as if eaoh day grew darker as it closed around us. But the end was nearer than we knew. One day, towards the close of the war, an incident came to break the monotony of life at Mount Airy—an incident which brought with it my fate, all unconscious as I was. So do the strong hours which influence our life ever come upon us.

All of the details of that summer afternoon, even the minutest, are engraven on my memory with more faithfulness than the events of yesterday. I see with my mind's eye the far-away mountains, their blue tops mingling with the blue of the clouds, the sparkling of the little stream that ran through the lower meadows of Mount Airy farm, and the fields of grain growing golden in the approach of harvest. We were all collected in the work-room, a large room on the first floor, that opened on a porch at the side of the house; here the big spinning-wheel was kept, and the little one for flax, and here my brothers and myself studied and recited our lessons to mother, whose education was far superior to that of ladies generally of that day. I had just come in with a volume of Shakspere, for I was to recite Hamlet's soliloquy as one of my lessons. My mother was spinning. I seem to see her now as she gave a turn to the big wheel with her left hand, stepped backwards a little way down the room, holding the thread with her right hand to keep it straight as it wound on the spindle. Mother, like most of the Virginia ladies of the early days, was a very skilful spinner, and the households during the war were badly off who did not practise this domestic industry. A moment or two after I entered a hurried step was heard on the porch and a young soldier in British uniform came in; he had not had time to make any explanations before he fell on the floor in a fainting fit. Here was indeed a dilemma! If it were known that we had harbored him we should have been in

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danger of the odious name of Tories: the Tories were even more obnoxious to the people than the British soldiers themselves. He was our enemy, for such his uniform indicated; but my mother was a Christian woman, and the charity which ruled her life was all-embracing and could not have permitted her to turn aside from a sick and suffering enemy. She called Cato to come and help lift the young man on to the settee. A look of repulsion came over the wrinkled black face as he caught sight of the uniform. "Oh golly! mistis, he's a Britisher; you's all bettah le'm go." "No, Cato, that cannot be; though he has come in the garb of an enemy, he is a sick and wounded soldier, and you and I and all of us will do what we can for him till he gets better and can go on his way, and we'll not inquire where it lies," was the reply of his mistress. Cato looked discontented; his religion, sincere as it was, did not reach to the dignity of doing good to an enemy and forgiving injuries, but he made no further objection to helping. To question the word of his mistress would have been still further from his simple code of right-doing. The "divine right" of the slave-holder had not then been called in question, and if any one had asked Cato about the whole duty of slaves he would have answered: "De whole duty of de slaves am to fear de good Lor' and to 'bey de mastah and mistis"; and "Cato Randolph" lived up to this doctrine.

In God's own time the better day for the rights of man will come. One race has no "divine right" to hold another race in subjection. My mother, and many others who lived when she did, would have welcomed the new gospel. But while I am moralizing we have left the young soldier in an unconscious state. Mother had dressed the wound, which proved to be only a flesh-wound in the left arm, and he was just recovering consciousness, when Cato came hurriedly into the room with eyes wide open and so frightened that he could hardly speak: "O mistis, honey! le' de young man go; thar's some sojers comin' 'long de river road, and I don't misdoubt but dey's comin' right d'rectly h'yer. Good Lor'! what'll 'come of us if dey finds him in dis house? White folks'll jest say we's Tories." "Be quiet, Cato!" said mother. "Send all of the negroes that are working about here straight off to the back fields; some of them may have seen the young man coming in here, and I don't wish them to be questioned. You, I know, will not betray him, and I'll see that no harm comes to you if it is ever found out that we let him stay here."

Then we immediately resolved ourselves into a committee of

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safety—mother, my two young brothers, myself, and our faithful Rhoda, who was at a table in the corner cutting out some clothing for the slaves. We must hide the stranger somewhere immediately, if we did not intend that the soldiers should have him. A grateful look took the place of the anxious, distressed one as he listened to our discussion as to where we should hide him, but he was too exhausted to say anything. But *where* could we put him with any hope that he would be safe? Our house was a plain, old-fashioned country house, singularly bare of nooks or niches, with no hidden-away cupboards, mysterious panels, or corners that could not be easily explored. Time pressed. The soldiers could be seen coming up the hill, and soon the sound of the horses' feet on the stones would be heard. What should we do? Where should we hide him? We looked at one another, but no one had any suggestion to make. The gravity of the situation seemed to have bewildered us all. Just then the clock in the hall struck four. It seemed a note of inspiration to mother and myself. We both spoke at once, "The clock!" Why not hide him in the recess behind the clock? Mother thought the very audacity of the plan might insure its safety. Right in full view, opposite to the front door, who could suppose that any one would dream of hiding there? No sooner thought of than the thing was done. Cato and Rhoda moved the clock out, the soldier walked in and took his place close to the wall, and the clock was soon ticking away in its old niche. We had scarcely time to reach our work-room and take up our occupations, so tragically interrupted a half hour before, when a loud knock was heard at the front door. The captain and his orderly walked in, and the captain announced his errand in courteous terms: "I am sorry, Mrs. Randolph, to cause this disturbance in the house where a brave soldier's family lives, but we have information that a British soldier was seen coming towards this place. Of course I could answer for your patriotism, but he may have hidden somewhere without your knowledge, and I could not answer to my conscience and my country if I did not make a strict search for him. The men can search the outdoor places while the orderly and myself go through the house." "You must do your duty," mother said; "my house and the place are open to you." Not a tremor in her voice nor a look on her face showed the least consciousness of danger, whilst I, coward that I am, was afraid to look at the captain for fear that I might betray our secret by my frightened looks.

They examined every cupboard, looked behind the fireboards,

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up the chimneys, under the beds, and the orderly even ran his sword into one of the beds, for which he received a severe reproof from the captain. All this time the clock ticked on undisturbed in its corner. Our hearts throbbed with anxiety and fear as we listened for a sound from the front hall to tell us that the soldier was found; but there was none, and at last the captain gave up the search and came back into the room to make more apologies. In our anxiety we had taken no note of time. I had kept my book in hand as I sat by the window, but neither my eyes nor my thoughts were on its pages, but unconsciously were busy taking in all the accessories to the scene and fixing them for ever in my memory. The shadows of the trees falling across the walk, and, as they lengthened, gradually creeping on to the floor of the porch, while the sun came nearer to the top of the hill on the west; the turkeys coming home from some far-away field where they had been foraging; the peacock spreading out his gorgeous tail and posing before the admiring eyes of his less gorgeous friends; the chickens flying up to roost on the logs that projected from the kitchen corners; the cows standing there waiting to be milked—are all before me now.

Mother, seeing how abstracted and anxious I looked while she was talking with the captain, told me to go to the kitchen and ask Debby to get supper ready for the captain and his men. Inconvenient as their presence was just then, old Virginia hospitality would not permit their going without supper. The kitchen was a low log building a little off from the "big house," as was usual where there were many slaves. As I stepped off the porch to comply with mother's request I saw the soldiers coming up from the quarters, which they had been searching. They were followed by some of the women and children, bent on finding out what the commotion was about. Fortunately none of the servants at the quarters had seen the stranger enter the house, and they could not answer any questions about him.

The soldiers were talking and laughing; for, though they had failed in their search, they could bear their disappointment good-naturedly with the immediate prospect of a plentiful supper before them—a compensation which hungry soldiers would not be likely to refuse. Even then they were greeted, as they came up to the kitchen door, with savory whiffs from Debby's cooking. Debby, on hospitable thoughts intent, and appreciating "mistis'" anxiety to get rid of the captain and his men, was hurrying the supper with all possible speed. The huge logs in the big fireplace, that extended almost the entire length of one side of the

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cabin, blazed and crackled; their bright flames were reflected in the pewter dishes and plates and on the porringers arranged, with due regard to artistic effect, on the opposite shelves. This wealth of pewter was the delight of Aunt Debby's heart, and to keep it bright and shiny the begin-all and end-all of her clearing-up times. According to Debby's way of looking at things, the honor of all the dead and gone Randolphs, as well as that of the present generation, was concerned in the matter of keeping the pewter dishes bright. There was a time before this eventful day that Debby had a grievance about her pewter. In one of the great emergencies of the army mother and many other Virginia women gave up their household silver and substituted pewter. When Debby found that some of her cherished pewter was to be melted and made over into spoons to supply the deficiency caused by this sacrifice, she sulked for days; but finally when mother told her that many of our soldiers were barefooted and only half-clothed, and did not have enough to eat, she forgave the vandalism and had no more to say about "po' white folks' way," and took her revenge by giving an extra "shine" to what was left. On the brightness of her pewter vessels, the exact twist of her gay Madras turban, and the immaculate whiteness of her three-cornered handkerchief and her apron she took her stand and defied her enemies. These articles of her wardrobe were reserved for Sundays and grand "*comp'ny*" days, when she put them on and took her place behind her mistress' chair; they enjoyed a wide reputation in colored circles and were the despair of her rivals.

Before night came on the captain and his men had gone down to the river road and disappeared; the stranger had come out of his hiding-place, had eaten his supper, and vanished from our life, as we supposed; though when he told us good-by and expressed his thanks for the great kindness he had received he said significantly that if his life were spared we should hear from him again.

The state of the colonies at that time is pathetically told in all American history, and the courage, fidelity, and fortitude of the soldiers of the Revolutionary war need no eulogium from me. Not long after the incident at Mount Airy which I have just related news of frequent disasters and losses in the army reached us; but courage and hope were still the watchwords, no matter how discouraging seemed the fortunes of war. Mother received, some weeks after this, a letter from an old friend urging her to come to Williamsburg to make a visit, and to bring "Polly"

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(that's myself) with her. Mrs. Preston was my godmother, and I had not seen her since I was a little girl. In those troublous times people did not think much about visiting; the stern realities of war did not well accord with gayety.

If mother had not felt like accepting this invitation for herself, the arguments used by her friend, that "it would do Polly good," and "she will never again have the chance to see so many distinguished people in one place as we shall have at Williamsburg," would have turned the balance in favor of the visit. General Washington and his corps, General Lafayette, and many officers, both French and American, were coming, or had already come, into that neighborhood; for the interest of the war seemed to be centring in that part of Virginia, whilst along the coast vessels were passing up and down, waiting for what might happen.

Williamsburg had been mother's home in her girlhood and was full of associations for her of pleasure and of sorrow, and the feelings with which she looked forward to seeing it again partook of both; but for me it was all rosy-hued and pleasant, as was natural at my age. The letter of acceptance was written and sent, and next in importance was, what should we wear while making this famous visit? Our country costumes were not suitable for the great people that we might expect to meet at the parties, balls, and entertainments which would be given in their honor while they were in Williamsburg or in camp not far off. Mother could not, feeling as she did about the soldiers, consent that much money should be spent in making ourselves fine while the army was often without food; so she said we must draw on the resources to be found in the old trunks and cupboards to help us in getting ready. The silks, brocades, laces, slippers, and fans which mother and her sister Peggy had worn in their girlhood and were amongst the toasts, belles, and beauties of the colony, had long been folded away as relics of days that were full of pleasure as they glided away, but were now associated with the sound of steps that would be heard no more and voices that were stilled for ever. These dresses now, for the first time in years, were brought out, and fortunately could be made to fit me without much trouble. Amongst these things were two white satin dresses—the wedding dresses of the Pleasants girls, mother and her sister Peggy. All yellow with age they now were, but how rich and beautiful they had been in their freshness! We thought it sacrilege to put them to use again, so they were folded away with lavender and sweet marjoram.

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These Pleasants sisters were twins, and married the same day to young English officers: many English gentlemen came as visitors when Virginia was a colony. The residence of the governor was often the scene of gayety, and during the sessions of the House of Burgesses no place in America could have shown more elegance and refinement than Williamsburg.

Aunt Peggy, before the honeymoon was over, had started with her husband in a vessel from Norfolk for their future home across the sea, but the vessel never reached the shores of England. The groom and his young bride, with all on board, were lost in a storm at sea. My father bought the Mount Airy farm and identified himself with mother's country and people, and was, as I have already told you, one of the early martyrs for liberty in America.

After it was finally decided that we should go to Williamsburg, Cato was called in to consult about our journey, as to how we could make it in the best and safest manner. Cato, in his humble way, had ever since father's death constituted himself our "guide, philosopher, and friend," and had often shown such shrewdness, courage, and fidelity that we felt justified in following his advice on many occasions. "How about the carriage, Cato?" was the question put to him one afternoon as he put his shining, ebony face into the window of the work-room. "Can it be made fit for us to travel in?"

"I dunno, mistis," was Cato's answer, rolling up his eyes until little but the white was to be seen, and assuming the consequential air he always took on when he was to act the part of Mentor; "it's dun stayed so long shet up in the carriage-shed. Howsomever, me an' Pete'll tote it out and 'vestigate how it am."

The 'vestigation showing that it might be made fit to travel in without any great loss to the dignity of the Randolphs, the old family coach, so long given up to desolation and decay, was furbished up, whole generations of spiders having been turned out of the hiding-places they so long had had all to themselves, with unquestioned liberty to weave all the webs they wished over the seats and across the windows. Now the cold charity of the world became their only refuge. It would be a curiosity, this old carriage, nowadays, with its inside pockets and other conveniences for travellers. To go in one's own family carriage or on horseback, accompanied by a servant, was the favorite way to travel with people of means who lived at the time we are talking about.

All being ready for our departure, we started one bright

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September morning, with Cato for driver and general care-taker, and Rhoda for our maid, down the road that would in time take us to Williamsburg. Circumstances and the war had prevented my leaving our own county since I had been old enough to take any notice of the country through which our road lay. It is no wonder that, full of glowing anticipations as I was, this visit to Williamsburg should have been a great event in my life, and that the impression it made on my mind should have been so strong that many of the years which lie between this time and that seem as unreal as dreams, whilst the year of that visit stands forth on the canvas with unlessened vividness.

The road lay for a great part of the time between two rivers, the James and the York, and on both sides the scenery was very beautiful. After leaving the Blue Ridge country and descending into the lowlands it had assumed new features. After the first days I missed the long line of blue in the horizon—such a familiar sight all my life—the big trees, and the little streams that have their birthplace in the mountains and hills, and, dancing suddenly down across the road, stop the traveller's journey until he can improvise rocky bridges or ford the stream at his own discretion. These little wayfarers were left behind as the third day brought us to the lowlands of Virginia and the pine bottoms. We missed, too, the familiar sound of "Whip-poor-will," "Whip-poor-will," and "Bob White," "Bob White." Now the call of new birds, as we disturbed them at their pleasures, broke the quiet of the little thickets—"Chuck-will's-widow," "Chuck-will's-widow," and "Chick-a-biddy," "Chick-a-biddy."

Until we came down-stairs to breakfast at the little country tavern on the last morning of our journey we had not thought of any danger, and were quite surprised to find that a party of soldiers had reached there at daylight. Some intelligence had been brought to Colonel Preston that made him feel anxious about us, and he had detailed some of his men to act as our escort the rest of the journey to Williamsburg. We felt a little like prisoners when we looked out of the carriage windows and saw ourselves surrounded by soldiers, though they were a guard of honor merely; neither British soldier nor Tory came in sight.

There was something about the captain of this escort that suggested the young British soldier whom we had hidden behind the clock. Absurd! I should have said, if I had given words to the thought. What could there be in common between an Ameri-

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can officer at the head of his men and a fugitive soldier whose life was at the mercy of the merest accident? All the same, I kept on thinking of the British soldier and wondering as to what his fate had been.

It was near sunset when we reached Williamsburg; the tents of the soldiers, grouped on the ridge and arranged along the line of the creek, looked very picturesque, with the dark pines not far off for a background. It was the hour for exercising and drilling the troops, and they were forming in the field on the outskirts of town; their bayonets gleamed in the sunset light, and the clouds made brilliant pictures of themselves on the face of the creeks. In the distance the white memorials of the dead were seen in the little city's churchyard; not very populous had this corner of God's great acre been before the war, but now stones had sprung up and nameless graves been hollowed out since war and rumors of war had turned this rural neighborhood into a tented field and the heavy tread of soldiers had drowned the light footfall of happy children. But what was it all to the quiet sleepers beneath the stones or in the nameless graves? For them life's work was closed, life's story written, and they had passed into the silent land across the river, and for them there was now

> "No backward path, oh! no returning,'
> No second crossing that ripple's flow."

This was my first sight of a drill or parade, and I was only too glad to wait until it was over, as our friend, Mrs. Preston, who had come out to meet us, suggested that we should do, and listen to the music. Our own soldiers did not look so fine and imposing as the French troops. As a rule, they, poor fellows! could not have been very strict in regard to their uniform, but had generally to wear what they could get; but, true as steel and good as gold, they kept on to the end.

After a fortnight had passed the air became so filled with talk about the gathering-in of troops, our own and others, anticipations of battles and rumors of skirmishes which had taken place in the neighborhood, that mother became uneasy about home, and feared that if we did not go immediately we should not be able to do so in safety for a long time to come.

I need not say that every hour of that fortnight was golden and life a holiday. A country girl, who had been in the habit of going to bed with the chickens and getting up with the morning-glories; whose only variety in life had heretofore been an occa-

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sional ride on horseback with mother or a servant to the little church in the nearest town, and whose only finery had consisted of a yard or two of ribbon—was it to be wondered at that my thoughts did not rest so often as, perhaps, they should have done if I had been older and wiser, upon the sorrow and death that would follow in the trail of this pomp and pageantry of war?

Many other visitors besides ourselves had come from the up-country to Williamsburg to see what they could never see again. The culmination of my pleasure came with the ball given the night before we left Williamsburg in honor of the strangers gathered there. Mrs. Preston was chosen by the lady patronesses to act as hostess on the occasion and to receive the guests. And as such hostess she opened the ball with General Lafayette, he being the senior officer amongst the foreign officers at the assembly, though there were others of equal if not higher rank in the neighborhood. How tame and insignificant seem the dances of to-day in comparison with the figures of the stately minuet! During the time that this dance was going on General Washington and a few other officers stood at the upper end of the hall, talking to some old friends amongst the ladies. He and mother had a conversation about old times: they had met years before in Williamsburg. But before long he and General Lafayette had disappeared.

Mother and myself were still at the upper end of the hall when Mrs. Preston came up to us with the young captain who had acted as our escort into Williamsburg. "My dear Lottie," said she, "let me introduce Captain Pryor to you and Polly; he claims to have had the honor of meeting you before this evening."

Mother looked surprised. "I see you do not recognize me, and no wonder. I am the young man who sought your protection one afternoon last summer," said he.

"That must be a mistake," replied mother, "for the young man that sought shelter at our house last summer was dressed in the British uniform; and it would be hard to think an American soldier could have been going about the country in such a masquerade as that."

"This is scarcely the time or place to make explanations," said he; "but won't you take Mrs. Preston as my surety, and permit your daughter to dance the next dance with me? To-morrow I hope to have the honor of waiting upon you. I will then set myself right in your estimation, I hope, and set your

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conscience at ease, if you have ever had any scruples about having given shelter to an enemy."

It was a long time after this eventful evening, however, before we heard that promised explanation. In the morning quiet reigned over Williamsburg. About midnight General Washington gave orders for the troops to move on towards Yorktown, and before daylight the camps around Williamsburg were broken up, the tents folded, and the troops miles away, and Captain Pryor with them. Only a few companies were left for the protection of Williamsburg and to guard the rear of the army. We heard, through our friend Mrs. Preston, that Captain Pryor had been wounded and taken prisoner at Yorktown.

So again Captain Pryor seemed to have vanished from our view. Months had passed in the usual commonplace life, and now September had come again. I had gone one day on horseback to visit some friends a few miles off, and it was nearly evening when I rode into the yard at home. I noticed Aunt Debby seemed in a hurry and flutter about supper, and wondered what it all meant. As soon as she caught sight of me she came running up to the porch and said: "Oh! jist you be in de greatest kind of a hurry, honey, and be sho' you put on your purtiest dress, for dar's de finest kind o' young man talkin' to Miss Lottie in de parlor"—"Miss Lottie" was mother.

I did not stop to follow Aunt Debby's advice, but went in without making myself pretty. My heart had whispered who it was, and had not misled me. Captain Pryor sat there talking to mother. He had already made explanations, and they were repeated for me:

"You will not so much wonder at General Washington's kindness to me when I tell you that he and my father were friends in their boyhood and afterwards served together under General Braddock. The hardships and mortifications of the unfortunate expedition against Fort Duquesne united them in a still closer friendship. In many respects they were counterparts, alike in courage and fortitude; father was less fortunate than his friend in having died before his great qualities became known beyond the narrow circle of his friends, while his friend has lived long enough to save and bless his country. The wife and young son of his dead friend and companion-in-arms were not forgotten by General Washington, and when he took the command of the American army he gave me a place near him.

"I had been constantly with him when the occasion arose which made it necessary to send some one, on whose fidelity he

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could rely, from New York to be the bearer of instructions and information to the Marquis de Lafayette. I had the honor of being selected for that important service. After I had delivered my letters and instructions to the marquis, and he had read them, he turned to me, and, with the exquisite politeness that marks his bearing even to the common soldier, he expressed great pleasure in making my acquaintance. After a few moments of thoughtful silence he said:

"'*Mon ami*, the good general recommends you very highly as a young man who can be trusted to perform a difficult and dangerous task. I need at this time just such a person.'

"I bowed in return for his politeness, and told him that I should feel honored if he thought me the proper person to undertake it. He then entered into the particulars of the service he required. On that very morning he had received secret intelligence that a young British soldier would be sent, on a certain day mentioned, from Williamsburg with some information about the movements of troops and instructions to a party of Tories in the upper country who would be in waiting for this secret messenger. The British soldier was also to bring information from them to Lord Cornwallis in regard to the assistance he might expect to receive from the Tories in that part of the country. They had been active and alert, and held secret meetings in the different upper counties. It was of great importance that this messenger should be intercepted; for things seemed in many places to be going against our army, and the supplies of provisions and ammunition were getting down to a very fine point.

"The service for which I was selected was to personate this British soldier, getting to the place of rendezvous before him, waylay him, and, if possible, get possession of his papers; then to present myself to the Tories in waiting with counterfeit papers, get the information which they would have ready for Cornwallis, and return to General Lafayette as soon as possible.

"You will not blame me if, after learning the nature of the service required of me, I did hesitate for a few moments before pledging myself to its performance. On entering the army to fight for my country I took, like other patriots, my life in my hand, and was always ready to give it up, if need were, for my country. But to take even seemingly the part of a traitor and to act the spy in that disguise, and then to waylay and attack an enemy in the dark, were so entirely repugnant to every instinct of my nature, so contrary to all the traditions of honor in which I had been brought up, that some moments passed before I could

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consent. But then came the thought that perhaps my country needed just this sacrifice of feeling on my part; and if duty called me to an ignominious service, should I hesitate to make good my pledge on the altar of freedom and country?

"I had gotten along safely (sleeping in the daylight at the houses of those who were friendly to the cause and had received private instructions to assist me on my way, and at night making what speed I could towards the place of rendezvous) until the afternoon that your Christian charity sheltered me. Having met with no one before to cause me any detention, I had grown a little too bold, and ventured to resume my journey before night set in. We will pass over the events of that afternoon, already too well known to you and Miss Polly.

"If I had been compelled to remain much longer hidden away behind that blessed old clock all would have been lost. I would have personated the British soldier in vain. But, happily for me, the same Providence who watched over my safety that summer afternoon, and led me to your hospitable home, permitted things to happen which also detained the messenger. So that, after all my forebodings, I reached the Cross-roads farm—the place of rendezvous being an old stable on that farm—before my unsuspecting adversary. I found a little thicket a short distance from the stable, but near enough to command any movements that might be made on the outside. A little glimmer through a chink in the logs warned me that the hour for the meeting had come. Soon a man walked on past me and approached the building, and, giving the word, was allowed to enter. After a while some one opened the door and peered anxiously up and down the road, but he did not see me. As soon as he had gone back into the place and closed the door I drew a little further into the shelter of the friendly thicket, for I was far from wishing to fall into the hands of the waiting Tories.

"The hour that I spent in the thicket waiting for the messenger was far from a cheerful one; the moaning of the night wind through the trees, the rippling of a distant rivulet in its rocky bed, the sound of some melancholy bird, the despairing cry of an owl, and the croaking of the doleful frogs, were depressing to my heart, already weighed down by the nature of the errand that had brought me to that lonely place.

"At last my quick ear caught a sound of something treading on a fallen branch. A glimmer of light through the chink in the logs shot across the path, and the young British soldier stood revealed. More quickly than I can tell it I stood before him, spoke

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the countersign, and demanded his papers. My uniform and the knowledge I had of the password deceived him. He hesitated a moment; that hesitation cost him dearly, for before he could cry out I had gagged him, pinioned his arms, and, dragging him to the nearest tree, fastened him to it.

"I had taken him at such a disadvantage that he lost his presence of mind. Having him thus *hors de combat*, it was not difficult to secure the papers for which I had ventured something dearer than life itself. Putting these in a secret pocket, I took the false papers in my hand, marched boldly up to the door, and knocked three times, the signal agreed upon. Nothing but decisive action could now save me; my life hung by a hair; the least failure in any emergency that might arise, the least mistake, and there would have been none to speak a word of mercy for me, or to tell that I had died as a brave man ought to die.

"The scene which presented itself before my eyes, as I gave the password and stepped in before the assembled Tories, was indeed a sombre one. Two or three feeble candles made a pretence of lighting up the place, and cast a sinister hue over countenances that were hateful to me, because they were the countenances of men who were planning to rivet the chains of their country and to deliver it into the hands of her enemies, and all for gold.

"I had given up the papers prepared for the occasion into the hands of the man who acted as spokesman for the others, and had received in return the packet meant for Lord Cornwallis, when a slight sound on the outside arrested the attention of the Tories. To me the sound was like the knell of doom, for I had not counted on any person coming along to release my prisoner.

"Two belated Tories coming to the meeting had found him tied on the outside, and were bringing him in with them to find out what it all meant.

"In the confusion caused by the new arrivals I made my way to the door and prepared to avail myself of any chance for escape. When the door was opened I rushed out, almost into the arms of the bewildered soldier, and before the Tories could settle which was the true messenger I had made my escape. How I had succeeded in doing it God only knows; but escape I did, though all the Tories of the neighborhood searched for me several days.

"After many hairbreadth escapes and dangers innumerable I arrived safely back with my errand accomplished. I delivered the precious papers to General Lafayette, received in return his

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thanks and compliments, and when word of the service I had rendered reached the headquarters of the army I was promoted and became Captain Pryor. But where would I have been but for your kindness that summer afternoon? I don't know that I can ever do anything to repay it, but I can never forget it, dearest friend—for such you will let me call you, won't you, dear madam?"

This visit of Captain Pryor to Mount Airy farm was only the beginning of a series of visits, till at last—well, you all know, dear children, that Captain Pryor was your grandfather, and that it was his life which the dear old clock was the means of saving. And you know that is the reason the clock is such a treasure to your grandmother.

THE EARLY FRUITS OF THE "REFORMATION" IN ENGLAND.

I WISH to call the attention of the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to the social and religious condition of England in July, 1561, not three years subsequent to the overthrow of Catholicity in its once stronghold—England. Sir William Cecil and his Royal Mistress became alarmed for the "future of the reformed realm." A royal commission was accordingly despatched to the southern and western counties of England, where violent commotions disgraced the character of the country. Mr. Froude makes the startling statement for Protestants that if the opinion of the royal commissioner as to the character of the English gentry be correct, then the change of creed "had not improved the people." The confidential commissioner desires the magistrates to "send in reports on the working of the laws which affected the daily life of the people; on the wages, statutes, and acts of approval; the tillage and pasture lands, the act for the maintenance of archery, and generally on the condition of the population."

A trusted agent of Sir William Cecil was commissioned privately to follow the circulars and observe how far the magistrates reported the truth or were doing their duty; and though the original reports are lost, the chief commissioner's private letters to Cecil remain, with Mr. Tyldsley's opinion on the character of the English gentry. The report says:

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"For tillage, it were plain sacrilege to interfere with it, the offenders being all gentlemen of the richer sort; while the ale-houses—the very stock and stay of thieves and vagabonds—were supported by them for the worst of motives. The peers had the privilege of importing wine free of duty for the consumption of their household. By their patents they were able to extend the right to others under shelter of their name; and the tavern-keepers were 'my lord's servants' or 'my master's'; yea, and had such kind of licenses, and 'license of license,' to them and their deputies and assignees, that it was some danger to meddle with them."

The intention of the exemption, it was alleged, "had to do with the encouragement of hospitality in the houses of the country squires." Times were changing, and the old-fashioned open house for which England was so long noted was no longer the rule. Without "abolishing the wine privilege," the council restricted the quantity which each nobleman was allowed to import annually. Dukes* and archbishops were allowed ten pipes; marquises, nine pipes; earls, viscounts, barons, and bishops, six, seven, and eight pipes of wine.†

The magistrates of "high and low degree did little to put the law in force." The lower classes were dreadfully oppressed by the new proprietary. The summary eviction of the small tenants, and cruel treatment they received, caused a wide-spread feeling of revenge against the lords of the soil. People in trade were extortioners and usurers, and generally put the law at defiance.

The reports are not favorable to the condition of religion or morality in the fourth year of Elizabeth, when the apostate priests of the secular order and their Puritan bishops were safely installed in their new livings. I quote the report, with a Protestant commentary:

"The constitution of the church offended the Puritans; the Catholics were as yet unreconciled to the forms which had been retained to conciliate them. . . . Self-interest was interwoven with all religion. The bishops and the higher clergy were the first to set an example of evil." "The friends of the Church of England," continues Mr. Froude, "must acknowledge with sorrow that, within two years of its establishment, the prelates were alienating the estates in which they possessed but a life interest, granting long leases and taking fines for their own advantage."

The council sorely rebuked them for these dishonest proceedings. Not a voice was raised in defence of the bishops.‡

* When the queen sent the Duke of Norfolk to the scaffold England had no duke for the remainder of Elizabeth's reign.

† See Domestic MSS. of Elizabeth's reign, vol. xx.

‡ See Articles for the Bishops' Obligations, 1560, Domestic MSS. Elizabeth.

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The marriage of the priests was a point on which the Reformers were frequently divided and peculiarly sensitive; in fact, with few exceptions, they quite agreed with the papal Catholics on this subject. It is related, upon high authority, that the frequent surnames of Clark, Parsons, Archdeacon, Dean, Prior, Abbot, Bishop, Friar, and Monk are memorials of the stigma affixed by English prejudice on the children of the first married representatives of the clerical orders.*

"And, though married priests were tolerated, the system was generally disapproved—and disapproved, especially, in members of cathedrals and collegiate bodies, who occupied the houses and retained the form of the religious orders. While, therefore, canons and prebends were entitled to wives, if they could not do without them, they would have done better had they taken every advantage of their liberty." "To the Anglo-Catholic," remarks Mr. Froude, "as well as the papal Catholic, a married priest was a scandal, and a married cathedral dignitary an abomination." †

Such was popular opinion in the reign of Elizabeth, and the queen was emphatic in endorsing the sentiment. Notwithstanding, the married priests multiplied and the spiritual flocks were completely neglected.

The queen and her council soon found the difficulty of governing a multitude who were no longer under the influence of religious feeling. There is still extant a proclamation issued by the queen for "expelling wives" out of colleges. It is in the handwriting of Sir William Cecil, and runs thus:

"For the avoiding of such offences as were daily conceived by the presence of families, of wives and children, within colleges, contrary to the ancient and comely order of the same, the queen's highness forbade deans and canons to have their wives residing with them within the cathedral closes, under pain of forfeiting their promotions. Cathedrals and colleges had been founded to keep societies of learned men professing study and prayer, and the rooms intended for students were not to be sacrificed to women and their children." ‡

The church dignitaries treated the queen's injunction as the country gentlemen treated the statutes. Deans and canons, by the rules of their foundation, were directed to dine and keep hospitality in their common hall. Those among them who had married broke up into their separate houses, where, in spite of the queen, they maintained their families. The unmarried "tabled abroad at the ale-houses." The singing men of the

* J. A. Froude's *History of England*, vol. vii. p. 464.
† Ibid., vol. vii.
‡ Domestic MSS. Elizabeth, vol. xix.

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choirs became the prebends' private servants, "having the church stipend for their wages."

"The cathedral plate adorned the prebendal sideboards and dinner-tables." The organ-pipes were melted into dishes for their kitchens; the organ-frames were carved into bedsteads, where the wives reposed beside their reverend lords; while the copes and vestments were coveted for their gilded embroidery, and were slit into gowns and bodices.* Having children to provide for, and only a life-interest in their revenues, the chapters, like the bishops, cut down their woods and worked their fines, their leases, their escheats and wardships for the benefit of their own generation. Sharing their annual plunder, they "ate and drank and enjoyed themselves while their opportunity remained. . . . The priests decked *their wives* so finely for the stuff and fashion of their garments 'as none were so fine and trim.'" By her dress and her gait in the streets "the priest's wife was known from a hundred other women," while in the congregations and in the cathedrals they were distinguished by placing themselves above all others, the most ancient and honorable in their cities; "being the church"—as the priests' wives termed it—"their own church; and the said wives did call and take all things belonging to *their* church and corporation as *their own:* as *their* houses, *their* gates, *their* porters, *their* servants, *their* tenants, *their* manors, *their* lordships, *their* woods, *their* corn."† Nothing could exceed the insolence of those wives belonging to the elderly secular priests so much lauded by Dean Hook for having taken the Oath of Supremacy to a young woman scarcely thirty years of age! A strange proceeding altogether!

Mr. Froude fully admits and confirms the reports as to the condition of religion under the *reformed* bishops and priests in the third year of Elizabeth's reign. He says: "While the shepherds were thus dividing the fleeces the sheep were perishing."

In many dioceses in England a third of the parishes were left without a clergyman, resident or non-resident. There were in the diocese of Norwich (1561) eighty parishes where there was no cure of souls; in the archdeaconry of Norfolk one hundred and eighty parishes; in the archdeaconry of Suffolk one hundred and thirty parishes were almost, or entirely, in the same

*Mr. Pocock, F.S.A., has published a work full of sad memories on the fate of the magnificent vestments of the English church, furniture, ornaments, etc. In many cases the vestments were sold to strolling players.

†Complaints against the Dean and Chapter of Worcester, Domestic MSS. Elizabeth, vol. xxviii.

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condition.* In some few of these churches an occasional curate attended on Sundays. In most of them the voices of the priests were silent in the desolate aisles. The children grew up unbaptized; the dead buried their dead. At St. Helen's, in the Isle of Wight, the parish church had been built upon the shore for the convenience of vessels lying at anchor. The dean and chapter of Windsor were the patrons, and the benefice was about the wealthiest in their gift; but the church was in ruin, through which the wind and rain made free passage. The parishioners were fain to bury their corpses themselves.† The narrator gives a sad picture of the "spiritual destitution" of the Isle of Wight.

"It breedeth," said Elizabeth in a remonstrance which she addressed to Archbishop Parker, "no small offence and scandal to see and consider upon the one part the curiosity and cost bestowed by all sorts of men upon their private houses; and, on the other part, the unclean and negligent order and spare keeping of the houses of prayer, by permitting open decays and ruins of coverings of walls and windows, and by appointing unmeet and unseemly tables with foul cloths for the communion of the Sacrament, and generally leaving the place of prayer desolate of all cleanliness and of meet ornament for such a place, whereby it might be known a place provided for divine service." ‡

In the reign of Elizabeth the foreign element was just as "ungodly and dishonest" as the Germans patronized by Archbishop Cranmer in the days of Edward VI. Mr. Froude is again outspoken as to the impolicy of encouraging those "foreign saints." "Nor, again," he observes, "were the Protestant foreigners who had taken refuge in England any special credit to the Reformation." These "exiled saints" were described by the bishop of London as "marvellous *colluvies* of evil persons, for the most part *facinorosi clerici et sectarii.*"

Between prelates reprimanded by the council for fraudulent administration of their estates; chapters bent on justifying Cranmer's opinion of such bodies, that they were good vianders, and good for nothing else; and a clergy among whom the only men who had any fear of God were the unmanageable and dangerous Puritans, the Church of England was doing little to make the queen or the country enamored of it. Torn up, as it had been, by the very roots, and but lately replanted, its hanging boughs and drooping foliage showed that as yet it had taken no root in the soil, and there seemed too strong a likelihood that, notwith-

* Strype's *Annals of the Reformation*, vol. i.

† Domestic MSS. of Elizabeth's reign; Froude's *History of England*, vol. vii.

‡ The Queen to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1560; Domestic MSS., vol. xv.

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standing its ingenious framework and comprehensive formulæ, it would wither utterly away.*

"Our religion is so abused," wrote Lord Sussex to Cecil in 1562, "that the papists rejoice; the neuters do not dislike change, and the few zealous professors lament the lack of purity. The people, without discipline, utterly devoid of religion, come to divine service as to a May-game; the ministers, for disability and greediness, be had in contempt; and the wise fear more the impiety of the licentious professors than the superstition of the erroneous papists. God hold his hand over us, that our lack of religious hearts do not breed in the meantime his wrath and revenge upon us!" †

"Covetousness and impiety" were not the only impediments to a genuine acceptance of the "reformed religion." The submission of the clergy to the change was no proof of their cordial reception of it. The majority were interested only in their benefices, which they retained and neglected. A great many continued Catholics in disguise and remained at their posts, scarcely concealing, if concealing at all, their inner creed, and were supported in open contumacy by the neighboring noblemen and gentlemen. In a general visitation in July, 1561, the clergy were required to take the oath of allegiance. The bishop of Carlisle reported that thirteen or fourteen of his rectors and vicars refused to appear, while in many churches in his diocese Mass continued to be celebrated under the countenance and open protection of Lord Dacres; and the priests of his diocese generally he described as wicked "imps of Antichrist, ignorant, stubborn, and past measure false and subtle." Fear only, he said, would make them obedient, and Lord Cumberland and Lord Dacres would not allow him to meddle with them.‡ The Marches of Wales were as contumacious as the border of Scotland. In the August of the same year "the popish justices" of Hereford commanded the observance of St. Laurence's Day as a holyday. On the eve no butcher in the town ventured to sell meat; on the day itself "no gospeller durst work in his occupation or open his shop." A party of recusant priests from Devonshire were received in state by the magistrates, carried through the streets in procession, and so "feasted and magnified as Christ himself could not have been more reverentially entertained." §

In September, 1561, Bishop Jewell, going to Oxford, reported the fellows of the colleges so "malignant that if he had pro-

* Froude's *History of England*, vol. vii. p. 468.

† Sussex to Cecil, July 22, 1562; from Chester, Irish MSS., Rolls House; Froude, vol. vii. p. 468.

‡ The Bishop of Carlisle to Cecil; Domestic MSS.; Froude, vol. vii. p. 469.

§ Bishop of Hereford to Cecil; Domestic MSS.; Froude, vol. vii.

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ceeded peremptorily, as he might, he would not have left two in any one of them." And here it was not a peer or a magistrate that Jewell feared, but one higher than both; for the colleges appealed to the queen against him, and Jewell could but entreat Cecil, with many anxious misgivings, to stand by him. He could but protest humbly that he was only acting for God's glory.* The bishop of Winchester found his people "obstinately grovelling in superstition and popery, lacking not priests to inculcate the same daily in their heads," and himself so unable to provide ministers to teach them that he petitioned for permission to unite his parishes and throw two or three into one.†

Another report of the same visitation states that the bishop of Durham called a clergyman before him to take the Oath of Supremacy. The clergyman said out before a crowd, "who were much rejoiced at his doings," "that neither temporal man nor woman could have power in spiritual matters, but only the Pope of Rome"; and the lay authorities would not allow the bishop to punish men who had but expressed their own feelings.

More than one member of the Council of York had refused the oath, and yet had remained in office; the rest took courage when they saw those that refused their allegiance not only unpunished but held in authority and estimation.‡ In 1562 the bishop of Carlisle once more complained that, between Lord Dacres and the Earls of Cumberland and Westmoreland, "God's glorious Gospel could not take place in the counties under their rule." The "few Protestants durst not be known for fear of a shrewd turn; and the lords and magistrates looked through their fingers while the law was openly defied. The court was full of wishings and wagers for the alteration of religion." § Yet the condition of the Catholics at this time was one of thorough slavery, for they dared not practise their religion, under heavy penalties: imprisonment, the rack, and, next—the scaffold. The spy system was practised to a fearful extent. The ambassadors, the members of the government, the bishops, the peers, and commoners were "in turn watching one another."

De Quadra, the Spanish ambassador, had spies amongst Cecil's household, and, in return, the ambassador was betrayed by one of his own secretaries. The queen had two persons in her pay who watched all the private movements of her prime minister. Cecil, however, was a match for the secret fencing of

* Jewell to Cecil; Domestic MSS.

† Domestic MSS.; Froude, vol. vii. p. 470.

‡ Domestic MSS.

§ Domestic MSS., vol. xxi.; Froude, vol. vii. p. 471.

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his antagonists, for he had a host of persons always at hand ready to swear to whatever was required by the council. This was an improvement upon the tactics used by the government of Edward VI. As much as Elizabeth admired Robert Dudley, she placed a Catholic gentleman named Blount to report upon his private movements. Judging of Blount by his actions, and the vile instrument he became in the hands of the queen, he fell little short of Robert Dudley in all that constitutes worthlessness in man.

Sir William Cecil, who labored in vain to reform the bishops and clergy of the Anglican Church, informed the queen that the church could not "progress in spiritualities whilst the bishops shamefully neglected their duties." Cecil charged the bishop of Lichfield with making (ordaining) seventy priests in one day for moneyed considerations. "Some were tailors, some stone-masons, and others craftsmen." "I am sure," he says, "the greatest part of them are not able to keep decent houses."* It was from the wild harangues of such illiterate men that Puritanism gained strength, and, at a later period, sacrilegiously trampled under foot the time-honored monarchy of the realm.

Elizabeth sometimes acted with courtesy to the few servile men who represented the peerage; but from first to last she treated her bishops with contempt, styling one an "old fool" and another "a hedge-priest." The rating the queen gave Archbishop Parker's wife is one of the most scandalous transactions connected with her domestic life. In the eighth year of her reign Elizabeth gave a remarkable instance of her gross conduct to the newly-created prelates. Turning sharply upon Archbishop Grindal and Pilkington, of the see of Durham, the queen said:

"And you, doctors,† make long prayers about this matter [the royal marriage]. One of you dared to say, in times past, that I and my sister Mary were bastards; and you still continue to interfere in what does not concern you. Go home and mend your own lives, and set an honest example in your families. The Lords of Parliament should have taught you to know your places; but if they have forgotten their duty I will not forget mine. Did I so choose I might make the impertinence of the whole set of you an excuse to withdraw my promise to marry; but for the realm's sake I am now resolved that I will marry, and I will take a husband that will not be to the taste of some of you. I have not married hitherto out of

* Domestic MSS., February 27, 1585; Notes of Conversation between the Queen and Cecil on Church Matters.

† When the queen desired to become personally offensive to the bishops they were styled "doctors."

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consideration for you; but it shall be done now, and you who have been so urgent with me will find the effects of it to your cost. Think you the prince who will be my consort will feel himself safe with such as you, who thus dare to thwart and cross your natural sovereign?" *

A bold speech for a usurper; but Cecil calmed down the storm and still further undermined any prospect of the queen's marriage.

THE FRANCO-ANNAMESE CONFLICT.

IT is especially when writing about China and her so-called tributaries that circumspection and consistency are jewels. Floods of ink have been wasted for these last few months, both in Europe and America, which could have been spared with profit for better pondered and less sensational editorials. Scores of solemn newspapers of all nationalities have lived in plenteousness at the expense of Tu-Duc, the Marquis Tseng, that thunderbolt of war Li-Hong-Tchang, M. Challemel-Lacour, and the "Celestial" Konang-Su, Emperor of China, without the least regard for impartiality or respect for historical teachings.

Is France right or wrong in busying herself so immoderately about Tonquin? Is China wrong or right in keeping herself in so excited a mood about French *gesta et facta* in Tonquin? Shall there be war, yes or no, between France and China about Tu-Duc? Shall France, after all, annex Tonquin? And if so, what will England or Germany, or the rest of the world, do about it?

Such are the momentous questions which are monopolizing nowadays the attention of the political and commercial world. It is not our province to answer them in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, for fear we should place it in the above-mentioned category of parasitical sensationalists. The Franco-Annamese conflict does not yet belong to history, at least in this its last phase. What we wish to do is this only: while leaving to our readers to draw their own conclusions, to enable them to see their way out of the medley of arguments *pro* and *con* showered upon this much-vexed controversy. For this purpose we will examine—1. What ethnology teaches us about the races now spread over the Indo-

* MSS. of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

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Chinese peninsula. 2. What history tells us of the development of nationalities in the former negro kingdom of Tsiampa, and of the sympathies and antipathies now existing among them. 3. The three great mistakes France has made in Tonquin from 1787 to the death of Francis Garnier in 1874.

I.

To one having some knowledge of the laws which in every quarter of the globe uniformly govern the growth, grouping, and migrations of humanity, it is sufficient to glance at a map of the Indo-Chinese peninsula to understand what extraordinary struggles must have taken place on such a field for the inexhaustible appetites and passions of man, above all when deprived of Christian training and of the soothing light of the Gospel.

About the 25° of latitude north, between 98° and 102° 28′ longitude east, you perceive an inextricable net-work of mountains nine thousand feet high, something like a solid sea whose waves were thousands and thousands of rugged plateaus and sharp-pointed peaks. This is the Chinese province of Yun-Nan. Enormous quantities of water rush down from the sides of these mountains, dragging earth in their impetuous course, and leaving it on their way to form at the foot of the mountains and between their most distant counterforts vast alluvial and more and more horizontal plains, on which slackened rivers wind about before emptying into the China Sea.

The Irrawadi—said to mean, like Mississippi, *Father of Waters*—runs nearly from north to south through the greater part of the Burmese dominions and the British Pegu—which occupies its whole delta, similar to that of the Nile—and finally falls into the Gulf of Martaban. The Me-Nam, or *Mother of Waters*, rises in the table-land of China, and after a southern course of eight hundred miles, traversing the centre of Siam, enters the Gulf of Siam by three great mouths. The Mekong, or Cambodia, rises in Thibet, where it bears the name of Lan-Thsang-Kiang, and, after a long course through various provinces, falls into the China Sea by several mouths. Lastly, the great Red River, or Song-Koi, waters the extensive alluvial plain which forms the northern province of Cochin China, known as Tonquin, and falls into the Gulf of Tonquin.

Rivers have been very properly called by a thoughtful geographer "marching highways," for the same movement which transfers the granite of the mountain to the alluvial plain carries

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as surely the inhabitants of cold, uncomfortable ranges of lofty mountains to the warm and fertile plain. In fact, it was from the mountainous centre of Asia, sometimes called the roof of the world, that, along with the Yenisei and Lena rivers in the northern countries, the Amour, Hoang-Ho, and Yang-Tse-Kiang in the eastern ones, and the Cambodia, Ganges, and Indus in the southern regions, torrents of mountaineers flowed down to the various sea-shores.

But the first settlers of a newly-opened valley never belong to the superior grades of mankind. Not until much later on do more civilized and intelligent populations appear, taking their place above the first inhabitants, and generally either destroying them or driving them away to the poorer parts of the country, or perhaps producing a mixed race by intermarriages, the results of which, long after these invasions, are easily recognized by the keen eye of the ethnological observer.

The first inhabitants of the Indo-Chinese peninsula were negroes, not identical with those of Africa, but looking very much like the Papuan, with their woolly hair, thick lips, and narrow, retreating foreheads. They are still to be found, in their more or less pure type, under the names of Moys and Kemoys, in the Indo-Chinese forests, and in Malacca under the appellation of Sammangs. Other negroes, with stiff hair and round, narrow heads, came next and lorded it over the aborigines, establishing regular kingdoms, among them that of Tsiampa, at present replaced by the empire of Annam. Their blood is still more or less traceable in the very much mixed population of Indo-China, and some specimens of their pure type are to be seen in the mountains where they, under the name of Chams, or Tsiams, were, like the other negroes, driven back. To these two kinds of negroes we must add the Piaks, Charais, and Penongs, who are very similar to the Malays, either because they were originally from the Malay peninsula, or, as it is thought by Dr. Harmand, because they are continental Malays who had never left the continent for the peninsula.

To that preliminary blending of the black and tawny colors is to be added, at a far later period, the infiltration of the yellow race carried away from the Chinese province of Yun-Nan by the rivers Mekong and Song-Koi, or Red River. From the amalgamation of these oblique-eyed, broad, flat-faced Mongolians and the continental Malays came the present Annamites, with chocolate-colored skin and oblique eyes, who chew betel like Malays, and possess in common with them a characteristic widening of

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the great toe, the consequence of which is a faculty of prehension of objects with their feet. In fact, besides tattooing, this is the peculiarity which makes more impression on the Chinese, who still give to the Annamites the nickname of *Caotchi*—that is, "the cloven-footed men."

But the Mekong and the Song-Koi, which brought the Annamites to the old negro kingdom of Tsiampa; the Me-Nam, on which the Thays came down to the present kingdom of Siam; and especially the Irrawadi, to which are due the several Malay-Mongolian tribes of the Burman Empire, gave way before a still later invasion—which to us is most interesting, as it was one of our own race—of tribes belonging to that Aryan or Caucasian, Japhetic family, which left its ancient home in India to settle upon the shores of Europe, and from the languages of which come the dialects of Wales and Brittany, those of Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man, as well as those of Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, the Langue d'Oc and the Langue d'Oil, Greek and Latin, the old Prussian, and all the living dialects of Belgium, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany, and England.

These Aryans brought over with them in the Indo-Chinese peninsula the supremely atheistic doctrines of Buddha, that interesting but erratic son of King Couddhodama, who, in the beginning of the sixth century B.C., became the prophet of "utter annihilation"—a so-called religion which still keeps down in the depths of barbarism, ignorance, and mental degradation more than one-third of the entire population of the earth. For the worship of Buddha were built by the Aryan invasion of southwestern Asia gigantic temples, the fine architecture of which bears comparison with that of the Renaissance.

But, like the numerous ruins in Cambodia, like the celebrated Angkoor and the famous nine-storied pyramid of Boro-Buddor in Java, all these Aryan buildings—of the most various forms and fantastic outline, covered with small spires and cupolas and countless niches occupied by as many statues of Buddha as large as life, seated in the usual attitude with his legs crossed—are now buried in the midst of dense forests, the only vestiges of the passage of a truly superior race. The exceedingly hot climate which respected those statues of a Caucasian type, with elevated foreheads, well-shaped noses, and wide, horizontal eyes, was the unconquerable enemy of the conquerors—whom these statues represent—who, little by little, disappeared in the mountains and intermarried with the aboriginal negroes. Hence the

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white savages—degenerated sons of a once victorious race—known to-day as the Stiengs and the Lolos, whom the Annamites capture in large numbers and reduce to slavery.

From this rapid sketch of the various invasions which peopled Indo-China it is easy to infer the diversity of tempers which could not but be engendered by the promiscuous association, through many centuries, of five different species of men belonging to so utterly unlike races as are the black, the yellow, and the white. But history has taken good care to throw still more confusion into the already much intricate skein of ethnology.

II.

What is called to-day the empire of Annam is a territory about 965 miles in length, with a breadth varying from 85 to 400 miles, and occupying the eastern portion of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, which lies between latitude 9° 40′ and 23° 22′ north, and longitude 102° and 109° 30′ east. It is divided into Cochin China proper; Cambodia, at present mostly divided between Annam, Siam, and the French; Tsiampa, formerly the most important kingdom of that mountainous region; and Tonquin, the most northerly province of the empire, often called Drang-Ngai, or Outside Kingdom, by opposition to Cochin China, known as Drang-Trong, or Inside Kingdom. To these four great territories may be added a part of the mountainous region of the Shan states, called the Laos country, and several islands in the Gulf of Tonquin. Like that of China, the early history of those south-western Asiatic countries is involved in obscurity. It is certain, however, that prior to the Mongol invasion and the conquest by Gengis-Khan, in the eleventh century, they formed a part of the empire of China. Hence the nominal vassalage still borne by the Annamese sovereigns to the "Brother of the Sun and Moon, Son of Heaven, and Lord of a Myriad Years" who reigns at Pekin. But from the twelfth century we see what came afterwards to be called Cochin China, as well as Tonquin and China, struggling among themselves, both the former to get rid of the latter's yoke and of each other's supremacy, each of them having already a king of its own and intending to remain independent. Both peoples, as we said before, were of Chinese origin, probably from the province of Yun-Nan, but while the Cochin Chinese had amalgamated with the Malayans, the Tonquinese had united themselves with the Aryan or Caucasian element, thus forming

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two most distinct and antagonistic *strata*, so to speak, on which the powerful action of time has not as yet exercised the least modifying influence. While the latter have remained through many centuries meek, gentle, unwarlike, and industrious, the former, now the Annamese and the conquerors, are, like the Mongolian boatmen who ply the shores of the Yellow Sea, extremely dirty in their persons, cowardly, cruel, and deceitful, and, like the Malays, strongly addicted to easy war and plunder. No wonder, then, if the Tonquinites clung desperately from 1363 to 1788—that is, for four hundred and twenty-five years—to the truly patriotic and national dynasty of Lê, which has still living representatives as popular in Tonquin as the Annamese descendants of Gia-Long are odious and abhorred.

The popularity of this famous dynasty of Lê is to be ascribed to the fact that to its head was due, in 1363, the independence of Tonquin and Cochin China, then united under his sceptre, from the despotism of China. It is only fair to state, however, that Koublai-Khan, grandson of Gengis-Khan and conqueror of China in 1279—in which he was, under the name of Chi-Tsou, the founder of the Mongolian dynasty of Youen—was a man of a conciliatory character and did much for agriculture, letters, science, and even for Catholicity. The famous Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, brought him from Pope Gregory X. an answer to a letter he had written to His Holiness asking him to send to China some missionaries. Franciscan friars, of the order newly founded by St. Francis of Assisi in 1209, were in fact despatched to Pekin, of which Friar Jean de Montcorvin, after fifty years of preaching, was consecrated first archbishop in 1338.

It was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that some Portuguese Jesuits introduced the Christian religion into Cochin China and Tonquin. The princes of the dynasty of Lê, who still held possession of both kingdoms, though not without many alternate downfalls and restorations, were intelligent enough to appreciate the grandeur and sublimity of Catholic doctrines. In 1624 the whole imperial family abjured Buddhism, and they have remained ever since, from generation to generation, faithful to the see of St. Peter.

So important a conversion seemed to a saintly priest of France a favorable omen for the future of Catholicity in south-western Asia, and gave birth to one of the most admirable religious societies known to modern times. Born in Avignon in 1591, Father Alexandre de Rhodes entered the Society of Jesus in 1612, and repaired a few years after to Tonquin, where he be-

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came quite a favorite with the then reigning Lê, already a convert, and he resolved to apply to the Holy See for the organization of a missionary society with a special view to evangelizing Cambodia, Tonquin, and Cochin China, and creating in those territories an indigenous clergy. On his suggestion Pope Alexander VII., by a bull signed on the 8th of June, 1658, appointed as vicars-apostolic for Cochin China and Tonquin two bishops, who started at once with co-laborers, leaving behind them Mgr. Bernard de Sainte-Thérèse, bishop *in partibus* of Babylon, who became the founder of that nursery in Paris of Catholic heroes and martyrs known as the "Séminaire des Missions-Étrangères," in the Rue du Bac. This truly apostolic society now supplies undaunted champions of religion to most of the foreign missions. There are now in Tonquin 42 French missionaries, 95 native priests, 452 catechists, 350,000 converts, 675 churches, 4 seminaries with 452 students, and 604 schools and orphanages with about 8,000 children. In the southern section of the empire of Annam, or Cochin China proper, there are 95,000 converts, under 20 French and 55 native priests and 161 catechists, provided with 271 churches or chapels, 2 seminaries with 153 students, and 6 orphanages containing about 600 children. The large discrepancy between the results of French missionary zeal in the northern, or Tonquinite, division of Annam and the southern one, which is purely Annamite, will no doubt strike thoughtful observers as a new confirmation of the theory herein advanced of the evil influence of the admixture of Malayan blood, as compared with the beneficent influence of the Aryan blood, among the primitive Chinese elements carried over by the Song-Koi and the Irrawadi rivers to southwestern Asia. In this will also be found the secret of the unbounded sympathy of the present conquered populations of Tonquin for the French, whom they consider as half-brothers, and whom they look upon even now as their liberators from the insufferable tyranny of the Annamite Tu-Duc, in spite of the strange and often disgraceful way in which France, or rather the changeable French governments, have dealt with them for more than a century.

III.

It was in 1774, in the very year which saw Louis XVI., the grandson of the so-called Louis le Bien-Aimé, ascend the throne of France, that Gia-Long, the last offspring of the Cochin Chinese dynasty of Ngaï, had been obliged, after the massacre of

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his uncle and his elder brother by the three brothers Taï-Tsoung of the Lê dynasty of Hanoï, to seek a shelter in the residence of Mgr. de Béhaine, Bishop of Adran and Vicar-Apostolic of Cochin China. Through a reverse of fortune the Tonquinite kings were in 1779 once more subjected to the Annamite rule; but they took possession again, a few years after, of both Cochin China and Tonquin, pursuing Gia-Long up to the frontiers of Siam, whose king gave him hospitality and advised him to call France to his rescue. The dethroned monarch, who had left his eldest son in charge of Mgr. de Béhaine, begged the bishop to start at once for Europe and solicit French help and protection for his cause. How the good prelate could accept such a mission is more than we shall venture to explain, for it was simply an invitation to a Catholic sovereign to help dethrone a Catholic dynasty for the benefit of a pagan one. It was done, however, and after much negotiation Louis XVI. promised in 1788 to replace Gia-Long on his throne, on condition that he should in return give to France the port of Touron, situated about 110 miles southeast from Hué, on the magnificent bay of the same name.

This port of Touron is the one in which a French frigate and a corvette destroyed the Cochin Chinese flotilla in 1847. Again in 1858 a Franco-Spanish expedition seized it and did not evacuate it until 1860. In connection with the occupation of the city of Touron in the latter campaign we find in the *Aventures et Découvertes dans l'Extrême-Orient*, by Octave Féré, a startling episode of the baseness and coward cruelty we have ascribed as a characteristic to the Annamites. The rainy season had come, and to divert their melancholy a party of ten French officers, in spite of strict orders not to wander far from the encampments, went hunting in the company of some peasants of the village of Tien-Shang who had too courteously offered themselves as guides and scouts. The weather was beautiful, and each of the officers went his own way, it being understood that the whole party would reassemble at twelve in an appointed glade for breakfast. At the appointed hour everything was ready, and they were about enjoying their meal, when it was observed that a young and very amiable officer, who had left St. Cyr only the preceding year, was missing. After waiting for him for half an hour his companions had resolved to go in quest of him, when one of the courteous natives who had accompanied him appeared, out of breath, terrified, and executed a too expressive pantomime, passing his yataghan round his neck and wrists.

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At once the officers return to the camp, and, with the help of an interpreter, order the peasant to bring them where he had left their unfortunate comrade. They soon found themselves near the poor St. Cyrian, whose corpse, horribly mutilated, without head or hands, lay in a bloody mire near a dead monkey, evidently felled by a firearm. Guides and peasants were brought back to the East Fort, and acknowledged that the young officer had been treacherously knocked on the head from behind while he was examining the monkey he had just killed with his gun, then murdered, after a heroic resistance, and afterwards butchered by his slayers, who had no doubt carried his head and hands as a trophy to the mandarins, in order to get the reward of four hundred and fifty *ligatures* of *sapecks*—about a hundred dollars—promised for every head of a French officer by Tu-Duc. The very same evening the Touron peninsula was blockaded by the aviso *La Dragonne*, the village of Tien-Shang burned to the ground, and the mountain searched in every direction, but the assassins were not to be found. They had already gone back to the outposts of the Annamites; for they were simply disguised soldiers from the emperor's camp, who had been notified of the hunting by the obsequious peasants.

But to resume. A treaty to that effect was signed; but soon the great Revolution set in, sweeping in its mighty course the French monarchy and whatever it had dreamed of; for, as Shakspere says in "Hamlet,"

> "The cease of majesty
> Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
> What's near it with it."

However, quite a number of French officers and engineers, urged by the same ardent love for adventure and liberty which brought Lafayette to Charleston on the 25th of April, 1777, went to Cochin China in 1800 and entered the service of Gia-Long. Thanks to their ability and exertion, a new army was raised, organized and drilled after the European fashion, and in 1802 Gia-Long routed the Lê's partisans, added Tonquin, Cambodia, and the Laos countries to Cochin China, and thus founded the empire of Annam.

This we insist on calling the greatest blunder of France in her dealings with the Extreme-Orient—a blunder which the brave but inconsiderate officers just mentioned still singularly magnified by fortifying *à la Vauban* the principal cities of the new empire, such as Saïgon, Hué, and Hanoï, as we learn from the

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notes and reminiscences of the son of one of these officers, M. Chaigneau. By embracing the cause of the Catholic dynasty of Lê, France would have affirmed her protectorate over Tonquin from the beginning of the present century, and, besides opening that great country to foreign commerce, she would have spared thousands of lives which were lost through subsequent persecutions and useless wars. The Annamites would have been kept in due subjection by very little exertion on the part of her military establishments in Tonquin, where Catholicity would be now the predominant religion, while China, awed by so mighty a neighbor, would hardly have dared any longer to persecute Catholic missionaries any more than to refuse facilities for a fruitful commercial intercourse. Instead of a miserable, dilapidated town, Hanoï would be to-day the capital of a flourishing Catholic kingdom of thirty million inhabitants, the business centre and recognized emporium of eastern Asia. For nations as well as for individuals opportunity must be seized at once, under penalty of paying very dear for having allowed it to escape.

Before his death, in 1820, Gia-Long, though he did not himself persecute Catholics, did not fail to display the full measure of his deceitfulness and ingratitude. To the exclusion of his grandson, whose father had been the pupil of Mgr. De Béhaine and died prematurely, the first emperor of Annam left his throne to an illegitimate son, Minh-Menh, who became one of the worst persecutors of missionaries and converts, and was succeeded by another persecutor, Thien-Tsi, in 1840. But it was reserved to Tu-Duc, the younger brother of Thien-Tsi, to be the Annamite Diocletian by sending to a glorious death a large number of martyrs, especially in Tonquin, where Mgr. Diaz, a Spanish bishop, was put to death in 1857. Tu-Duc had then been in power for ten years, having trampled on the rights of his elder brother in 1847. So much Christian blood crying for vengeance at last aroused France and Spain, by whom a concerted expedition was sent in 1858 against Tu-Duc, who lost Touron and Saïgon in 1859, but did not surrender until 1862. Then was another opportunity lost by France of conquering Tonquin peacefully. Ever since its annexation to Cochin China by Gia-Long, Tonquin had been more or less in a state of open rebellion. Faithful to its national dynasty, that unfortunate province resembled much the royalist Vendée. If France had powerful allies in the white savages we spoke of as spread over the Tonquinite mountains, she had also devoted friends and natural allies in what we might call the *Faubourg St. Germain* of Hanoï—that is to say,

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the Lê family and their unabated followers. When, in 1861, the legitimate representative of this family headed a revolutionary movement against Tu-Duc, and went with a powerful army to the very doors of Hué, it was the duty of France to repair the wrong she had done in 1802 and to reinstate on his throne a Catholic king, educated by her own missionaries, and whose fathers she had so inadvertently helped to dispossess. To accomplish so simple and at the same time so profitable an act of justice, she being there on the ground with her then invincible soldiers and navy, had only to raise her finger and the persecutor Tu-Duc was no more.

But in 1862, as in 1802, the same policy prevailed which Count de St. Vallier, in a memorable speech pronounced in the French Senate on June 2 last, vehemently stigmatized as "not only bad, but hesitating, inconsiderate, incoherent, marked by perpetual changes and the most contradictory resolutions"—all hard epithets, which may justly be applied to the policy of France whenever she attempts to plant her flag on colonial soil. Appalled at the impetuous advance of his ancient adversary, Tu-Duc, in order to save his Annamite crown, threatened again by young Lê, came to terms with France; and France, once more blind to her own interests and the interests of religion, signed with Tu-Duc a treaty of peace which quenched for the second time all hopes of Tonquin's independence. Saïgon, the capital of Cambodia, fortified as well as Hué by French engineers at the end of the eighteenth century, had in 1860 been captured with her two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, together with the territory of Lower Cochin China, and had been provided with a permanent force of several large vessels and a garrison of ten thousand men. In 1864, July 15, treaties of peace and commerce concluded with the Annamite government provided that—

"*The protectorate* of the six provinces of Lower Cochin China should remain in the hands of France; that three important ports on the coast of Annam should be opened; that a space of nine kilometres along the shore of each port should be conceded to the French for the establishment of factories; that French merchants and missionaries should be allowed to traverse the empire of Annam without hindrance, and that an indemnity of one hundred millions of francs should be paid."

This, of course, was something; but it was not until 1868 that the French government asserted its protectorate over the whole of Cambodia and thought of occupying the whole coast of Tonquin, so as to isolate the Annamese sovereign and acquire over him the same ascendency which the British exercise in Burmah.

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Then it was that a well-known Italian adventurer and traveller, Captain Celso Cesare Moreno, explained, but to no avail, to Napoleon III. the opportunity opened to French commerce in Farther India to oust England from the rice and opium markets of the Chinese Empire and become the principal purveyor of these two articles, so as ultimately to absorb the foreign commerce of the Celestial region. The only mistake—and it was a decisive one—of Captain Moreno was to suppose that the Mekong, the course of which the French were then the masters of, was navigable as far as the Chinese frontier, and that the Yun-Nan province could be unsealed, through the Mekong, to the commerce of the world, with all its prodigious riches and fecundity. The exploring expedition headed by Captain Doudard de Lagrée and Lieutenant Francis Garnier, in 1867, had proved that, owing to the multiplicity of its rapids, the largest river of Indo-China was out of question as a commercial highway between the French possessions in Cambodia and the Chinese provinces in which it rises. That dire truth Napoleon III. knew of; but it was ignored by Captain Moreno, whose project thus went justly unheeded.

It was reserved to a French merchant, M. Jean Dupuis, who had long been established in Shang-Haï and was the purveyor of arms to the Chinese government, practically to demonstrate that the Song-Koi, or Red River, was the only navigable route to Yun-Nan. This was in 1872, when the Chinese had opened a vigorous campaign against the Mohammedans settled in the latter province, who since 1854 had been in a continual state of rebellion against China. Finding it exceedingly slow to forward by the interior roads of the Chinese Empire the arms, ammunition, and provisions of all kinds which he had been commissioned to supply the Chinese troops, he proposed to the mandarins to explore the Red River with his own steamers. They not only authorized him to do so, but gave him letters accrediting him as their representative and ordering the viceroy of Hanoï to help him in his adventurous mission. Nothing is more amusing than the account given by M. Dupuis in his book, *La Conquête du Tonquin*, of the panic created among the Annamite mandarins by his unexpected arrival before Hanoï with his steamers, *Lao-Kaï* and *Hong-Kiang*, on the eve of Christmas, 1872. All the rich Annamite families fled precipitately, and the mandarins secretly ordered the population of Hanoï to leave the city, in order to make M. Dupuis believe that he and his followers were considered as enemies and would be soon treated accordingly. But the true Tonquinites did not move. Then the mandarins

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spread the terrific news that the Frenchman's two steamers, like the wooden horse in Troy of old, held concealed within them thousands of soldiers, besides infernal machines ready to burn down the city, destroy its inhabitants, and conquer the whole province. The sudden arrival of the frigate *Bourayne* from Saïgon seemed to give some appearance of truth to these wild falsehoods; but still the Tonquinites remained undisturbed. What was designed to terrify them seemed to be to them the glad tidings of a near deliverance from Tu-Duc's yoke. Meanwhile the viceroy did not show himself, all negotiations about the mission of M. Dupuis and the help to be lent him for the exploration of the Red River being transacted between the Annamite secretary of the treasury and the Chinese secretary of Jean Dupuis, acting as his interpreter. On the 29th of December Mgr. Puginier, a French bishop having his residence in Ké-So, about thirty miles from Hanoï, hearing of the arrival of a French mission, came to Hanoï with his vicar, M. Dumoulin, born, like M. Dupuis himself, in the French *arrondissement* of Roanne. Very affecting was the unexpected meeting between the venerable prelate, M. Dupuis, and Messrs. Millot, Begaud, and Fargeau, officers on the *Lao-Kaï* and *Hong-Kiang*. The shrewd mandarins did all they could to induce Mgr. Puginier to discourage the French explorer from the accomplishment of his mission. "There was no water," they said, "in the Song-Koi, and, moreover, the famous rebels known as the 'Black Flags' were entrenched in Lao-Kaï and would exterminate the French party to the last man." The good bishop knew them too well, and did not even attempt to deter his countryman from obeying the orders he had received from the Chinese government.

On the 6th of January, 1873, Dupuis had not yet seen the viceroy, who remained invisible in the citadel of Hanoï—like the citadel of Hué, built by French engineers according to the system of Vauban. Escorted by his ship officers and ten Chinese soldiers, the French merchant went that day to see the famous citadel, but he was no sooner perceived by the sentries than all the doors were shut and the drawbridges were raised, while the ramparts swarmed with Annamite soldiers, running to and fro in great disorder, as if afraid of a sudden attack from a large army. The party laughed heartily at so unseemly and unnecessary a demonstration, and went back to their ships, where they found Colonel Tsaï, who had been sent with fifty soldiers by General Tchen, commanding the Chinese troops stationed at Bac-Ninh and Thaïguyen, in order to inquire the meaning of the numer-

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ous despatches forwarded by the viceroy. The viceroy had described the French party as "brigands" of Saïgon, whose intention was, under the pretext of a mission, to conquer Tonquin from the authorities of Yun-Nan. When shown the credential letters from these authorities Colonel Tsaï, knowing the bad faith of the Annamite mandarins, became the stanch friend of M. Dupuis, went back to General Tchen without even seeing the viceroy, and returned to Hanoï on the 15th of January with strong letters from Tchen ordering the viceroys of Hanoï and Son-Tay to supply the French mission with boats and boatmen all along the Red River, the expenses to be paid by the Yun-Nan mandarins. In case the viceroys should not promptly execute his orders General Tchen threatened to come himself, at the head of his troops, to chastise as they deserved the stubborn Annamite authorities and to accompany the mission to Yun-Nan *via* the Song-Koi. This vigorous demonstration settled all difficulties. Dupuis successfully carried out his plans, and as a loyal Frenchman notified the French government of the important discovery he had made of the thorough navigability of the Red River. Soon his business became so prosperous that the Annamite mandarins and Tu-Duc himself did all in their power to help his cause with the French governor of Cochin China, who had remonstrated against him to the French government. Lieutenant Francis Garnier was sent again to Tonquin in 1873, and he found easily enough that the complaints of the mandarins were prompted by mere jealousy, and instead of blaming Dupuis he himself helped, with the latter's undisputed influence and immense material, to accomplish his marvellous but ephemeral conquest of Tonquin, so picturesquely described in Dupuis' account. But when the chivalrous Garnier was massacred with his handful of brave companions, at the very same place where on the 18th of May preceding Commandant Rivière lost his life, M. Philastre, sent by France to take his place in the citadel of Hanoï, adopted quite the reverse of his policy, expelled and consequently ruined Dupuis, and allowed Tu-Duc to massacre forty thousand Tonquinites merely because they had, through true sympathy for French designs in Tonquin, lent the most disinterested help to his valiant predecessor.

This is the third and most atrocious blunder committed by France, or rather by the French government, in Tonquin. Great indeed was the popular indignation when the correct news was received in Paris. It was not, however, until the 24th of February, 1881, that M. Dupuis, who had come to France to plead on

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his own behalf, received from the Chamber of Deputies an indemnity of two millions of francs. Meanwhile the Black Flags, far from decreasing in number and audacity, rendered the provisions of the treaty of 1874 useless, and spread terror and death by their depredations and wholesale murders all along the Red River. Public opinion was again aroused in France, and M. de Vilers, then governor of Cochin China, received orders in April, 1881, to send the French naval division of Saïgon into Tonquin waters. But as there was no definite plan, nothing was done towards the restoration of peace and security on the Song-Koi shores, so that Commandant Rivière found himself obliged to recapture the citadel of Hanoï, and then to give it back to the Annamites. The Annamites soon blockaded him so closely that, in a desperate attempt to break through with the few heroes who with him were shamefully abandoned to themselves by temporizing France, he gloriously lost his life. He was not avenged until the 19th of July last, by the victory of Colonel Badens at Nam-Dinh.

On the following day, July 20, Tu-Duc, the shrewd Annamite whose duplicity had brought about so long and bloody troubles, gasped his last in the mysterious citadel of Hué. Two factions of ambitious mandarins at once began over his corpse a contest for a new emperor of their respective choice. Some wanted Phu-Dac, a nephew designated as his successor by the will of Tu-Duc; others, finding Phu-Dac opposed to a prolonged war with France, pronounced for another member of the imperial family, Vian-Lan. But on the 15th of August the French gunboats *La Vipère* and *Le Lynx* entered the canal of Thuan-An, and on the 18th, 19th, and 20th made the voice of France to be so distinctly heard in Hué that the contest between the mandarins was suddenly silenced. A third candidate for the Annamite throne was at once found in the person of Tu-Duc's youngest nephew, who on the 25th of August signed with Dr. Harmand, civil commissioner for the French government, the treaty of Hué, of which the following are the exact and complete terms:

"The protectorate of France over the kingdom of Annam is formally recognized. The forts of Thuan-An, at the entrance of the Hué River, and the line of Vung-Khiva, which commands the communications of Annam with Cochin China, shall be permanently occupied by French troops. As a compensation for ancient and unpaid debts contracted by Annam towards France, the province of Bin-Thuan, bordering on Cochin China, is ceded to the French. Two new ports, Xuanday and Tourane, shall be opened.

"A line of telegraphy shall be established between Saïgon and

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Hanoi. Resident governors shall be sent by France to all capitals of the provinces of Tonquin—even in those of Than-Hoa and Nghean, southeast of the Red River. These governors shall be assisted by French troops, in numbers to be determined by the French government. The French resident in Hué shall enjoy the privilege, heretofore denied to foreign ministers, of personal interviews with the sovereign of Annam.

"The customs of the kingdom of Annam shall be given up entirely to French collection and control, in consideration of which France will serve annually to the government of Annam an income of 2,500,000 francs.

"The French government shall be authorized to construct all along the Red River as many forts or posts as they will deem necessary.

"The piastres and coins of Cochin China shall be legal tender all over the kingdom of Annam."

Such is the convention made between the French government and the new emperor of Annam, Hiephma, subject, we must add, to the approbation of China, which does not seem quite disposed to bow before Dr. Harmand, Admiral Courbet, and M. Champeaux, formerly French consul at Hué, and who has been, by telegraph, appointed on the 15th of September the first resident governor near the court of Annam.

While negotiations are pending between the ubiquitous Marquis of Tseng and the never-to-be found Challemel-Lacour, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, President Grévy has sent the insignia of the Legion of Honor to King Hiephma, to Grand-Censor Traudino-Tuc, to Ndji-Nen-Trang-Hiep, the Annamite Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Dr. Harmand, and last, but not least, to Mgr. Caspard.

Mgr. Caspard is one of the most distinguished members of the Society of Foreign Missions of Paris. An Alsatian, he was born in Obernay in 1841; set out for Cochin China in 1865, when only in his twenty-fourth year, and was elected titular bishop of Canata and vicar-apostolic of northern Cochin China in 1880. His residence is Hué, which he did not abandon during the three days' bombardment in August. The late Emperor Tu-Duc had Mgr. Caspard in particular esteem. When the French consul, M. Rheinart, the predecessor of M. Champeaux, left Hué in a hurry after the death of Commandant Rivière, the good bishop was called by the mandarins to be present at the inventory of the furniture of the consulate and signed the affidavits thereof. Later on the mandarins of the Court of Rites having caused an inquiry to be made about the resident missionaries in Annam, the bishop complained to Tu-Duc, who censured them severely and deprived them of one year's salary—a too tardy attempt at justice and recognition of the treaty of 1874!

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ARMINE.

CHAPTER XXV.

IT was about this time that Miss Dorrance said to her cousin one day: "Does it strike you that Sibyl is the victim of a *grande passion?*"

Mr. Talford looked a little startled. "No," he replied. "I confess that it has not struck me. Whom do you take to be the object of the passion?"

"Not yourself," said Laura, with a laugh, "nor yet any one whom you know. But you have heard of M. d'Antignac?"

"Heard of him—I should think so, indeed!" answered Mr. Talford. "Miss Bertram has entertained me on several occasions with rhapsodies about him. But what has that to do with the matter?"

"Only that he is the object of the passion."

Mr. Talford stared for a moment; then he looked disgusted.

"Women have strange ideas," he said. "There seems to me something equally absurd and revolting in the suggestion that a young, beautiful creature like Miss Bertram could find any attraction in the man of whom you speak—a hopeless invalid who, from what I hear of him, can only be said to be half-alive."

"He is not much more, as far as his body is concerned," Laura replied; "but men have strange ideas if they imagine that what attracts a woman like Sibyl Bertram has anything to do with the body. It is the spirit; and certainly there is enough of that in M. d'Antignac."

"Is there?" said her cousin, with a slight laugh. "I confess to not knowing much about spirits, either in the flesh or out of it. But I should not take them to be formidable rivals—that is, if one were sufficiently in earnest to fear a rival."

"Of course you are the best judge on that point," said Laura—"I mean about being sufficiently in earnest; but as for what constitutes a formidable rival—well, that, I should say, depends on the woman concerned. With some women it would be a million of dollars, with others a handsome face.

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But you ought to know whether or not Sibyl is like such women."

"Miss Bertram is very ideal," said Mr. Talford, "but I do her the justice to believe that she distinguishes clearly between what is ideal and what is practical, and that no one is less likely to confound the one with the other. Her fancy for M. d'Antignac is very natural; but it will not interfere with—anything else."

"Will it not?" said Laura, with a glance of amusement. "Well, we shall see. I thought it only kind to give you a warning."

"A warning is justified by its need," said her cousin; "but in this case I fail to perceive the need."

Nevertheless, lightly as he had received it, the warning was not without its effect upon him, inasmuch as he began to ask himself if the time had really come when he must definitely bid farewell to the pleasant liberty of his life and take upon himself the fetters of matrimony. They were not fetters for which he was in the least eager, and he had more than once asked himself why he should think of assuming them. But these doubts had a fashion of vanishing under the influence of Sibyl Bertram; and in the magic of her presence it seemed to him that he could do nothing better than to secure a companion so well calculated at once to stimulate interest and reflect credit on his taste. And it was characteristic of the man that he felt not the least fear of being refused. He was one of a class who are so steeped in materialism that they are honestly unable to conceive a different standard in the mind of any one else. He knew his own advantages well, and to suppose Miss Bertram ignorant of or indifferent to them would simply, in his opinion, have been to convict her of want of sense. But there was no reason for such a suspicion. The peculiarity of her manner, which struck Egerton so forcibly, had not been lost on him, and he had, as we are aware, drawn his own conclusions from it. A more acute man might, indeed, have been deceived, not having the *mot de l'enigme* in a sufficient knowledge of the character of this girl.

It was, therefore, without any of the fears which beset a timid lover that Mr. Talford weighed the pros and cons of freedom and matrimony. The first was the good of many years—proved, enjoyed, tested, and prized; the other an untried experiment, promising something to one desiring novelty,

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but also threatening much to one desiring change. Decision was difficult; but he knew that his desires inclined in one direction, and that a strong rush of inclination was all that was necessary to make these desires take the form of accomplished facts. Meanwhile, it was quite true that he had not seen much of Miss Bertram lately—owing partly to preoccupation on her part, and partly to a lack of ardor on his—and although he attached slight weight to Laura's flippant remarks about M. d'Antignac, he decided that it would be well to reassert the influence which he had no doubt that he possessed. And so, on the day after the conversation recorded above, he presented himself in Mrs. Bertram's drawing-room.

It was unoccupied; and while his card was taken to Miss Bertram he walked about the room, observing idly the variety of articles which filled it. But suddenly he paused to look at a picture that he had never seen before. It was the photograph of a singularly handsome man, who wore a uniform which struck him at first as entirely unfamiliar, but which he presently recognized as that of the papal army. The card bore the imprint of a well-known Roman photographer, and, turning it over, he saw that a woman's hand had written on the back, "Raoul d'Antignac, Rome, 1867." He shrugged his shoulders slightly, and as he was in the act of replacing the picture on the miniature easel from which he had taken it, a sound of rustling drapery told him that Miss Bertram was entering.

He turned, they shook hands, and after the first commonplaces of greeting were over it was natural that she should say, with a smile:

"What do you think of the picture you were examining when I came in?"

"It is the likeness of a handsome man," he answered carelessly. "The original, I presume, is the M. d'Antignac of whom I have had the pleasure of hearing a good deal."

"Yes; a photograph taken when he was in Rome. His sister gave it to me, and I consider it a treasure; though I would rather have one of him as he is now."

"But I have been under the impression that there is very little left of him—not enough to photograph."

"Do you remember the story of the lady who, hearing that her lover had been shot to pieces in battle, said that she would marry him if there was enough of him left to hold his

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soul?" asked Miss Bertram. "There is enough of M. d'Antignac left to hold his soul, and enough also to make a most interesting picture."

"Your story," said Mr. Talford, with a smile, "reminds me that I heard it suggested only yesterday that you are the victim of a *grande passion* for this interesting gentleman."

"I suppose Laura made the suggestion," observed Miss Bertram quietly. "It sounds like her. But Laura's ideas of a *grande passion* and mine are very different."

"So I presume," said the gentleman; "and I confess I should like very much to know what your idea is."

"Should you?" said Miss Bertram, smiling a little. "Pardon me if I say I think you are mistaken. I don't think you would care for my opinion or that of any one else on such a subject—the last I can imagine of interest to you."

This was not very encouraging; but a man of the world is not easily disconcerted, and after a moment Talford said:

"Why have you conceived such an opinion of my insensibility?"

"Do you consider that insensibility?" she asked. "I thought you would consider it simply good sense."

"I certainly consider it good sense not to fall too readily into grand passions, which, generally speaking, are grand follies," he replied; "but nevertheless I should like to hear your definition of such a passion."

"I am afraid that I do not know enough, nor have even thought enough of it, to venture on such a definition," she answered; "and probably I could not improve on yours—a grand folly. All feeling is folly—to those who do not share it."

Mr. Talford did not care to confess how nearly this was his own opinion. He felt that such an admission would not be a very auspicious opening for a suit in which the heart is supposed to play a prominent part. So he observed: "And yet feeling is necessary."

Sibyl looked at him with the smile still shining in her eyes. "You have discovered that?" she said. "Yes, I think we may not only say that feeling is necessary, but that the degree of feeling of which a man is capable is generally the measure of his worth. 'We live by admiration, hope, and love.'"

"Do we?" said Talford, unable to repress the scepticism of his tone. "It strikes me that we live by much more material means, and that, though admiration, hope, and love are very

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good things in their place, they are not at all essential to our existence."

"I should say that depended upon whether you consider our existence to be animal or spiritual," replied Miss Bertram; "or rather, since it is both, on which you consider the most important of the two."

"Rather a difficult question, inasmuch as no one has yet proved where the animal ends and the spiritual begins," answered Talford, not unwilling to evade more direct reply. "But I beg that you will not misunderstand me. If admiration, hope, and love are not essential to our existence, they certainly enrich and give it value."

"As luxuries that are desirable, but can be dispensed with," said Miss Bertram. "I don't think I can admit that. On the contrary, I believe that they are vital elements in our life. I can answer for myself that if I find nothing to admire—that is, nothing to look up to—I feel life to be not only empty and worthless, but disgusting. Think of being doomed to believe that the meanness and littleness of which we are conscious in ourselves are simply duplicated all around us, that no one rises higher, and that there is nothing whatever above us! Why, it is the most horrible of all mental nightmares! Yet there are people in the world who not only accept but who cultivate such a belief."

This being the belief on which her listener's whole life was based, it may be imagined that he felt inclined to reply as Talleyrand did to Madame de Rémusat: "Ah! what a very woman you are, and how very young." But he contented himself with smiling as he said:

"I am quite sure that *you* will never cultivate such a belief, and I should be sorry to see it forced on you."

"I have felt sometimes as if it were forced on me," she said; "and it is from *that* my knowledge of M. d'Antignac has delivered me."

"Do you mean," he asked, "that you have found so much to admire in M. d'Antignac?"

"I have not only found so much to admire in him," she answered, "but he has put the world right for me; he has raised me from the level on which I was stifling, to belief again in possibilities of nobleness. I was trying to believe in such possibilities when I met him, but it was a desperate and failing effort." She paused a moment, then added quickly: "I had begun to feel as if your philosophy of life, Mr. Talford, might

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be the true one after all. But it was like the taste of dust and ashes in its bitterness. If I felt as you do—that is, if I felt as you talk—I should be the most miserable of creatures."

"The presumption is, therefore, that I should find myself the most miserable of creatures," Talford answered quietly; "but, on the contrary, I fancy that there are few people who derive more satisfaction from existence than I do. My aspirations are limited to things within the range of my senses, and I expect nothing more from life than I am certain that it is able to yield. Ideal aspirations do not trouble me at all; and as for possibilities of nobleness in human nature, I am content with its possibilities of usefulness. Believe me, my dear Miss Bertram, men like your friend M. d'Antignac are mere dreamers, whose ideas of life are no more to be trusted than the bravery of a soldier who has never seen a battle."

"M. d'Antignac has seen battles," said she. "He has lived in the world."

"Then he has learned little from it, for no man of any worldly knowledge could cherish dreams like those of which I understand you to speak."

"I have never in my life seen any one who gave me less the idea of a dreamer than M. d'Antignac," she said. "If you saw him you would never apply such a term to him."

"The only reason why I could possibly desire to see M. d'Antignac would be to discover what you find so attractive in him," said Talford, who began to feel that Laura's warning had not been so preposterous as he imagined.

"In that case you might discover nothing," said Sibyl. "For, as I remarked a little while ago, whatever we are not in sympathy with seems to us folly."

There was a moment's pause. Then Talford said quietly, but with a tone and manner not to be misunderstood: "I should like to be in sympathy with you on all points."

The young lady flushed a little, but answered lightly:

"You are very kind, but before you could attain such sympathy I fear that one or the other of us would have to be made over again; and I cannot think that it would be a pleasant process, that of being made over. Happily there is no need to try it. We can be very good friends as friends go, with sympathy on some points and toleration on all."

"I have always thought moderation a virtue," said Talford, "and have flattered myself that when I could not obtain what I wanted I was able to content myself with what I could get;

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but I am not sure that my philosophy will stand the test you propose. 'Very good friends as friends go'—I am afraid, Miss Bertram, that will not satisfy me."

"Very good friends, then, without the clause," said she. "I think you must be unreasonable if you are not satisfied with that. At least," going on quickly, "it is all I can offer; and since you have been good enough to compliment me on being a woman of the world, let me suggest that our conversation has wandered into a region where people of the world can hardly feel at home. Let us leave sympathies and sentiments and talk of more practical things—horses, pictures, music, or what they are saying on the boulevards. And here"—as the door opened—"comes mamma to offer the needed inspiration—a cup of tea."

But instead of Mrs. Bertram the opening door disclosed the white cap-strings of Valentine, the maid, who announced "M. Egerton," and then drew back to admit that gentleman.

It is probable that Sibyl had never before welcomed him with such sincere cordiality, and it is also probable that Talford was not sorry to see him, since his entrance relieved what might have been in another moment an awkward situation. For how can a man, having gone so far, not proceed farther? And yet Miss Bertram's manner certainly had not encouraged that proceeding, nor inspired confidence of a favorable issue. Talford's experience of feminine nature was, however, large; and he knew that the resources of that evasion which it is hardly fair to call coquetry sometimes renders it difficult to foretell the nature of an answer up to the instant of receiving it. His vanity had, therefore, a loophole of escape; and it was a loophole which just now he was not sorry to have provided.

"Though who can tell that I shall ever be so near the point again?" he thought, with genuine regret and genuine doubt of himself.

"You have come in time to share the offer of a cup of tea which I was just making to Mr. Talford," said Miss Bertram, after she had greeted Egerton with unusual warmth. "We will have it without waiting for mamma, who has been out since breakfast indulging in the delights of shopping with some American friends. There is an 'occasion' at the Bon Marché, and no feminine mind can resist the fascination of a bargain."

"You have apparently resisted it, since I have the pleasure of finding you at home," said Egerton.

"Oh! but I know that mamma will find all the bargains and

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bring them to me without my undergoing the purgatory of crushing which is the penalty one has to pay for the cheapness of the great shops. I confess that I have a most undemocratic dislike to coming into close contact with my fellow-beings. I am never in such a crowd that I do not think I should like to be an archduchess, in order to have room always made for me."

"An archduchess with socialistic sympathies would be something very piquant," said Egerton, smiling. "But it is unfortunately true that democratic theories and democratic practice are very different things."

"And the impossibility of the last proves the unsoundness of the first, only you visionaries will not see it," observed Talford.

"Am I a visionary?" said Egerton. "I hardly think so, though I should be rather proud of belonging to that much-reproached class; for it is surely better to see visions of higher things, even if they are not altogether practicable, than to limit one's eyes to the dusty road of actual life."

"I have noticed that those who see such visions are rather prone to stumble on the road," said Talford.

"But what would the road be without the visions to brighten it?" said Sibyl.

Talford elevated his eyebrows. "And why," he asked, "should visions of a future democracy be more attractive than a present democracy as typified in the *bourgeois* crowd of the Bon Marché?"

"I was not thinking of democracy," she answered. "I confess that I have never had much more fancy for that in the future than in the present. I have been touched by dreams for relieving the suffering of humanity, but I have never relished the thought of enforced equality."

"Yet that is what your friends the Socialists would insist upon," said Talford.

"It is hardly fair to call them my friends, since I have not an acquaintance among them, and M. d'Antignac has nearly cured me of admiring them," said she, smiling. "If they have a friend present it must be Mr. Egerton."

"I don't know that I have a right to call myself a friend," said Egerton. "My interest in them has sprung chiefly from curiosity, and some sympathy with their aims—or, at least, their professions. No one who walks through the world with open eyes," continued the young man quickly, "can avoid being struck and saddened by the misery of human life, the hopeless

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misery that encompasses the vast majority of the human race from their cradles to their graves. One feels absolutely paralyzed in the presence of it. What is to be done? Where is any help, any hope of making the lives of all these millions better for them? Now, we must admit that, with all its follies, Socialism tries to give some sort of an answer to that question."

"But what sort of an answer?" said Talford, while Sibyl looked intently at Egerton, as if some new idea with regard to him was dawning on her mind. "It is the answer of a man who would burn down your house because it is defective in construction."

"Oh! I grant that the answer is not very wise," said Egerton; "but I think there can be no doubt that it is an answer which the world will have forced upon it, unless some change comes over the spirit of society as we know it, unless it becomes less grossly material in its ends and less merciless in the method by which it seeks those ends. But I don't mean to inflict my opinions upon you," he broke off with a laugh. "The attraction which I have found in Socialism—at least in the representative Socialist whom I know—is that he feels so intensely on this subject."

"I suppose you mean M. Duchesne," said Miss Bertram.

"Yes, Duchesne, of whom you have so often heard me speak. He is so sincere an enthusiast, so ardent a visionary, that it is impossible not to be swayed by his personal influence when one is near him. In proof of which I am going with him to-morrow to Brussels."

"You!" said Miss Bertram in a tone of surprise. "For what purpose, if I may ask?"

"To attend a meeting of delegates from various countries who wish to secure amity of aim among the different revolutionary societies—in short, to revive the International. Duchesne promises that I shall see all the most prominent leaders."

"You must have become a revolutionist in earnest, to be admitted to such a gathering," said Talford.

"By no means," answered Egerton. "I am bound to nothing—Duchesne fully understands that. Very likely he thinks that I shall join them eventually, but I have never told him so. I represent myself simply as what I am—actuated by curiosity. Of course I shall not be allowed to see or know anything that would compromise them."

"I should not be too sure of that," said Talford. "You

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might come to know enough to compromise your own safety if you refused to join them at last. I do not think that, if I were you, I would go to Brussels. Here, at least, you are known and have friends."

"And, therefore, could not be disposed of by dagger or dynamite without exciting some inquiry," said Egerton, smiling. "I have not the least fear of the kind."

"But the absence of fear is not always an argument against the need of fear," said Sibyl. "And if you have really no motive but curiosity—"

"I assure you I have no other," said Egerton, meeting her eyes and thinking them kinder than he had ever seen them before. "But that is sometimes a tolerably strong motive."

"It ought not to be strong enough to induce a man to run a grave risk."

"But there is positively no risk at all," said he. "Talford is simply indulging in a jest at my expense. I shall have great pleasure in giving you the points of the coming revolution when I return. Meanwhile, you spoke once of desiring to know Mlle. Duchesne. I may be permitted to say that you have now the opportunity of making her acquaintance. She is again in Paris."

But this was a little too much for Talford. He frowned, and, while Sibyl hesitated for an instant, said curtly:

"Upon my word, Egerton, I think you forget that Miss Bertram's curiosity is probably less developed than your own, and that she can hardly care to make the acquaintance of socialistic madmen—or madwomen, who are even worse."

"I should never dream of proposing such an acquaintance to Miss Bertram," answered Egerton. "Mlle. Duchesne—of whom I spoke—is indeed the daughter of a Socialist, but she is herself neither a Socialist nor a madwoman, but a very charming person and a great friend of the D'Antignacs, whom Miss Bertram knows well."

"I have heard them speak of her with high praise," said Sibyl. "If she has returned to Paris I shall probably meet her in their *salon*."

"It is likely that you may," said Egerton, who did not know of the decree which had gone forth, separating Armine from her friends.

"So it seems," said Talford, "that the remarkable M. d'Antignac is picturesquely eclectic in his acquaintance."

"Above all people whom I have ever met," said Sibyl, "he

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gives me the idea of basing his regard entirely upon what a person *is*, not at all upon what his or her outward circumstances or position may be. By the side of his couch one takes rank simply according to one's merit."

"But how if one should chance to have no merit?" asked the gentleman sceptically.

"In that case one must rely upon a charity which is broad enough to cover a multitude of follies," answered the young lady, smiling. "But I am sure that you are by this time tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, so happily here comes Valentine with the tea; and here, also, is mamma to tell us all about her bargains!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

IT was quite true that Egerton, in a spirit of adventure and curiosity, had accepted Duchesne's invitation to accompany him to Brussels. "Of course," the latter had said in giving it, "you will not hear anything of the business of the meeting; but you will see many of the most famous leaders of this great movement, and you cannot fail to be impressed by personal contact with them."

Egerton, who understood thoroughly the object of the invitation, had himself no doubt of being impressed, but considerable doubt whether this impression would take the form Duchesne desired. Nevertheless it was an opportunity, an experience, which he could not let slip, though he hoped the intelligence of it might not come to Armine's ears. "For she would not understand," he said to himself; and then he was suddenly struck as with the force of a new sensation by the thought: "Why should she take so much interest—why should she care so much—whether or not I yield to her father's influence?"

It was a question which it had not occurred to him to ask before, so entirely had he accepted Armine's interest as a part of Armine's self—as something which did not conform to ordinary rules, but was the more simple and charming for that. And it has been already said that he had not much of the vanity of his sex, so that he was not inclined to interpret that interest as a man of coarser nature might have interpreted it. It had been so directly expressed, it had (he felt) so little to do with him personally, that he had accepted it simply as the manifestation of the girl's strong feeling on the subject

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which had most deeply colored her life. Yet now, in his hope that this Brussels journey might not come to her knowledge, he was startled into asking himself whether such interest was indeed entirely impersonal—if he was merely a brand which she wished to snatch from the socialistic burning, or one who had been fortunate enough to excite in her something of more than ordinary interest.

However that might be, he felt quite sure of the interest which she had excited in *him*—an interest deeper (he said to himself) than any he had ever known before. "Falling in love," in the conventional sense, seemed commonplace and poor compared to this emotion blent of so many subtle elements—admiration, interest, pity, and a sense as if she could give something of which he stood in need, some spiritual light or moral strength. But he knew too much of the human heart in general and of his own in particular to be certain that this sentiment, fine and delicate as it was, possessed either endurance or strength. "I was delighted to see her," he thought, recalling the day when he had suddenly come upon her graceful presence by the fountain in the old palace garden, "but was it not as I might have been glad to open again a book that had fascinated me, or an interesting study that I had not exhausted? And have not the days always come when I have exhausted every such study? Yes, they are right—Winter and Miss Bertram, and D'Antignac too, no doubt, if he spoke what he thought—when they declare that I have no strength or conviction of feeling. The enthusiasm to espouse a cause, and the passion to love a woman, seem alike lacking in me!"

Notwithstanding this conclusion, however, it was interest in Armine—the recollection of their conversation in the Luxembourg Garden, and the desire to know more that was going on in her mind and soul—which moved him to seek her father again, else he would probably have suffered that enthusiastic Socialist to pass out of his life. He called at the apartment in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, saw Duchesne and received the invitation to accompany him to Brussels, but did *not* see Armine. There was no mention of her beyond Duchesne's brief reply to his hope that she was well; he was not asked to enter the *salon*, and some instinct that all was not well between father and daughter prevented him from begging to do so.

It was an instinct well founded, for in truth father and

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daughter had never in their lives been so far apart in feeling and sympathy as they were at this time. Armine's foreboding of some deeply-seated change in her father was more than realized. Since the day at Marigny he had never been "like himself," and instead of the kind and indulgent father she had known all her life he was now suspicious, harsh, and severe. She had reluctantly spoken of this change to the D'Antignacs; but it was greater than she was willing to acknowledge, and had become more marked since she parted with them. For when, after much mental struggle and debate, she had taken D'Antignac's note to the priest to whom it was addressed, she found all that he had promised of instruction, comfort, and encouragement; but she was told that before she could be received into the church she must acquaint her father with her intention. The girl knew what she would bring upon herself, but it was not in her to quail from anything in the form of a duty. She told her father of her resolution. And then the storm burst.

It was a storm such as she had never known before, such as she had hardly conceived possible. She had been aware that Duchesne regarded the church with animosity, but she had not classed him with those who are so virulent in their hatred that there is only one explanation possible of the spirit which animates them. She had supposed that he condemned and disliked that which was the chief bulwark against the spread of ideas to which he had devoted his life, but she could not have dreamed that he was capable of that unreason of blind rage which French atheism betrays whenever it touches upon the question of religion. It was quite true that she had not lived so long among the professed disciples of freedom of thought without learning what freedom of thought means from their point of view—to wit, freedom for themselves and intolerance for every one else—but the loyalty of the girl's nature had asserted itself in this, as in all else where her father was concerned. She had refused to believe that he could be so narrow in the name of liberty, so tyrannical in the name of freedom, as others were around him.

But incredulity was no longer possible. The proud faith in which she had lived—faith in his reasonableness and nobleness, however mistaken it might be—lay shattered at her feet; and it is not too much to say that a great part of her life lay shattered with it. For this faith had sustained the affection for her father which was the strong centre of her existence. To

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spare him pain she had been almost ready to deny her God—at least by such passive form of denial as lies in not acknowledging—and now she felt as if it were sharpest punishment that with his own hand he demolished the ideal she had loved.

For that ideal had little in common with the man who in violent words forbade her ever to approach a priest again, who spoke of religion in terms of bitter hatred, and told her that henceforth she could be trusted no longer, but would be placed under strict surveillance. "For I find that you have had too much freedom," he said. "I forgot too easily that folly and deception make up the character of woman. But I will take care that you see no more of those who have taught you to array yourself against me, and to betray, as far as lies in your power, that cause of freedom which is dearer to me than my heart's blood. We shall leave Paris soon; until then I will place you with the wife of one of my friends, requesting that she will exercise over you the closest watchfulness."

This meant, Armine felt sure, a species of imprisonment; and she was not mistaken. Even more violent and intolerant (if such a thing were possible) than the men are the women who array themselves under the banner of free-thought. And such a woman was the one with whom her father placed her—a woman against whom every instinct of her nature and her taste revolted. But she could do nothing save submit. Even appeal, she felt, would be useless, and she made no attempt to change or soften her father's resolution. She was only able before leaving his house to send a little note to the priest, which the latter took to D'Antignac—a few pathetic words saying that she had followed his counsel, and that the result was what she had feared: her father, deeply incensed, had forbidden her to see him again, and to enforce his command had removed her to stricter guardianship.

"My poor Armine!" said D'Antignac when he read these lines. "My heart aches for her. I know well what she is suffering."

"It is a great privilege to have something to suffer for God," said the priest quietly. "This trial will do her no harm, but much good, if she is made of the stuff I fancy her to be."

"It would be difficult to fancy better stuff than she is made of," said D'Antignac. "If occasion tries her you will find that her soul is heroic in its temper."

"I was very much impressed with her," said the priest. "Even without your letter I think I should have been. One

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who sees much of human nature must—unless very unobservant—learn to judge character by apparently trifling signs. One of the things which struck me in Mlle. Duchesne was that she said no more than was necessary of herself. But in all that she did say she showed remarkably clear intellect and very fine feeling."

"I suppose I am something of an enthusiast about Armine," said D'Antignac, smiling. "But I am sure that no one in the world knows her better than I do—indeed, I doubt if any one knows her so well—and my opinion is that she belongs to the highest and finest type of character, to that order of great souls for whom God has special uses."

Then a gentleman who was looking over a paper at a window glanced up and said: "What do you take those uses to be?"

"Ah!" said D'Antignac, "that I do not pretend to be able to tell. If I did I should probably make a great mistake. But you, Gaston, will agree with me that Armine Duchesne is no ordinary person."

The Vicomte de Marigny—for it was no other than he—laid down his paper and came forward before answering. Then he said quietly:

"My acquaintance with Mlle. Duchesne is very slight, but I certainly think she is no ordinary person. You know"—he hesitated for an instant—"I saw her down in Brittany. Did she tell you that?"

"Yes," D'Antignac replied. "She mentioned it as one reason—or at least one apparent reason—for a great change in her father. It seems that he was never the same to her after he saw her speaking to you at Marigny."

"Poor girl!" said the vicomte. "I am sorry, then, that I addressed her. I only did so in order to show her that I did not identify her with her father. It is perhaps necessary to explain, M. l'Abbé," he added, turning to the priest, "that her father—the well-known Socialist Duchesne—was in Brittany for the purpose of defeating my election, if possible."

"If one may judge by the majority which returned you, M. le Vicomte, he might have spared himself the trouble," said the priest, smiling.

"Brittany is always faithful," said the vicomte.

"Yet even in faithful Brittany was there not an attempt upon your life made?" asked the other.

The vicomte shrugged his shoulders. "A trifling affair,"

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he said. "I am quite sure that the perpetrators were not Bretons. A clumsy affair, too. It was the night after the election, and I was sitting in my study writing, when I heard stealthy steps beneath my window. Thanks to a friendly warning, I had a weapon near me, and I quietly laid my hand on it. The next moment something like a bomb was thrown through the open window and fell at my feet. It was instinct rather than thought which made me snatch it up and hurl it out again. It exploded when it touched the ground, as it had been meant to explode when it first landed at my feet; and it is needless to say that if it had done so I should not be talking to you now. The moment that the detonation was over I rushed to the window and fired at the figure of a man whom I could plainly see making off with great haste. But I presume that my shot did not strike him, since no one was found when the servants, who hastily gathered, searched the grounds. *Voilà tout!*"

"Was no further attempt made?" asked the priest.

"None, although I remained at Marigny for several days after. I had no business to detain me, but was simply determined that the instigators of the attempt should not fancy that they had frightened me."

"Whom do you suppose the instigators to have been?"

"Oh! the secret societies that I have so often denounced; there can be no doubt of that. They do me honor by esteeming me a dangerous opponent."

Then the conversation was diverted to the political situation, and it was not until the priest had taken his departure that D'Antignac said to his companion:

"You spoke of a friendly warning, Gaston; may I ask who gave it?"

The vicomte did not answer. Instead he put out his hand and took up Armine's note, which had fallen on the couch and been left there by the abbé, to whom it was addressed. He opened it and read it over silently—a proceeding excusable on the ground that he had already heard its contents read aloud and discussed. Then he drew from his pocket another note, which he placed beside it and offered to D'Antignac.

There was some difference in the writing of the two—a difference due to the nervous haste and agitation with which the first had been produced—but even with this difference it was sufficiently evident that the same hand had written both. D'Antignac, at least, felt not an instant's doubt. He started and said in a tone of deep feeling:

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"It was like her; but what it must have cost her, my poor, brave Armine!"

"I never doubted that it came from her," said the vicomte; "yet my certainty had no proof until now. I had, of course, never seen a line of her writing before."

But D'Antignac, with his eyes still on the note, could only repeat again what was so often on his lips, "My poor Armine!" Then after a pause he looked at the vicomte. "If you knew her as well as I do," he said, "every word of this would be eloquent for you. You would understand the struggle which it must have cost her to write it."

"I think I understand," said the other. "I cannot possibly know her as you do, but I know her—somewhat. How could one look in her eyes and not know her somewhat? And this note"—he held out his hand for it—"brought me another message than that which it bears on its face: a message of a gentle heart, of a brave soul, of a nature that could not stand by and see wrong done unmoved, but that, even at the cost of bringing blame where blame was not due, felt bound to send a warning that might save a life."

"She is all that," said D'Antignac, looking at him a little keenly; "but it is strange that you should have learned so much of her on so slight an acquaintance."

"It *is* strange," said the vicomte, as if he were answering his own thought as well as the words of the other, "but it is a curious fact that one learns more of some people at a glance than one learns of others from the acquaintance of a lifetime. Mlle. Duchesne's character is very sympathetic. But what first probably excited my interest in her was the consciousness in my mind of the unacknowledged tie of blood between us."

"How did you discover that?" asked D'Antignac.

"I have always known that my granduncle left a son who called himself Duchesne, and who gave the family some annoyance by asserting that he was the legitimate heir, though he could not prove the marriage of his parents. I might not, however, have been aware that the Socialist leader was *his* son but for the fact that the latter was at Marigny once—several years ago—to see a man, the son of my granduncle's confidential servant, from whom he hoped, no doubt, to obtain information."

"And failed?"

"*Cela va sans dire.* What could not be proved at the time was hardly likely to be susceptible of proof at this late date."

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"And this fact," said D'Antignac, "the cloud upon his father's birth, has no doubt not only embittered him against the order to which he does *not* belong, but also against you, who hold what he believes to be his inheritance."

"He cannot possibly believe that," said the vicomte, "since there is not a shred of proof that his grandparents were married."

"He may not believe it, but none the less he feels injured, you may be sure. It is almost invariably the attitude of those who have suffered in this way. It also accounts for his harshness to his daughter when he saw her speak to you."

"Did she know or suspect the cause of his harshness?"

"No. She spoke of it with simple wonder, unable to account for what seemed to her an extent of prejudice simply incomprehensible."

"Then I suppose that I must never speak to her again, unless I meet her here."

"You are not likely to meet her," said D'Antignac. "Her father has forbidden her to see us—chiefly, if not altogether, because she first met you here."

The vicomte looked startled. "I am sorry—I am very sorry," he said. "But I have nothing with which to blame myself."

"Nor have I anything with which to blame you," said the other, "except, perhaps, a little want of thought. Knowing the father to be what he is, I do not think that, in your place, I would have spoken to her at Marigny—or, at least, I should have been content with a mere salutation."

"It was hardly more," said the vicomte, in the tone of one who feels called upon to justify himself. "And her father was not with her. She was standing at the church door, and I had just left the presbytère. What was more natural than that I should have exchanged a few words with her, partly from courtesy, and partly, I confess, because she has always attracted me?"

D'Antignac smiled. "The last reason," he said, "is a strong one—especially since you are not very easily attracted."

"Far from it," said De Marigny. "It is my misfortune, or perhaps my good fortune, to be insensible to many charms which other men feel. But a face so sensitive and so poetic as Mlle. Duchesne's I have seldom seen, and as seldom have I heard a voice so like a chord of music."

"It may be as well that you are not likely to hear it again,"

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said D'Antignac with some significance. "There can hardly be two people in the world placed farther apart than you and the daughter of Duchesne the Socialist."

CHAPTER XXVII.

AND so it came to pass that Egerton saw nothing of Armine before he started with Duchesne to Brussels. If he had seen her it is likely that a word or even a glance might have changed his resolution and prevented his going—on such slender chances do many of the most important events of life depend!—but, failing this, the journey recommended itself to him as one promising interest and novelty, and on the morning appointed he met Duchesne at the Gare du Nord.

The Socialist looked pleased to see him, and held out his hand, saying, with that peculiar charm of manner which Egerton had felt from the first of their acquaintance:

"This is almost more than I hoped. I feared that at the last you might not feel interest enough to come."

"On the contrary, I feel immensely interested, and should be sorry if anything had occurred to prevent my coming," answered Egerton, smiling.

"You will not regret it," said the other, indulging in the rashness of prophecy. "Now, shall we take our tickets?"

They took their tickets, took also their places in a first-class carriage, which they had happily to themselves, and so rolled out of Paris in the soft gray mist of early morning.

How well Egerton remembered afterwards the appearance of everything—the suburbs through which they passed, the eminence of Montmartre, crowned by the great unfinished Church of the Sacred Heart, which the Republicans are so anxious to demolish, and then the open country with its fields and poplars! He remembered the look of it all, though he certainly was not conscious of paying special attention to what was at once so familiar and so uninteresting. For a while both men glanced over the morning papers, which they had with them; then presently Duchesne laid his down and began to talk. Never, it seemed to Egerton, had he talked better, with more force, more of the magnetism born of passionate conviction and enthusiasm. The conversation ranged over a wide field, dealing with the social conditions of mankind in many countries and during many ages, as well as with those great hopes for the future which Duchesne described with vivid eloquence. As Egerton listened he under-

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stood what Armine had meant in saying that she feared her father's influence for him. Exposed defenceless to this influence, he felt that he could not have answered for himself; he must have been carried away. Something of this he said to the man who, he could see, was intent upon his conversion:

"One could easily be swept off one's feet by enthusiasm in listening to you," he said. "But I am sure you would not care for an adhesion which was not founded on the conviction of the mind."

"Sometimes the mind needs to be instructed by the heart," said the other. "If you are once roused to enthusiasm conviction will follow, unless you stifle it."

"I have no desire to stifle it," Egerton began. Then he paused abruptly; for what was happening? There was a shock that threw both men off their feet, a convulsion, as it were, of every atom of matter in the long line of swaying carriages, then a crash and a scene of wild terror, confusion, and horror baffling description.

On the well-regulated railways of France accidents do not often occur; but no human foresight can guard against all chances, prevent all carelessness. This accident was one which startled France at the time of its occurrence; but there is no need to dwell upon its awful details as the newspapers dwelt upon them. The reporter takes in the whole scene and photographs it in ghastly unity; but the actors in the terrible tragedy are rarely conscious of more than their individual share of fear or suffering.

It was so with Egerton. He had but a vague recollection of anything after the convulsive shock—after his last sight of Duchesne's face paling with excitement as he said, "It is an accident!" Then followed the final crash, a heavy blow, and unconsciousness. When he came to himself again, after an interval of the length of which he had no idea, it was with a sense of physical pain such as he had never known before in his life. His whole body seemed full of a terrible consciousness of agony, under the effect of which he opened both his eyes and his lips—the first to see, and the second to groan.

Then he found that he had been removed a little from the débris of the wrecked train, and that he was lying on a stretch of green turf, with some one—probably a surgeon—bending over him.

"Ah! that is where you are hurt," the former said quickly, as the young man opened his eyes.

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"Yes," said Egerton faintly. He added after a moment, "I am hurt everywhere. Am I dying?"

"I don't think so," the other answered. "As far as I can judge, your injuries only amount to some bruises and a broken arm. You have fared better than many of your fellow-travellers. Yonder is a man, for example, both of whose legs are so badly crushed that if he lives at all he will lose them."

"Poor fellow!" said Egerton, with a pang of sympathy to which these commonplace words gave but scant expression. Through his own pain he entered into the greater pain of others, and his heart seemed to sicken within him as he caught a glimpse of mangled forms and heard the groans of mortal agony which filled the air. Then he thought of Duchesne and asked eagerly for him.

"Duchesne!" the surgeon repeated. "Ah! yes, I am glad you asked. There is a man so badly injured that he will die within an hour, who says his name is Duchesne, and who asked me to bring to him his friend and companion, if I could find him alive—some one with a foreign name."

"I am the man," said Egerton quickly. "Ah! monsieur, for God's sake help me to get to him."

How this was accomplished the young fellow scarcely knew, for it was but by contrast with greater injuries that the surgeon had thought lightly of his. As has already been said, his whole body seemed resolved into one mighty throb of physical anguish, and it was only the brave will which enabled him, with the surgeon's assistance, to drag himself to where Duchesne lay, gasping away his life in an agony for which language has no expression.

That it *was* Duchesne — that this shattered, mutilated wreck of humanity could be the stately man he had last seen —Egerton for a moment could not realize. He stood silent, in speechless horror. But when the eyes—brilliant and dark as ever—opened, he knew *them* at once.

"So you are safe!" Duchesne said feebly. "Forgive me for having brought you into this."

"There is nothing to forgive," answered Egerton quickly. "Who could foretell anything so fearful? And I have fared better than others—far better, my friend, than you, to whom I would gladly give my safety."

"No," said Duchesne; and if he spoke grimly it was because it was only by a terrible effort that he could subdue his pain sufficiently to speak at all. "It is better as it is. I

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am not willing to die—far from it, for I have much work yet to do—but if it was to be one of us, I was the right one. You will suffer enough as it is for having been persuaded to come with me. Don't talk!" he said almost sharply, as Egerton began to speak. "There is something I must say to you, and I may not have many minutes in which to say it. Ah! what agony," he cried out suddenly, and his whole frame writhed with a convulsion which haunted Egerton for many a long day afterward. When it subsided sufficiently for him to speak, great drops of sweat, like that which we are told accompanies torture, stood on his livid brow.

"It is—of—Armine," he gasped faintly.

Here Egerton, thinking to spare him, interposed with an assurance that he would charge himself with the future welfare of Mlle. Duchesne; but the words had scarcely passed his lips when the dying Socialist answered with a tone of pride:

"My daughter is not dependent on the kindness of strangers. If she needed charity the comrades of her father would gladly care for her. But she has an inheritance which is hers by right, and this she must claim."

There was another pause, which Egerton did not break. He feared by a word to exhaust the little strength which Duchesne possessed, and which he now perceived was necessary for some essential statement. Presently he was able to speak again:

"She knows nothing of it; it will be for you to tell her, and to direct her what to do. And I must tell *you*, if—if this agony will let me speak! You know—or you have heard of—the Vicomte de Marigny. But he has no claim to his rank or property. *I* am the heir of both!"

"You!" said Egerton, thunderstruck. For an instant he thought that the mind of the speaker was surely wandering, but the dark eyes which met his own were clearly rational.

"Yes, I!" repeated Duchesne. "I have not time for seeking phrases. I must speak to the point. Listen, then. The name which I bear I inherited from my father; but I always knew that he assumed it on account of its revolutionary association, and because he could not prove his right to that of his father, who was Vicomte de Marigny when the Revolution broke out. It is a long story, for which I have not breath; but when the Revolution was at its height this Vicomte de Marigny, flying for his life, was saved by a daughter of the people. She con-

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cealed him in one of the sea-caves on the Breton coast, supplied him with food, finally arranged for his escape to England, and fled with him. That he married her my father always believed, but knew not where to turn for proof, his mother having died in his infancy, and his father suddenly expiring on the eve of the Restoration. He had never acknowledged the boy—whom he placed, however, at school in England—as his legitimate son; so his brother took possession of the title and estates, with no one to question his right."

Again he paused, and it seemed almost impossible that he could continue save by a superhuman effort. Yet, as Egerton thought—forgetting his own suffering in the sharp tension of the moment—if he did *not* continue, where was there any point in this narrative on which to found a claim? His heart almost stood still with suspense. He began to doubt again whether Duchesne was not wandering in mind, when suddenly the latter looked up and spoke, but even more faintly, with even greater difficulty:

"It was at Marigny—when I was there a few weeks ago—that at last I found the proof. The son of the servant of the vicomte my grandfather is living there. He sent for me and relieved his conscience of a burden which he said had long oppressed it. This was the knowledge he had received from his father, who was present at the marriage of my grandparents; the place where the marriage took place, and where the record of it is no doubt to be found, is Dinau. It was a civil marriage—there were no others allowed then—between Henri Marigny (all aristocratic prefixes were also forbidden) and Louise Barbeau. Tell Armine to search for the record of this marriage, and to claim the inheritance which is hers."

"But why have you left this for her to do? Why did you not claim it when you learned the truth?" asked Egerton.

"I am a Socialist!" said Duchesne, with a chord of inexpressible pride vibrating through the tones of his voice. "From my youth I have lived only for the rights of man. I meant—perhaps—in time to claim this inheritance, in order that I might use it for great ends. But it is not to be; and I fear—I fear—"

"What do you fear?" asked Egerton, as the failing voice ceased. "If it is anything in which I can be of service to you, I promise to execute your wishes to the utmost extent of my power."

The other gave the hand which held his a slight pressure.

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"Thank you, *mon ami*," he murmured. "It is a comfort to me that you are here, and I hope that you are not badly injured."

"Never mind about me," said Egerton almost impatiently. "Speak of yourself. Tell me what it is that you fear, what I can do for you."

"I fear for Armine, in whose hands this great trust will be placed," said Duchesne. "Will she use it as I wish? I doubt, for she has fallen of late under fatal influences. I am punished for thinking that it mattered little what folly a woman believed, and for letting her go her way as she would. Now, when so much is placed in her hand, she proves to be the slave of superstition. Ah!"—what a passionate cry it was—"surely it is bitter to be struck down with so much undone! I meant to take her far away from the influences that have misled her, to show her the great work to which my life was pledged, to open her eyes, and *then* to say, 'Here is something which you must use not for yourself but for humanity!' Well, I shall never say it now; but you, my friend—you will say it for me. That is what I ask of you."

"I promise to repeat to her all that you have said," Egerton replied; "and if you will tell me any special disposition of the property which you wish made, I am sure she will respect your wishes."

Duchesne did not answer for a moment. Then he said faintly and with great difficulty: "It is not possible; I can only leave it to her. But you may tell her that it is my dying wish, nay, my dying command, that she will not marry the Vicomte de Marigny."

Egerton felt his heart give a bound—probably of surprise—at those words. Then he said involuntarily: "Does she think of it?"

"No," Duchesne answered, "but I suspect that *he* does—at least I am sure that he will when he knows. But even from my grave I forbid it. Remember that."

What could Egerton reply? Could he expostulate with this dying man, and point out that such a marriage would be desirable, inasmuch as it would reconcile conflicting claims? He almost felt as if he were bound to do so; but as he hesitated he saw that it was too late. An awful change—a change like unto no other—came over Duchesne's face, and in a moment the young man knew that there is but one visitor who comes to mankind with such a touch.

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"My friend," he cried, "you are dying. Will you not call on God once before you go to face him?"

It was an appeal wrung from the depths of a heart which until this terrible moment had not been conscious of possessing faith, and was so earnest that it might have touched the dying man, if anything could. But as he opened his eyes for the last time something of the fire of a life-long defiance flashed into them.

"There is no God," he said. "*Vive l'humanité!*"

And with these words still on his lips the soul passed forth—to meet Him whom it had denied.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SCEPTICISM AND ITS RELATIONS TO MODERN THOUGHT.

LOOKING out upon the intellectual life of the day, it is safe to characterize its attitude as a state of opinion. Dogmatic teaching in religion to a wide extent has been rejected on the ground that it is contrary to reason and science. The privilege of choosing or formulating a creed is refused to no one, and the equal favor of rejecting all is maintained by many. There no longer exists any obligation to believe, and, what is more, no one can condemn the belief or unbelief of his neighbor, for the reason that he has no definitive knowledge to lay down as a rational basis or criterion of belief. There is no evidence that one person has the truth and another has not; one may have it, neither may have it. Such is the substratum of much of the religious thought of the day. Hence the wide-spread toleration of conflicting opinions which passes current for liberalism. Opinion upon the momentous subject of religion, which is the state of the modern mind, or rather of a large school of modern thinkers, connotes a state of doubt; and this condition has been arrived at through various underlying processes, one of which is a similar attitude in philosophical thought. Here also all definite knowledge has been thrust aside in favor of the supremacy of doubt, and as a result the foundation of the religious structure has been severely shaken. But, far from striking fear to the

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heart, it is hailed by a large following with acclamations of delight. It is looked upon as the dawn of a clearer day, which still lies in the gray shadows of a passing darkness. Doubt is the beginning of enlightenment. We should not groan beneath the burden of bewilderment which modern scepticism has placed upon our shoulders, but heroically bear the onus of a transition state; for we are right in the flux of a change from ignorance to knowledge. Although mostly blind ourselves, we are the bearers of light to future generations, whose millennial blessings upon their ancestors shall be the reward of all our sacrifices in bringing them to a completer knowledge.

That we have not the means of knowing is the reason of our intellectual blindness, and, logically enough, having no premises known or knowable, can draw no conclusions. But doubt does not stop with itself; it reaches out to denial. Prudence is forgotten, and the modern school does not hesitate to deny where it doubts. As a consequence it endeavors to place opinion on a positive basis, and to do so makes truth subjective, whether consciously or not is of little moment to the matter in hand. Placing all truth in the thinking subject, as a result it denies objective reality. In this development we have idealism, the logical outcome of scepticism. The charge of idealism altogether, and scepticism in the full force of the word, is repudiated by modern thinkers; and the object of the present article is both to inquire into the validity of these charges and to make an examination into what may be rational grounds for scepticism, if there be any. As a philosophical system scepticism has not wanted exponents for its scientific formulation. We find it expressed with various distinctive modifications from Pyrrho down to Hume and others of our own day. But it is not here intended to consider it either in its historical development or in its many formulæ. To discuss it in its essence as a rational principle is alone the object of the present paper. As such it presents two main divisions: the first, a principle which denies to man the possibility of attaining any truth; the second, a system which postulates that man can know just so much truth as his material nature renders him capable of grasping, but denies him the knowledge of anything beyond or above his organic powers. In this latter we may recognize modern agnosticism. Regarding scepticism in its baldest and primary signification, we find its full expression in the opening passage of Goethe's *Faust*, in which the doctor soliloquizes after the following fashion:

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"Philosophy, ah! and law and medicine,
And, woe is me! theology also,
Now I have studied through with burning zeal;
And here I am at last, poor fool! and am
Wise as I was before: Master yclept,
And doctor too. And now for these ten years
I've led my pupils by the nose
This way and that, and up and down, and see
That we can know just nothing."

Faust has studied philosophy, law, medicine, and theology, and the conclusion he arrives at is that man "can know just nothing." This is scepticism pure. That man can know nothing is its fundamental principle and its ultimate conclusion. All his learning Faust regards as an illusion, and ends up where he supposes he began, in knowing nothing. The aspiration which he feels within him after truth is but vanity; the arduous struggle of a lifetime in search of knowledge terminates only in the discovery that there is no truth, or, if there is, man cannot attain it. The seeker after light finds only impenetrable darkness, without a single ray to relieve its awful profound. Knowledge is folly, truth a dream, and life a vanity. This is indeed a dismal creed, and, followed practically, would strangle all action and finally end in man's annihilation. Faust, believing himself hopelessly baffled in the pursuit of truth, with a strong natural inclination to the sensual persuading, falls back upon the material and the sensible, which he deludes himself to believe is the only tangible thing man can grasp. In Faust we have a fair type of a large class of modern sceptics, with this exception, however: that they, unlike him, have never labored through the curriculum of the sciences. Philosophy, law, medicine, and theology to them are but names imperfectly understood; but they let others beat the mazes of learning for them, and then accept the conclusion ready-made that man can know nothing. They do not act practically upon this conclusion, for that is impossible, and by the law of their being their practical conduct gives the lie to their theory. But there are results in their practical life which follow from their speculative belief, and these results are so serious as to largely affect their moral and social existence. What are rational grounds for this creed of scepticism is our inquiry.

When the sceptic lays down his principle that man can know nothing, he enunciates a proposition in which there is an affirmation of a truth—namely, the truth of the proposition that man

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can know nothing. The form of the proposition itself is negative, and denies that man can know truth; but the act of enunciation is affirmative, and declares that man actually knows a truth—to wit, the truth of this very negative proposition. The position of the sceptic, then, is this: "It is true that I know this proposition to be true, and therefore actually know a truth, yet I deny that I can know any truth." Here, then, in his own words is a direct contradiction to his first principle the moment he asserts it. He condemns himself out of his own mouth. In the act of laying down a fundamental principle he stultifies himself by denying that very principle upon which he would build his whole system! And not only does he do this, but much more that is in direct conflict with his own method, for he actually lays the foundation of all truth, unwittingly though it be. In the first place, he must assume the existence of man before he can predicate anything of him; and the sceptic actually predicates of man the knowledge of a certain truth—to wit, the truth of the proposition that man can know nothing. Underlying the sceptic's fundamental principle, then, is the necessarily assumed fact of man's existence. Hence that it is true that man exists is another truth of which the sceptic cannot doubt, and must admit in order to declare his own principle. He must also assume in like manner his own existence, that he may give utterance to his proposition. In the second place, the sceptic affirms the truth of the principle of contradiction—namely, that the same thing cannot be and not be at the same time. For when he declares that man can know nothing he assumes that nothing is not something; otherwise the contradictory proposition, that man can know something, would be the same as his proposition, that man can know nothing. Hence he must admit that a thing cannot be something and nothing at the same time; or, to put it differently, the truth of the proposition, man can know nothing, which the sceptic holds as true, cannot be the truth of the contradictory proposition that man can know something; or, formulated yet more simply, the same truth cannot be true and not true at the same time. The sceptic, therefore, assumes the truth of the principle of contradiction before he can even state his first principle. In the third place, in asserting that man can know nothing the sceptic actually declares the contrary, as we have seen in his act of enunciation. Now, that he may enunciate a truth he must first cognize that truth, and that he may cognize that truth he must have within him a cognizing principle. That he may know, there must be that by which he

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knows. If this be not so, how does the sceptic come to the knowledge of the proposition he enunciates? Clearly, then, there is within him a principle by means of which he knows, and this is what we call intelligence. That this intelligent principle may attain the truth he must allow, for he has assumed that it has already attained the truth of his proposition. Here, then, is a third truth which he must take for granted—to wit, the aptitude of reason to attain truth. The three primitive truths—first, the existence of the subject, which is called the first fact; second, the principle of contradiction, which is called the first principle; third, the veracity of reason, which is called the first condition—are denied by the sceptic, and yet in his very denial he is forced to assume them. In scepticism, therefore, we find its fundamental principle vicious, and containing a fallacy of so grave a nature as to be a direct contradiction of itself. Can that be called a rational system which at the very outset repudiates all reason, stultifies itself in its first act, and denies the basis of all truth?—for such are the three primitive truths. Admit the proposition that man can know nothing, and what is the result? You have denied your own existence, for you deny the existence of the subject; you annihilate the principle of contradiction, for you declare that truth is not truth; and you eliminate the first condition of all philosophical inquiry, for you assert that reason cannot attain truth. You completely stultify yourself and stagnate in negation. You take away all terms of action and destroy thought. What consideration, then, should this system receive at the hands of honest men? And yet, strange to say, it has more than once been advocated by men of rare abilities. Unaccountable as it may seem to us that any rational being could seriously entertain the sceptical method of inquiry after truth, yet it is evident that the method in itself is a contradiction to reason, and it is certain that anything which the sceptics may have attained in their speculations is due to the tacit assumption of the three primitive truths, which they would deny, and not to the application of their own absurd principle of negation.

Pure scepticism, as is evident, is an impossible basis for philosophical inquiry. But what of scepticism in its narrower meaning, as promulgated by modern agnosticism? In this latter there is a strong positive as well as negative element, and at first sight the positive seems to predominate; indeed, to such an extent that this school has received the appellation of positive. It emphatically affirms that man can know truths of a certain order, but that this knowledge is confined to the restricted

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limits of the realm of sensive experience. Matter and its relations within itself are alone the objects of cognition. As the material is the only object of perception, so is it the only thing which exists, as far as man knows. Beyond this point his knowledge does not extend. Hence the spiritual is unknowable, and, as far as he is concerned, has no existence. It may, therefore, be denied altogether. In this repudiation of the spiritual is also included, as a matter of course, the rejection of any supernatural existence. In this denial of any nature beyond or higher than the material we find the scepticism of agnosticism. In the avowed declaration that knowledge of the material alone is certain we have its positivism or dogmatism. Let us contrast these counter positions of positivism, and see if they may be reconciled in one harmonious whole. What are rational grounds for the elimination of the spiritual from the realm of the knowable, and, with this restriction upon intellectual cognition in view, what may be rational foundations for the assertion that man can know even the truths of the material, will constitute the present object of our inquiry.

The fundamental principle of agnosticism may be stated in this wise: everything that is is matter. As this principle essentially denies the metaphysical, agnosticism seeks its verification in physical science, which is assumed to be the only method of attaining knowledge. It starts out with the hypothesis of evolution, and in this claims that the justification of its first principle is found. Its fundamental, then, is hypothetical or conditional, and not scientific. For science is certain knowledge; an hypothesis is an uncertain supposition, which requires the verification of the condition upon which it depends before it can attain the dignity of an absolute truth. If all the conditions be fulfilled it ceases to be an hypothesis and becomes an established thesis. Therefore the principle that everything that is is matter is hypothetical, and cannot by any means be called scientific. It receives no verification whatever in the established principles of physical science, and it cannot be verified by metaphysical methods, since it rejects them. It has no verification by any means known or knowable. This dictum of agnosticism must not be taken by itself; place alongside of it the condition of its verification, and it will present itself in its imbecility: *if* everything that is is matter, *then* everything that is is matter. In evolution agnosticism places its verification. But evolution has not been verified, and assumes the very point in question; for the evolutionary theory, at least in the minds of its chief exponents,

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is based on the supposition that matter is the one and only thing in the universe. Such verification, then, is nothing than begging the question. But granting that the evolutionary process is true and will yet be verified, it is by no means consequent upon its acceptance that we must admit that everything that is is matter. This is a question of another order, which must be proved by whomsoever holds it, whether evolutionist or agnostic. As the question now lies, it is taken without proof. Furthermore, such verification makes evolution itself inexplicable; for unless there be behind the evolutionary process a non-material something which transcends and is the cause of evolution, we are only rejecting one inexplicable for another. If matter be the reason of the universe, if we can explain existence, essence, life, thought, as mere correlatives of matter, how can we explain matter itself? Either we must give up the problem as insoluble or assume that matter is the sufficient reason of itself, which is absurd. For matter to be the sufficient reason of itself, it would be its own first cause, to speak in contradiction, and its own ultimate end; and this is tantamount to saying that matter is the infinite, necessary, self-existent being. It cannot follow, then, upon the evidence of the truth of evolution, that everything that is is matter. Therefore to allow to agnosticism the truth of evolution is not to grant the truth of its first principle. Where, then, is the verification of the agnostic position? It has none, unless it be in the impossible. It is a baseless assumption, without foundation in fact or reason, and may be therefore dismissed as destitute of any philosophical value. It is a system based upon an arbitrary and irrational hypothesis, leads to no truth, and, carried to its logical sequence, leaves us in pure scepticism. For, placing us in the purely material, it tells nothing whatever of matter. It cannot say that matter is even a reality, for with nothing behind matter what is it that makes matter real, or, in other words, what is its effect, that matter is matter? Surely not itself, for then matter would be its own cause. Then it must be something beyond the material, which makes it to be material, gives to matter its truth and its reality. But agnosticism denies this something beyond matter, and therefore must accept the other conclusion, that matter is its own cause, which is to adopt as a fundamental principle an intrinsic contradiction. This certainly is not philosophical, whatever else it may be. What is irrational is not philosophical, and the claims of a system which admits a contradiction as its first principle to the dignity of a philosophical science may be justly rejected. Agnosticism cannot vindi-

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cate the reality of matter, and leaves us in doubt whether our ideas of matter have any objective reality to correspond to them, or whether they are mere images without objective validity. But to deny the objective validity of ideas is idealism. Agnosticism must accept this deplorable position as the result of its speculations. Whatever it ends with, it begins with an evident contradiction, and cannot be called philosophical. Therefore, as a method of inquiry after truth it may be rationally repudiated, since it begins with the negation of anything beyond matter, and logically finishes with the negation of all things.

Having now considered agnosticism in its philosophical attitude towards the objective world, let us proceed to examine its relations to the subjective or thinking world, and afterwards its effects upon the moral world. When the agnostic asserts that everything that is is matter, he denies the immaterial. At the same time he predicates of himself the knowledge of the truth of his proposition. He therefore assumes that he himself is a being who knows and thinks. But his proposition declares that everything that is is matter; and since he himself is or exists, he also is matter. Furthermore, he knows and thinks, or, in other words, it is a function of matter to know and think. Here, then, at the very start is placed upon his shoulders the burden of a proof—to wit, can matter perform the functions of thought? As a fact of experience he sees that it is only in matter of a certain structure and in certain relations that the functions of thought take place. Matter, then, as matter, does not essentially think, but matter only under peculiar conditions. Therefore thought is not essential to matter, and, if of a material nature, must be regarded as a mere accident of matter. Again, the agnostic does not see that matter itself thinks, but simply that thought is exercised within matter of a certain structure and in certain relations. This much he knows, and no more. Upon this knowledge, then, all he can infer is that thought is not essential to matter, and that thought, in as far as he knows, requires for the condition of its exercise an accompanying material action. Therefore, upon the assumption that everything that is is matter, all that his experience tells him is that thought is a mere accident of matter, and is the result of certain material conditions. But does this in any way go to show that matter can perform the functions of thought? Far from it—the agnostic has begun at the wrong end, and has assumed the very thing in question. When he began his inquiry he took for granted that thought is matter, for at the start he laid down as his principle that everything is

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matter; and the only conclusion which his method reaches is the empty result that thought is a material accident. But let us begin at the other end, with thought itself, and by an analysis of it see whether it is the accidental result of material conditions, or whether it be something intrinsically different from matter and intrinsically independent of matter in its exercise.

Thought is the act of intelligence, by which it cognizes or sees. The object of this cognition is truth. Now, an act is specified by its object, and a faculty by its act. Again, the act or operation follows the essence, since anything acts only inasmuch as it is that which it is, and its essence constitutes it to be that which it is. For instance, in the physical order seeing is the act of the eye, and color is its object. The object of seeing, then, being color, which is material, that act or operation by which color is perceived, since it takes its species from the material object, is also material; therefore that which acts materially, as in this case the eye, is also material in its nature. As truth is the proper object of cognition or the intellectual knowing, and as the act of cognition is specified by its object, we can know the nature of the principle of this operation by ascertaining the nature of that object about which its act is exercised. What, then, is truth? Is it something material, made up of parts, with extension of parts beyond parts? Has it material qualities, such as hardness, softness, roundness, color, magnitude, etc.? If so, what sense attains its qualities? Has any one seen it with the eye, heard it, felt it, smelt it, tasted it? Plainly it has never been attained in any of these ways; but these are the only means we have of attaining the material. We certainly know truth, and if it be material it surely must be the object of one of the senses. It is evident the senses know it not, and yet we have attained it. Therefore it follows that there must be some faculty which does grasp it, and that not material, for truth is essentially immaterial. Truth is the harmony (or conformity) between the intellect knowing and the object known. It is neither the object nor the intellect, but is the entity of that harmony (or conformity) between the two. It has not a single material property; it has no dimensions of length, breadth, or thickness, no parts, no size, no color, no weight—in short, not one material attribute by which it may be known as matter is known. This immaterial object, then, is attained by some faculty we possess, which must be immaterial by its very nature, since through its act it grasps an immaterial object. We have, therefore, within us an immaterial principle, by which we cognize truth. Agnos-

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ticism denies this principle when it asserts that everything that is is matter. As a consequence it denies truth, and the power in man of knowing truth. As we have seen, this principle of agnosticism destroyed the objective world, and now in its logical results would annihilate the subjective. Agnosticism, therefore, in reality is nothing else than pure scepticism, since it denies that there is truth and that man can know it. It must, therefore, bear all the odium of that "intolerable contradiction"—scepticism. It is not philosophical and is more unsubstantial than the vaguest of dreams. To hold that a system which denies all truth is a safe method of arriving at truth can only lead to gross stultification.

Agnosticism carried to its legitimate conclusion, as we have just seen, effectually does away with both the objective and subjective worlds. Let us now proceed to trace its effects in the moral world. Here also it results in complete destruction. As is well known, matter acts under necessary laws; therefore it acts from necessity. Applying, then, the agnostic principle that everything that is is matter, since men are no more than matter, following their material nature, they act from necessity. They have, therefore, no liberty of action; but without liberty there is no free-will, without free-will no responsibility, and without responsibility no morality. When man acts as a purely material being, and thereby acting from necessity, he could not act otherwise than he was predetermined to act. Men are, therefore, not responsible for what they do, since responsibility can only exist where there is power of choice or freedom, and necessity rigorously excludes choice. A consequence, then, of the agnostic principle is the collapse of the moral order, and with it society. Necessity then becomes the only supreme and paramount law. As a fact, the whole history of the human race flatly contradicts the agnostic position, since all men at all times have regarded man as a free agent, and even agnosticism dare not openly deny it. The world, therefore, has always recognized the spiritual principle in man, since it has ever admitted his free agency; and in this fact, as much of a fact as any sensibly experienced phenomenon, agnosticism faces a standing refutation of its rash principle that everything that is is matter.

It is evident, therefore, that a system which flies in the perpetual experience of man and overthrows the whole moral structure can have no just claims to be called philosophical. It purports to be the most positive system of inquiry after truth ever formulated, but in reality is the greatest monstrosity of negation

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to which error has yet given birth. It begins at zero and remains there. Its essence is nonentity, and its chief characteristic inanity. It negates itself and subsists on ignorance. It is a true intellectual imbecility. It arrogates to itself the dignity of a philosophy, and yet would annihilate all philosophy. It boasts itself the offspring of reason, and in its boast repudiates its genesis. It is, in short, what has been aptly termed an "intolerable contradiction." As we have seen, a logical inquiry into its tenets sustains the charges of scepticism and idealism. Its scepticism lies in its denial of anything beyond or above matter, and, as a consequence, in the denial of truth. Its idealism lies in its denial of objective reality, and therefore the objective validity of ideas. In the assertion of its first principle, that everything that is is matter, it is pure materialism. Its materialism forces it into scepticism, its scepticism into idealism, and at last it finds its logical outcome in absolute negation. It is the nightmare of science and the confounding of reason:

> "Confusion and illusion and relation,
> Elusion and occasion and evasion."

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

III.—MARYLAND TOLERATION.

IN our last article, reviewing Mr. Bancroft's *History of the United States* in respect to the altered views expressed by the historian in his two last editions, 1876 and 1883, in regard to the motives of Lord Baltimore and the character of the Maryland colony founded by him, we endeavored to show, and we think successfully, that one of the motives of that illustrious statesman was to promote the cause of that religion which he had just embraced, and to which he was zealously attached; that his son Cæcilius, the second Lord Baltimore, inherited his father's zeal and motives in the same cause; that neither of them was actuated by mercenary motives; and that Cæcilius wisely remained in England, in order to protect and promote the success of the colony, which he placed under the lieutenancy of his

* *History of the United States of America from the Discovery of the Continent.* By George Bancroft. The Author's Last Revision. Vols. i. and ii. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

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brother Leonard in Maryland, and to struggle for the maintenance of the charter and colony against the opposition of his enemies and the enemies of his religion.

In the present article we propose to show that another motive of both of these noblemen was to provide an asylum in the New World for their fellow-Catholics from the persecution they were then enduring in England; that Cæcilius Calvert having succeeded in obtaining a charter which fully enabled him to accomplish this great and noble purpose, its terms had from the beginning, and with this purpose, been so enlarged and elaborated as to enable him to extend the same protection of civil rights and liberty of conscience to all the oppressed of his countrymen and to all from whatever country they might come and of whatever sect or creed; that the colony of Maryland was founded upon this principle, which was carried into practice and became the common law of the province from the foundation of the new commonwealth.

That the Catholics of England suffered a most relentless and bloody persecution under the penal statutes enacted in the time of Elizabeth is too well known. Under James I. and Charles I. the penalties of recusancy were continued, and, the same laws being still in force, the persecution was still raging. Lord Baltimore, having joined the persecuted Catholics, endured, as we have shown in our last article, sufferings and persecutions, in common with his co-religionists, from which the personal friendship of those sovereigns could not save him. Charges were preferred against him before the English authorities on account of his carrying Catholic priests to his Newfoundland colony of Avalon and having the holy sacrifice of the Mass celebrated there. These circumstances showed an intention on his part of making that colony a refuge for his persecuted fellow-Catholics, where they might practise their religion. He was prevented from leaving England for Avalon on another occasion by a writ of *ne exeat* issued by the very king, his friend, doubtlessly on the instigation of his enemies. On another occasion he was ordered by the king to return to England from Virginia, and was thus separated from his family, whom he was by this hurried order of return compelled to leave among his enemies in Virginia. In Virginia he was repelled from that then inhospitable shore, and the device of tendering to him the oath of spiritual supremacy, which they knew he could not conscientiously take and would not take, was resorted to designedly in order to exclude him from that country and to afford his

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enemies the pretext of accusing him before the king. His speedy and compulsory return to England, under such circumstances, and the consequent leaving of his family and a considerable amount of plate and treasure behind him, resulting in the loss of all at sea, are facts which at once place him among the foremost of English Catholics who had lost and suffered all for the faith. His son Cæcilius came near witnessing the utter destruction of his colony—firstly in England after it was gathered on board the *Ark* and *Dove*, and ready to sail, and secondly and repeatedly by the machinations and open warfare of Clayborne and other enemies of the ancient faith after it was settled in Maryland. He, too, was impoverished by his efforts to found and save that same colony. Indeed, he had been compelled to abandon his cherished purpose of leading his colony in person to a wilderness where their consciences would enjoy liberty, on account of the religious animosities of the age.

At that time Catholics, by the laws of England, were forbidden to maintain their religious services, or to express or manifest their worship of God by the grand and devotional ceremonial of their church, and were even required to attend the worship of the Protestant Church, under penalty of twenty pounds for each month of absence. Catholic priests were forbidden to offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass, under penalty of two hundred marks for each offence; and every one assisting or being present was subjected to a fine of one hundred marks; and both priest and layman so worshipping were subjected to one year's imprisonment. By a subsequent law every priest was banished from England and could not return under penalty of death; and every person harboring, receiving, or assisting such priest returning to his own country was adjudged guilty of a capital offence. All Catholics who absented themselves from Protestant worship were thrown into prison and refused bail until they conformed to that worship and to the law proscribing it; and three months' refusal to conform subjected the poor Catholic to banishment from his native land. All this was not enough: by a still later law all Catholics refusing to conform were forbidden to appear at court, or dwell within ten miles of London, or go on any occasion more than five miles from their own houses; were disqualified and forbidden from practising medicine, or surgery, or the common or civil law; or of being judges, clerks, and such like; of making presentations to the church livings within their own gift, or of acting as executors, guardians, etc.; and Catholics who were married otherwise than

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by a Protestant minister forfeited all the property received in such marriage; if their children were not baptized by a Protestant minister the parents were subjected to a fine of one hundred pounds for each case; and wherever deceased Catholics were not buried in a Protestant cemetery the executor was liable to a fine of twenty pounds for each corpse. Every child sent to another country for education forfeited all property to which he or she was entitled by descent or gift. The house of every Catholic, though made his castle by the common law of England, was now made liable to search, and his books and articles of furniture pertaining to religion might be burned, and his horses and arms taken from him. The appetite of bigotry was only stimulated by this legislation to demand something more odious, and finally a law was enacted by which Catholics were required by an oath of supremacy to renounce the pope's temporal power, or suffer imprisonment for life and the confiscation of their property. For the slightest relaxation, or rather forbearance, on the part of the king to enforce these laws enormous sums of money were exacted, so that even the rich were impoverished and the poor annihilated. It is a most important fact, and one bearing most directly upon our subject as showing the motives and causes leading to the founding of the Maryland colony, that many of the Catholic nobility, gentry, and well-to-do people remonstrated with and petitioned the king, and in their petition announced to him that if such exactions and persecutions continued they would be reduced to beggary, and that unless relief were granted to them they would be compelled to seek in other lands that safety as to their property and their consciences which they were denied in England.

Now, the argument we make upon these facts is this: The Catholics of England needed an asylum from religious persecution outside of their own country; they had at hand a leader experienced in colonization, one of their own number, one who had, like them, suffered for the faith, who was on such terms personally with the king as to be able to secure a charter and a grant of land, and who was ready and anxious for this great and noble work. Here we have the embryo Catholic colony in the persons of the Catholic gentlemen, their families and servants, who either were ready to embark in the first expedition or in those that were soon to follow—in the Calverts, the Cornwallises, the Brents, the Clarkes, the Fenwicks, the Manners, the Lewgers, the Medleys, and others—and the leader and founder of the proposed asylum in the person of Lord Balti-

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more. And in the preceding facts, detailing the persecutions they endured at home, we have the motive. Now add the crowning fact, that they who had the motive did in fact unite together and perform the very act to which they were thus impelled by so strong and overpowering a motive—did in fact fly from the hand of persecution to a distant land to which the persecuting laws did not reach, and founded a model commonwealth, and decreed that no man should be persecuted there for conscience' sake. They had warned their king that if the persecution did not cease or relax they would fly to a land of safety, of peace and liberty; the persecution did not cease or relax, and they fled to a land where they and all that came enjoyed safety, peace, and liberty. From such premises who would dare to draw a conclusion other than that the motive which prompted the founding of Maryland was to provide an asylum for human conscience from the ruthless hand of persecution?

The foregoing view is strongly sustained by that able and exhaustive treatise on *The Foundation of Maryland*, by General Bradley T. Johnson, recently published by the Maryland Historical Society. From numerous passages to this effect we quote the following: "It seemed as if England was no longer a place where men could be free; and while the Protestants were thus preparing to seek new homes for themselves in the wilderness, the Roman Catholics, impelled by the same necessity and driven by even more cruel laws, began to concert among themselves measures by which a sanctuary for their religion and their liberties could be provided on the same continent where so many other Englishmen were finding refuge. . . . Thus it was that the principle of freedom of conscience, as a perfect, concrete polity, grew up in the mind of Lord Baltimore. . . . This purpose, wisely conceived and bravely persisted in through all obstacles, explains everything that has heretofore appeared ambiguous in the career of Lord Baltimore."

Noscitur a sociis is an old maxim, which justifies us in judging of the motives of men from the companions and co-laborers in their enterprises. Let us apply this rule to the first Lord Baltimore in the earliest stages of his project for the colonization of Maryland. Catholics were his associates and partners throughout. Lord Arundel of Wardour, a prominent Catholic nobleman, was his associate and partner in his earliest efforts in this direction. Thus as early as February, 1630, we find Lords Baltimore and Arundel applying to the attorney-general for a grant

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of land south of the James River in the "Province of Carolina." The death of Lord Arundel on November 7, 1630, deprived Lord Baltimore of the co-operation of that nobleman. Another friend and leading counsellor of Lord Baltimore in his noble work was Father Richard Blount, provincial of the English Jesuits, himself a scion of the old Catholic houses of Norfolk, Howard, and Warwick. Subsequently, when Lord Baltimore visited Virginia after his abandonment of Avalon, this purpose was still held in view, though attention was now diverted from Carolina to the country north of the James and on both sides of Chesapeake Bay, which was explored by him; his companions were now again Catholics, priests and members of the Society of Jesus —Father White and two other Jesuits. They must have been specially charged with this task by their superior, for they made a report in writing to the provincial, approving the selection of that region for "the proposed Roman Catholic Refuge," as stated by General Bradley T. Johnson on the authority of the *Woodstock Letters* and Archbishop Carroll's *Narrative*. The *Declaratio*, or "prospectus," so to speak, of the proposed colony, which we quoted in our last article, and which is attributed to the pen of Lord Baltimore, or to his direction, was probably concurred in by these fathers, and is probably the report referred to. Its object was to induce the provincial to send some of his brethren as missionaries with the colonists. That it was by design and in fact a Catholic colony is thus further seen from the fact that to provide missionary priests of their own faith to attend to the spiritual wants of the colonists was one of the earliest and most earnest efforts of Lord Baltimore.

Not only were Lord Baltimore's associates and partners taken from among the Catholic noblemen; his chief advisers and consultors were Catholic priests of the most strictly Catholic and papal kind—the Jesuits. In addition to the counsel and encouragement of Father Blount, Father Henry More, another Jesuit who stood high in the Society during the Lords Baltimore's efforts to secure their charter, but was afterwards provincial of the Society when the colony had been established under Cæcilius Calvert, was one of his most steadfast friends and advisers. Father More was a great-grandson of Sir Thomas More, the great English chancellor under Henry VIII., who suffered persecution even unto death for that same faith for which the Catholics of England were now suffering. The very association of his name with Lord Baltimore's enterprise is suggestive of Catholic suffering and of a Catholic asylum, for it was of an asylum for the

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conscience that his illustrious ancestor was dreaming when he recorded the vision of Utopia. It is well known that Lord Baltimore had constant communication with Father More, which is an additional proof that Catholic interests, motives, and aspirations were the chief inspiration of the movement.

In England every association and concomitant of the proposed colony was Catholic, and every effort was made to secure Catholic colonists and to remove all objections to the movement from the Catholic standpoint. The Jesuits were, in fact, the champions of the enterprise before the Catholic people of England. So distinctively Catholic was the movement in England, from its inception to the embarkation, and long afterwards as long as Catholics could hold their own, that nearly every objection raised against it was based on anti-Catholic grounds, and these in turn were answered on Catholic grounds. A storm of opposition was raised against the movement on the issue of the charter, as "it was understood," writes General Bradley T. Johnson, "to carry with it, especially to Roman Catholics, the right to enjoy their religion without let or hindrance." The same writer states that on the appeal of Lord Baltimore to the Jesuits it was determined "to give the whole power of the Society of Jesus to assist the enterprise." In furtherance of this purpose the Society undertook to answer, and did answer in a masterly manner, the various and numerous objections raised in England to allowing Catholics to found in the New World an asylum or place of escape from the penal laws of the mother-country. Thus it was that during the preparations for organizing the colony the provincial of the Jesuits issued a series of answers to the objections which religious animosity had raised. This curious, interesting, and valuable document has recently been published by the Maryland Historical Society in General Johnson's book for the first time, and, as it has never been printed in any Catholic journal, we deem it well worth spreading upon our pages:

"*Objections Answered Touching Maryland.*

"Objection I. It may be objected that the Lawes against the Roman Catholics were made in order to their Conformity to the Protestant Religion, for the good of their Soules, and by that means to free this Kingdome of Popery rather than of their persons, but such a Licence for them to depart this Kingdome, and to go into Maryland, or any Country where they may have free liberty of their Religion, would take away all hopes of their Conformity to the Church of England.

"Answer. It is evident that reason of State (for the Safety of King and Kingdome) more than of Religion was the cause of those Lawes, for

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there are no such divers other professions of Religion in England, although they be as different from the doctrine of the Protestant Church, established by Law in this Kingdome, as that of the Roman Catholiques is: And the Reason of State appears also in the Nature of those Lawes, for they expresse great doubts and jealousies of the said Roman Catholiques affection to, and dependence on, a foraigne power, and tend therefore, most of them, to disenable them (by confining, disarming, etc.) from plotting or doing any mischief to the King or State, and to Secure their allegiance to the King by oathes, etc., and the penalties of divers of them are abjuration of the Realme, which puts them out of the way of Conformity to the Church of England. Moreover, Conversion in matters of Religion, if it bee forced, should give little satisfaction to a wise state, of the conversion of such convertites, for those who for worldly respects will break their faith with God doubtless, will do it upon a fit occasion much sooner with men; and for voluntary conversions such Lawes could be of no use, wherefore certainly the safety of King and Kingdome was the sole ayme and end of them.

"Object. II. Such a licence will seem to be a kind of toleration of (at least a connivance at) Popery, which some may find a scruple of Conscience to allow of in any part of the King's Dominions, because they esteeme it a kind of idolatry, and may therefore conceive that it would scandalize their Brethren and the common people here.

"Answer. Such scrupulous persons may as well have a scruple to let the Roman Catholickes live here, although it be under Persecution, as to give way to such a licence, because such banishment from a pleasant, plentiful, and one's own native Countrey, into a Wilderness among savages and wild beasts, although it proceed in a manner from one's own election, yet, in this case, when it is provoked by other wayes of persecution, is but a change rather than a freedom of punishment, and perhaps, in some men's opinions, from one persecution to a worse. For divers Malefactors in this Kingdome have chosen rather to be hanged than to goe into Virginia, when upon that condition they have been offered their lives, even at the place of Execution; and they may with more ground have a scruple of Conscience to let any of the said Roman Catholiques to go from hence unto France, which few or none certainely can have in contemplation of religion only, and this Parliament hath given passes to divers of them for that purpose, that being more properly the Kings Dominion than is all that great part of North America, wherein Maryland is included, unto which the crown of England lays claim, upon the Title of discovery only, except such part thereof as is actually seated and possessed by some of his Subjects; and therefore in the Preamble of the Lord Baltimores Patent of Maryland the enlargement of the Kings Dominions is recited as the motive of the grant, which inferres that it could not so properly be esteemed his dominions before as when by virtue of such a grant it should be planted by some of his subjects, and if it be all the Kings Dominions notwithstanding; then why have not such scrupulous persons a scruple to suffer the Indians (who are undoubted idolators), as they do, to live there, which if they cannot conveniently prevent, as without question they cannot, unless it be by granting such a licence, they may as well suffer those whom they esteeme Idolators, as those whom they and all other Christians whatsoever

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repute and know to be so, to inhabit and possesse that Countrey. Moreover, they may also (as well as in this) have a scruple to treat or make or continue a League, or to trade with any Forraigners of that Religion, because in their opinions they are Idolators, or to permit the Public Ministers of any such Forraigne Prince or State to have the free exercise of their Religion while they are in England, and may cease giving scandall to others by such tolerations or conivances: All which nevertheless we see done, even in these times, and allowed of, as well by the Parliament as the King, upon reason of State, for the good and safety of his Realme. So may this Licence be also thought by such persons a good expedient for the same purpose. And if any (of the weaker sort) should be scandalized at it, the scandall would be, *acceptum* not *datum*, and therefore not to be regarded by a wise and judicious Prince of State.

"Object. III. By it the Kings revenue will be impaired in loosing the benefit which the said Lawes give him, out of Recusants Estates, while they continue in England of that possession of Religion.

"Answer. The end of those Lawes was not the Kings profit, but (as is said before) the freeing of this Kingdome of Recusants, which deprives the King of any benefit of them, so as His Majesty will have no wrong don him by such a licence, because he will loose nothing by it of what was intended him by the said Lawes: this is no ancient Revenue of the Crowne, for it had inception but in Queen Elizabeths time, and conformity or alienation to a Protestant deprives the King of this Revenue. If there were no crimes at all committed in England, the King would loose in any fines and confiscations, whereby his Revenue would also be impaired (wch in the other as in this branch of it is but casuall), and yet, without question, the King and State would both desire it. The same reason holds in this, considering what opinion is had here of the Recusants, wherefore it cannot with good manners be doubted that his Majestie will in this business preferre his owne benifitte before that which the State shall conceive to be convenient for his safety and the publique good.

"Object. IV. It would much prejudice this Kingdome by drawing considerable number of people, and transporting of a great deal of wealth from hence.

"Answer. The number of the Recusants in England is not so great as that the departure of them all from hence would make any sensible diminution of people in it, and the possession in Religion would make them lesse missed here. If the number were great, then consequently (according to the maximes of this State) they were the more dangerous, and there would be the more reason by this means to lessen it: And if it bee but small (as indeed it is), then their absence would little prejudice the Kingdome in the decrease of people, nor will such a Licence occasion the transportation of much wealth out of England, for they shall not need to carey any considerable summes of money with them, nor is it desired that they should have leave to do so, but only useful things for a Plantation, as provisions for clothing and Building and Planting tooles, etc., which will advantage this Kingdome by increase of trade and vent of its Native Commodities, and transferre the rest of their Estates, by Bills of Exchange, into Bankes beyond Sea, which tends also to the advantage of the Trade of England, for more stock by this means will be employed in it.

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"Object. V. It may prove dangerous to Virginia and New England, where many English Protestants are planted, Maryland being situated between them both, because it may be suspected that the said Roman Catholiques will bring in the Spaniards or some other forraigne enemy to suppresse the Protestants in those parts, or perhaps grow strong enough to doe it of themselves, or that in time (having the Government of that Province of Maryland in their hands) they may and will shake off any dependance on the Crown of England.

"Answer. The English Colonies in New England are at least five hundred miles, and that of Virginia one hundred miles, distant from Maryland, and it will be a long time before planters can be of leisure to think of any such designe, and there is little cause to doubt that any people as long as they live peaceably under their own Gouvernment, without Oppression either in Spiritualls or Temporalls, will desire to bring in any Forraigners to domineire over them, which misery they would undoubtedly fall into if any considerable forraigne Prince or State (who are only in this case to be feared) had the possession of the English Colonies in Virginia or New England; But the number of English Protestants already in Virginia and New England, together with the poverty of those parts, makes it very improbable that any Forraigne Prince or State will bee tempted to undergo the charge and hazard of such a remote designe, it being well known that the Spanish Colonies in the West Indies are further distant than Europe is from thence; if any danger were to be suspected in that way from the said Recusants, the like suspicion of bringing in a Forraigne Enemy into England may (as indeed it hath often beene) be had of them while they are here, for the difference of scituation may balance the difference of the power between this Kingdome and those parts, for the accomplishment of such a designe, and certainly (of the two) it were much better to throw that hazard, if it were any, upon Virginia and New England than to have it continuee here, much lesse cause is there to feare that they should grow strong enough of themselves to suppresse the Protestants in those parts: For there are already at least three times as many Protestants there as there are Roman Catholiques in England: And the Protestants in Virginia and New England are like to increase much faster by new supplies of people yearly from England, etc., than are the Roman Catholiques in Maryland. Moreover although they should (which God forbid, and which the English Protestants in those parts will in all probability be still able to prevent) shake off any dependance on the Crowne of England, yet first England would by this means be freed of so many suspected persons now in it.

"Secondly, it would loose little by it: And lastly, even in that case, it were notwithstanding more for the Honor of the English Nation that Englishmen, although Roman Catholiques, and although not dependant on the Crowne of England, should possesse that Countrey than Forraigners, who otherwise are like to do it: for the Swedes and Dutch have two severall Plantations already in New England and upon the confines of Maryland (between the English Colonies in New England and Maryland), and doe incroach every day more and more upon that Continent, where there is much more Land than all the Kings Protestant Subjects in all his Dominions (were they there) would be able to possesse. But the as-

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surance of Protection from the Crowne and State of England, upon all just occasions, either of danger from a Forraigne Enemy or of any wrongs which may be done unto them by his Majesties Protestant Subjects in those parts, and the benefit of trade with England for yearly supplies, without which they will not be able to subsist, will be strong tyes, if there were no other, to bind them to continue their dependance on it."

It is a circumstance well worthy of notice that throughout the foregoing interesting and remarkable document both the objections raised against the proposed colony of Lord Baltimore and the answers and defence of the project treat it as entirely in the light of a Catholic movement and as a Catholic colony. The name of Maryland—Terra Mariæ—which it received was also in honor of a Catholic queen, Henrietta Maria. But such were the piety and devotion of the colonists on the voyage out, and on their landing and always afterwards, that one would suppose that Maryland was named in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Queen of Heaven. Thus, too, their first city and county, their first altar, were named, in her honor, St. Mary's.

The charter of Maryland bears an important relation to the motives of the Lords Baltimore and their principal associates. While there is in it an apparent or formal recognition of the then existing ecclesiastical laws of England, so broad a scope of power is granted to Lord Baltimore, the Catholic proprietary, that no English Protestant church or chapel, no minister or adherent of the Established Church of England, no ecclesiastical law of England, need ever be seen or tolerated or felt within the colony, for all these are expressly placed within the free discretion, control, and power of Lord Baltimore, and he was a pronounced Catholic. "The charter," writes General Johnson in his *Foundation of Maryland*, "was considered in itself to be a license to liberal opinions. It was understood to carry with it, especially to Roman Catholics, the right to enjoy their religion without let or hindrance. And its liberal provisions were made the ground of grave objections to permitting them to enjoy its benefits." Impressed with this view of the entire control over ecclesiastical and religious interests, being by the charter conferred on Lord Baltimore, the Rev. Ethan Allen, "presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Baltimore Co., Md.," in his pamphlet on *Maryland Toleration*, publishes the following passages:

"This" (the charter), "it will be perceived, confined the erecting and founding of churches and chapels, and all places of worship, to his" (Lord Baltimore's) "license and faculty. None, consequently, could be built but such as he should permit and authorize. It placed thus the erecting of

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Protestant churches, and Roman Catholic ones also, at his will and pleasure, so that, if he saw fit, he could forbid and prevent any of either name from being built."

"Again, it gave him alone the right and power of presenting such ministers to the churches built as he should choose. . . . The conferring these powers thus placed the church, whether Romanist or Protestant, in his hands; it could not move a step in the matter mentioned, only as he should see good."

The charter, in respect to the civil, political, and proprietary rights, powers, and grants, was most comprehensive. The laws of the colony were to be enacted by the concurrent act of the lord proprietary and the freemen of the province, a clause distinctly recognizing the right of popular assemblies to participate in the law-making power. On this branch of our subject it is an important fact, which deserves especial mention here, that shortly before the issue of the Maryland charter—that is, in 1628—the Petition of Right was passed in England, by which the great rights of the English people and principles of English liberty, as contained in Magna Charta, were reiterated and reaffirmed. It is true this had been done thirty-two times since the reign of Henry I.; its being done at the time now mentioned is significant as throwing light upon a broad and liberal principle contained in the charter of Maryland, the tenth section, in these words:

"We will also, and of our more abundant grace, for us, our heirs and successors, do firmly charge, constitute, ordain, and command, that the said province be of our allegiance; and that all and singular the subjects and liege-men of us, our heirs and successors, transplanted or to be transplanted into the province aforesaid, and the children of them, etc., be and shall be natives and liege-men of us, our heirs and successors of our kingdom of England and Ireland, and in all things shall be held reputed and esteemed as the faithful liege-men of us, etc., also lands, tenements, revenues, services, and other hereditaments whatsoever, within our kingdom of England, and other our dominions, to inherit or otherwise purchase, receive, take, have, hold, buy, possess, and the same to use and enjoy, and the same to give, sell, alien, and bequeath; and likewise all privileges, franchises, and liberties of this our kingdom of England, freely, quietly, and peaceably to have and possess, and the same may use and enjoy, in the same manner as our liege-men of England, without impediment, molestation, vexation, impeachment, or grievance of us, or any of our heirs or successors; any statute, act, ordinance, or provision to the contrary thereof notwithstanding."

It is only necessary to compare the legal and political condition of the Catholics in Maryland under this clause, which makes no discrimination between religious creeds, with the miserable

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and unjust condition of the Catholics of England under the persecuting laws of Elizabeth, which, as we have already seen, were at this time enforced against them in the mother-country under James and Charles. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that bigotry in England was loudly arrayed against the charter and the colony then and there organizing under it, whereby a secure asylum was provided for Catholics in Maryland from the persecution then raging against them in England.

As we have already seen in a previous article, the charter of Maryland was originally prepared at the instance of the first Lord Baltimore and in his name, and that it was in all probability prepared by himself. Owing to his death it was not issued to him, but to his son Cæcilius, the second Lord Baltimore, who is represented by his contemporaries and by all subsequent historians as having inherited also his illustrious father's spirit and intentions. It thus devolved upon this latter nobleman to carry those intentions into effect, to announce to the public the plan or propositions for the colony, to organize it and establish it as a commonwealth, to shape and direct its policy and laws, and to defend it before the world. It would not appear from the *Declaratio*, or prospectus, of the colony, which is attributed to his pen or to his direct inspiration, and which we quoted in a previous article, nor from the answers to the objections raised against the enterprise, which were prepared by the Jesuits of the English province and which we have set forth in this article above, that any effort was made in England prior to the sailing of the *Ark* and *Dove* to obtain other than Catholic colonists, for the only Protestants known with certainty to have come over with the expedition were the servants of the Catholic planters. It is claimed upon mere conjecture that Mr. Cornwallis and Mr. Hawley, two of the most prominent gentlemen in the early colony, were Protestants—a claim which we will examine hereafter. In any event they were merely the business representatives of the Catholic proprietary, moving and acting as his commissioners and under his guidance and direction. In performing the task thus confided to him Lord Cæcilius Baltimore, in accordance with the spirit and intentions of his father, aimed chiefly at first at securing a Catholic colony which was exclusively under Catholic auspices and Catholic authority. But it was intentionally elaborated in the charter that the proprietary was empowered to shape the future commonwealth so as to enlarge its sphere of liberty and happiness, and make it the asylum for the oppressed of all creeds and nations. It is thus

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believed that the second Lord Baltimore applied the liberal principles of the charter far beyond the scope and purpose of his father, and that in doing so he proved himself worthy to be ranked among the foremost, most benevolent, and wisest legislators of the world. The following striking passages from the document already quoted, *The Foundation of Maryland*, by General Johnson, give a pleasing view of the enlightened policy and enlarged statesmanship of Cæcilius Calvert:

"The minds and hearts of the great body of Englishmen, Protestant and Roman Catholic alike, were then intent on preserving these great muniments of liberty.

"When the charter was issued Lord Baltimore must have been impressed with the imminent peril impending over all the free institutions of England.

"Therefore it was that the undertaking of Arundel, and Baltimore, and Blount, of Norfolk and Howard"—and here let it be remarked how exclusively Catholic is this honored roll of the patrons of the Maryland colony, as cited by a Protestant writer—"committed to his hands alone, broadened and widened far beyond the aspirations of his father, or the hopes and expectations of his father's associates; instead of founding a Roman Catholic colony in Maryland, as the Pilgrims had founded a Puritan colony in New England, it became apparent to his wise mind that to secure any liberty at all he must secure it by the safeguards which, experience had proved, had protected it for so many centuries in England, and that to make these safeguards more efficient than they had been in England there must be extended to all the rights of all men, to the rights of person, of property, and of thought. He therefore determined to invite all men, of all Christian people, to emigrate to the new colony, under the conditions of the charter. . . .

"Lord Baltimore, from the very initiation of his enterprise, deliberately, maturely, and wisely, upon consultation and advice, determined to devote his life and fortune to the work of founding a free English state, with its institutions deeply planted upon the ancient customs, rights, and safeguards of free Englishmen, and which should be a sanctuary for all Christian people for ever."

The view thus presented is creditable to the learned writer of *The Foundation of Maryland*. But historically there is nothing to show that such was the scope of the first Lord Baltimore's plan, and that the second Lord Baltimore designed at the beginning the foundation of a simply political community, however excellent in its constitution, rather than to provide an asylum for his fellow-Catholics from the direful effects of the religious persecutions they had to endure in England. Had his policy been to found a model civil state or commonwealth there would have been nothing in this plan, noble as it would have been, to have

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engaged the special co-operation of the Catholic noblemen named above to the exclusion of all Protestant noblemen; nothing to cause the Society of Jesus to throw the whole power of the Jesuits into its support; nothing to have caused the selection of religious men to accompany the colony as chaplains and missionaries to be made exclusively from Catholic priests, and they were Jesuits; nothing to have caused the lack of provision for the spiritual and religious wants of "all Christian people" who were thus included in the scheme, according to General Johnson; for there was no Protestant minister, nor any minister besides the Jesuit chaplains of the Catholic colonists, in the colony for fifteen years from the foundation of Maryland. The more correct view would seem to be that, having succeeded in providing an asylum for the persecuted Catholics, the charity he felt for all men under persecution, the justice he practised in his dealings with mankind, the consistency which always marked his well-balanced character, naturally and logically led his mind to the result which General Johnson so eloquently describes. Cardinal Manning, in *The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance*, states the case more correctly as one of consistency on the part of Lord Baltimore—consistency with his own aspirations as the leader of the persecuted Catholics in search of an asylum, and consistency with a well-known Catholic principle—and on page 88 writes: "Such was the commonwealth founded by a Catholic upon the broad moral law I have here laid down: that faith is an act of the will, and that to force men to profess what they do not believe is contrary to the law of God, and that to generate faith by force is morally impossible." If the minds of Protestants as well as of Catholics were, as General Johnson states, impressed with the necessity of preserving free English institutions, either at home or by English colonization in America, why did they leave the task to the persecuted Catholics? When the latter undertook the work why did not the Protestants, who were thus impressed with the perils impending over English liberties and institutions, not unite with Lord Baltimore? If such was the character of the undertaking, if it was purely secular and political, why does General Johnson himself attribute it to Catholics and speak of it as their work, characterizing it as "the undertaking of Arundel, and Baltimore, and Blount, of Norfolk and of Howard"? Why does he speak of it as a work "committed to his [Lord Baltimore's] hands alone"? It is true the Catholics of that period of English history have been praised by the voice of history for their patriotism, for their unselfish

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devotion to their country and allegiance to their king in the midst of the most unjust persecution which they were then enduring at the hands of the king and the authorities and people of England; but is it supposable that a people thus circumstanced, and thus goaded on to seek relief from their torturing position, should forget their sufferings and their very necessities, and provide a secular and political asylum where Magna Charta might be preserved and maintained, perhaps, no better than in England, and where, perhaps (and this actually happened afterwards), they would find new persecutors of their faith and new enemies of religious liberty? How could a purely secular and political enterprise be inaugurated under religious auspices alone? The very ships that bore the colonists from the mother-country to the new land of promise, and the various parts of them, were committed by Father White to the protection of God, of course, especially, and then to that of the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Ignatius, and the guardian angels of Maryland; the voyage, as described by Father White, was a religious and Catholic pilgrimage across the ocean; and the first act of the colonists on landing upon the shores of their new home was to erect a cross and bear it in solemn and triumphal procession, and recite on bended knees the Litanies of the Holy Cross. All this was to the secular and political sentiment of England the rankest superstition. That Lord Baltimore, through a magnanimous policy, extended to all Englishmen the blessings of civil and religious liberty which he had succeeded in securing for his persecuted co-religionists does not show that he was a theorist in political interests and an experimenter in statecraft. Not only do his own acts and measures show that the relief of his Catholic people from persecution was his chief object, but this is also confirmed of the concurrent voice of history.

The charter was the work of the Baltimores, father and son, and its provisions were such as to enable the lord-proprietary to carry their exalted purpose into effect. Skilfully drawn, it was calculated to allay the fears of the Established Church, while it afforded ample protection and control of affairs to the Catholics. The source from which the Baltimores derived the model or plan of their commonwealth is also Catholic, and we are indebted to the author of *The Foundation of Maryland* for this valuable and interesting suggestion and information. We have already referred with pleasure to the connection which Father More, the great-grandson of that illustrious Catholic jurist, statesman, and martyr, Sir Thomas More, had with the Maryland colony,

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and we shall have more to say on this subject in another article; it is with equal satisfaction that we can now connect even the name of Sir Thomas himself with our model Catholic American colony. The prototype of the wise and benevolent polity founded by Lord Baltimore in Maryland can be found nowhere else than in the writings of Sir Thomas More, and we think General Johnson clearly shows that the Catholic commonwealth on the banks of the Chesapeake was modelled after "*the best commonwealth*," the Utopia of the illustrious Catholic lay chancellor of England, Sir Thomas More. General Johnson writes: "The religious institutions of the ideal state were exactly such as Baltimore founded in Maryland." The points of resemblance between the Utopia of Sir Thomas More and the Maryland act of religious liberty of 1649 are interesting and instructive. We think our readers will appreciate an opportunity of reading both, and of then comparing them together. For this purpose we will transcribe them both in the following parallel columns:

SIR THOMAS MORE'S UTOPIA.

"There be divers kindes of religion, not only in sondrie partes of the Islande, but also in divers places in every citie. Some worship for God the sonne, some the moon, some some other of the planettes.

"They received the Christian religion with gladness, but they would not allow unreasonable disputations concerning it.

"They also which do not agree to Christ's religion feare no man frome it, nor speak against any man that hath received it, saving that one of our company, in my presence, was sharply punished. He, as soon as he was baptised, began, against our willes, with more earneste affection than wisdome, to reason of Christ's religion, and began to waxe so hote in his matter that he did not onlye preferre our religion before al other, but also did utterly despise and condempne all other, calling them profane, and the followers of them wicked and develish, and the children of everlasting dampnation.

THE MARYLAND ACT CONCERNING RELIGION.

"Confirmed by the lord proprietor by an instrument under his hand and seal, the 26th day of August, 1650.

"PHILIP CALVERT."

"Forasmuch as, in a well-gouverned and Christian commonwealth, matters concerning religion and the honour of our God ought in the first place to bee taken into serious consideration, and indevoured to bee settled, Bee it therefore ordayned and enacted by the right honourable Cecilius lord baron of Baltimore, absolute lord and proprietary of this province, with the advice and consent of the upper and lower house of this general assembly, that whatsoever person or persons within this province and the islands thereto belonging shall from henceforth blaspheme God, that is, to curse him, or shall deny our Savior Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, or shall deny the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, or the Godhead, or any of the said Three persons of the

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"When he had thus long reasoned the matter, they laid hold on him, accused him, and condemned him into exile, not as a despiser of religion, but as a sedicious person and a raiser up of dissention amonge the people.

"For this is one of the ancientest lawes among them, that no man shall be blamed for resoninge in the maintenance of his own religion. For Kynge Utopus, even at the first beginning, hearing that the inhabitantes of the land were, before his coming thether, at continuall dissention and strife among themselves for their religions; perceiving also that this common dissention (whiles every severall secte took several parties in fighting for their countrey) was the only occasion for his conquest over them al, as soon as he had gotten the victory: firste of all he made a decree that it should be lawful for everie man to favoure and folowe what religion he would, and that he mighte do the best he could to bring other to his opinion, so that he did it peaceablie, gentelie, quietlie, and soberlie, without hastie and contentions, rebuking and inveheing against other.

"If he could not by faire and gentle speeche induce them unto his opinion, yet he should use no kinde of violence, and refraine from displeasante and seditious wordes. To him that would vehemently and fervently in this cause strive and contende, was decreed banishment or bondage.

"This lawe did Kynge Utopus make not only for the maintenance of peace which he sawe through continuall contention and mutual hatred utterly extinguished, but also because he thought the decrie would make for the furtherance of religion, whereof he durst define and Trinity, or the Unity of the Godhead, or shall use or utter any reproachful speeches, words, or language concerning the Holy Trinity or any of the sayd three persons thereof, shall be punished with death, and confiscation or forfeiture of all his or her land and goods to the Lord proprietary and his heires.

"And bee it also enacted by the authority and with the advice and consent aforesaid, That whatsoever person or persons shall from henceforth use or utter any reproachful words or speeches concerning the blessed Virgin Mary the mother of our Savior; or the Holy Apostles or Evangelists, or any of them, shall in such case for the first offence forfeit to the sayd lord proprietary and his heires, lords and proprietaries of this province, the sum of 5£. sterling, or the value thereof, to bee levied on the goods and chattels of every such person so offending; but in case such offender or offenders shall not then have goods and chattels sufficient for the satisfying of such forfeiture, or that the same be not otherwise speedily satisfied, that then such offender or offenders shall be publickly whipt, and be imprisoned during the pleasure of the lord proprietary or the lieutenant or the chiefe gouvernour of this province for the time being; and that every such offender or offenders for every second offence shall forfeit 10£. sterling, or the value thereof to be levied as aforesayd, or in case such offender or offenders shall not then have goods or chattels within this province sufficient for that purpose, then to be publickly and severely whipt and imprisoned, as is before expressed; and that every person or persons before mentioned offending herein the third time shall for such third offence forfeit all his

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determine nothing unadvised, he as doubting whether God, desiring manifold and divers sortes of honour, would inspire sundry men with sondrie kinds of religion, and this surely he thought a very unmete and foolish thing, and a point of arrogant presumption to compell all other by violence and threatenings to agre to the same that thou belevest to be trew. Furthermore, thoughe there be one religion which alone is trew, and all other vain and superstitious, yet did he wel foresee (so that the matter were handeled with reason and sober modestie) that the trueth of the owne powre would at last issue out and come to lyghte. But if contention and debate in that behalfe should continuallye be used, as the woorste men be mooste obstinate and stubbourne, and in their evyll opinion mooste contrary, he perceaved that then the beste and holyest religion woulde be troden underfote and destroyed by most vain supersticions, even as good corne by thornes and weedes overgrowen and chooked. Therefore all this matter he lefte undiscussed, and gave to every man free libertie and choise to beleve what he woulde."

lands and goods and be forever banisht and expelled out of this province.

"And be it also further enacted by the same authority, advice, and assent, that whatsoever person or persons shall from henceforth upon any occasion of offence or otherwise in a reproachful manner or way, declare, call, or denominate any person or persons whatsoever inhabiting, residing, trafficking, trading, or commercing within this province, or within any of the ports, harbour, creeks, or havens to the same belonging, an Heretick, Schismatic, Idolator, Puritan, Presbyterian, Independant, Popish Priest, Jesuit, Jesuited Papist, Lutheran, Calvinist, Anabaptist, Brownist, Antinomian, Barrowist, Roundhead, Separatist, or other name or terme in a reproachful manner, relating to a matter of religion, shall for every such offence forfeit and lose the sum of 10*l*. sterling, or the value thereof to be levied on the goods and chattels of every such offenders, the one halfe thereof to be forfeited and paid unto the person or persons of whom such reproachful words are or shall be spoken or uttered, and the other halfe to the lord proprietary and his heires, lords and proprietaries of this province; but if such person or persons who shall at any time utter or speak any such reproachful words or language shall not have goods or chattels sufficient or overt within this province to be taken to satisfy the penalty aforesayd, or that the same be not otherwise speedily satisfied, that then the person or persons so offending shall be publickly whipt and suffer imprisonment without bayle or mainprize until he, she, or they shall respectfully satisfie the party offended or grieved by such reproachful language, by asking him or her

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respectively forgiveness publickly for such his offence before the magistrate or chiefe officer or officers of the towne or place where such offence shall be given.

"And be it further likewise enacted by the authority and consent aforesayd, that every person or persons within this province that shall at any time hereafter prophane the Sabaoth or Lord's day, called Sunday, by frequent swearing, drunkenesse, or by any unciville or disorderly recreation, or by working on that day when absolute necessity doth not require, shall for every first offence forfeit 2*s.* 6*d.* sterling or the value thereof; and for the second offence 5*s.* sterling or the value thereof; and for the third offence, and for every time he shall offend in like manner afterwards, 10*s.* sterling or the value thereof; and in case such offender or offenders shall not have sufficient goods or chattels within this province to satisfie any of the aforesayd penalties respectively hereby imposed for prophaning the Sabaoth or Lord's day, called Sunday as aforesayd, then in every such case the party so offending shall for the first and second offence in that kind be imprisoned till hee or she shall publickly in open court, before the chief commander, Judge, or magistrate of that county, towne, or precinct wherein such offence shall be committed, acknowledge the scandall and offence he hath in that respect given against God and the good and civil gouvernment of this province; and for the third offence and for every time after shall be publickly whipt.

"And whereas the inforcing of the conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those commonwealths where it hath been

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practised, and for the more quiet and peaceable gouvernment of this province, and the better to preserve mutuall love and unity among the inhabitants here, Bee it, therefore, also by the lord proprietary, with the advice and assent of this assembly, ordained and enacted, except as in this present act is before declared and set forth, that no person or persons whatsoever in this province or the islands, ports, harbours, creeks, or havens thereunto belonging, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall from henceforth be any waies troubled, molested, or discountenanced for or in his or her religion, nor in the free exercise thereof within this province or the islands thereto belonging, nor any way compelled to beleefe or exercise of any other religion against his or her consent, so as they be not unfaithful unto the lord proprietary, or molest or conspire the civil gouvernment, established or to be established in this province under him and his heyres; and that all and every person or persons that shall presume contrary to this act and the true intent and meaning thereof, directly or indirectly, eyther in person or estate, wilfully to wrong, disturb, or trouble or molest, any person or persons within this province professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of his or her religion, or the free exercise thereof within this province, otherwise than is provided for in this act, that such person or persons so offending shall be compelled to pay treble damages to the party so wronged or molested, and for every such offence shall also forfeit 20*s.* sterling in money, or the value thereof, for the use of the lord proprietary and his heires, lords and proprietaries of this province, and the other half thereof for the use of

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> the party so wronged or molested as aforesayd; or if the party so offending as aforesayd shall refuse or bee unable to recompence the party so wronged or to satisfie such fine or forfeiture, then such offender shall be severely punished by publick whipping and imprisonment during the pleasure of the lord proprietary or his lieutenant, or the chiefe gouvernour of this province for the time being, without bail or mainprize.
>
> "And be it further also enacted by the authority and consent aforesayd, that the sheriffe or other officer or officers from time to time to be appointed and authorized for that purpose of the county, town, or precinct where every particular offence in this present act contained shall happen at any time to be committed, and whereupon there is hereby a forfeiture, fine, or penalty imposed, shall from time to time distrain and seize the goods and estate of every such person so offending as aforesayd against this present act or any part thereof, and sell the same or any part thereof for the full satisfaction of such forfeiture, fine, or penalty as aforesayd restoring to the party so offending the remainder or overplus of the sayd goods and estate after such satisfaction so made as aforesayd."

Another singular and interesting circumstance in the history of the early colony of Maryland, one showing how completely that country was under Catholic régime, is the claim of the Jesuit fathers in the province that the canon law prevailed and should be observed and enforced in Maryland, and that the *benefit of clergy—privilegium clericale*—existed there. Father White insisted on these points, and was met with strenuous opposition by Mr. Lewger, the secretary of the province, a zealous Catholic. The controversy waxed hot and bitter. Father White appealed to the provincial, and Mr. Secretary Lewger to Lord Baltimore, in England; and they in turn ap-

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pealed to Rome. The Jesuits made their claim that the state should "*yeald and mayntaine to the Church all her rights and liberties which shee hath in other Catholick Countryes.*"

Such strange and crude notions have we often heard expressed by intelligent laymen, both Catholic and Protestant, on this subject, that we will briefly state what is the canon law and what is the benefit of clergy. Canon law is the general public code of laws of the Catholic Church. It includes selections from the civil law of the Romans, selections also from the Sacred Scriptures relating to discipline; the decrees of ecclesiastical councils; decretal letters of the popes; extracts from the writings of the Fathers; *extravagantes*, or laws of exceptional character or outside of the regular code; ecclesiastical customs, or common law; bulls and briefs of the popes; and, lastly, the concordats, or treaties, entered into between the popes and particular kings or nations, which are made "in order to regulate those modifications of general legislation that the exigencies of times or other circumstances may demand, are a prominent feature in the present state of ecclesiastical polity, and are gradually effecting important changes by making what was before but a solitary exception to become an almost universal rule."

The benefit of clergy is the exemption claimed for the clergy, and indeed for all, even laymen, aiding and engaged in the ecclesiastical service, from the penalties denounced by the secular laws of the land against certain crimes, exemption from the jurisdiction of the secular courts in such cases, and the creation and maintenance of ecclesiastical courts with jurisdiction over such persons and offences.

These claims are based upon the principle that the church, though a human institution, has a divine origin or creation, and is a perfect, visible organization, possessing inherently all that is necessary for a complete and independent body, such as the power of legislation and jurisdiction over ecclesiastical persons and cases.

No formal decision from Rome on the controversy between Lord Baltimore and the Maryland Jesuits has been made known, beyond the fact that Lord Baltimore received authority from Rome to displace the Jesuits in Maryland and supply their places with secular clergymen. The Jesuits, however, never left their missions nor relaxed their labors either amongst the English Catholics or among the Indian tribes. It is alleged by Father White that the new-comers, or secular priests sent out to supplant them, on hearing the case of the fathers, united in

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sustaining their side. At this juncture the whole controversy was amicably arranged in England between Lord Baltimore, the proprietary of the province, and Father More, the provincial of the Jesuits, whereby the jurisdiction of the canon law and the benefit of clergy were surrendered and abandoned by the Society, and the Jesuits remained in undisputed possession of their beloved mission.

The canon law, or *corpus juris canonici*, has never been proclaimed or enforced in this country, nor are we aware of any other instance where *the benefit of clergy* has ever been claimed; but in some particular sections of our country the canon law is considered as applicable and in force as far as circumstances will permit, in consequence of those sections having been colonized by European countries in which the canon law at the time of the colonization was in full force, and having received their ecclesiastical organization therefrom. In England the claim of *the benefit of clergy* was resisted with traditional animosity from Catholic times, and from the time of Henry VIII. the English lawyers and legislators had a superstitious hatred and fear of the long-extinguished pretension equal to that entertained by Lucifer for holy water; and it was customary, in preparing English statutes of a criminal nature, to add after the denunciation of the punishment the words "*without benefit of clergy*," even within a recent time. Some of the old colonial statutes of this country contained the same meaningless formula. In England the benefit of clergy was utterly abolished by the statutes of 7 and 8 George IV. Although *benefit of clergy* never existed in the United States, we find, singularly enough, an act of Congress of April 30, 1790, wherein it is expressly provided that there shall be no *benefit of clergy* for any capital offences under the statute.

The United States have always been and still remain a missionary country under the jurisdiction of the Propaganda, as distinguished from countries in which the full organization of the church is perfected and canon law promulgated and enforced. Beyond an occasional newspaper discussion and one or two cases in which a priest, resisting his bishop, appealed to the courts of law and claimed the benefits of the canon law, that system of ecclesiastical jurisprudence has seldom been even discussed or attempted to be introduced here. In recent years, however, the Propaganda has introduced a system of ecclesiastical tribunals into this country, by which in each diocese *judices causarum* were selected from among the priests of the diocese to hear and report

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to the ordinary in cases of ecclesiastical offences charged against any priest of the diocese. Otherwise we are without the canon law, though its principles must necessarily be constantly invoked to a considerable extent by ordinaries of dioceses in deciding ecclesiastical questions. During the accumulations of so many ages the *corpus juris canonici* has swollen into an enormous mass, equal in bulk and in the number of volumes to the gigantic proportions of *corpus juris civilis* of the Romans, perhaps even beyond this. Great portions of the canon law are now obsolete, other portions are too cumbersome now for practical use, and still greater portions are wholly inapplicable and unsuited to the wants of the church, of society, and of the world in the nineteenth century.

A thorough revision of the canon law seems to be now a crying necessity. The present illustrious pontiff, Leo XIII., seems to us to be peculiarly fitted for the task. His great learning, his profound research, his untiring habits of labor and study, his broad and comprehensive statesmanship, his able and skilful methods of handling the most difficult ecclesiastical affairs, and his marvellous energy and enlightened enterprise mark him out as a pope most eminently suited and perhaps providentially elevated to the chair of Peter for attempting and accomplishing this grand work. To direct and inspire the labors of those whom he would appoint for this gigantic and erudite task would be a congenial undertaking with so great and learned a pontiff. A pontiff who has, with profound intellect, grasped the wants of the church and of society throughout the Christian world; who has revived in our colleges and universities the study of St. Thomas Aquinas and the Christian philosophy of his school; who has raised the Roman doctorate to be a true diploma of theological and ecclesiastical learning; who, by his prudent, brave, and skilful diplomacy, has ameliorated the condition of Catholics under persecuting governments; who has brought imperial Prussia and is now bringing republican France to Canossa; who has taught the world that patriotism cannot be used as a cloak to cover dynamite and secret societies; who has thrown open the treasures of the Vatican Library to the Muse of History—such a pontiff might well attempt, by the aid of learned commissions acting under his guidance and inspiration, the revision, reformation, condensation, simplification, and codification of the canon law, that it might be made suited to the wants of the universal church, and of society throughout the world; that it might be made applicable to all countries alike and without

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evasion, and, remaining no longer a dead letter, should become again a living code, of which every patriarch, prelate, ecclesiastic, and layman in Christendom would take cognizance on its proclamation once for all at Rome, and to which all should render unqualified obedience. Such an achievement would be the crowning glory of the already glorious pontificate of Leo XIII. Such a code we would receive with joy, and hail its introduction into our own country with reverence and loyalty.

The canon law as it existed in 1641, the introduction of which into Maryland Lord Baltimore and his Catholic secretary, Mr. Lewger, so strenuously resisted, and were finally sustained therein by the great-grandson of Sir Thomas More, the provincial of the Society of Jesus, was a code vastly different from that which, under revision, would emanate from the pontificate of Leo XIII.

We will resume in another article the consideration of Mr. Bancroft's alterations of the *History of the United States*, in those parts especially which relate to the Catholic character of the Maryland colony. And here we would remind the learned historian of those burning words of Lacordaire in his twentieth conference of Notre Dame: "Mais on n'emprisonne pas la raison, on ne brûle pas les faits, on ne déshonore pas la vertu, on n'assassine pas la logique"—*You cannot imprison reason, you cannot burn up facts, you cannot dishonor virtue, you cannot assassinate logic.*

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THE RETURNING COMET OF 1812.

On the 20th of July, 1812, while the grand army of Napoleon was entering Russia, a peaceful Frenchman, whose thoughts were more occupied with conquests in the heavens than on the earth, succeeded in adding another comet to the list of his discoveries. It was the tenth which he had been the first among men to set eyes on; he had averaged one each year since 1802, when he first began searching for these mysterious bodies. Strange and mortifying as it must have seemed to him, the magnificent comet of 1811 had been the prize of another observer, though he himself succeeded in capturing a tolerably bright one in the latter part of that year.

Seeking for comets seems to have been a real passion with Pons. From 1802 till 1827 he continued perseveringly at it, being the original discoverer of twenty-eight, few of which, however, had any special astronomical interest. But the one which rewarded his labors in 1812, though not attaining any very great brilliancy, proved, when its orbit was accurately computed, to be indeed a remarkable object. It was the first after that of Halley which could, on the ground of the shape of its path alone, be predicted to return after a long period and an excursion far beyond the limits of the solar system as then known. In fact, only a few years had elapsed since the illustrious Gauss had made the computation of an elliptic orbit for a body never before observed a comparatively easy matter; and the prediction of return for Halley's comet, though possible from observations at one appearance, had really been based primarily on its supposed identity with those of 1531 and 1607. The comet of 1812 was, then, the first one of long period the return of which was definitely announced on the basis of calculations made from one apparition alone; and it was quite a daring assertion on the part of the great computer Encke that it would return to the neighborhood of the sun in the early part of 1883.

During the many years which have since elapsed interest in the fulfilment of this prediction was necessarily postponed; and the comet of 1812 passed into temporary oblivion in the number of short-period ones the returns of which have since been verified. But as the time for its reappearance approached, the calculations on it, long shelved, were taken down and re-examined, and its

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whole supposed path gone over with a view of ascertaining what disturbances it might have experienced from the action of the great planets of our system, including the recently-discovered Neptune. The result of this re-examination, made by Messrs. Schulhof and Bossert, was that the comet would not pass its perihelion, or nearest point to the sun, till September of next year; and as there seemed little probability of seeing it at a much longer time before perihelion than three months, no great interest was felt in searching for it as yet. A sweeping ephemeris, as it is called, was, however, computed for the convenience of those who might wish to try their chance of picking it up.

Let us explain briefly what this sweeping ephemeris was. It must be understood that the position of the comet's orbit in space was well enough known; there it was, a clear and distinct elliptical curve, every point of which was as easily ascertainable by astronomers as if the comet in 1812 had left a line or trail of light along its whole path. Let us suppose for a moment that such a brilliant line, marking its path, had been left. There it would have been, standing out against the sky, following at any one time a definite course among the stars, but slowly shifting its apparent position among them, as this earth swung round through its own orbit about the sun. Sometimes this line would have seemed to have nearly its true elliptical shape; sometimes, on the other hand, as we passed through the plane in which it lay, and saw it, as it were, edgeways, it would have appeared quite straight.

Now, the orbit or path of the comet, of course, was not in fact a line of light, nor was it naturally visible in any way. But it could be made practically visible by the knowledge of astronomers as to its real position. The course it would follow over its background of stars at any time of year could be calculated, and this course plotted on a celestial map. These plottings, being made for dates at regular intervals, say of five or ten days, through the year, constitute, then, the sweeping ephemeris—so called because if any one should wish to find the expected comet at any one of these dates, he would only have to sweep with his telescope along the plotted curve corresponding to that particular date. If the comet could be seen at all it would be seen somewhere on that curve, for the simple reason that it is really somewhere on the actual curve in space which has thus, as has been said, been made practically visible.

But why not, it may be asked, instead of putting down this curve on the map for various times, put down the place which

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the comet itself would apparently occupy among the stars at those times? To this it must be answered that such a thing would be highly desirable; it is often done when our knowledge is precise enough, and the result is what we call an ephemeris simply, without any "sweeping" about it. But the difficulty of doing it in this case was this: that though, as has been said, we knew the position and shape of the orbit very accurately, at least in its nearer portions, we did not know with sufficient accuracy the position of the comet in that orbit. It had, indeed, been predicted that it would arrive at perihelion in September, 1884; but this result was confessedly liable to great error one way or the other, so that no one could say with certainty at any time whether the comet would be one hundred millions or three hundred millions of miles from the sun. It was like an expected train, with the telegraph broken down: we know it is somewhere on the track, but where it is no one can tell till he sees it.

Such was the state of things at the beginning of September just past. At that time Mr. W. R. Brooks, of Phelps, N. Y., announced the detection by himself of an object suspected to be a comet. He telegraphed its position among the stars to other astronomers, that they might observe it and help to determine its orbit, should it be a comet, as soon as possible. After a few days, observations were obtained sufficient for the computation of an orbit, which was assumed, as it is always with new comets, to be parabolic in form.

Well, now, it may be asked, was this comet of Mr. Brooks anywhere on the line corresponding to that date in the sweeping ephemeris for the comet of 1812? If so, surely it would have been suspected at once as being that object. The answer is that it was not on that line, or rather that the line was not on it; though it ought to have been, as will be seen subsequently. The new comet was, therefore, not suspected of identity with the expected visitor, and various calculations of its path from the present observations alone were made, which did not agree very well with each other. This discordance was probably partly owing to the considerable error of the assumption which had been made as to the parabolic form of the orbit; but it was ascribed rather to the shortness of time as yet elapsed since discovery and the slowness of the comet's apparent motion. Further calculation was, therefore, postponed till more observations should have been made.

It is principally by the discordance of these orbits, and the want of confidence in them, that the failure of astronomers to

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recognize the similarity of one of them to that of the comet of 1812 should, as it would seem, be explained; though the general belief that the latter was not coming yet may have had something to do with it, as well as the fact that the line of the sweeping ephemeris was not on the Brooks comet, as has been said. However, be the reason what it may, this similarity remained without any practical recognition for several days. When it did at last succeed in making an impression, it of course naturally occurred to settle the question of identity by seeing if, after all, the Brooks comet would not fall on the path of the 1812 comet projected in the heavens; and the calculation being made, it appeared, somewhat to the surprise of the astronomical world, that such was actually the case. The Brooks comet was found to be really on the path of that of 1812, and was therefore reasonably assumed to be that body; and from the definite place which it occupied in that elliptical orbit it was computed, with great probability of exactness, that its perihelion passage would be made on the 25th of January, 1884.

But why was it that the lines marked out in the heavens by the sweeping ephemeris did not cover it? It was simply that they were not carried out far enough. It had not been supposed, as has been said above, that the returning comet of 1812 would be seen more than about three months before its perihelion; and, therefore, the calculations necessary for the projection of its orbit on the heavens being somewhat laborious, it had not been considered worth while to make them for a less advanced position of the comet in its path. In other words, only a part of the ellipse, extending to the place the comet would occupy three months before perihelion, had been thus projected for the various dates; but at the time of discovery it actually lacked, as will be seen by reference to the dates above given, nearly five months of the time of perihelion. Of course, therefore, the Brooks comet was not on the lines as actually drawn; if they had been extended they would have covered it. The improvement in instruments, the skill, vigilance, and assiduity of comet-finders, had strangely in this case defeated their own ends in causing the failure to recognize the comet of 1812 by picking it up too soon.

Observations since made confirm the identity of the two bodies discovered by M. Pons and Mr. Brooks; and by the information which we now possess, unusually accurate for such an early period in a comet's apparition, we are able to predict with confidence its future course in the heavens. Its apparent path will be through a part of the sky lying east of the sun, so that at

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the time of its greatest brilliancy, in January, it will be seen in the western sky after sunset, thus having an advantage over its magnificent predecessor of last year. It is a little curious, by the way, that this comet should at both apparitions be put in comparative obscurity by an unusually splendid one just preceding it. It will disappear in the southwest early in February.

With regard to its future brightness nothing certain can be affirmed. The only way we have of calculating it is by assuming it to shine simply by reflected light from the sun, like a planet; on this assumption it will be in the middle of January about seventy times as bright as now (September 27), and ought, therefore, to be equal then to a star of about the third magnitude, and easily, though not brilliantly, visible to the naked eye. But the assumption that comets shine only by reflected light is manifestly incorrect in many cases; and since its discovery this comet has discountenanced it by suddenly multiplying its light ten or fifteen times within forty-eight hours. At its apparition in 1812 it was visible to the naked eye with a tail two degrees long; at the present one it ought, from its relative position to us, to be three or four times brighter than then, and will show its tail with little foreshortening. The chances, therefore, are good for its making a fairly fine show.

The peculiar interest attached to it is its return on time from the immense depths of space into which it has plunged, and the interesting verification which it gives of the laws which govern the movements of the heavenly bodies; though, of course, to professional astronomers no such verification is needed. It will help to redeem its fellows from the suspicion of being "erratic" in their movements, and will show that the reason others do not come back as it has done is simply that the calculations made on them, giving no indication of anything but a parabolic or infinite orbit, have not justified any expectation that they would do so. The ordinary or parabolic comet, while in sight, keeps on its line as perfectly as this one does; but the curve on which it runs is not a closed one, and therefore it would be folly to expect it to renew its course.

Be it remembered, then, here is the first long-period comet which has been predicted to return from calculations made on the shape of its path alone; and here it is.

One question arises now: If this comet is a periodic one, why was it not seen before 1812? To this it may be answered that there was only one previous apparition at which it could be expected to have been noticed, at about 1741 or thereabouts;

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for previously telescopic comets, as this one would sometimes be in its whole course, were seldom seen, and even faint, naked-eye comets would attract little attention. In April, 1742, we have an account of a comet seen by several persons in the Southern Ocean, occupying the position that this would have had after perihelion. But it may be that its first visit to our system was in 1812, and that it was then, on its approach to the sun, thrown into an elliptic orbit by the action of one of the outlying planets. Such tricks have been played with comets before; in fact, it is not impossible that such has been the origin of all periodicity or ellipticity in cometary orbits.

The next similar return of a long-period comet now expected from calculation is that of the one of 1815, the date of its next perihelion passage having been assigned by Bessel, one of the greatest astronomers of this century, for February 9, 1887. Let us hope that it, too, will sustain the reputation of the discoverer of gravitation by coming back with the punctuality which that of 1812 has shown.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIOUS AFFECTIONS TOWARDS GOD AND THE SAINTS: Meditations for every day in the year, and for the principal festivals. From the Latin of the Venerable Nicolas Lancicius, S.J. With a preface by George Porter, of the same society. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

We give this book a hearty recommendation. It is an excellent manual for daily meditation. The matter is plain, well chosen, easily remembered, conveniently divided, and has about it a sort of suggestiveness or fruitfulness which is the charm of any good meditation book. As slovenly preparation is the great fault of meditation, Father Porter, himself an experienced teacher of mental prayer, has wisely dwelt especially upon it in his preface. Whoever will lay his suggestions to heart and faithfully use this book, and (we will venture to add) will daily commit to memory a few sentences from Scripture illustrating the points presented by the saintly author, will be likely to find relief from the distractions and barrenness often besetting mental prayer.

THE LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER. Compiled from reliable sources by the Rev. William Stang. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1883.

This is a short, timely, and authentic record of the life of the father of the so-called Reformation. The author has done well in allowing Luther to depict himself. Its readers who are convincible cannot help making the reflection that when such a man as Martin Luther turns reformer one

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might as well expect to gather figs of thistles or grapes of thorns as the purification, from such hands, of the church of God. This fourth centennial, by spreading genuine information of the life of Martin Luther, appears destined to cover the originator of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century with merited disgrace. All seekers after truth, and lovers of it, should read this book.

SERMONS AND DISCOURSES BY THE LATE MOST REV. JOHN MACHALE, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM. Edited by Thomas MacHale, D.D., Ph.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay Street. 1883.

An admirable collection of sermons on general subjects and for particular occasions, marked throughout by the eloquence, thought, and learning of their distinguished author, whose name only needs to be mentioned to command attention and interest for these discourses, and to assure them to be models of sacred oratory, as indeed they are.

GROWTH IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR LORD. Meditations adapted from the French original of the Abbé De Brandt, by a Daughter of the Cross. Vols. iii. and iv. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

In the January number of this magazine we called attention to the first volume of these Meditations as promising to be a real addition to this particular kind of spiritual and ascetic works.

Now that the series is complete, and we are in a position to judge with knowledge and to praise with discrimination, it is due the compiler and translator to say that the promise has been fulfilled, and we trust many souls will profit by her labor. For solidity, for a fulness of treatment at once sufficient and yet suggestive, for a completeness of subjects suited to the great devotions, to the greater feast-days, days of retreat, etc., we know of none for general use in private or for communities equal to these here published.

THE SERAPHIC OCTAVE; or, Spiritual Retreat of Eight Days for all the Children of St. Francis of Assisi. Adapted for the use of all Religious. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1883.

This is a practical, solid, and most useful work for those who make retreats. There is needed a variety of this kind of books, and we are glad to have this one from a Franciscan source. The translation reads well, and the get-up of the volume is creditable to the publisher.

JUS CANONICUM JUXTA ORDINEM DECRETALIUM RECENTIORIBUS SEDIS APOSTOLICÆ DECRETIS ET RECTÆ RATIONI IN OMNIBUS CONSONUM. Auctore E. Grandclaude, Vicario Generali, Doctore in Sacra Theologia et in Jure Canonico. Parisiis: apud Victorem Lecoffre. 1882.

This is a very profound, extensive, and able treatise on canon law, in three volumes, containing in all about eighteen hundred pages. It follows, as intimated in the title, the order of the five books of Decretals, and is prefaced by a general treatise on canon and civil law, and on the Roman Curia. From what examination we have been able to give it, it strikes us

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as being the most satisfactory and thorough work on the subject which has appeared in recent times.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1884. With Calendars calculated for different parallels of latitude and adapted for use throughout the United States. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is the sixteenth year of the *Annual*, and it is a pleasure to see that, excellent as it has always been, it continues to improve, especially in the engravings. The portraits particularly are good; for instance, that of Cardinal Cheverus, who was the first bishop of Boston, and that of the late Father Pise, of Brooklyn. A fine face, too, is that of the first bishop of St. Louis, the polished yet energetic and warm-hearted Italian, Rosati. There is also the keen yet true and earnest Scotch face of the late Mr. James Burns, the founder of the well-known London Catholic publishing house of Burns & Oates, who, the son of a Presbyterian minister and for many years one of the most noted Protestant publishers in England, sacrificed many advantages on becoming a Catholic, and devoted the rest of his life to the formation of a good Catholic literature for his countrymen. Besides the many well-written articles of contemporary Catholic biography, including, in addition to those already named, Archbishop Hannan of Halifax, Louis Veuillot, Father Saint-Cyr, "the pioneer priest of Chicago," Father Thomas Burke, O.P., Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia, all gone to their reward within the last year, there are several interesting historical sketches. Among the last are "The Albigenses," "St. Dominic," "The Waldenses," "St. Teresa and the Carmelites," "St. Francis Xavier," "The Baron of St. Castine," "Mary Ward," foundress in the sixteenth century of the English Institute of the Blessed Virgin, and "Frances Mary Teresa Ball," foundress in this century of the Irish Institute of the Blessed Virgin. There are statistics too, such as many readers are apt to pass unnoticed, though their compilation requires skill and labor, and a sagacious scrutiny of them is very instructive. Then there are interesting accounts of historical localities, and there is one of the clearest and best-written descriptions yet published of the great suspension bridge between New York and Brooklyn, a description which its author has had revised by the chief engineer of the bridge. In fact, the one hundred and fifty-six pages of the deservedly successful *Annual* are full of interesting and highly instructive articles by competent writers.

ANNALS OF FORT MACKINAC. By Dwight H. Kelton, Lieutenant United States Army. Revised edition. 1883.

In 1877 the Very Rev. Father Jacker, who is dean of the district, discovered the remains of the heroic missionary Father Marquette at the village of St. Ignace, on the site of the little Jesuit church, where they had been interred June 9, 1677, just two hundred years before. The pamphlet above, by Lieut. Kelton, of the Tenth United States Infantry, even though it follows the dry method of annals, is interesting reading, and in a greater degree is valuable for those who have anything to do with keeping the annals of the church in the region about the upper great lakes.

Michilimackinac, Lieut. Kelton says, means the country of the Mishini-

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maki, and was originally applied to the eastern half of the upper peninsula, and now in its shortened form of Mackinac it is applied to the island and the strait just south of Pointe St. Ignace. These *Annals* cover the history of the region from 1634, when it was first visited by Jean Nicolet, to the present time. Many vicissitudes have overtaken the little village of St. Ignace and the island of Mackinac, with its fort begun by the English in 1780 to replace the fort at "Old Mackinac," on the north shore. In the winter of 1680–1 the famous explorer, Father Hennepin, of the Recollects of St. Francis, was at St. Ignace and enrolled the fur-traders there in the third order of St. Francis. By the surrender of Quebec in 1759 this region passed to the English, though Pontiac took the fort at Old Mackinac from them and held it for a short while. By various devices the English, in spite of the treaty of 1783, maintained possession of the new fort until 1796, and again in 1812 captured it from us. In 1814 our troops made an assault, but in vain. The British garrison at that time consisted principally of the Glengarry Light Infantry, a force enlisted among the Catholic Scotch Highlanders of Glengarry in Canada. Lieut. Kelton's pamphlet gives lists of the priests who have served this mission from 1670 to 1883, as well as of the respective French and English commandants previous to American possession, and of the officers of the garrison of Fort Mackinac since.

CROWN OF THORNS, and other Tales. 24mo, pp. 69. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co.

SIMON VERDE; or, The Good-Natured Man. By the author of *Tasso's Enchanted Ground.* 24mo, pp. 105. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co.

THE FEAST OF FLOWERS, and other Tales. 24mo, pp. 70. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co.

FILIAL LOVE BEFORE ALL, and other Tales. 24mo, pp. 104. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co.

THE QUEEN'S CONFESSION; or, The Martyrdom of St. John Nepomucene. From the French of Raoul de Navéry. 18mo, pp. 174. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co.

There can be no hesitation in recommending the above five books to those selecting reading matter for the younger Catholic children. *The Queen's Confession*, though, it must be said, is adapted for more advanced children also, and would not be uninteresting to older readers even. Its story deals with the great patron saint of the Czechs, that holy priest, John of Nepomuk, who sacrificed his life rather than break the seal of confession. The preface is written by a Franciscan friar of the Irish province, who hides himself under initials; and, as he well says, "the story of Queen Jane's [of Bohemia] life is worth telling. She had all the virtues of a modest maiden, a suffering queen, and a saintly woman. St. John Nepomucene is one of the martyrs of the church. His courage, piety, fortitude, and death demand the reverence of the priest and the esteem of every one that reads the history of his life."

ROSE PARNELL, THE FLOWER OF AVONDALE. A Tale of the Rebellion, '98. By D. P. Conyngham, LL.D. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1883.

Under the guise of a romance, the heroine of which is a member of a well-known Irish family that for some generations has been identified with the patriotic party in Ireland, the author has made a skilful and interest-

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ing historical picture of some of the scenes in the ill-conducted and luckless attempt of a part of the Irish people in 1798 to win freedom. The author himself—a gentleman who, besides being a man of literary experience, had made an honorable record of another kind by what might be called amateur military services in the Union army during the late civil war—passed to his rest only a few months ago, so that any success his book may meet with cannot profit him now. The scenes of '98 here described are sufficiently soul-stirring, yet, as history vouches, it would be hard to exaggerate the cruelty of the outrages committed at that time by the English troops, or by the Protestant yeomanry acting in the English service in Ireland. It is to be hoped that the day of such horrors for Ireland has passed, and that there is yet in store for the fateful isle a period of peace and of prosperity.

THE NORMAL MUSIC COURSE. A series of exercises, studies, and songs, defining and illustrating the art of sight-reading; progressively arranged from the first conception and production of tones to the most advanced choral practice. First Reader. By John W. Tufts and H. E. Holt, New York.

THE NORMAL MUSIC COURSE, ETC. Second Reader.

MANUAL FOR THE USE OF TEACHERS, to accompany the Readers and Charts of the Normal Music Course. By John W. Tufts and H. E. Holt. New York, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

These two musical readers are of a small quarto shape, and both by their tasteful covers and their handsomely and clearly printed music ought to prove very attractive to the younger classes in schools, for whom they are intended. The *Manual* gives a key to the method followed in the two readers. The *First Reader*, which is divided into two parts, contains, first, so much of theoretical instruction as is necessary, and, secondly, a selection of very pretty childish songs. The *Second Reader*, intended for more advanced classes, develops the theory and contains a still larger collection of songs than the *First Reader*.

THE MARTYRS OF CASTELFIDARDO. Translated from the French by a member of the Presentation Convent, Lixnaw, Co. Kerry. 18mo, pp. vi.-240. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1883.

THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK. By the Countess de Ségur. Translated by Clara Mulholland. New edition. 18mo, pp. 287. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1883.

WITHOUT BEAUTY; or, The Story of a Plain Woman. Translated from the French of Mlle. Zenaïde Fleurot, by Alice Wilmot Chetwode. 18mo, pp. 304. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1883.

TALES BY CANON SCHMID. Newly translated by H. J. G. (Containing fifteen of the tales.) 18mo, pp. 384. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The above four little books can be heartily recommended to all who are looking for something for their children to read. The last-named book especially, the famous little German tales, will go on its own well-known and well-appreciated merits, the translation itself being easy, clear, and idiomatic in its style.

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HISTOIRE DE MADEMOISELLE LE GRAS (LOUISE DE MARILLAC,) FONDATRICE DES FILLES DE LA CHARITÉ. PRÉCÉDÉE DES LETTRES DE MGR. MERMILLOD, EVÊQUE D'HÉBRON, VICAIRE APOSTOLIQUE DE GENÈVE, ET DE M. FIAT, SUPÉRIEUR GÉNÉRAL DES PRÊTRES DE LA MISSION ET DES FILLES DE LA CHARITÉ. Paris: Poussielgue Frères. 1883.

This book will be noticed soon.

THE ROSE OF VENICE: A Story of Love, Hatred, and Remorse. By S. Christopher. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co. 1883.

LADY GLASTONBURY'S BOUDOIR; or, The History of Two Weeks. By the author of *The New Utopia*. 18mo, pp. 279. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

VADE MECUM AD INFIRMOS, pro Missionariis Americæ Septen. Continens preces lingua anglica et germanica pro cura infirmorum utiles. S. Ludovici. 1883.

NANO NAGLE: her Life, her Labors, and their Fruits. By William Hutch, D.D., president of St. Colman's College, Fermoy. New edition. Crown 8vo, pp. xvi.–515. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

SHORT MEDITATIONS TO AID PIOUS SOULS IN THE RECITATION OF THE HOLY ROSARY. Translated from the French by a Member of the Order of St. Dominic. 32mo, pp. vi.–308. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet. 1883.

BERTHA DE MORNAY, SISTER OF CHARITY: her Life and Writings. With preface by Natalis de Wailly, member of the French Institute. Translated from the French. 18mo, xvi.–271. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1883.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE, WITH THEORIES UPON THE NERVE FORCE, FEVER, CONTAGION, ETC. By C. A. Hardey, M.D., Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. New York: P. O'Shea. 1883.

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[A pamphlet description, for Catholic colonization purposes, of the San Antonio colony reservation in Florida. By Judge Edmund F. Dunne, the president at San Antonio, Florida.]

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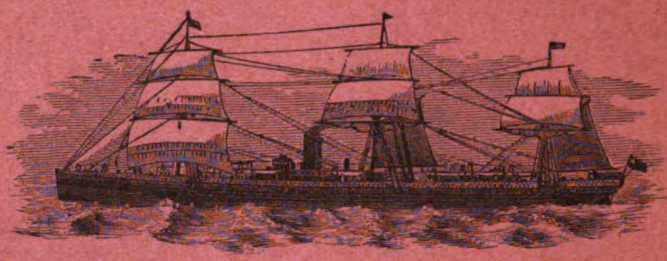

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXVIII. DECEMBER, 1883. No. 225.

HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.*

HE was a deep thinker who gave the name of the three theological virtues to the three Catholic countries of Europe whose destiny it has been to be persecuted for their faith or to have their rights to independence and autonomy disregarded by neighboring nations who envied them their prosperity and held them in subjection. That subjection has been all the more galling from the fact that in language and character no people could be conceived less congenial to their powerful masters. Ireland still has unabated faith in the future which will separate her from stolid England; Poland still clings to the hope of shaking off the iron hand of barbaric Russia; and Flanders, full of charity, has, under the common name of Belgium, shared with the Walloon Provinces her hard-won liberty, after having been for centuries the battle-ground of the European powers and experiencing in turn the yoke of Spain, Austria, and France.

As is always the case, the language has shared the fate of its conquered people. The poetical strains of the Irish bards and the quaint periods of the Four Masters sound weird and strange in the ears of the majority of Erin's children. Government oppression has well-nigh silenced the literary voice of Poland's rich but proscribed tongue. And it is only since Belgium's successful revolution of 1830 that the remembrance of the musical old

* Cfr. Conscience: twee redevoeringen door N. Nelis, Leeraar by 't Athenæum van Brugge *Rond den Heerd*, Bruges, 1882.

Copyright. REV. I. T. HECKER. 1883.

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rhymes of Van Maerlandt and Simon Stevens have spurred the free Flemings on to renewed efforts in the field of national literature. For the last half-century a movement of revival in letters, architecture, music, and art, none the less effective because confined to so narrow a strip of territory, has steadily been gaining ground in Flanders. Were its authors less outspoken in the expression of their Catholic convictions, and did not its leaders fight in the foremost and fearless ranks of the Catholic party, their works would long ago have been brought to the attention of the outside world and been recognized as not unworthy of the Flemish masters of the glorious past. But the noble men who voice their religious sentiments in terse, soul-stirring verse and mellow, picturesque prose have to contend against a government of free-mason *gueux* who became traitors to the faith of their fathers and who are shamefully ignorant of their mothers' tongue. The rich, musical strains of Peter Benoit's oratorios are wrung from the melodious chords of a Catholic harp; the grand conceptions of Baron Bethune, whom Germany honored as the only artist whose genius was capable of restoring and completing Cologne's historic cathedral, are influenced by the Catholic reminiscences of the ages of faith; Geefs' marble groups and Baron Wappers' national canvases were created under the masterly influence of Catholic inspiration; the historical studies of David, Willems, and Duclos are stamped with the seal of Catholic truth. Hence they are ignored at home by the government, who alone disposes of the means to give them fitting recognition; they are belittled or not so much as mentioned abroad by the infidel foreign agents of our periodical literature. Not until an American bard shall display in an English setting the hidden gems of Flemish poetry will Ledeganck's harmonious verse, Gezelle's "Graveyard Flowers," and De Coninck's "Mankind Redeemed" obtain their well-earned praise.

That graceful service was rendered years ago to one whose works did not become household words in every civilized language of the world until they were brought out in English dress, and who died the other day at the ripe old age of seventy-one—the Catholic and patriot Hendrik Conscience.

It is passing strange that this most renowned of Flemish writers, whose first work marked fifty years ago the dawn of a splendid era of literary wealth, should have been born of a French father. Pierre Conscience was a native of Besançon, and was appointed by Napoleon I. harbor-master of Antwerp in recognition

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of repeated deeds of bravery whilst serving in the French navy. He had been three times in irons on British pontoons as a prisoner of war, and the emperor paid the French debt with an office in conquered Belgium. A Flemish maiden of one of Antwerp's suburbs gained the affections of the ancient marine, and Hendrik, the first-fruit of what proved a happy but short union, was born December 11, 1812.

Pompstreet, situated in St. Andrew's neighborhood, one of the most populous and picturesque of the ancient city of Antwerp, where our hero was born, proved a rich field of observation to the future delineator of the manners and inner life of the Flemish people. Pompstreet was what I call a catholic street, possessing in itself all the elements that go to make up these odd, irregular thoroughfares of our mediæval cities, which modern travellers admire so much because of their quaintness. In Pompstreet the neat wooden structure of the modest burgher set off the gray stone mansion of the noble Salm-Salms, and the poor tenement of the laborer added a bit of quiet color to the broken lines of the old-fashioned borough. In Pompstreet the tradesman elbowed his rich neighbor, who daily witnessed the poverty of his humbler fellow-citizens, knew their names, took an interest in their welfare, and learned to practise the precept of Christian benevolence without wounding their sensitiveness. To the nobleman poverty was no distressing and unusual sight, as it is in these days of magnificent avenues for the rich and of squalid alleys for the poor. The latter conceded with thankful acceptance the rich man's coveted right of unostentatiously alleviating their distress, and thus they both carried out the beautiful ideal of universal brotherhood which Christ preached and which the Catholic Church has ever upheld in society as well as in the church. To that familiar intercourse of prince and plebeian we owe many of the most touching pages of *The Poor Gentleman*, a powerful drama of family pride struggling with misfortune and want.

Day after day little Hendrik untiringly watched from a window of the parental house the ever-varying scenes of busy Flemish life. For the boy was weak and unable to walk. Fastened in his little arm-chair, the child-invalid would envy the sports of the other boys romping in the street. His heart yearned for the sweet companionship of the children of his age, in whose games he could not share, and the monotony of his young existence was only broken by the loving caresses of his mother and the not infrequent visits of gold-spectacled Mr.

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Tartare, the family doctor. The child's ailments appealed to the sympathies of the kind-hearted old gentleman. He bestowed the best of care on his little protégé, determined to leave no means untried to prolong his life, and thus give a chance to nature and an unimpaired constitution to prove true his assertion, that if Hendrik lived to be seven years old he would live to be an old man. Little Hendrik appreciated the sympathetic care of Dr. Tartare. Like all invalid children whose youthful spirits are trammelled by bodily infirmities, he became thoughtful and observing. Whoever has read Conscience's glowing sketch of the doctor in *Siska van Roosemael* need not be told that the mature writer graciously paid the debt contracted by the sickly child. We are all familiar with the self-denying love of a mother's heart, and are not surprised to learn that suffering Hendrik was his mother's pet. To shorten the weary hours of the long day—each day is an epoch in the life of the child—Madame Conscience would tell, with a woman's tender appreciation of child-nature, the touching drama of Little Red Ridinghood with a wealth of details which made the little sufferer forget his own ailments whilst deeply sympathizing with the cruel fate of the wolf's gentle victim. The romancer's power of description and profound analysis of the mysterious passions of the human heart, as exhibited in *What a Mother can Suffer* and other works, may be traced to those instructive hours which the doting mother devoted to the amusement and delight of her story-loving boy.

Thanks to the unremitting attentions of the doctor, the critical period was safely passed and Hendrik gained the use of his limbs when seven years of age. He was not slow in availing himself of his long-delayed freedom of action, and he now passed the swift-spent days roaming about the quaint streets of St. Andrew's parish, every turn of which revealed something new to the eager eyes of the wondering boy. His father rather encouraged this thirst for street information, which filled the mother with just alarm. The old gentleman was an uncompromising partisan of the unsound doctrines on education which Jean Jacques Rousseau's *Émile* had made so popular in revolutionary France. He left Hendrik to his own devices. Nor was Madame Conscience's anxiety about the boy diminished when, the fall of Napoleon having deprived her husband of his official position, the latter sought in the occupation of shipbreaker and dealer in waste paper a means of livelihood. Little Hendrik now spent his days in hunting up books from among the heaps of mis-

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cellaneous discarded literature in his father's junk-shop, and devoured their contents with feverish assiduity. However, the frequent warnings of his mother made a deep impression on the child's precocious mind, intensified when her death left the eight-year-old lad without a guide. Two years later Pierre Conscience moved about half a mile outside the then city walls with the young wife who had replaced the former in his own if not in the boy's affections. Unrestrained in the use of his time, Hendrik now spent all the hours not devoted to reading in running about in the fields. In his rambles he frequently met the parish priest of a neighboring village, who took an interest in him and invited him to his house. The old priest was deeply versed in the natural sciences, and whilst preparing the bright lad for his first Holy Communion gave him an insight in the mysteries of the laws of nature and taught him to admire its beauties. Conscience, indeed, grew passionately fond of nature, and, thanks to his reverend teacher, acquired that appreciation of the beautiful and that scientific knowledge which assert themselves in almost every one of his novels. He has embalmed his grateful remembrance of the gray old priest, his benefactor, in his fragrant *Leaves from the Book of Nature*. It is, no doubt, to his intimacy with this worthy man that Conscience owed the true religious feeling which permeates his works.

Hendrik was sixteen years of age when the Conscience family moved again, this time to the village of Borgerhout. His father had now seven children by his second wife, and found it hard work to supply them with the necessaries of life. He intimated to the youth that it was time he should look out for his own support. The old gentleman had surely done very little to enable Hendrik to work for his living; but young Conscience was as noble-hearted as he was courageous, and he bravely looked about him for something to do. The village schoolmaster, the worthy Mr. Vercammen, having offered him the position of assistant teacher, he eagerly and thankfully accepted it. Devoting all the free time which his duties in the class-room left him to the study of botany and English, he soon came to be known among the educators of the day as a conscientious and painstaking teacher. His ability attracted the attention of Mr. Delin, a schoolmaster of Antwerp, who secured Hendrik's services in the larger field of usefulness which his native city afforded, and who, an enthusiastic friend of Willems and a thorough Fleming, communicated his own love for the mother-tongue to the studious youth.

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Conscience was diligently performing the duties of his modest position when the shout for freedom which had startled the Nassau dynasty within the palace walls and sent them flying across the border reverberated in the hearts of the people in every city and hamlet of Belgium. *L'Union fait la Force* was the battle-cry which the restless burghers of Brussels sang to the wild strains of the *Muette de Portici.* The Flemish Catholics, goaded to desperation by the religious proscriptions of William of Holland, who had repeatedly turned a deaf ear to the legitimate complaints respectfully urged by their representatives, took up the cry and enthusiastically rallied under the banner of liberty. The patriotic heart of Conscience could not resist the appeal for "faith and fatherland." In a few days he overcame his father's opposition and joined the ranks of the volunteers. But the youth of seventeen soon found out that the school-room was a poor preparation for a soldier's life with all the privations which a hastily-declared and unlooked-for war implied. The hardships of the campaign soon exhausted his untrained strength, and he found himself sick in the hospital tent of Baelen even before he had made a stroke or aimed a shot in the cause of freedom. The tender ministrations of a young girl of the village, who nursed him to restored vigor and strength, made the impressive youth almost regret the day he had again to shoulder the knapsack and the musket. However, he did his duty manfully, and, having rejoined his regiment, he fought desperately at the battle of the Iron Mountain, near Louvain, where his comrade was shot dead and he himself was seriously wounded. His adventures during the campaign form the narrative of one of the best of his books, *The Revolution of* 1830.

As soon as Conscience's wounds were healed he was sent to another regiment doing garrison duty in Dendermonde. Here his youthful appearance and refined feelings attracted the uncomplimentary attention of a rude, ignorant captain, who, bronzed in the service, had risen from the ranks without acquiring knowledge or manners befitting his station. The sensitive schoolmaster, after having unflinchingly faced shot and shell, now meekly bowed under the insulting tongue-lash of ill-mannered Captain Turc, who made him undergo all manner of indignities. Conscience found a solace, however, in literature; whilst quartered in Dendermonde he published several patriotic songs in French which delighted his companions in arms and earned him the title of *chansonnier du régiment.* And when he took a scholar's revenge on the captain, who was cordially detested by

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all, by writing satirical verses, the soldiers gleefully made the echoes of the old barracks resound with the welcome poetical effusions embodying their grievances set to mirth-provoking music. There is no telling what punishment the brutal captain might have visited upon the suffering youth had not a longed-for furlough freed Conscience from the petty tyranny.

Whilst spending his vacation in Antwerp he made the acquaintance of another poet-soldier, the witty Theodore van Ryswyck. By a not unusual yet strange law of contrast a lasting friendship sprang up between this frolicksome, independent wag, who found a wild delight in playing practical jokes on his fellows, and the tender-hearted, thoughtful Conscience, whose retiring disposition was a perfect antithesis of Van Ryswyck's. Mutual sympathy, on the other hand, drew Conscience to another most strenuous advocate of the Flemish movement, the talented John de Laet. This author soon discovered his young friend's endowments of mind, and encouraged him to devote them to efforts in the mother-tongue, although he himself was still giving vent to his soul-stirring writings in unadulterated French. Mustered out in 1836, Conscience retraced his steps to the fatherly mansion, which harbored a growth of progeny, but no corresponding increase of worldly goods. The young man's exertions to find remunerative employment were but ill-repaid. The revolution had caused hundreds of students to abandon college, and six years of a soldier's life had unfitted them for the liberal professions, which none could enter without a high degree of literary proficiency. As a result commercial pursuits were overcrowded. Conscience tried the tramping life of a civil engineer, but soon came to the rueful conclusion that he had not the required mathematical training or taste. In sheer desperation he was on the point of keeping the wolf of hunger from the door by manual labor when a kind Providence threw his literary friends, Van Ryswyck and De Laet, in his way. This happy meeting proved the turning-point in his career. Together they discussed the situation of the Flemish element in the new-formed nation. They deplored the action of the government, which discriminated against the Flemish tongue by shutting it out of its administrative bureaus; they protested against the party spirit which treated a native idiom as a foreign language, whilst thousands of Flemings could not even understand the official French; and from the banks of the Schelde emerged in his literary cradle the Moses of a persecuted people, who was to emancipate them and lead them to victory—Conscience.

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The outlook was anything but encouraging for the Flemish movement after the successful revolution which culminated in the independence of the Belgian provinces. Years of French domination had thrown the native tongue into discredit and had made the knowledge of French a necessity for all those who aspired to an office or a prominent position in public affairs. Nor had the advent of the Orange dynasty to the government of the Netherlands bettered the condition of the Flemings. Far from putting an end to their grievances, the Nassaus, deeming their language an unwarrantable idiom of the Dutch, treated it as a rebellious expression of their Catholic faith, and did all in their power to stifle its local genius under the stately periods of the less pliant Dutch. After 1830, under the new régime, the prominent men of the Belgian nation, in their hatred for the northern language of the oppressor, sought to thrust the Flemish entirely aside. The fact that some of the most prominent defenders of the Flemish tongue, like Van Ryswyck, were publicly known to be Orangeists gave a color of right to the attempted proscription. Both Catholic and Liberal parties affected to ignore the language of the Flemings. Yet the Flemings had stood the brunt of the battles for independence. But now that liberty was secured, like the daughters of the priest of Madian who had filled the troughs with water, they were driven away and prevented from watering Raguel's flocks. A few of their leaders, notably Willems, loudly asserted their rights and found some encouragement among the middle classes of the cities where they resided. But the government made them pay dearly for the plaudits of the people. The whole weight of administrative influence was thrown against them, and old Willems was removed from a prominent position which he had filled with honor for years in the city of Antwerp to a petty office in the obscure town of Eecloo. He threw it up in disgust, and, encouraged by his friends, he went to Ghent and founded the *Belgian Museum*. But that learned periodical, which deserved the plaudits of Germany's most able writers, which Jacob Grimm admired as the best literary magazine of the day, had to suspend publication for lack of appreciative subscribers.

However, some of Willems former pupils in Antwerp remained true to his teachings and kept alive the only remnant of the once famous literary guilds worthy of the name—"The Olive-Branch." Priests and judges, lawyers and doctors, teachers and letter-loving merchants, all enthusiastic admirers of the then popular writers, such as Van der Palm, Bilderdyk, and Tollens,

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made up its membership. Theodore van Ryswyck and John de Laet had just joined the club when Conscience fell in with them. Both were anxious to add to the strength of its youthful element. De Laet, a thorough nationalist, was convinced that new Flemish blood was wanted to keep up the standard of excellence of the famous guild and to counteract its Dutch literary tendencies. Both urged him to apply for admission to "The Olive-Branch." An applicant for membership had to write a Flemish essay to be submitted for approval to the guild. Following the tastes of the day with all the more willingness and ease from the fact that French was his father's tongue, Conscience had up to that time confined his efforts to French. But now the importunities of his friends overcame his misgivings and he set about looking for a theme. Rummaging among his father's old books, he finds an antiquated history of the Netherlands by Guicciardini, reads therein a graphic description of the ravages caused by the iconoclasts and of the devastation of the cathedral of Antwerp in the sixteenth century, and Conscience has found his subject. Not daring to attempt composition in Flemish, he intended to write in French, trusting to a laborious translation for success in his undertaking. For a whole day he painfully struggles to set down his thoughts in French, but in vain; his head was too filled with the exciting scenes of Flemish history. Finally he seizes his pen, and the hidden spring which was to flow for fifty years in clear and sparkling streams of living Flemish prose bubbles forth. He writes with feverish haste and anxiety until midnight, and before the timid youth seeks his humble cot for a few hours' rest the first eighteen pages of his maiden book have been written. He resumes his now pleasing task the next day. For almost two weeks he scarcely stops to take his scanty meals. When his story is pretty well under way he runs to John de Laet, who applauds. Within a month *The Year of Wonders* was completed.

In St. James' parish, and not far from the Academy of Fine Arts, there exists, unaltered to this day, an ancient Flemish inn styled "The Little Black Horse," a picture of said animal adorning its old-fashioned signboard. Here the young artists, painters, and sculptors gathered fifty years ago, and spent the time from eight to eleven P.M. in discussing art news, the master's technique and the recent methods of the craft. They aimed at creating a distinctive Flemish art which should revive the historic glories of Flanders. The ambitious youths were led to the now acknowledged realization of their art-dreams under such able

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colorists as Wappers, Leys, and others. Conscience and his two literary friends were always welcome guests to the merry circle, and there is no doubt that his companionship with the artists of the Antwerp school had the most salutary influence on his mind, adding color to his thought and refinement to his mode of expressing it. To the habitués of "The Little Black Horse" Conscience first read his manuscript. He possessed to an unusual degree the charming and rare gift of a powerful and dramatic reader; the modulations of his clear, resonant voice swayed the feelings of his hearers at his will. His sympathetic audience increased night after night, and when the story of *The Year of Wonders* was told his enthusiastic friends unanimously agreed that it should be published. But the young author was unknown and he had no money! With the reckless generosity characteristic of impecunious artists, they all agreed to pledge their purse to make good any losses the publisher might suffer. The next day John de Laet, then editor of the *Journal d'Anvers*, wrote a flaming article in praise of the new Flemish wonder, and the population of Antwerp was on the tiptoe of expectation: Who was Conscience? An old friend of Pierre Conscience, the author's father, took it upon himself to enlighten Pierre as to the doings of his son. The old gentleman got into a French rage. He swore a soldier's oath that *Henri* should stop writing in the despicable Flemish tongue and should tear up his manuscript, or never again set foot across the threshold of the paternal mansion. Young Conscience had little reason to remember with any fondness the family circle or to fear being taxed with ingratitude. Yet his sensitive soul suffered very much from this unreasonable opposition, for he truly loved his aged parent. But the struggle was short; faith in his future and love of country gained the day. With a heavy heart he packed up his scanty wardrobe and sallied forth into the streets of Borgerhout, not knowing where he would repose his weary head that night. God watched over him. The unusual sight of Hendrik Conscience walking along the Antwerp highway, traveller's fashion, with a bundle on his back, attracted the attention of his friend Charles van Geert, a clever and successful landscape gardener. As soon as the latter had ascertained his situation he caught him by the arm and hurried him to Mrs. Van Geert's house. Van Geert's mother readily agreed to her son's wishes, and, with a delicate hint not to mind the bill, directed Conscience to take lodgings at "The King of Spain," a respectable Borgerhout inn. Much to the disgust of the elder

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Conscience, *The Year of Wonders* was printed; and much to the relief of the son, and to the delight of his generous but poor friends, it sold rapidly and was read. A few days after the appearance of the book Wappers sent for the young author and handed him a formidable-looking envelope with big red seals; it contained a letter from a government official announcing to the timid writer, who as yet shrank from his newly-acquired fame, that Leopold I. summoned him to Brussels. The king received him kindly, and at the end of an hour's audience, during which he encouraged Conscience to continue his literary labors, dismissed him with a handsome donation from the royal casket. Leopold was a far-seeing politician: to make Flemings love their mother-tongue and to foster its literary renown meant death to French sympathies and unassailable autonomy to the struggling little kingdom of Belgium.

The Year of Wonders was far from being a finished work. A feeble style, imperfect unity, and weak delineation of character were its least faults in Catholic eyes. Conscience had broached some dangerous ideas which his religious convictions soon led him to deplore. He revised and corrected subsequent editions of the book, and wished henceforth to write nothing in the least offensive to the Catholic faith. Flushed with his early success, which, notwithstanding the mentioned defects of the work, was fully merited by masterly descriptions of events, Conscience soon produced his second work, a collection of prose and verse called *Phantasy*. Our youthful author had the good sense to realize that it had only an unwarranted success, which was due to friendly good-will only. Nothing daunted, he resolved to turn to Belgium's historic heroes for a subject worthy his improving pen and ripening powers. The glorious deeds of Breidel and De Coninck, which for a time checked French interference in Flanders, were selected for his patriotic theme. The result was the world-renowned *Lion of Flanders*, considered by most of Conscience's numerous admirers his masterpiece; it is a literary gem which would grace the greatest author's jewelled crown. Published in 1838, it was soon heralded throughout the land as the triumph of the Flemish cause. Its fast-appearing editions gave an unwonted impetus to the Catholic Flemish movement, which, at first laughed out of court, has been steadily gaining ground ever since, and has forced honorable recognition even from its enemies. Bowing to the verdict of the country, the provincial government rewarded Conscience with a modest office, which he soon resigned to go and live with his friend John de Laet.

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We arrive at the eventful year 1839. The European powers had decided to rob independent Belgium of part of its freed territory, Russia insisting on Eastern Limburg, and Luxemburg being restored to King William of Holland. The "Treaty of the Twenty-four Articles," consummating the injustice, raised a perfect storm of indignation, none the less outspoken because impotent, in Belgium and in the two dismembered provinces. The artistic club of "The Little Black Horse" was not the least vehement in its denunciation of Machiavelian politics. In February, 1839, a meeting was called—the forerunner of the now famous Antwerp *Meeting*—and Conscience denounced the treaty in impassioned tones. He was an eloquent speaker at all times, but on this occasion he surpassed himself and was applauded to the echo. The results of the meeting were lamentable: threats of death to the Orangeists were made and acts of violence took place, notably against the residence of Mayor Legrelle, who had counselled moderation. The next day all the blame of the disorders was laid at the door of Conscience, who had not said a word to incite the riots caused by an irresponsible populace. Deeply resenting the injustice of the imputation, which found credence even among his friends, he resolved to retire from public life. Hearing that Charles van Geert advertised for a gardener, he applied for the vacant place, to the surprise and mortification of his friend. However, convinced that his sojourn in the country would help the embittered man to forget the deplorable occurrence, Van Geert gave him the superintendence of his Borgerhout gardens. Conscience was not incompetent to fill the position; the lessons of botany given him in boyhood by the old priest had not been forgotten; but what he wanted was hard work. For eight months he indulged with wild energy from morning till night in manual labor, laying out flower-beds, weeding borders, grading walks. The high-strung youth was determined to smother the latent fire which consumed his soul, and to pluck out of his heart the noble ambition of benefiting his countrymen. Happily, he struggled in vain. When a committee of his friends called upon him with the request to deliver a funeral oration at the burial of Van Bree, the director of the academy, whose death he sincerely deplored, Conscience could not resist their entreaties, and he was triumphantly brought back to Antwerp by his jubilant admirers. The eloquent author did more than justice to their high expectations of his ability. With such eloquent diction did he clothe his noble thoughts that Mayor Legrelle himself, who up to that day had been unable to hide his resentment, walked up to

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the young orator and publicly complimented him on his talented effort. The discourse is printed in Conscience's volume of *Speeches.* His friend Wappers succeeded Van Bree in the direction of the Academy of Fine Arts, and procured him the appointment of secretary to the board of directors—a position which he held for many years. Henceforth above the reach of want, Conscience in 1842 married Miss Mary Pynen, a native of Antwerp, who, although she had received the best education, never, says Mrs. Ida von Duringsfeld, knew a word of French.

From 1839 dates the epoch of Conscience's greatest literary activity. He published in rapid succession *How to become a Painter; What a Mother can Suffer,* a tragical gem; *Siska van Roosemael; History of Belgium; Count Hugo van Craenhove; Evening Hours; Leaves from the Book of Nature; Lambrecht Hensmans; Jacob van Artevelde.* All these works were read with increasing avidity by the people, and caused doughty champions of the Flemish language to come forward and enrich its literature with the fruits of their busy pen. We mention August Snieders, Van de Kerckhove, Sleeckx, Jan van Rotterdam, Zettermans, and Henderickx, nearly all worthy disciples of so illustrious a leader. Nor was old Father Willems forgotten in his voluntary exile at Ghent. To make him share in the tardy but popular triumph of his hopes and aspirations, such distinguished writers as Ledeganck, Blommaert, and Rens gathered round him—as vernal and glorious a crown as ever pressed the white locks and careworn temples of so old and tenacious a gladiator. For years alone he had struggled with the angel of his fatherland, and he had retired from the arena lamed but not conquered.

The growing party of Flemings who insisted on the use of the Flemish language in the courts and legislative halls, being looked upon as too radical for a country of mixed languages like Belgium, had been styled *Flamingants.* Down to 1847 they were still the Helots of political life. But so bright a galaxy of youthful speakers and writers as those referred to above could not be expected to submit much longer to political ostracism, as they could not but see that the public encouraged their efforts. The Flamingants began to grow restless under the anomalous régime of a government which they accused of discussing their interests and sending forth its edicts thereon in a foreign tongue, without giving them an opportunity to have a representative of their own give his advice.

Two parties then, as now, strove for the mastery at the polls;

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the Conservatives and the Liberals. Many Catholics still belonged to the latter; in fact, the bulk of the party persisted in claiming that they were thoroughly in sympathy with the church. The rude awakening from their delusion a few years later proved how dangerous it is to trifle with the warnings of ecclesiastical authority and to disobey its rules of action. However, this much is true: that in those early days the Liberal party was far from being what it has since become—the sink in which all that attacks religion or seeks to cover the church with its vituperous slime has gradually settled down, until the more modern distinction of Catholic Conservatives and Gueux Liberatres has become a descriptive shibboleth of the character of the members of each political creed. Preparatory to the elections of 1847 the Flemish Antwerp Meeting called on the leaders of the Liberal party, then in the majority, and demanded the right to name on their ticket one distinctively Flamingant representative among the sixteen candidates for the city council. They presented a man well known for his liberal views. But they were treated with supreme contempt; in fact, the Liberal leaders told the Meeting, "From the very woof-thread unto the shoe latchet, I will not take of any things that are thine, lest thou say: I have enriched thee." About the same time John de Laet and Vleeschouwer applied for the position of professor of history in the Antwerp Athenæum. Their application was not even noticed, because, said their friends, they belonged to the Flamingant party.

These studied slights embittered the Flamingants, and in a spirit of revenge they started a satirical weekly, *De Roskam* (The Currycomb), edited by John de Laet and managed by Vleeschouwer, later editor of the bright and well-known *Reinaert de Vos*, a paper of the same saucy class of political literature. As might be expected under the circumstances of its birth, the *Currycomb* was harsh and indulged freely in insulting personalities. Conscience regularly contributed to the paper; but, true to his generous instincts and refined feelings, being no politician, he never indulged in captious invective. The *Currycomb* was as ephemeral in its existence as the overwrought bad feelings which had engendered it, and it disappeared in 1848. In 1849 the Flamingants cast their fortunes with the Catholic Conservatives, who accepted Conscience as their representative candidate. Conscience had become so popular that, notwithstanding the utter defeat of the Catholic party, he ran far ahead of his ticket and came within a few votes of being elected. This was a great moral victory. It had been won in the face of the most out-

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rageous warfare, such a one as only the enemies of the Catholic name can stoop to. Indeed, their personal abuse wounded Conscience's finer sensibilities so much that he left the city in disgust and retired with his family to the Kempen, where he had formerly tramped to war with knapsack and musket. Fear of cholera contagion, which had already attacked one of his children, made his wife urge this step with all the more success.

In the Kempen Conscience enjoyed for a time the beauties of nature and the quiet of rural life. The recollections of his youth became more vivid, and he here picked up the subject of two of his works, *The Recruit* and *Baes Gansendonck*. But he was not allowed to remain long away from the scene of his former triumphs; deputation after deputation waited on him and implored him to return to Antwerp. They assured him that the whole population condemned and deplored the villanous war of abuse so unjustly waged against him. Conscience, too religious to harbor revenge and too genial to condemn himself to a perpetual exile from the city of his birth, gave in and returned amid the thankful plaudits of the people. He signalized his return to Antwerp by co-operating most effectively in the establishment of the first great Flemish popular league, *Voor Tael en Kunst* ("for Language and Art"). When asked what its programme should be he wrote the following noble motto: "*Thou shalt love thy fatherland, its language, and its fame!*" Within a very few years the league counted more than a thousand members; the eloquent lectures of Conscience and the spirited verses of other gifted writers made its soirées the most brilliant and sought-for gatherings of the winter season in the commercial metropolis of Belgium. Nor did Conscience rest at social success: in the club were formed and prepared for public life men eminent in politics, like Coomans and Jacobs, who to this day fight the noble battles of law and order, morality and Catholic rights—men eminent in literature and art, who have made the traditions of Flemish ascendency in these branches a living reality, the influence of which is felt to-day all over the European Continent.

Deriving by this time a sufficient income from his publishers not to depend any longer on the good-will of others, Conscience resigned his position of secretary to the Antwerp academy when his friend, the painter Wappers, stepped out as director in 1851. During the following years he published *Blind Rosa, Wooden Clara, Rikketikketak, The Poor Gentleman, The Usurer, The Grandmother, The War of the Peasants, Hlodwig and Clothildis, The Plague of the Village, The Happiness of being Rich, Mother Job, Jubilee*

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Feasts, and *The Money Devil.* In the meantime the Catholic party followed up its hard-earned successes—which, alas! it lacked the courage to guard and make stable when in power—and had in 1855 honored itself and the Flemish cause by raising Mr. Peter de Decker to the secretaryship of the interior. Trouble was brewing in the land which it took all the patriotism of the Catholics successfully to avert. The Liberal party was finally showing its hand, now that it had lost its grip on public affairs. Its leaders, coming out in their true free-mason colors, headed a campaign of vituperation against their political rivals and against priests, convents, and churches, of which American Know-nothings seem to have caught the fanatical spirit about the same time. Besides, the victories of the French arms in the Crimea had made the nephew of Napoleon I. as ambitious as his imperial uncle. He coveted the tempting Belgian morsel, and his emissaries were preparing the way for this political boa-constrictor to swallow it by covering it with the saliva of discontent. They craftily excited the people to complaints of the existing order of things and against the party in power—complaints which the Liberals, for purposes of their own, diligently tried to fan into a flame of rebellion. They descanted on the advantages to commerce to be derived from a closer connection with the glorious empire, and made far more headway than some Liberal individuals, very patriotic to-day, would care to acknowledge. Secretary De Decker gave proof of far-sighted political wisdom when he chose Conscience to counteract the imperial machinations, and to preserve in West Flanders the love for Belgian independence, by appointing him commissary of the district with headquarters at Courtrai, scarcely six miles from the French frontier. Conscience fulfilled his mission with enthusiasm and success. The fire of genuine love of country was burning bright in his heart, and he who had the pleasure of listening to many of the speeches which the exigencies of his office gave the commissary the opportunity of making to the people does not wonder that West Flanders is to this day the province of Belgium most devoted to national independence. During his official career in Courtrai Conscience, who was always a hard and steady worker, employed his leisure hours to advantage and wrote successively *Simon Turchi*, *The Evil of the Times*, *The Young Doctor*, *The Iron Coffin*, *Bella Stock*, *A Mother's Love*, and *Bavo and Lieveken.*

It was during his ten years' residence in Courtrai that we learned to know Conscience, then in the manhood of his forty-seven years. Scarcely above middle height, he was strong,

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broad-shouldered, and well built. His head, covered with long black hair combed back with some care, was inclined to the right side. This caused a stoop of the shoulders, which, together with a very slight halt of gait, a few enthusiasts went so far as to imitate. We admired his pensive brow; the slow but penetrating glance of his dark, lustrous eyes; his reserved manners, at times abrupt owing to a natural nervousness, yet free from all pedantry. When he appeared in public, arrayed in his gold-embroidered dress of office, a double row of ribbons and crosses with which the potentates of Europe had delighted to honor him glistening on his patriotic breast, to us college boys Conscience was a demi-god! We were proud of the city of our birth, the ancient Cortoriacum of the Romans, the stronghold of the middle ages, the modern commercial metropolis of West Flanders. But who had sung the bloody battle of the Golden Spurs, fought under its walls in 1302—the most glorious victory ever won by Flemish arms, that laid low the boasted power of Philip le Bel of France? Who had added new glories to the laurels of Breidel and De Coninck, the sturdy burghers under whose leadership the communes had upheld their rights against the haughty Gaul's hated power, whose triumphs had made Van Artevelde's sway possible in imperial Ghent? Who but our hero, Conscience, the author of the *Lion of Flanders?* Who but the illustrious writer whose works we devoured and the halo of whose literary talents shed an unwonted lustre on the bright escutcheon of our loved Courtrai? Baldwin of Flanders had marched from our turreted castle to rescue the Holy Land from the power of the Turk and to wear a royal crown in Jerusalem. But Conscience was fighting the battles of patriotism and religion at home. His fame had conquered lands in a manner and by means which we students valued above swords and catapults. All the peoples of the earth were entwining around his brow a crown which neither weapons nor insurrections could wrest from his venerated head. With what enthusiastic yells of delight and admiration we saluted his appearance on the platform on commencement day! How proud and manly we felt when he pinned a medal on our breast and pressed the premium in our hands with words of encouragement that made us cry for joy! How we applauded to the echo his burning periods of undefiled Flemish as he spurred us on in a well-polished oration to be true to our language, our God, and our fatherland!

The office of curator of the Wiertz Museum in Brussels hav-

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ing become vacant in 1867, Conscience was promoted to that honorable position by Secretary Van den Peereboom. He accepted the place as a recognition of his labors by the government, and moved to the capital with his family in 1868. The following year was one of sore trials to the now aging father. His two sons were attacked with a most virulent type of typhus which proved very contagious in 1869. At the first symptoms of danger Conscience hurried the boys away to Courtrai; but too late: both died. The oldest, Ildephonse—*Ilde* we used to call him at college—was a genius in his way. Of a restless disposition, he possessed the unhappy faculty of keeping his professors on the jump and his companions in hot water. He had quite a mechanical and scientific turn of mind, and had dug an underground cave in his father's garden, where he ensconced himself, studying chemistry, fooling with powder, and producing pyrotechnic pieces which a professional would have envied. On play-days he would give his intimate friends séances which filled us with amazement, one of his most successful displays being a miniature volcano which threw up little pebbles and scoriæ, and the lava of which flowed down the sides of the little mound of sand in the most approved Vesuvius fashion. Every now and then, to the dismay of the servants, who could not account for the disappearance to the thrifty housewife, his mother, Ilde would abstract pieces of furniture with which to adorn his subterranean den. He would likely have kept his doings much longer from the gaze of the uninitiated, had not a gunpowder explosion which burned his hair and singed his eyebrows and lashes brought down the vault on his cracked head. In athletic performances he was a marvel of agility, and we have seen him on the ice leap on skates across five chairs in a row with a recklessness without parallel outside a circus. His too tender-hearted father could not find fault with his pranks, but he felt much grieved when wild Ilde ran away from home and sailed to America. The boy roamed over the Western prairies for more than a year, hunting and fishing, now the guest of a friendly tribe, again the welcome visitor to the cabin of the border pioneer. It was rumored, when he landed in Belgium on his return, that his father was to make his adventures the subject of one of his works, but death buried Ilde's adventures with his father's love for the wayward boy.

Since 1868 Conscience published *The Minute-Men of Flanders*, *A Good Heart*, *Edward 't Serclaes*, *Felix Roobeck's Uncle*, *Felix Roobeck's Treasure*, *Money and Nobility*, etc. The fiftieth anniversary

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of the day when he first stirred up love of country in the hearts of his companions in arms with jubilant verse and joyous song found him still writing with unweakening power for the gratification and instruction of his countrymen. The government commemorated the day by creating him a Grand Commander of the Order of Leopold, and the people celebrated the golden jubilee of the Flemish bard with national festivities not unlike the crowning of Petrarch at the Roman Capitol. For half a century Conscience had unremittingly and manfully fought for the rights of his Flemish fellow-citizens; for half a century he had worked with untiring energy to revive in their breasts the love of their mother-tongue; for half a century he had written to enlighten their minds, ennoble their hearts, purify their morals, and strengthen their Catholic faith. His efforts have been crowned with success: infidel and immoral books are unknown in the Flemish tongue; Flanders is thoroughly imbued with a spirit of patriotism and love of country, all the more healthy and lasting because subordinate to a faith as unshaken in its practice as the divine laws which inspire and enforce it. To-day the Flemings are a power in the legislative halls of the Belgian nation, and the time is not distant when they will victoriously sweep away from the capital the cursed brood of free-thinking vultures who are eating away the substance of the people, and are making the Belgian name a reproach to Catholic nations and a stench in the nostrils of honest governments. All honor to Conscience, who revealed to them their strength and tested it triumphantly in the public arena! All honor to the man who, after the death-dealing torrent of rotten French novels had swept over the Continent, leaving moral and physical wreck in its slimy path, taught the world in a till then despised and unknown tongue, soon translated into all languages for the benefit of the nations, that a novel is not necessarily the grave of morality, nor a novel-writer inevitably a poisoner of souls! A nation's gratitude was fittingly displayed in Belgium's capital on the 25th of September, 1881, when the laurel wreath encircled a brow beneath which not a thought was ever conceived that could make a maiden blush. On the 14th of September, 1883, the pure, patriotic Conscience, the Catholic romancer, went down to his grave with the gratifying knowledge that his work has not only produced fruits, but has been gratefully appreciated by his countrymen.

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THE FOUR SONS OF JAEL.

IT was a sultry summer day under the emigrant-sheds at Kingston, and Jael stood wiping the perspiration from her homely face and gazing sadly on the blue, shining waters of Ontario and the green islands beyond the harbor. It does not matter what her surname was; in fact, Jael was ugly enough without the terrible combination of syllables which her English home had presented to her through her cobbler father. She had concluded, in leaving England, to leave also to it the one thing which had been its only free gift to her since she was born, and she did it with that feeling of indifference and scorn peculiar to the unthinking poor, certain that better names could be found in free America, where good things were so plentiful. The crowd of people with whom she had been associated in a long voyage knew her only as Jael, the tallest, homeliest, and most feared woman in the ship, silent always and indifferent to the trifling cares of daily life, towering in physical height, in experience, and in strength of character over all the women they had ever known. She had shown them on one or two occasions that her voice was the one sweet thing in her natural make-up, and on other occasions that if she was habitually silent it was not for want of ideas or language. Indeed, after the first avalanche of abuse which she had hurled at an offender people were fearful of disturbing her voice in any manner, lest the thrush's notes might turn suddenly into the shrill cries of the virago. She kept as much aloof from her companions as if she travelled in the first cabin. They liked her none the less, it was true, for Jael was not averse to assisting mothers in the care of numerous little ones, provided that no fuss was made over the service and no thanks attempted; and it was wonderful how her singing soothed the children and her sharp epithets quieted the noisy. She was fond of the children. It was part of her daily routine to sit on the deck, and, with her large, hard eyes turned towards England, to scream out ballads and revival hymns in true Nonconformist style, while sailors and passengers stood at respectful distances and laughed and applauded among themselves. The little ones sat around her, rapt and enthusiastic, and their eager clamor would keep her singing for an hour at a time. She grew to be a character aboard as circumstances developed her good and bad

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acquirements. When a storm came up, and it looked at one moment as if the ship was to go down, and men and women crept together trembling and weeping, Jael stood up in their midst and poured out an extemporaneous prayer of such passionate strength and profuseness, filled with the oddest and most striking Scriptural allusions, that a great confidence suddenly filled their terrified souls, and in the loud, excited hymn which she began after the prayer many voices joined and swelled it to proportions which nearly drowned the wild whistle of the wind. People came to look on her after a while as a sort of Hebrew prophetess. She was entered on the ship's books as Jael, aged nineteen; but her tall, gaunt form, the absence of bloom or freshness on her thin face, the long, coarse features, and the sad, stern, experienced eyes made her appear a woman of thirty. Speculation was rife concerning her, but it remained speculation until the end of the voyage. Jael tolerated no inquiries into her past history, and when they had reached Quebec all evidence of her well-known traits disappeared on a sudden. She sang, prayed, scolded no more, preserving a rigid coldness and reserve of manner up to the moment when she stands looking sadly out on the waters of the great inland sea. Her travelling friends are more distant than ever, repelled by her surly silence, nor does she wish them one point nearer.

Poor Jael! Alone in the strange land, without a friend to aid her in her need, appalled by the thousands of miles which lie between her and her native soil, she feels at this moment that it might have been better had she remained with the drunken father and continued to lead the old life until the bitter end. Death would not be much harder amid the squalor of England than in the loneliness of America, and in either case there yawned the pauper's grave. She had been the daughter of a preaching cobbler, who left his bench and last to hammer Bethel pulpits and clothe the spiritual feet of men with the leather of Scripture, and as her father's clerk for eight years she had served him faithfully and so far as to take up the office herself when too much beer had prostrated him. There was a touch of poetry in her heart. She loved the hymns, the Bible stories, the long prayers of the preachers with their stormy imagery, and the majestic psalms. She had even composed a psalm and a few hymns, and her father could not surpass her fervent prayers. But the filth and uncertainty and meanness of her life tired her at last. Her father made her heavy life heavier by his abuse and his senseless beatings of a too faithful child, and one night she

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had left him in the streets of Liverpool and set out in a vague yet hopeful way to see what a new world had to offer her.

And here were all its offerings around and before her—the quaint, lively city with its red-coated soldiers, the emigrant-sheds, the great lake, and the awful loneliness. Oh! better indeed to have remained with the drunken father and have the life beaten out of her at least by the hands of her own and not by those of the stranger. The day was long and hung so heavily on every one that a few enterprising spirits among the immigrants arranged an entertainment, and invited Jael to display any of her accomplishments for the amusement of the crowd. It was an act of hardihood, but she was in a mood and consented. When it came to her turn, and every ear waited in delight for the first notes of that sweet voice, she disappointed them by reciting in her broad dialect, yet with a tenderness inconceivable in so coarse-looking a woman, the poem of "Bingen on the Rhine." What feeling it was that stirred her to it Jael never knew, for she was not given to analysis of her own motives; but the loneliness and despair of the soldier dying far from the land of his love suited her mood at that moment, and drew tears from the sympathetic immigrants as they thought of the homes they would never see again. She moved off when her part was over, and, sitting at one side, shed the first tears that had fallen from her eyes since she left England.

Luke Bolger, standing in the background with an official of the place, studied her curiously.

"She is only nineteen," said the official, "and about the style of a girl you would want."

"Jes' about," said Luke, whose face was not more favored with beauty than Jael's, and had besides a bargaining expression and a hard leatheriness which was altogether absent from the girl's stolid countenance. He stood watching her silently still, until the official thought fit to arouse him.

"I have an idea," said Luke then, and his face wreathed itself with a smile of golden meaning. He was going to drive a bargain, and it might require close shaving. "What's the use of hiring a girl and paying her a dollar a week for a hull summer, when by marrying her you wouldn't have to pay nawthin' at all? See?"

"I see," said the official, "and I wish you luck! There's the girl for you, if you're not afraid to take a strange critter in hand."

"Trust me to manage the female critter," said Luke, as he

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snapped his old whip suggestively; "an' if you'll get me a knock-down I'll manage the rest."

"Come along," said the official, "and take everything as it goes, for by all accounts she's a queer one."

He led Luke to where Jael sat with moistened eyes.

"Jael," said he, "this is Luke Bolger, who wants to speak with you. You can believe whatever he tells you about himself. It's a pretty safe thing, because he never says more of himself than he can help."

Luke laughed, but checked himself when he saw from Jael's manner that she resented his familiarity. She was studying him in her usual frank way, her great eyes reading his hard face, his stout limbs, serviceable clothes, and general well-to-do air. He stood coolly while she inspected him.

"I hope you like the boy," he said with grave humor, "because I must say I like the girl. I want a wife, a good working-woman who's fond of a home and able to keep one. I have a farm big enough to support a dozen or more, no debts, no children, and my first wife is dead three months. Do you want to take her place?"

There was a dead silence in the shed. The official stood back laughing, the men whispered smiling comments, and the women held their breaths in expectation of Jael's torrent of abuse for the bold stranger; for Luke shouted his proposal into every ear, and stood with his chin up, his legs apart, and his trade eye ready to close tight on the bargain if Jael consented. She was certainly a strange woman. Without taking a moment's thought she answered in her solemn way that she would be his wife, and when he took her in his arms, and kissed her amid cheers and laughter, she blushed faintly and then began to prepare for her departure.

The marriage was there and then celebrated in the hasty business fashion which is characteristic of the time and was peculiar to Luke Bolger. The women of the sheds stood at her side, and the men supported the groom, while the justice bound them together jocularly until such time as the stringent laws of the country would permit them to obtain an Indiana separation. Jael had a name at last. Before she could get away from the sheds she was Mrs. Bolgered to her heart's content, and some of the women, venturing on Luke's boldness, kissed her good-by with many tears and good wishes. Jael was seized with an old-time inspiration at this evidence of affection, and threw Luke into a brown study by suddenly bursting into a Bethel prayer of

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benediction for her friends. It was like a Scriptural whirlwind. Her lofty and sometimes ridiculous imagery was softened by the enthusiasm of her face and her burning eyes, and the perfect tornado of language that roared from her lips turned men into postures of stony respect and awe. She ceased when a hymn had been sung, and then followed her husband in meek silence, while he, poor man, led the way with his trade eye wide open in astonishment and doubt, lest he had been bitten in his bargain.

The Bolger farm lay forty miles north of Kingston, in the heart of the wilderness. It was a respectable possession for a man of Luke's age, but the soil was of a sort that did not bode well for the future, and the loneliness of the place was a mighty weight on the spirit of Jael. There were no human faces seen in that neighborhood oftener than the full moon, there were no human habitations within ten miles, and Luke was not generous enough or sociable to invite friends to his log-cabin hospitality. The deer ran across the clearing with curious eyes for the dwelling and its occupants, and not unfrequently a bear snuffed suspiciously from a distance and fled into the safety of the forest again. A wandering trapper or a surveyor or tourist periodically found his way to the cabin and detailed to the sombre woman who served his meals the news of the outside world, wondering that she took so little interest in it and had such scant language. Luke did all the talking. He was rather proud of the distinction his wife's silence secured, for it reflected on him a certain lustre. But he never lost a secret dread of those occasions which would wake in Jael the exercise of cursing or benediction. They never came. Jael was silent from year to year, and did her work and bore her children faithfully, enduring his ill-tempers and his good tempers with stony indifference, and growing daily more uncanny, more homely, and, if possible, more silent. Her marvellous voice never broke the primeval solitude in song. Even the mother's croon was never heard in the cabin. Her babies were stolid, silent beings, who never cried, and never seemed intelligent enough to appreciate the services of their attendants, and they grew up dark, slow, wild-eyed animals, with scant ideas and scant speech, coarse, morose, and entirely wanting in their mother's enthusiasm or their father's shrewdness.

There was one exception, however. They had four boys and no girl. The last-born of the family two days after his birth surprised his mother by a fit of terrible screaming. His red face grew purple with passion, his fists clenched and his feet kicked,

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and his blue eyes seemed to flash with rage. She had some difficulty in quieting him, as her awkward methods did not seem to please him. It astonished her that he should repeat the performance day after day during a period of two years. After a time Luke and she became convinced that there was something superior about this child to anything they had seen in the shape of infancy. His skin was white and fair, his eyes were blue as the sky, and his silky hair was almost red. In his moments of good-humor he laughed at his mother while she worked, and stretched out his little hands to her, surprising her into that croon and baby-talk which Luke had missed without knowing why. When he came to be named Jael dreamed a good deal of that Jewish king whose Psalms had been her delight and consolation, and finally called him David. He must have looked like the king, she thought, for he woke in her heart the same feelings which only the Psalms could formerly rouse, and then he seemed to her besides like a sweet, living song shining always in her eyes as well as sounding in her ears. David was the wonder of his brothers, who could never look at him too long, and were perpetually testing the quality of his eyes with their fingers and the strength of his lungs by their pinching. As he grew to years and understanding he wrought a marvellous change in the household. It was usually no noisier than the spring woods, but the tears, the screams, the laugh and the shout, and inquiry of the child, as he came daily in contact with the sharp and smooth and surprising things of existence, kept his parents and his brothers in a state of continual emotion of one kind or another. Jael's deep nature began to respond slowly but richly to the influence of heaven. She would sit for hours watching and entertaining her child, teaching him to sing the old ballads and hymns of her missionary days, describing the wonders of her sea-voyage and the peculiar people in England, and mimicking the preachers of the Bethel congregations. He picked up instruction with wonderful quickness, and Jael's happiness and triumph were complete when he had learned to recite "Bingen on the Rhine." Her powers were exhausted at this point. Henceforward David must look elsewhere to have the vague longings of his nature satisfied.

The year which saw finished the second decade of Jael's married life did not find the family more prosperous than on the day of her marriage. They lived in the same old house, and around them stood the solemn woods, whose limits civilization still avoided. The nearest neighbor was still ten miles away, and if

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the cleared land was more extensive the soil had become less fruitful. The father and his sons had harder work each year to produce a crop able to support them. The bank account, small as it was, had dwindled slowly in spite of the strenuous efforts of stingy Luke, and then crept up a corresponding debt of two hundred dollars which drove him almost to suicide as he felt the impossibility of paying it. He was a dogged and sober man, however, and held on to his own with the grip of a miser, hoping and despairing fitfully, more moody than he would have been, and dreaming of impossible ways of realizing the fortune he had set out to win. Occasionally he drove to Kingston, but his moroseness so increased with each visit that he wisely avoided it altogether, and his last visit was made only at the suggestion of a friendly trapper, who one day whispered to him some news of mysterious though agreeable import. When he returned his spirits seemed to have revived for the moment. He was extremely talkative with the boys, and began to dilate extravagantly on the beauties of the world and the advantages of setting forth to win a fortune. The soldiers at the barracks were his special theme.

"Jes' see them once," said Luke, as they ate dinner under a tree in the meadow, "an' you can't take your eyes off 'em—all tricked out in red and gold, dressed like gentlemen all day, nawthin' to do whatever. Oh! it's fine, boys, an' they're jes' the laziest fellows in the hull world."

"That's where we ought to be," said 'Dab, with a yawn and a laugh, and two of the brothers signified their assent to the idea by laughing with him; but David's eye flashed a little and his lip curled in scorn.

"Them's not sogers," said he wrathfully; "any one could do that much. Where's the fightin', where's the guns, where's the killin' an' stabbin' an' glory? I wouldn't be a woman-soger."

The three dolts opened their eyes wider at this outburst, as if to take in the full magnitude of the idea.

"Dave's right," said the father approvingly; "they're only woman-sogers, after all, but some know how to fight, too, I reckon, an' they're only takin' a rest now. The fightin's goin' on in the States. They're havin' a mighty hot time of it, too, an' crowds of boys are leavin' Kingston every day to jine in. Sech a crowd as left the day I was there! Goin' to see the world! I wish I had done it when I was a boy."

David's face kindled, and he looked down the Kingston road as far as the horizon, as if he would like to burst the bars of

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distance and leap headlong into the battles. Even his brothers caught a touch of regret from their father's tone and a spark of David's enthusiasm.

"We ought to git, too," said 'Dab boldly, while he edged away from the expected blow such a suggestion deserved; but Luke pretended not to hear, and David, still bolder, ventured on the more daring remark:

"This place is too small for such a gang as we be. We could make somethin' fightin', an' send it home to mam an' dad, instead o' starvin' here on 'taters an' corn."

There was a gasp from each of the boys at this bold opinion, and an expectation of seeing David laid senseless at their feet; but the father only laughed scornfully and started to his feet.

"Enough o' nonsense," said he, "an' off to yer work! It's well enough to talk, but the idea o' you lads earnin' yer own livin' or standin' up to fight alongside o' men! G'long, ye babies!"

The boys accepted this estimate of their abilities with the meekness natural to them, but David grumbled all the afternoon in secret and managed to communicate his own defiant spirit to his brothers before nightfall. Coming home at dark, they lagged behind their father purposely to discuss the matter. Jael wondered, as they came in, at their unusual silence and preoccupation. She feared they had had trouble with their father in the field. Their manner soon dispelled that dread, however, for he and his sons sat talking together of war and battles until they had worn out the greater part of the evening. They worked themselves up to a pitch of enthusiasm, and David never recited "Bingen on the Rhine" with more fervor or success than he did while the others were closing up for the night. It was impossible that the fever which had seized hold on these young hearts should escape the notice of the mother, but she did not see any evil consequences from it, and it troubled her not at all. She had read of wars and slaughters in the Bible, of terrible butcherings, of murders and stormed cities; they always appeared to her as the relics of a bygone age, for she had never more than heard the story of modern warfare. What had war to do with her coarse, ignorant, simple-hearted sons? Yet every day saw the boys more eager to seek the southern battle-fields, and daily at the noon hour they talked and pleaded with their father for permission to go.

The stray hunter who had once brought important news to Luke stopped one morning on his way through the woods to exchange a word of friendly greeting with Jael.

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"Family all together yet," he said, with a knowing smile, "an' all well?"

"Yes," said Jael, wondering at the form of his question. The hunter shook his head disparagingly.

"Yer very slow in takin' up a good chance, ma'am. S'pose the war shet down on a suddint, whar'd ye be?"

"Where we are now," answered Jael briefly; "what have we to do with war?" And she wondered the more.

"Four strappin' boys," continued he sadly, "growin' up useless in this hole, when they might be earnin' piles o' money for ye down South fightin' with the Yanks."

Every nerve in Jael's body tingled suddenly with a new, unknown pain, and a strange fear shook her strong body like an ague. Was this the key to the excitement which had seized on her boys?

"Don't you go puttin' such thoughts into them chicks o' mine," she said, with repressed passion; "don't you do it, Master George, or it'll be the worse for ye."

"Oh! it's done," said George, laughing; "but I reckon they haven't got spunk enough to face gun-music. I told Luke two weeks ago he could git two hundred dollars apiece for the boys in Kingston, an' he's a fool if he doesn't take it up. Eight hundred dollars doesn't lie on every stump, ma'am, an' I swow I'm sorry I haven't a boy o' my own to exchange for so much gold."

He went away and left Jael standing bare-headed in the sun, yet chilly as if the winter's snow lay on the ground. Apprehension had started the drops on her brown forehead, and the wide mouth quivered and trembled with pain. What blackness was this coming over her dark life? What new sorrow was threatening her, who had suffered so much? She looked across the shining pleasant fields, and saw the boys seated with their father under the dinner-tree eating; and immediately there rose another picture of the same fields desolate and bare, and void of the young lives which had made their loneliness bearable; of herself standing at the door when twilight came, and listening vainly for the voices and footsteps that came up from the meadows so cheerily! They might have heard her loud cry of agony had they been less wrapped up in the subject of their going into the world, or seen her as she fled towards them across the fields, with her thin locks streaming and her eyes straining with fright lest her young be taken from her before she had reached them. They were too excited to notice her standing a few yards in their rear, but talked on until the whole story was burned into

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her heart and Luke himself had pronounced her sentence when he said gaily:

"Well, boys, we'll try it, anyhow. To-morrow ye shall start for Kingston, an', if yer courage doesn't fizzle before ye get there, ye shall start for the war in soldier's clothes in two days."

A shout of rapture from the boys and the opening verse of a hymn from David were rudely interrupted by the stern, wild figure which strode in among them silently. She looked from one to another with burning eyes, hot words trembling on her lips. All but David and her husband shrank from her. The boy knew his mother well, and Luke had a sublime confidence in his own doggedness and cunning.

"Why, Jael," said he in surprise, "what's the matter with you, woman? Be you gone crazy?"

"Naw," said Jael, flinging out the word like a bullet from the gun. "You an' the boys are clean stark mad, though! What is't you would do with 'em, Luke? What ideas has Master George put into your head?"

"I s'pose," said Luke, with a swagger, "you may as well know one time as another. The boys are goin' to see the world, Jael, jes' as you an' I did years ago—goin' to the States to do for themselves. I didn't care to hurry 'em, but they were set, an' as I kin make a little spec on 'em I'm willin', an' so will you be."

"They would never have thought of it on'y for you," Jael said in such a hoarse voice—"on'y for you, Luke Bolger, on'y for you."

And she stood silent, fighting her emotion secretly, that she might not break down just yet before her boys. There was an awkward pause, and the young fellows began to steal away from the spot to their work.

"They won't go if you say so," she began again. "Tell me you'll keep 'em, Luke, or I'll go mad—I surely will."

"Nonsense, woman!" said Luke; "they an't no use here, an' we'll clear eight hundred by lettin' 'em go. They've got to go some time; why not now?"

"Boys!" she cried sharply, "you won't go, will you? You won't leave Jael?"—so they always called her. "I was always good to you, an' I'd die without you."

With the exception of David the great, coarse sons did not understand nor appreciate this appeal, but felt inclined to grin at her strange looks and words and manner. It was so utterly unlike Jael that they were frightened, not touched, and they said

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nothing, not so much as a sheep would. David was struggling with his ever-ready tears.

"Now, don't try any of that stuff on 'em," said Luke angrily, and fearful of her influence; "they're sot, I tell ye, an' they'll stay so. You git home an' rig up for a ride to Kingston to-morrow. We'll see 'em off, an' I'll rig ye out like a swell when I lay hands on the money. Eight hundred! Jes' think of it!"

Jael turned on him her angry eyes.

"You're a bad man," she said slowly, "worse nor I ever thought ye. You'd sell yer boys for gold. You ought to be cursed for it, an' p'r'aps you are. They're sot because you stan' up to 'em. They go because you've lied to 'em 'bout the glories of war. You've told 'em of the fine dresses, the gilt an' the lace, the guns, the everything; but you never told 'em of the long marches, the shootin' an' killin', the bloody fields where the cannon tear poor boys to pieces, an' where they stick one another with bayonets or get nicked with knives an' bullets. You didn't tell 'em," Jael almost screamed as she worked herself into the old-time passion, "how the crows an' vultures eat the dead bodies lyin' in the air, as they eat the soldiers of King Saul; you didn't tell 'em about the starvin' an' the cold, an' the way they treat pris'ners; or about the hospitals where the wounded die in heaps groanin' for water, or of the plagues that eat 'em up alive. No, no, you didn't tell 'em them nice things! You wanted the blood-money—curses, curses on you; curses again an' again until they cover you like the locusts an' eat even your bones! What do you care if 'Dab is smashed to pieces by a cannon-ball? What do you care if the birds eat Dave's eyes out an' he never gets burial? Only the money for you! If you do this thing, Luke Bolger"—and she sank on her knees to the ground, with her hands clasped and her eyes starting, a terrible picture of passion and distress—"may all the curses that were since the world begun fall on you! May Naaman's leprosy rot you an' no Jordan water help you; may the devil treat you ten times worse than Job; may the Philistines lay you waste an' the robbers o' Jericho fall upon you! Oh! curses like rain on you—curses till the last, you robber, you son of Belial and Moloch, devil and no man!"

The last word came out in a scream of rage and madness, and immediately, true to her old habits, she broke out into a fierce hymn of denunciation and ran, shouting it, back to the house. There was a long and sad silence until the wild singing had ceased, while the boys stood fearful of looking at each other or towards their father. Luke was not at all affected, except by the

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dread of losing the bounty-money, and he turned to them with a laugh of hearty mirth and scorn.

"You needn't laugh," said Dave sharply; "that settles it! We'll not leave Jael, sence she takes it so bad. We'll stay with her till she dies."

"It'll be a mighty quick death, then," Luke thought, with a murderous gleam in his eyes, but he was politic enough to say nothing more at that moment. They returned to their work, and he allowed the boys to think and talk about the matter without interference, hopeful that their own inclinations would bring them back to the original design. Once or twice he spoke with David alone.

"It's one of Jael's freaks," said he, "to cut up as she did. She was brought up that way, an when once she's started kin get off more curses than a canaller. She knows you boys hes got to leave home some time, jes' as she an' I did. Why, she ran away from home. When I fetch back the bounty-money she'll feel even, an' it's a-mighty hard for you young fellows to miss so good a chance, anyhow."

Dave was suspicious, however, and reluctant to enter upon the scheme again with the impression of his mother's agony so fresh in his mind. The temptation to go was strong enough to prevent him offering any remonstrance to his father's urging. As his stupid brothers would follow where the spirited boy led, Luke was satisfied that within the next twenty-four hours he would be a rich man. Before they had quitted the field another change had taken place in Dave. He came to look at the matter as his father did, and considered that, as the separation of the family was merely a question of time, the agony might as well be endured now as later; and his brothers agreed with him, so that father and sons presented themselves at the cabin in a very cheerful frame of mind.

Supper was ready for them, and Jael had resumed her ordinary dull manner, but her face was seamed with a most pitiful anguish. Dave did not dare to look at her. Her wild, fierce eyes devoured the boys, resting longer and more lovingly on the fair features of the latest-born; but Luke was unnoticed, and his offensive jocularity brought to her cheeks a flush of anger and pain. He pretended to be afraid of her present mood, so much so that he went with the boys to their loft that night to sleep, and Jael was left to walk about the cabin, in the open air, wringing her hands and weeping, and trying vainly to plan for the safety of her children. She was already passing through the

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agony of parting, for once Luke's cupidity was aroused nothing could successfully oppose him. Her great sorrow was come at last, and she was almost crazed.

When Luke came out at daylight to hitch up the horses for the day's labor he found her still there, and he guessed that if the boys were to get away without a scene a stratagem must be used. In trickery he was an adept, but Jael had an instinct so sharp and true that to deceive her was almost impossible; brought face to face with her agony, like the condemned in sight of his scaffold, every sense was preternaturally alert. Brute force was his chief reliance, but to this David offered a serious obstacle. If the boy were solidly convinced that his mother would take their departure seriously to heart, there was an end to the father's hopes; and therefore Jael must be tricked and David put out of the way before the final scene.

"Up early!" said Luke cordially. "Well, old woman, you've got your way this turn, but I'll have mine later. The boys have decided not to go till you are dead."

"You'll murder me, then," said Jael, plainly expressing her distrust and suspicion. "I'd be glad of it."

"There are better ways o' doin 'things than that," he answered, with a laugh. "Let me tell you, Jael, you're a foolish woman. Eight hundred dollars is a big thing. Why can't you be sensible an' let the boys go?"

She turned away from him in disdainful silence.

"Oh! let us make a bargain to your likin' as well as mine," he persisted. "You keep Dave an' let the other three go."

"They are all mine," she said proudly. "You can't have one."

"That settles it," he snorted, with an oath; "but I'll be even with you yet"; and to David, who came sleepily from the house at that moment, he added: "Hitch up, lad, an' bring in a load o' wood from the stump lot while the boys are at breakfast."

"Don't want to," grumbled Dave; "let 'Dab wind up what he begun."

"I'll do it," said Jael briefly; "it's too hard work for him."

"No, Jael," cried the boy cheerfully, as he ran to the horses. "I'll bring the wood. I was on'y foolin', an' I don't mind the work at all."

The mother looked from his father to him, as if trying to read their hearts, and so hungry and bitter and sad was the glance that Dave had hard work to keep from crying and giving up the attempt altogether. Jael stopped him as he was driving past, and seized his arm.

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"You're not goin' away, Dave?" said she. "You're not goin' to leave Jael? I'd die if I lost my boys; and to the war, Dave, to be shot an' torn, an' die alone away from mammy—you're not goin' to do it, are you?"

"Not if you say so, Jael," said the boy, trembling, while his father laughed silently at a distance to reassure him.

"I would curse him a thousand times if he took you away," she went on. "I'll die soon enough, an' you can all go then. But wait a little, Dave; hold 'em back just a little. Time isn't long to young folks. If you go I'll kill him an' myself. I would like to kill him now—the bad, bad father! Promise me, Dave, my boy—promise Jael you'll not go away."

"Now see here," said Luke angrily, "if you don't let that boy go to his work right off, an' shet down on yer nonsense, I'll take the hull crowd straight to Kingston."

She let him go at this rough command and stood watching him as he drove away.

"You'd better get us somethin' to eat," said Luke; "the boys are jest gettin' up."

But his words were unheeded until Dave, having loaded his wagon, was returning; then, more assured, she entered the cabin and began her preparations for the meal, while her sleepy sons washed themselves and snarled at one another, according to custom, at the front door. It was the fatal moment for Jael. When she came out into the open air again Dave and the horses had disappeared, and before she could scream out her terror and despair Luke and 'Dab had thrown a cloth securely over her head, thrown her on the ground, and bound her hand and foot with pitiless severity.

"It's hard, old woman," said Luke, "but you must allow you're the cause of it. Dave had to be got off, an' your shines were too much for him. I must leave ye this way till to-morrow. You won't mind fastin', an' when I git back with eight hundred dollars it'll cheer ye some."

The boys laughed nervously, and were anxious to get away from her dreaded presence. Jael made no useless resistance. The thongs on wrist and arm were strong and the gag perfect, but the agony eating her heart was stronger and left her weaker than a child. Luke had to assure himself by peering into her face that she was not dead. They placed her on her bed, locked the doors, and ran gleefully down the road to join Dave, waiting for them two miles away.

"How did she take it?" he asked with tender anxiety.

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"Jes' as I said," Luke answered—"like a kitten. When a thing has got to be it's got to be, an' that's all about it. She kicked while she could. When it wasn't no more use she sat down without a tear. 'Give my love to Dave,' says she, 'an don't get drunk an' lose your money.' Oh! I know the women, boys, an' you'll know 'em in time."

The boys felt that his knowledge of the opposite sex gave him an advantage over them which not even their bold flight into the world could equal, and during the drive to Kingston Luke "showed off" and gave them much crooked advice as to the general management of females.

And Jael? Poor mother, so ruthlessly deprived of her beloved! When Luke returned with his blood-money she was still lying where they had left her. He unbound her hands and feet, loosened the gag, and flourished his dollars before her; but Jael neither spoke nor stirred. He felt the cold, rigid limbs, and passed his hands over the clammy features, then stole secretly and swiftly from the spot and the neighborhood. Death had bound Jael in bonds which he could not loosen, and had closed at the same time the gaping, aching wound so cruelly inflicted. Only the coarse face showed what bitter suffering she had endured before her pulses ceased to beat.

INFALLIBILITY AND PRIVATE JUDGMENT.*

II.

IN order that my readers may gain a more complete understanding as to the hopelessly illogical nature of Dr. Pusey's claim to the possession of "infallible truth resting upon infallible authority," it is necessary that we should explain more at length the nature of the church's infallible *magisterium*. This has been done with great power and fulness by the late Dr. W. G. Ward in his *Essays upon the Church's Doctrinal Authority*, to which work I would refer those who desire a more extended dissertation upon the subject than can be given here.† I shall, however, after a few preliminary remarks, proceed to give a brief explanation.

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for October.

† I do not wish to be understood as endorsing all the personal *opinions* of the learned writer in that volume.

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We saw in our last article that even were everything which Anglicans claim for themselves granted to them, were their orders, their sacraments, and their symbolic orthodoxy as freely admitted by Catholics as were those of the Novatians and Donatists, they would still be in as hopeless a state of schism as were those early separatists, and neither more or less *a branch* of the visible Catholic Church than were they. For what essential difference is there between the high Anglican idea of the church and that of the early Donatists? Whatever may have been the excesses of the Circumcellions, or extremists of that sect; however much in their later history they may have become isolated from the rest of Christendom, not merely in fact but in principle, it is certain that at first they claimed to be the true representatives of the visible church in Africa, and in reality, therefore, to be in communion with the transpontine churches. Theoretically they no more renounced communion with these latter than does the Anglican body when she declares that she does not reject "the churches of Italy, France, and Spain"; but, with the same absurd inconsistency as Anglicans, they denounced as schismatics the Catholic bishops and clergy in their own land, calling them, as do our modern sectarians, *Romanistæ!* If, therefore, the "churches of Rome, Greece, and England" (three "branches" without a trunk or root!) form the Catholic Church nowadays, why not Rome with the Donatists and Novatians in the fourth and fifth centuries?

I have asked this question very many times of Anglicans, and have never yet received any reply but an *ignoratio elenchi;* and yet there ought to be some satisfactory answer, if our friends would save themselves from the horns of a very serious dilemma. In the absence of anything of the sort judgment must go by default. For it is evident that were such a state of affairs as we have described and as Anglicans dream about possible—if the church could exist in separate parts, each under its own independent hierarchy and government—then the church would not be visibly one at all, and so, by the strictest logical necessity, she would not be infallible. The fact that the Novatians and Donatists were doctrinally sound was merely accidental; there was nothing except the force of conservatism to keep them so; and we know but too well from the history of French, Swiss, and New England Calvinism, to say nothing of other phases of Protestantism, how feeble a barrier that is when the perverse mind of man, led on by curiosity, begins to speculate upon matters which can only be rightly apprehended by the light of faith. There is no reason,

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then, to suppose that had either Novatianism or Donatism lasted longer, or had even during their brief history produced some daring heresiarch, they would not straightway have fallen from the purity of the faith. What was there to preserve them from it? Tradition, doubtless our Anglican friends would exclaim, at all events as referring to their own case. We cling, they would say, to the tradition of the church, the "unanimous consent of the Fathers," to those doctrines which, according to the canon of St. Vincentius, have been handed down *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus;* and so doing we are safe.

Let us examine the position thus taken up; let us investigate its meaning and see if there is anything in it. It will serve to bring this question of infallibility and private judgment to an immediate issue.

This appeal to tradition—the tradition of what they are pleased to call the *undivided* church—is common, it is only fair to add, both to modern Ritualists and to the historic High-Church party. The expression "undivided church" is, however, somewhat misleading, as very few Anglican theologians are willing to take into consideration the whole body of tradition even up to the schism of Photius, and still less up to the final rupture between East and West. Many stop short at the end of the third century; others, again, take in the period of those first four œcumenical councils—Nicæa, Ephesus, Constantinople, and Chalcedon—whose decrees the Established Church in the reign of Queen Elizabeth declared to be a part of its rule of faith together with the definitions of the high court of Parliament! Dr. Pusey, if I remember rightly, acknowledged six general councils, sufficient to bring him up to the times of St. Gregory the Great, whose supposed witness against the œcumenicity of papal supremacy was too delicious a morsel to be foregone. I doubt if any Anglican theologians pay the slightest attention to the witness of tradition after his time, and yet the Greek schism was not finally consummated until about the time of the Norman conquest. But the mere fact of individuals thus placing limits of their own upon the duration of time during which the tradition of the church was sufficiently pure to be available as a witness to divine revelation is simply a *reductio ad absurdum* of the claim to the possession of any "infallible truth *resting upon* infallible authority."

Tradition, according to Catholic theologians, may be viewed under two distinct aspects—first, *objective* or *material;* and, second, *active* or *formal.*

By objective or material tradition is signified the whole body

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of doctrine delivered to the apostles by the mouth of our Lord Jesus Christ, or by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, handed down (*traditum*) from age to age in the church through certain recognized channels, chief among which are, 1. The general and constant teaching of the church; 2. The *acta* of the œcumenical councils; 3. The acts of the martyrs; 4. The sacred liturgy and other religious forms and practices (*lex orandi, lex credendis*); 5. The writings of the Fathers. To these channels of objective tradition, which are called *general*, may be added certain others which are termed particular—*e.g.*, epigraphs, coins, etc.—with which we are not here concerned. By *active* tradition, on the other hand, is intended those doctrines which the *Ecclesia Docens*, divinely guided by the perpetual indwelling of the Holy Spirit, according to Christ's promise, deduces and collects from the matter of tradition, and proposes to the faithful for their assent as matters of faith.

The channels or means by which material tradition is handed down from age to age may be compared to the bed of a river, or, still better, one of those hydraulic flumes familiar to those who have visited the mining districts of California, whose waters contain grains of gold. It is the part of the expert, the trained and experienced miner, to detect and separate the grains of precious metal from the dross in which they are concealed, and it is for the hand of the goldsmith and the skilled artificer to take the gold and mould and fashion it into the chalice or the diadem.

And just such is the office of the *Ecclesia Docens*. She alone, informed by the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost, is the expert who can detect and cull the grains of divine and apostolical tradition from the channels in which they run; she is the goldsmith who alone, by the hand of her trained artificers, the schoolmen and theologians, can formulate the grains of tradition so collected into the golden chain of dogma.

This element of the active infallibility of the church Anglicans entirely ignore, and this is their fundamental error.

Confining, by a strange delusion, the idea of tradition entirely to the works of the Fathers, they proceed to treat these productions just as Protestants treat the Bible—simply as a collection of writings which every one has a right to approach and investigate, and to deduce thence his own doctrines, deciding for himself what the writers meant and what they did not mean, and where they agreed with each other and where they did not. If such a course as this is an exercise of the use of private judgment

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with regard to the Holy Scriptures, why is it not equally so when adopted with reference to the writings of the Fathers?

When a Protestant layman tells his Ritualistic pastor that he cannot bring himself to believe that our Lord, when he said, "*This is my Body, this is my Blood*," intended that the apostles should understand that he had changed the substance of the bread and wine into the substance of his body and blood, on account of its extreme unlikeliness, and that his common sense tells him that it is much more probable that he was merely using a metaphor, he is immediately informed that he has no right to have any opinion upon the matter at all; that a member of the "Holy Anglican Catholic Church" has no business to exercise his private judgment, which is a heresy and a sin, and that he is bound to believe the interpretation which the church places upon it—the mouthpiece of the church in this instance being the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., and the Rev. R. F. Littledale, D.C.L.

And yet when advanced Anglicans proceed to treat St. Irenæus and St. Cyprian and St. Jerome in precisely the same manner as that in which their Protestant parishioners treat the Bible, and are reminded that they are exercising their private judgment just as really and just as unequivocally as any Evangelical, they are apparently entirely blind to the force of the analogy. Still, I feel confident myself that if, instead of reading Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon* and other untrustworthy works of that description, they would only systematically study the *De Unitate Ecclesiæ* of St. Cyprian and the *De Baptismate contra Donatistas* of St. Augustine, their eyes would be opened and they would see the folly and wickedness of their present course. They would see, unless they are determined not to perceive the truth—and I do not think that this is the case with many—that those holy Fathers regard the church as a living, teaching body, a body which was known to all and could not be mistaken by reason of its visible oneness; one in hierarchy and government, one in doctrine, one in the mutual intercommunion of its members. Even supposing that all reference to the pope had been omitted, that none of the Fathers had ever spoken of the Holy See as a centre of unity and inculcated obedience to it as such; even supposing that it were of human origin, the production of the early middle ages and of the "forged decretals," the position of Anglicans would be in no wise bettered, for they are not *one* with the "rest of the Catholic Church," they do not communicate, except by fraud, at the same altars as do we, and they are manifestly no more "one body" with the church united to the see of

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Peter than were the Novatians or the Donatists. But the papal centre of unity is not a mere accident or after-thought; it is an essential and absolutely necessary factor in the constitution of Christ's church. I think it was Voltaire who observed that had there been no God it would have been necessary for mankind to create one. And so, too, may we say of the Roman primacy, that if our Lord had not provided for it, it would have been necessary to supply it, otherwise his promise of unity to the church could not have been fulfilled, except by the extinction of free-will and making man a mere machine.* But that which is absolutely necessary to the very existence of the church cannot be of merely human origin; it is, therefore, divine. The church in respect of its unity is like a circle, whose essence consists in its being enclosed by a line called the circumference, which is such that all straight lines drawn from a given point within it, called the centre, are equal; that is to say, all the points along the line of the circumference have precisely the same relation to the centre. A point which ceases to bear the same relation to the centre as the others does not form part of the circle; and should a given portion of the circumference cease to have the same relation to the centre as it had before, it too would cease to form part of the circle. A circle which is forced out of shape into an oval or a pear-shaped figure ceases any longer to be a circle. And so likewise of a circle from which a segment of its circumference has been removed: it is no longer a circle. Which things are an allegory, for thus it is with the Catholic Church. There is only one conceivable way in which such a society as the church was manifestly intended by our Lord to be—a body teaching with authority, exercising spiritual jurisdiction over the entire world, and known to all mankind by its note of visible oneness—there is, I say, but one conceivable way in which such a society could be preserved as *one* to the end of time, and that is that just as all the points along the line of the circumference have the same relation to the centre, so do all the members of the Catholic Church hold the same relation to their head. Break the circumference, and you no longer have a circle; break (*per impossibile*) the unity of the church, and the church is not disunited—it is destroyed. But the church, by Christ's ordinance, cannot be destroyed; therefore the church of Christ cannot be divided.

As a matter of fact, not even by miraculous interposition could this unity be effected otherwise without, as I have said, in-

* The Anglican hypothesis denies this, and with what result? We have an "Association for Promoting the *Reunion* (!) of Christendom."

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terfering with man's free-will; and this is really a metaphysical impossibility, for if man during this state of probation were deprived of his free-will he would cease to be a moral and responsible agent—that is, he would no longer be man at all.

As, then, our Lord promised that his church should be one, as he declared that by this visible oneness it should be manifest to all men, and inasmuch as the only conceivable means by which this visible oneness could be maintained through all time, in all places, and under all circumstances is by visible union with a visible head, we have, as a purely human argument, the strongest *primâ facie* evidence that that church which now, as in the beginning, is visibly one, and that through visible union with a visible head; and which, moreover, is the only society which in its unity and its totality claims to be that one communion—we have, I say, the strongest grounds for believing that the Catholic Apostolic Roman Church, and it only, is that one fold under one shepherd which must exist somewhere, unless the promises of Jesus Christ have failed and Christianity is a dream.

But we are by no means thrown back upon any merely humanly-constructed hypothesis in this matter. Space forbids me even to touch upon the evidences from the holy Gospels that our Lord did choose one individual and give him a singular and extraordinary commission of teaching and governing the one church, which constituted just such a position and just such an office as we should expect to find in a society which was to be visibly maintained as one to "the consummation of the world," and without which we cannot conceive the possibility of such unity being maintained for hundreds of years and against all odds.

The church of Christ, then, is not *only* a collection of individual human beings, nor is the mind of the church the aggregate of their minds, nor the will of the church the aggregate of their wills, any more than the body of man is simply a collection of particles of matter, and his mind and his will and his soul only the exhibition of material functions. This is a very popular theory among positivists, like Mr. Frederic Harrison, who will tell you that because every act of the human mind is accompanied or preceded by some revolution of the molecules of the brain, therefore the mind itself is nothing but the manifestation of molecular motion, and that the mind cannot even be conceived of as existing without the molecules of whose functions it is simply an exhibition. And what these materialists have done for man our ecclesiastical materialists have done for the church

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of Christ, and with equal success. For in spite of all the babbling of Huxley, and Tyndall, and Spencer, and Darwin, man *has* an immortal, immaterial soul, a soul which will exist apart from his body when the "molecules" of that body shall have passed off into the gases of the atmosphere and into the dust of the earth, and which, for weal or for woe, shall come forth to judgment and be reunited with that body at the last day, to spend with it an eternity of bliss or an eternity of misery.

And in spite of all the heretics and schismatics that have ever pestered the earth from Cerinthus to Dr. Littledale, the *one* church visibly united with the one head is the living body of Christ, informed and vivified by the indwelling of God the Holy Ghost, whose voice it is we hear when the church speaks, whose hand it is that moulds and guides every action of her life.

The Sovereign Pontiff and the bishops alone constitute the *Ecclesia Docens.** These alone are the judges of the faith and the pastors properly so called. The rest of the faithful, whether lay or clerical, have no judicial voice by divine right. Nevertheless they may be admitted as consultors, and the presbyters teach and preach (especially such as have the cure of souls), but simply as *locum tenentes* of the bishop whose subjects they are.

The organs, then, of the active infallibility of the church are, 1. The pope, who holds the "place of Peter,"† "to whom the Lord commends his sheep to be fed,"‡ who, when defining matters of faith and morals *ex cathedrâ*, is infallible; 2. The bishops in union with the pope. That a bishop separated from the pope and differing from him in doctrine should retain his rights as a teacher and ruler is a theory destructive of that unity which our Lord promised to the church, that *oneness* by which all men might know which was the *Ecclesia Docens* and which was not; for inasmuch as this oneness was conferred by the church's divine Founder as one of its notes, and since, as we have seen, the only way in which the episcopate can be essentially and perpetually one is by being visibly united to one visible head, we know that none can be truly bishops of the Catholic Church, and so form part of the *Ecclesia Docens*, save those who are in union with the pope.

But these bishops are not individually infallible; it is only in their *collective* capacity, when representing the *Ecclesia Docens* (the pope being one of them and their head), and as the mouth-

* Murray, *De Ecclesiâ Christi*, vol. ii. d. 11, 16.
† *Locus Petri.* St. Cyprian, *Ep. lii. ad Antonianum.*
‡ St. Cyprian, *De Hab. Virg.*, 10.

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pieces of the tradition of their respective dioceses, that they enjoy this gift, whether they exercise this office when living apart in their dioceses or assembled in council.

Now, this body constituting the *Ecclesia Docens* is perpetually teaching without any intermission, as the prophet Isaias says: "Upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, I have appointed watchmen; all the day and all the night they shall never hold their peace";* and as Philip, the Roman legate at Ephesus, declared: "Peter the prince and head of the apostles, up to this time and always (ἕως του νῦν, καὶ ἀεὶ) both lives and exercises judgment in his successors."† Still, this does not mean that the pope and the bishops are perpetually teaching physically, but that they are always ready to teach when occasion calls; that they are daily teaching through animate and inanimate organs, and that they are always there, a living authority, attending to all the needs of the church, ever present in their places for instruction, for judgment, and for correction.

I have said that the pope and the bishops, the *Ecclesia Docens*, are daily teaching through animate and inanimate organs; and this brings me to say a few words upon the church's "ordinary *magisterium*."

I think that the meaning of this expression can be best explained by quoting the following passage from the eminent theologian, Father Perrone, which Dr. Ward, in the work above referred to, has thus translated:

"The church, when she discharges her function of teaching, performs a threefold office: the office (1) of 'witness,' (2) of 'judge,' (3) of 'magistra.'‡ She performs the office of . . . 'magistra' in her daily ministry, wherein by verbal and by practical inculcation (*vivâ voce et praxi*) she instructs the faithful in all those things which conduce to their training in pure doctrine and morality, and leads them, as it were, by the hand along the path of eternal salvation. That Christ has endowed his church with infallibility for the performance of these duties is the truth which Catholics maintain and all non-Catholics deny."§

The primary organs of the church's infallibility, then, are the pope, speaking *ex cathedrâ*, and the bishops in union with the pope; but the ordinary way in which the dogmas of the faith (for of these only I am now speaking) are brought home to the intelligence of the individual faithful is through that ordinary magisterium which Father Perrone has described above as a

* Isaias lxii. 6. † Concil. Ephes., Act. iii.

‡ I have already referred to this threefold office in my first article.

§ Perrone, *De Locis* Nos. 347–8.

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system in which they are "led by the hand" along the path of salvation by preaching, by instruction in Christian doctrine, catechetical or otherwise, by her public devotions, by authorized literature, and by the general atmosphere of Catholic life. And all this is one harmonious whole. What the pope or the council define dogmatically the bishops promulgate authoritatively, the clergy teach, and the people receive. It is *one* faith, issuing from one centre, shedding abroad its rays over all the world; and it is one simply and solely because it issues from one centre. Our Lord's promise of unity is here literally and luminously fulfilled by means of that very institution which is, as I have said, the only conceivable instrument through which, humanly speaking, it could be fulfilled; and this majestic phenomenon is summed up in those words which in letters of gold circle round the awful dome of St. Peter's:

> "Hinc sacerdotii unitas exoritur,
> Hinc *Una Fides* mundo refulget." *

It is by means of this perfect oneness of all the members of the Catholic Church with their visible head that they know with certainty the dogmas of the faith which are proposed to their belief—in a word, that they possess "infallible truth resting upon infallible authority," and that, therefore, their faith is preserved as one. And what is the vital principle of all this? What is it that prevents the pope and the bishops from going wrong and leading the whole Catholic Church astray after them? It is the indwelling of God the Holy Ghost. "But the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he will *teach* you all things, and bring all things to your mind whatsoever I have said to you. When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will teach you all truth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." The infallible teaching voice of the Catholic Apostolic Roman Church is the fulfilment of these divine promises. If they are not fulfilled in her they have come to naught.

Now, Anglicans are outside of all this; they have no part nor lot in this matter. They cannot, as do we, point to an infallible authority and say: From hence I derive my doctrines, and

* From hence the unity of the priesthood takes its rise,
From hence *One Faith* shines forth to all the world.

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because I know that the authority which gives me these doctrines is infallible, therefore I know with certainty that what I believe is true. They do, indeed, as we have seen, make loud professions of believing in an infallible church; but their church, even if it were infallible, is not of the slightest use to them, for it is dumb. It treats them like a medical man who should take a sick patient utterly ignorant of medicine and place him among the bottles in his surgery, and say: Here are the remedies; pick and choose for yourself; I have nothing to say. That is how the imaginary church of the Ritualists treats them with regard to the Bible and the patristic writings. Why should the Bible, which is the written word of God, and which in spite of difficulties contains not a single error, require an authorized and infallible interpreter, and not the miscellaneous writings of different authors of very various degrees of learning and accuracy? Our Lord's rule was to *hear* the church—the living church—and that only. If private judgment is unlawful in the one case, why not in the other?

How different the action of the Catholic Church! The office of collecting the doctrines of the faith from the writings of the Fathers, who were simply the accidental witnesses of tradition, must necessarily be the duty of an infallible authority; but this office the Anglican usurps to himself, and thus virtually denies the infallibility of the church—indeed, one of the foremost Ritualistic controversialists does not hesitate to do this categorically. "There is in Scripture," says Dr. Littledale,* "no promise of infallibility to the church at any given time." "The church is indefectible in the long run, though the teaching voice may be fallible at any given time." Indefectible in the long run! I will not insult a man of Dr. Littledale's intelligence by supposing for a moment that he imagined these words to have any meaning; they were doubtless intended to lull the disquieted consciences of certain advanced Ritualists whose ratiocinative faculties were not of a high order, and to whom a big-sounding word operates like a pleasing opiate. It is just such a phrase as the late Mr. Charles Dickens puts into the mouth of the "member for the gentlemanly interest," who quashes every objection and raises the utmost enthusiasm in the breasts of his rustic constituents by his constant references to the "illimitable perspective." One cannot help thinking that the perspective of the infallibility of a church which is only "indefectible in the long run" must be so

* *Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome*, p. 132.

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"illimitable" as to be entirely beyond the ken of ordinary mortals!

I suppose that it can be scarcely necessary to point out that a church which is only "indefectible in the long run" cannot be of the slightest use to mankind, its teachings could in no sense be a rule of faith, because, according to this astute theologian, it may "at any given time" be teaching error. Nor can it anywise be said to be a fulfilment of our Lord's promises. In the church which he founded he solemnly assured them that he would be present with them "all days," and he declared that the Holy Ghost should "abide with them for ever," "leading them into all truth." Upon its perpetual and unceasing infallibility rests the whole scheme of Christian revelation, including the canon of Scripture itself. Take this away, and give us only "indefectibility in the long run," and you have shattered at one blow the whole edifice of Christianity, and given us back in exchange only the enigmas which of erst puzzled the brains of Socrates and Plato and Seneca.

Of course one source of this strangely contradictory behavior on the part of Anglicans arises from the fact that they entirely misapprehend the nature of the office performed by the Fathers in the transmission of divine tradition. All that these writers do is to bear witness (human witness) to the tradition of the church—that is to say, to the doctrines which have been handed down through the channels above referred to from the apostles—but they were not infallible in so doing; so that unless there is always in the church some living authority perpetually infallible to decide on matters of faith and morals, there is no infallibility at all. It is this which is entirely wanting in the Anglican system, and it is this fact to which I refer when I say that, in spite of their professing to believe in the infallibility of the church, they in reality assert nothing but their own private judgment, which for them is the ultimate arbiter of all doctrine. They deny this, I know; they say that the voice of the church contained in tradition is their supreme guide, but they immediately give the lie to this by setting themselves above tradition in claiming to *decide* for themselves what the Fathers meant, wherein they agreed together, and when they were stating the apostolic tradition and when not. Take, for instance, that passage from St. Irenæus which we have examined in a previous article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. On whose authority is it that Anglicans depend for the various conflicting interpretations they have placed upon it, contrary even, as I trust I have shown, to its plain

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logical and grammatical signification? Simply upon their own authority. They form their own judgment in the matter; they make their own decision. Thus they, each one for himself, are the supreme judges of it all, and there is in reality no one above them. Could Martin Luther himself have asserted a more complete right of private judgment than this? As a matter of fact it *is* Luther's doctrine pure and simple, who declared that a layman with the Bible in his hand knew more than the pope himself.* Still, Luther was the more honest and did not pretend to believe in the infallibility of a church which he immediately proceeded to deprive of all reality, and in regard to whose doctrines he himself was, after all, the supreme referee. It has been reserved for Anglican Ritualists thus to develop this last stage of the absurdity of Protestantism.

Nor is it open to them to claim the right of private judgment for the purpose of examining the claims of the church and the sources and channels of tradition, which, of course, we concede to one who is avowedly non-Catholic. For, with singular perversity, they at once declare themselves to be Catholics, they assert that there is an infallible church claiming their obedience, and then set to work incontinently to frame a theory of religion and ecclesiastical polity for themselves, independent of any external authority whatever, and relying entirely upon the results of their own study and discernment, making use, in the course of this proceeding, of the writings of the Fathers precisely in the same manner as ordinary Protestants employ the Bible. When, however, we remember the extraordinary misconceptions that exist both as to the true nature of infallibility and even as to the meaning of the expression, one cannot help feeling that these vagaries are perhaps more deserving of pity than of reprobation. As an instance of the manner in which the rank and file of the Ritualistic party is hoodwinked by its teachers, I may cite the following from the replies "To Correspondents" in the English *Church Times* of January 21, 1881:

"ONE IN DOUBT.—Do you not see that all your Roman Catholic friend can give you as proof is his own *fallible* private opinion that the pope is infallible? Unless he be himself infallible he cannot know for *certain* whether the pope be right or wrong on any given occasion. It is just as if you were to give some one your word that you knew Mr. A—— to be a first-rate Chinese scholar, without your being able to tell whether he spoke any Chinese at all, not to say speak and write it well. You would have to

* "Quod laico auctoritatem (Scripturarum) plus sit credendum quam papæ, quam concilio, *imo quam ecclesiæ*, hoc etiam juristæ docent, et adeo est Catholicum, ut Augustinus in multis locis, hoc pro regulâ habent legendi auctores." Cf. Audin's *Life of Luther*, vol. i. p. 167.

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be a first-rate Chinese scholar yourself before your opinion on any one else's qualifications would be of value."

In another number of this ingenuous journal this subject is still further treated in reply to an "inquirer":

"INQUIRER.—Unless the [Vatican] Council was infallible itself it could not tell whether the pope is infallible or not; but by saying that he is infallible without the consent of the church, all it proved was that itself was fallible, and so incompetent to settle the question at all, which is just the point we made when answering 'One in Doubt.' What value is the testimony of a thousand school-boys to the fitness of a man to be prime minister or lord chancellor?"

This is Dr. Samuel Johnson's old joke over again, gravely set forth to salve the consciences of inquirers and those in doubt: *Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat!*

I beg that the reader will look attentively at the last words in the former of the above extracts: "You would have to be a first-rate Chinese scholar yourself before your opinion on any one else's qualifications would be of value." Surely the patent sophism contained in these words, and repeated in the statement that the Vatican Council by defining papal infallibility declared itself to be fallible, require no elaborate refutation. Still, it is only fair to the editor of the *Church Times* to say that neither he nor Dr. Littledale was the inventor of this strange idea, that in order to know another to be infallible one must first be infallible one's self. The late Dr. Whately, in a work entitled *The Search after Infallibility*, published in 1847, enunciated what is virtually the same idea—viz., "he who is infallibly following an infallible authority is himself infallible."*

The late Dr. Murray, of Maynooth, treats this subject at length in his *Theological Essays*, and I trust that I may be pardoned if in elucidation of this subject I quote him somewhat at length. Commenting upon the above work of Dr. Whately, he cites the following passage of the Protestant archbishop, and then proceeds, as we shall see, to pass his reflections upon it:

"'I call it a "craving for infallibility,"'" so commences the quotation from Archbishop Whately, "'(although hardly any one is found in words claiming, or expecting to be, personally infallible), because it is evident that he who is infallibly following an infallible guide is himself infallible. If his decisions on each point coincide exactly with those of an authority which is exempt from error, that his decisions are exempt from error is

* It is reported, I know not whether truly or not, that His Eminence Cardinal Newman, who knew Whately intimately at Oxford, observed with reference to the latter's work on *Logic* that it was an excellent production and contained a little of everything *except logic!*

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not only an undeniable but almost an identical proposition; it is as plain as that things which are equal to the same are equal to each other.

"'But this, though self evident as soon as stated, is sometimes lost sight of in practice. A man will speak of himself as being fallible, and as having no expectation of being otherwise. But his meaning must be (supposing him quite certain that he has an infallible guide, always accessible, and to which he constantly conforms)—his meaning must be that he would be fallible if left to himself; that his exemption from the possibility of error is not inherent, but derived. But actually and practically he does consider himself infallible.

"'Though the gnomon of a sun-dial has no power in itself to indicate the hour, yet when the sun shines on it the motions of its shadow must be correct, as those of the sun's rays which it follows. And, in like manner, *he* is infallible practically in his belief who always believes exactly what an infallible church or leader believes' (p. 14).

"There are," says Dr. Murray, commenting upon the above, "several mistakes here, arising, as appears to me, partly from Dr. Whately's not knowing or not keeping before his mind what we understand by the word infallibility when applied to the church, and partly from his confounding this meaning of the word with that which it commonly bears in popular language.

"1. If in ordinary conversation I am asked, 'Are you sure that it was Dr. Whately you saw yesterday in Stephen's Green?' and answer, 'I could not be mistaken; I am infallibly certain that it was he,' all that I mean by this is that I have the usual evidences that beget a physical certainty in such cases. So, in like manner, if I assert in similar form a proposition resting on moral or metaphysical evidence; what I mean in all such assertions is that I have absolute certainty, physical, moral, or metaphysical, as the case may be, of the truth of what I say.

"But when I speak of the infallibility of the church I understand something very different from this. For I then mean that the church is assisted and controlled by an extraordinary and supernatural guidance of God, so that she cannot ever err in defining articles of faith, etc.

"Suppose that an infallible authority exists, and that I have clear and sure proof of its existence, and that I accordingly submit to it and believe in it; suppose that I have evidence that such or such a doctrine has been defined by that authority, and that I accordingly believe that doctrine; then I am sure that my belief agrees with its teachings; I am following an infallible authority; I am certainly following it, but not infallibly. I have the certainty of faith that what is taught by this authority as revealed is revealed, but I am not infallible. I hope to make all this very plain by some further observations.

"2. The church of Christ, we believe, infallibly follows an infallible guide (namely, the Spirit ever abiding with her and directing her), and is therefore infallible. And we believe that the church infallibly follows this guide, because the word of God so teaches. But no individual has received this promise; no individual who has not received a special revelation to that effect can be infallibly sure that he will persevere to the end in the true faith any more than in any other virtue. He believes to-day every word which the infallible church teaches, and he believes so firmly that he

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is ready to seal his faith with his blood. But he may fall away from grace, and rebel against the church which he formerly believed infallible, and become a heretic, and die in his heresy. The promise which secures her from error will not secure him, for it has not been made to him. Who would assert that Luther, for example, while he believed in the infallibility of the church and received her teaching with unquestioning assent, should, in consistency, be considered by Catholics as all the time *infallibly* following an infallible guide?

"The Catholic idea of faith undoubtedly involves (as I may probably explain in another part of the present volume) the most firm assent, resting on grounds so sure as to exclude every rational apprehension of mistake; the mind, fortified by divine grace, being ready to encounter any extremity rather than voluntarily waver for a single moment. Stronger assent there cannot be, in the present stage of our existence, than this while it lasts. But man is still free; grace may be abused; and the mind may reject as false what it previously held to with a belief so strong. The assent is sure; but it may fail, and what may fail is not infallible.

"3. A man, therefore, who follows an infallible church does not infallibly follow it; for he has no divine promise that he will always follow it, and this is necessary in order that he should be said infallibly to follow it. There is another reason why those who hold the infallibility of the church, and follow what they believe to be this infallible church, are not thereby constrained to hold that they infallibly follow it.

"An infallible church, by the very terms, cannot through ignorance or any other cause teach any doctrinal error. But an individual may fall into involuntary error without ceasing to be a sound member of the church. Even learned theologians may err without the least sin against faith. For while the whole revelation entrusted to the infallible church is for ever preserved by her untainted and unmutilated, individual members may, through inculpable ignorance, think the doctrine on certain points to be different from what it is. They are still prepared to receive her definition, whatever it may be, when notified to them, and they firmly believe whatever she holds, though through mistake they think that she holds such or such doctrines which are really different from what she does hold. They err, and therefore are not infallible, though they follow all the while the infallible church—that is, they are her docile children, and receive all her teaching with blind obedience so far as it is known to them.

"4. But see," continues Dr. Murray a little further on, "the absurdity to which Dr. Whately's reasoning leads. I suppose that he holds the infallibility of the apostles in their public teaching, at least the infallibility of the body in its collective capacity. Here there was a living infallible tribunal. Wherefore the early Christians, who all believed on the authority of the apostles, and had as clear evidence as it is possible for man to have that such and such doctrines were taught by them—each one of all these early Christians infallibly followed an infallible guide, and therefore each one was infallible. For the same reason all who followed them were individually infallible, and so on down to the present day—an extent of infallibility which, according to us, it would be simple heresy to assert. Thus, then, we might reason on Dr. Whately's principle:

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"'He who is infallibly following an infallible guide is himself infallible' (*Dr. Whately's words*).

"But the early Christians, who were taught by the apostles, infallibly followed an infallible guide. (Certainly as much so as any Catholic pretends to be following the infallible church.)

"Therefore the early Christians were infallible, etc.

"Dr. Whately confounds infallibility with certainty. It is true to say that he who is certainly following an infallible authority is so far certain, or he who follows an infallible authority has an infallible certainty that what he believes on its teaching is true. But to have an infallible certainty is not to be infallible. Dr. Whately has an infallible certainty that God exists, but he is not infallible." *

Now, precisely the same argument applies to the absurd remark of the *Church Times* to "One in Doubt." If, as the *Church Times* asserts, no one can be certain of the infallibility of another without being himself infallible, then neither the early Christians nor ourselves can be certain that the apostles were infallible in preaching the truth of the Gospel.

The *Church Times*, like Dr. Whately, confounds infallibility with certainty. Certainty rests upon evidence, and the evidence of the church's infallibility consists in her notes—her *oneness*, her *sanctity*, her *apostolicity*, her *catholicity;* and these notes in their perfection and totality are to be found in the Catholic Roman Church, and in her *only*. We have, then, the most solid grounds of certitude, based upon the evidences of Christianity themselves, for believing in her infallibility; for the evidence is as patent and unmistakable as the sun at noonday, because the church in which all these notes are combined either exists in the Catholic Roman Church or does not exist at all.

There is nothing either absurd or unintelligible in the fact of an infallible authority residing in the *Ecclesia Docens—i.e.*, in the pope and the bishops united to him as the centre of unity—and the mere fact of Dr. Littledale and the *Church Times* being driven to the use of such sophisms as I have been exposing (which one would think could only be addressed to the very ignorant or very thoughtless) † shows that they have really no valid argument to bring against it.

It may, however, be urged that my own argument goes too far, and that, having admitted with Dr. Murray that man can attain to absolute certainty on certain points of religion—*e.g.*, the

* Murray, *Essays, chiefly Theological*, vol. iii. p. 46 et seq.

† I have not touched upon the contention of the *Church Times* that the Vatican fathers abdicated their infallibility by defining the pope's infallibility, because it seems to me a piece of idiocy. One would think that infallibility were *infinity*, and as there cannot be two infinites, so there cannot be two infallibles!

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infallibility of the *Ecclesia Docens*—I have conceded too much, for that Anglicans claim nothing more than this in asserting their ability as individuals to attain to absolute certainty with regard to the meaning of the patristic writings and of everything to which they bear witness. There is a flaw in this argument which I beg leave to point out.

No Catholic theologian asserts for a moment that the intellect of man, even when unaided by the light of faith, is unable to arrive at absolute certainty with reference to *any* of the statements of Holy Scripture. For instance, granting the inspiration of the Bible, which of course implies the absence of mistakes in the sacred writings, any one who can read the Gospels can arrive at absolute certainty with regard to the fact that our Lord was born at Bethlehem, and suffered at Jerusalem, and that his mother's name was Mary. And so with a multitude of things, not merely statements of historical fact, but even assertions implying doctrine. The existence of God (which can be known even by the light of nature) and of angels, the mercy of God in forgiving sins to those who are penitent, the divine mission of our Lord, and so on—these can be known with absolute certainty by those who either can read the Scriptures for themselves or hear them read by one in whose honesty they have perfect confidence. But there are many other things, both matters of fact and matters relating to dogma, which cannot be known with certainty by the unaided human intellect. For instance, while our Lord's divine mission is stated in terms which are simply univocal, his divinity—*i.e.*, his consubstantiality with the Father—is not so stated. Not a single one of those passages which the church regards as teaching our Lord's divinity but is capable, as an abstract term, of two interpretations. Thus when our Lord says (St. John x. 30), "I and the Father are one," it is well known that this expression is commonly used among ourselves, You and I are one on that point—meaning merely one in mind or will, and not in substance. And so again when St. Paul says (Col. ii. 9), "For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead corporally"—as far as the mere words are concerned, it might mean, as Nestorius maintained that it did mean, that God dwelt in Jesus Christ, but not that God was born of Mary. Now, no amount of philological or grammatical learning can settle such points as are here involved, because they are divine mysteries, which can only be determined by an authority divinely constituted. The *Ecclesia Docens* is that divinely-constituted authority, and she is therefore infallible. She takes the Holy Scriptures

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and the records of tradition, and decides each question with the certainty that she cannot err in so doing, because God himself has promised that she shall not.

But Anglicans are not infallible; Anglicans have no divine promise that they cannot err; what right, then, have they to take the Bible and the Fathers, and set themselves up to determine, even each one for himself alone, what they mean and what they do not mean, or what safeguard have they in so doing?

It may be objected: If this be so how can we know with certainty that the church is infallible? The fact that the infallibility of the *Ecclesia Docens* is one of those matters which the mind can know with absolute certainty is from the nature of the case a logical necessity. For it is inconceivable that Almighty God should institute an infallible authority for the purpose of teaching mankind the truths necessary to their eternal salvation, and should withhold from them the faculty or the power or the opportunity of knowing with certainty that it is infallible. Such being the case, it only remains to examine the evidence for the infallibility of the *Ecclesia Docens*, and, having done this, we stand face to face with the Catholic Roman Church. And the evidence for that infallibility, as far as Christians are concerned, consists in her bearing visibly upon her the notes or marks which we know will be the distinguishing characteristics of that church. Space forbids me to enter further upon this subject on the present occasion. I will only say that as the chief of those notes is that visible oneness by which, according to our Lord's institution, she was to be known (just as our Lord himself was known to St. Martin by the five sacred wounds, and the evil spirit was detected by their absence), so do we *know* with absolute certainty that the Catholic Roman Church, in visible communion with the Apostolic See, alone is that *Ecclesia Docens*, because she alone, in common with the other notes of *sanctity*, *catholicity*, and *apostolicity*, is visibly *one* throughout the entire world, and that in the only way in which it is conceivable for a society of beings endowed with free-will to be perpetually and essentially one.

The Ritualist, however, of the school of Littledale will doubtless ask: What, then, is the use of tradition at all, if we may not have recourse to the writings of the Fathers to learn the teachings of the church? But from what we have already said the reply will surely be anticipated. The church—the pope and the bishops, and the theologians who are their consultors—do have recourse to the patristic writings, just as they also devote them-

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selves to the study of the Sacred Scriptures. But this method of learning the truth is not for the individual members of the *Ecclesia Discens;* for mark this: when our Lord founded his church, and gave his commission which was to last for all time, "even to the consummation of the world," it was a commission to a living body of men to teach with a living voice. He did not instruct his apostles to go and write a book, and then scatter it broadcast, so that mankind might draw their doctrines from thence. He never so much as hinted that any such book was to be written; still less did he imply that individuals among the faithful by years of hard study were to discover the doctrines of divine revelation in the writings of uninspired authors; but he conferred the gift of infallibility upon certain living men, and, by logical necessity, upon their successors, promising them his daily and hourly assistance in their teaching office to preserve them from error. This is the work, this is the duty, of the *Ecclesia Docens;* it is the part of the *Ecclesia Discens* to *hear* and to *obey.*

Now, this is what I mean when I say that Anglicans are outside of all this. They do not hear the *Ecclesia Docens* and they do not obey her. They hear and they obey no one but themselves. They set up, indeed, a phantom church and loudly profess their obedience to it, but each one is for himself the mouthpiece of that church, one man's *views* (!) of what the church teaches dogmatically being more "advanced" than those of another, and each one modifying his opinions from time to time by the results of his own reading and his own judgment. The *reasons* which he has for embracing in his "Catholic Church" all sects possessing or claiming to possess valid orders rest upon precisely the same basis as do those of another sectarian who would include all who, with or without orders, profess the Nicene Creed, or others again, still more "liberal," who would welcome as their brethren in the faith "all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." It has its beginning and its ending in self, in the private judgment of the individual. However loudly the Ritualist may boast his vaunted Catholicity; however pharisaically he may contemn the members of Protestant sects more consistent than himself; however he may prate about holy church and her authority, and demand from his dupes and satellites a submission culminating in himself as her interpreter, *he cannot get outside of himself.* That calm and blessed assurance, that perfect peace of mind, which comes from the certain possession of immutable truth is the birthright of those alone who listen to the voice of that shepherd to whom our Lord committed his sheep to be fed,

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"because Blessed Peter, who lives and presides in his own see, offers the truth of faith to those seeking it." * If, then, these earnest but misguided men would really possess this blessed certainty; if they would in very truth feel their feet planted upon the rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail; if, dissatisfied with the stone of "indefectibility in the long run" offered them by their spiritual guides, they would indeed be made partakers of that bread of "infallible truth resting upon infallible authority," let them come out from among Protestants and ceremonialists and Erastians in the Establishment, and accept like little children the citizenship of the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

BENJAMIN BANNEKER, THE NEGRO ASTRONOMER.†

THE negro stands at the white man's door and asks for schools and school-teachers. Are you—demands the white man in return—a being of sufficient intelligence to be worthy of a good schooling? To answer that question the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will permit me, a lover of the colored race, to tell them something of one negro's history which may stimulate their sense of justice—justice, I say; for the system of American slavery, which made the soul of the black man darker than his skin with law-enforced ignorance, was the work of white men. What our white people did wrongfully to their black brethren in former times it is but just that we should set right to their children in these our times.

Benjamin Banneker was born in Baltimore County, not far from Ellicott's Mills, in 1731. His father was a slave, and by all accounts a native African, and his mother was a free mulatto. She was a woman of great energy and industry, and a true-hearted wife and mother. Very soon after her marriage she purchased her husband's freedom, no doubt from the proceeds of her own toil.

Young Benjamin was sent in early boyhood to a white school in the neighborhood which was thrown open to a few colored

* St. Chrysologus, *Ep. ad Eutych.*, p. 16, apud Allnatt, *Cathedra Petri*, p. 29.

† See *Memoirs of Banneker*, by I. H. B. Latrobe and J. Saurin Norris, both of the Baltimore bar; also, *History of the Negro Race in America*, by Williams, himself a colored man (New York: Putnams, 1883), and the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1863.

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children; for it was not till years afterwards that it became a penal offence to teach a black boy his letters. An old servant of one of Maryland's leading families, who had known Banneker from his childhood, used to relate that whilst all the other boys loved play and sought amusements, Banneker's only delight was to "live unto his books." The region in which Benjamin was born was then almost a wilderness; for in 1732 Elkridge Landing was of more importance than Baltimore, which was only laid out in 1727. It is well to keep this before our minds, in order that the difficulties against which Banneker had to struggle may be fairly understood. When old enough to work he was taken from school and employed to assist his parents in their labor; and during his early youth his destiny seemed nothing better than that of a child of poor and ignorant free negroes possessing a few acres of land in a remote and thinly-settled country district. The outlook for a clever colored boy at the present day even is not very bright, and a hundred and twenty years ago it must have been gloomy enough.

After passing his minority Banneker continued to reside on the little farm of his parents, and remained in possession of it after they died and during the remainder of his life. Whilst in the vigor of his manhood he was an industrious and thriving farmer; kept his grounds in good order, had horses, cows, and many hives of bees, and cultivated a good garden, living quite comfortably. But he was all the time tormented with the desire of knowledge. During the winter months and at other leisure times his active mind was employed in increasing the knowledge he had gained at school. His favorite study was arithmetic. He had learned the mere rudiments of ciphering at school, and now a resistless attraction drew him, all alone and without any teacher, to master that whole division of mathematical science. He slowly became a perfect master of the most difficult arithmetical problems. Knowledge of all kinds, indeed, was his craving. He devoured every book he could buy or borrow, and by degrees so amplified and improved his knowledge and cultivated his mind that before reaching the years of middle age he was a man of good English education, of correct grammatical speech, able to write strong English, and of much general information. But he loved the natural sciences best, was a quick observer of all natural phenomena, studying with eagerness and delight all that he beheld about him of the operations of nature's laws.

At first his knowledge was known to his illiterate neighbors only, but by degrees it became the wonder of a wider circle; and

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Banneker, still a young man, came to be thought of as one who could not only perform all the operations of mental arithmetic and ciphering with extraordinary facility, but exercise on matters and things in general a sound and discriminating judgment. It was about this time that he displayed an extraordinary mechanical genius; for, all unaided, he contrived and made a clock, the first in the then quiet and secluded valley of the Patapsco, a watch serving for his model. It took him a long while to accomplish this feat, his greatest difficulty, as he often afterwards said, being to make the hour, minute, and second hands correspond in their motions. The clock was at last finished, and raised still higher Banneker's credit in the neighborhood and marked an epoch in the life of the gifted negro; for it was probably owing to the fame of it that the Ellicott family heard of him and sought him out.

It was, indeed, about this time that the Ellicotts built in the vicinity of our hero's farm those flour-mills of which they are still the owners, and which gave name to the present village and post-office of Ellicott's Mills. The family is still a respectable and honored one, a leading Maryland family, and worthy to be held in benediction by all colored people and their friends for the unsought kindness and affectionate help they spent on Benjamin Banneker. He was a delighted and studious spectator of the new mill-buildings as they were being erected. When the mills were running he was still an eager watcher; and long after the novelty of them died out among his neighbors he continued his frequent visits, watching and studying the machinery. Thus not only his acquaintance with the Ellicotts developed, but he also came to know the settlers, both whites and blacks, of the surrounding country, who resorted to the mills to dispose of their corn or have it ground, to purchase goods and satisfy their various wants, and also to get their letters and newspapers. The mills, in short, became the gossiping centre of the country round. Here in conversation with those who valued attainments so unusual in a man of color, accompanied always by great modesty and general good conduct, Banneker was at times induced to overcome his habitual reserve and take his share in the conversation and take sides in the various discussions. Little by little the proprietors, certainly men of noble character, formed an acquaintance with him which ripened into true friendship; and a few years after the mills were in operation Mr. George Ellicott, one of the owners, lent Banneker Mayer's *Tables*, Ferguson's *Astronomy*, and Leadbeater's *Lunar Tables*, with a few

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astronomical instruments. It happened, however, that Ellicott was prevented at the time from giving Banneker the instructions usually necessary for understanding the tables and the use of the instruments. A few days later, therefore, he went for that purpose to Banneker's little home—a mere hut—when to his surprise he found that he had mastered the meaning of the books and use of the instruments by himself, and was in no need of an instructor. I do not know what attention, if any, he had hitherto given to the subject of astronomy, though we can hardly suppose that the stately march of the starry heavens could have failed to attract his perplexed and earnest guesses. It must also be borne in mind that when he thus fairly began the science he was a man of nearly threescore years! At any rate, from this time the study of astronomy became the great passion of Banneker's life.

He was never married, and, after his parents' death, was the sole occupant of his little cabin. Though obliged to labor for his bread, and being besides his own cook, chambermaid, and hostler, Banneker, by retrenching his wants, made little serve him, every ingenuity being exercised to secure more leisure to devote to his books and his observations. His favorite time for study was, of course, at night, when he could look out upon the stars and planets, whose laws he was gradually but surely mastering. As it was during the hours of darkness that Banneker was at his real labors, and as he was forced to sleep during the greater part of the day, he lost among his less appreciative acquaintances the reputation for industry that he had won in earlier life. Those who saw little of him in his fields, and found him sleeping when visiting his house, set him down as a lazy fellow who would come to no good, and whose old age would disappoint the promises of youth.

This dislike was followed by attempts to impose on the humble genius, and even by attacks on his property, with various threats against his person. A memorandum in his handwriting, dated December 18, 1790, states:

"—— —— informed me that —— stole my horse and greatcoat, and that the said —— intended to murder me when opportunity presented. —— —— gave me a caution to let no one come into my house after dark."

The names of the parties were originally written in full; but they were afterwards carefully erased, as though Banneker had reflected that it was wrong to leave an unauthenticated assertion on record against any one.

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The amateur astronomer did not, however, because of his studies, cease to visit the mills. He is described by a gentleman who frequently met him at this time "as of a black complexion, medium stature, of uncommonly soft, gentle manners, and of pleasing colloquial powers." Whatever others thought of him, the friendship of George Ellicott, the owner of the mills, himself a man of high literary attainments, never faltered. Ellicott's visits to Banneker were frequent. Finally he induced our timid star-gazer to venture such calculations as are set down in almanacs. But what was Ellicott's chagrin to find that his black friend's first prediction of an eclipse was false: an error had slipped into his calculations. Ellicott drew his attention to it. To his mingled surprise and delight, Banneker answered by letter, pointing out that he had been misled by a discrepancy between the two authors, Ferguson and Leadbeater. "Now, Mr. Ellicott," runs the letter, "two such learned gentlemen as the above mentioned, one in direct opposition to the other, stagnate young beginners. But I hope the stagnation will not be of long duration." In the same letter, speaking of the greatness of the task, he thus writes: "It is an easy matter for us, when a diagram is laid down before us, to draw one in resemblance of it; but it is a hard matter for a young tyro in astronomy, when only the elements for the prediction are laid down for him, to draw his diagram with any degree of certainty."

Of the labor of his work few of those can form an idea who would nowadays attempt such a task with all the assistance afforded by accurate tables and well-digested rules. Banneker had no aid whatever from men or tables; and Mr. George Ellicott, who promised him some astronomical tables and took them to him, declares that he had advanced unaided far in the preparation of the logarithms necessary for his purposes. A memorandum in his calculations points out other errors of Ferguson and of Leadbeater, both of whom, no doubt, would have been amazed had they been informed that their elaborate works had been reviewed and corrected by a negro in the then unheard-of valley of the Patapsco.

The first almanac prepared by Banneker for publication was for the year 1792. The almanac-publishers of Baltimore gave a very flattering praise to the compiler:

"They [the publishers] feel gratified in the opportunity of presenting to the public through their press what must be considered as an extraordinary effort of genius—a complete and accurate ephemeris for the year 1792, calculated by a sable son of Africa," etc.

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And they further say:

"They flatter themselves that a philanthropic public, in this enlightened era, will be induced to give their patronage and support to this work, not only on account of its intrinsic merits (it having met the approbation of the most distinguished astronomers of America, particularly the celebrated Mr. Rittenhouse), but from similar motives to those which induced the editors to give this calculation the preference—the ardent desire of drawing modest merit from obscurity and controverting the long-established illiberal prejudice against the blacks."

Banneker himself was entirely conscious of the bearings of his case upon the position of his people; and, though remarkable for an habitual modesty, he solemnly claimed that his work had earned respect for the African race. In this spirit he wrote to Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State under Washington, transmitting a manuscript copy of his almanac. The letter—a fervent appeal for the down-trodden negro, and a protest against the injustice and inconsistency of his treatment by the people of the United States—is herewith given entire. I beg the reader as he peruses this letter to weigh its pleadings well, putting himself and our times in place of Jefferson and ninety years ago.

"MARYLAND, BALTIMORE CO., near Ellicott's Lower Mills,
"August 19, 1791.

"THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Secretary of State:*

"SIR: I am fully sensible of the greatness of that freedom which I take with you on the present occasion—a liberty which seemed to me scarcely allowable when I reflected on that distinguished and dignified station in which you stand and the almost general prejudice and prepossession which are so prevalent in the world against those of my complexion. I suppose it is a truth too well attested to you to need a proof here that we are a race of beings who have long labored under the abuse and censure of the world, that we have long been considered rather as brutish than human, and scarcely capable of mental endowment.

"Sir, I hope I may safely admit, in consequence of that report which hath reached me, that you are a man far less inflexible in sentiments of this nature than many others, that you are measurably friendly and well-disposed towards us,* and that you are ready and willing to lend your aid

*Jefferson, in his *Memoirs*, written in January, 1821, speaking of the reforms introduced by him and his associates into the organic law of Virginia, speaks as follows of his and their efforts at emancipation: "The bill on the subject of slaves was a mere digest of the existing laws respecting them, without any intimation of a plan for a future or general emancipation. It was thought better that this should be kept back, and attempted only by way of amendment whenever the bill should be brought on. The principles of the amendment, however, were agreed on—that is to say, the freedom of all born after a certain day and deportation after a proper age. But it was found that the public mind would not yet bear the proposition, nor will it bear it even at this day. Yet the day is not distant when it must bear and adopt it, or worse will follow. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government,

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and assistance to our relief from those many distressed and numerous calamities to which we are reduced.

"Now, sir, if this is found in truth I apprehend you will readily embrace every opportunity to eradicate that train of absurd and false ideas and opinions which so generally prevails with respect to us, and that your sentiments are concurrent with mine, which are that an universal Father hath given being to us all of one flesh, but that he hath also without partiality afforded us all the same sensations and endowed us all with the same faculties, and that however variable we may be in society or religion, however diversified in situation or color, we are all of the same family and stand in the same relation to him.

"Sir, if these are sentiments of which you are fully persuaded, I hope you cannot but acknowledge that it is the indispensable duty of those who maintain for themselves the rights of human nature, and who profess the obligations of Christianity, to extend their power and influence to the relief of every part of the human race from whatever burden or oppression they may unjustly labor under; and this, I apprehend, a full conviction of the truth and obligation of these principles should lead all to.

"Sir, I have long been convinced that if your love for yourselves and for those inestimable laws which preserve to you the rights of human nature was founded on sincerity, you could not but be solicitous that every individual, of whatever rank or distinction, might with you equally enjoy the blessings thereof; neither could you rest satisfied short of the most active diffusion of your exertions in order to their promotion from any state of degradation to which the unjustifiable cruelty and barbarism of men may have reduced them.

"Sir, I freely and cheerfully acknowledge that I am of the African race, and, in that color which is natural to them, of the deepest dye, and it is under a sense of the most profound gratitude to the supreme Ruler of the universe that I now confess to you that I am not under that state of tyrannical thraldom and inhuman captivity to which too many of my brethren are doomed, but that I have abundantly tasted of the fruition of those blessings which proceed from that free and unequalled liberty with which you are favored, and which I hope you will willingly allow you have received from the immediate hand of that Being from whom proceedeth every good and perfect gift.

"Sir, suffer me to recall to your mind that time in which the arms and tyranny of the British crown were exerted with every powerful effort in order to reduce you to a state of servitude. Look back, I entreat you, on the variety of dangers to which you were exposed; reflect on that time in which every human aid appeared unavailable, and in which even hope and fortitude wore the aspect of inability to the conflict; and you cannot but be led to a serious and grateful sense of your miraculous and provi-

etc." The delay of emancipation, which Jefferson thus viewed with such impatience, if not resentment, had at least the effect, by longer intercourse and the union of two or three more generations of the races, of rendering deportation plainly unnecessary to full freedom of the blacks. The political associates whom he mentions as having agreed on the above scheme of emancipation were himself, Pendleton, George Wythe, George Mason, and Thomas L. Lee. They were a committee of the House of Burgesses appointed in the session of '76. (*Jefferson's Writings*, Boston, 1830, vol. i. p. 39.)

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dential preservation; you cannot but acknowledge that the present freedom and tranquillity which you enjoy you have mercifully received, and that it is the peculiar blessing of Heaven.

"This, sir, was a time in which you clearly saw into the injustice of a state of slavery, and in which you had just apprehension of the horrors of its condition.

"It was now, sir, that your abhorrence thereof was so excited that you publicly held forth this true and invaluable doctrine, which is worthy to be recorded and remembered in all succeeding ages: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, and that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'

"Here, sir, was a time in which your tender feelings for yourself had engaged you thus to declare you were then impressed with proper ideas of the great valuation of liberty and the free possession of those blessings to which you were entitled by nature.

"But, sir, how pitiable is it to reflect that although you were so fully convinced of the benevolence of the Father of mankind, and of his equal and impartial distribution of these rights and privileges which he had conferred upon them, that you should at the same time counteract his mercies in detaining by fraud and violence so numerous a part of my brethren under groaning captivity and cruel oppression; that you should at the same time be found guilty of that most criminal act which you professedly detested in others with respect to yourselves!

"Sir, I suppose that your knowledge of the situation of my brethren is too extensive to need a recital here; neither shall I presume to prescribe methods by which they may be relieved, otherwise than by recommending to you and all others to wean yourselves from those narrow prejudices which you have imbibed with respect to them, and, as Job proposed to his friends, 'put your souls in their souls' stead.' Thus shall your hearts be enlarged with kindness and benevolence towards them, and thus shall you need neither the direction of myself nor others in what manner to proceed herein.

"And now, sir, although my sympathy and affection for my brethren hath caused my enlargement thus far, I ardently hope that your candor and generosity will plead with you in my behalf when I make known to you that it was not originally my design, but that, having taken up my pen in order to direct to you as a present a copy of an almanac which I have calculated for the succeeding year, I was unexpectedly and unavoidably led thereto.

"This calculation, sir, is the production of my arduous study in this my advanced stage of life; for, having long had unbounded desires to become acquainted with the secrets of nature, I have had to gratify my curiosity herein through my own assiduous application to astronomical study, in which I need not to recount to you the many difficulties and disadvantages which I have had to encounter. And although I had almost declined to make my calculation for the ensuing year, in consequence of that time which I had allotted therefor being taken up at the Federal Territory by the request of Mr. Andrew Ellicott, yet, finding myself under several engagements to printers of this State to whom I communicated my design,

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on my return to my place of residence I industriously applied myself thereto, which, I hope, I have accomplished with correctness and accuracy. A copy of which I have taken the liberty to direct to you, and which I humbly request you will favorably receive. And although you may have the opportunity of perusing it after its publication, yet I chose to send it to you in manuscript previous thereto, that thereby you might not only have an earlier inspection, but that you might also view it in my own handwriting.

"And now, sir, I shall conclude and subscribe myself with the most profound respect,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"B. BANNEKER.

"THOMAS JEFFERSON, Secretary of State, Philadelphia.

"N.B. Any communication to me may be had by a direction to Mr. Elias Ellicott, merchant, in Baltimore town. B. B."

The boldness of this letter may well startle us. There is no cringing nor unmanly servility, and we must admire the strong consciousness of Banneker in his mental powers. Jefferson honored the letter with the following courteous reply:

"PHILADELPHIA, PA., August 30, 1791.

"SIR: I thank you sincerely for your letter of the 19th instant and for the almanac it contained. Nobody wishes more than I do to see such proofs as you exhibit that nature has given to our black brethren talents equal to those of the other colors of men, and that the appearance of a want of them is owing only to the degraded condition of their existence both in Africa and America. I can add with truth that no one wishes more ardently to see a good system commenced for raising the condition both of their body and mind to what it ought to be as fast as the imbecility of their present existence and other circumstances will admit. I have taken the liberty of sending your almanac to M. de Condorcet, secretary of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and member of the Philanthropic Society, because I considered it a document to which your whole color had a right for their justification against the doubts which have been entertained of them. I am, with great esteem, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"THO. JEFFERSON.

"MR. BENJAMIN BANNEKER,

"Near Ellicott's Lower Mills, Baltimore Co." *

*Touching the condition of the blacks prior to and during the Revolution Mr. Williams (*History of the Negro Race*, i. p. 370) says: "When the Revolutionary War began the legal status of the negro slave was clearly defined in the courts of all the colonies. He was either chattel or real property." Soon the ticklish question arose concerning the negro soldier who was a slave: "Could he be taken as property or as a prisoner of war?" After much deliberation the colonies agreed to accept him as a *prisoner* of war, while the royalists held he was property and legitimate *spoils* of war. Mr. Williams says: "But the almost universal doctrine of property in the negro, and his status in the courts of the colonies, gave the royal army great advantages in the appropriation of negro captives under the plea that they were property, and hence legitimate 'spoils of war'; while, on the part of the colonies, to declare that the captured negroes were entitled to the treatment of prisoners of war was

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When his first almanac was published Banneker was about sixty years of age. He soon received tokens of respect from all the scientific men of the country.

In his letter to Jefferson our astronomer alleges as a reason why he was thinking of not going on with his almanac for that year that he was with the commissioners appointed to run the lines of the District of Columbia, then known as the Federal Territory. Wishing to avail themselves of Banneker's acquirements, the commissioners invited him to be present at the surveys. His conduct throughout the whole engagement secured their respect. They invited him to a daily seat at their own table, but this, with his usual modesty, Banneker declined. They then ordered a side-table laid for him in the same room with themselves. On his return he called to give an account of his work at the house of a friend. He arrived on horseback, dressed in his usual costume—a full suit of drab cloth surmounted by a broad-brimmed beaver hat. He declared the commissioners to "be a very civil set of gentlemen, who had overlooked his complexion." After describing the work, and, with his usual humility, counting as trivial his own share, he added that during his absence he did not taste wine or spirituous liquors, adding: "I feared to trust myself even with wine, lest it should steal away the little sense I have." David Stuart, Daniel Carroll, Thomas Johnson, Andrew Ellicott, and Major L'Enfant were the surveyors. Of course it was through Ellicott that Banneker was secured.

This Daniel Carroll owned the property on which the Capitol building stands. He was a devout Catholic, brother, if I mistake not, of Archbishop Carroll, of Baltimore. His family was not related to the Carrolls of Carrollton. Daniel's descendants still live on Capitol Hill, Washington. Their house is known as Duddington.

to reverse a principle of law as old as their government. It was, in fact, an abandonment of the claim of property in the negro. It was a recognition of his rights as a soldier, a bestowal of the highest favors known in the treatment of captives of war." Yet as a matter of fact it often happened that even on the patriot side "enlistment did not work a practical emancipation of the slave, as some have thought. Negroes were rated as chattel property by both armies and both governments during the entire war. This is the cold fact of history, and it is not pleasing to contemplate. The negro occupied the anomalous position of an American slave and an American soldier. He was a soldier in the hour of danger, and a chattel in time of peace."

Prior to 1809 free colored people possessed of a certain property qualification voted in Maryland. In that year the right of voting was restricted to *free white males*. Greenbury Morton, a colored man, and claimed by some as a relative of Banneker, was ignorant of the new law till he offered to vote at the polls in Baltimore County. It is said that when his vote was refused he got on a barrel and addressed the voters in a strain of true and passionate eloquence which held them in breathless attention.

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Hard drinking had been Banneker's weakness. But, with a self-denial supposed to be unknown to his race, seeing its evils, he resolved to refrain from intoxicating drink, and gradually succeeded, becoming finally a total abstainer. As the reader may well suppose, once familiar with the books and instruments furnished him by the Ellicotts, Banneker was anxious to devote more time to study, and still more desirous to be released from the anxieties and cares attending the cultivation of his farm. He undertook to let it out, but his tenants were a continual vexation to him, refusing to pay rent, and, when expostulated with, retaliating by annoying him in a dozen ways. One of them, seeing his impatience, said quaintly to him, "It is better to die of hunger than anger." Finally he sold his farm for an annuity. Carefully calculating his chances of life, he put the annuity at twelve pounds, Maryland currency, during a given number of years.

This, with the proceeds of his almanacs, supported him till his death in 1804. It is said the only serious error Banneker ever made was in this very calculation, for he lived eight years longer than the time he had calculated. But it was the Ellicotts who had bought the place, and they generously paid the annuity till their old friend was gone.

When at death's door during a previous sickness, Banneker charged his two sisters, Mrs. Molly Morton and Mrs. Black, to give to Mr. Ellicott his MSS., his letter to Jefferson, all his instruments, and everything else loaned or given him by that gentleman. On the day of his death the sisters faithfully obeyed his orders, and their arrival at the mills was the first news of the learned negro's death. During the last sad rites at Banneker's grave, two days after death, his cottage took fire and with everything in it was totally destroyed. The clock was then lost. Among his MSS. were found many astronomical and mathematical notes and observations, together with much that reflected the quaint and humorous turn of his mind.

Banneker published his almanac till 1802. It was a success financially as well as scientifically. Its title is here transcribed at length as a matter of curious interest. If it claims little of the art or elegance or wit of modern almanacs, it is nevertheless, viewing its history, a far more interesting production:

"Benjamin Banneker's Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, and Maryland Almanac and Ephemeris for the year of our Lord 1792, being bissextile or leap-year, and the sixteenth year of American Independence, which commenced July 4th, 1776. Con-

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taining the motions of the sun and moon, the true places and aspects of the planets, the rising and setting of the sun, the rising, setting, and southing, place and age, of the moon, etc. The lunations, conjunctions, eclipses, judgment of the weather, festivals, and remarkable days." This much is Banneker's. The rest was the publishers', but, besides being quaint, has nothing very attractive. Copies of the almanac have become very rare indeed. I have been informed by a dealer in old and curious books that a single copy would bring fifty dollars. He stopped his almanac in 1802, and survived his last publication only two years, dying, as I have noticed, in 1804, at the age of seventy-two.

It only remains for me to mention the few and scattering details of our hero's life that remain to us. In his business transactions he was strictly honest, while towards his own debtors he was very lenient. Hence the need of selling his farm, for he was not able to collect his rents. The boys, who in his old age were rather numerous in the neighborhood, played sad havoc with his garden. They would call at his door and ask and obtain permission to partake of some of his fruit. Afterwards, when the astronomer was lost in calculations, they would return and strip his trees. For this he was heard to remonstrate with his youthful visitors, even offering them one-half if they would leave him in quiet possession of the other; but all without avail. To a friend who once visited him in the summer he expressed regret that he had no fruit to present him, adding with a smile: "I have no influence with the rising generation. All my arguments have failed to induce them to set bounds to their wants."

Banneker's habits of study were very peculiar. At nightfall, wrapped in a great cloak, he would lie prostrate upon the ground, passing the hours of darkness in contemplation of the heavenly bodies. At daylight he would retire to his dwelling, where he spent a portion of the day in repose. But as he seemed to require less sleep than most people, he employed the hours of the afternoons in the cultivation of his garden, trimming the fruit-trees, or in observing the habits and flights of his bees. When his services and attention were not required out-doors he busied himself with his books, papers, and mathematical instruments, at a large oval table in his house. The situation of his dwelling was one that would be admired by every lover of nature, and furnished a fine field to observe the celestial phenomena. It was about half a mile from the Patapsco River, and commanded a prospect of the hills, near and distant, upon its

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banks, so justly celebrated for their picturesque beauty. The whole situation was charming, inspiring, and no doubt helped him in overcoming the difficulties in the way of the pursuit of science.

Banneker's morals were without a blemish, save that in his early manhood days he was a hard drinker. We have already spoken of that courageous self-denial, generally regarded as unknown to his race, with which he trampled the sin and then the temptation under foot. We remember his boast that all the while he was engaged on the survey of the District of Columbia he tasted not even wine. He seems to have been a Quaker in his religious belief, and, while hoping that he may have received some form of baptism in infancy and partaken besides of God's uncovenanted mercies, we must regret for his sake that the true church numbered him not among her sons. To those little acquainted with his race his thirst for knowledge must excite wonder and his success in acquiring it a far greater astonishment.

"The extent of his knowledge"—thus runs Latrobe's memoir of him—"is not so remarkable as that he acquired what he did under the circumstances we have described. It may be said by those disposed to sneer at his simple history, if there be any such, that after all he was but an almanac-maker, a very humble personage in the ranks of astronomical science. But that the almanac-maker of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, from 1792 to 1802, should have been a free black man is, to use the language of Jefferson, 'a fact to which his color has a right for their justification against the doubts that have been entertained of them.'"

All must agree with this conclusion, and must ask themselves if such things were possible amidst so much prejudice and so many drawbacks, what may we not expect from the colored people of to-day? The case of Banneker shows that it is a mistake to fancy that the negro will always skulk in our shadow, overpowered by the ability and importance of his more favored brethren.

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A POET OF THE "REFORMATION."

THE revolution produced in Germany by the movement known as the "Reformation" was most discouraging to polite literature. The song, devout and cheerful as it had been, was hushed, and German imagination for a hundred years brooded in silence or gave utterance to its dreams in verses worse even than those of the Meistersinger. Those minds, always thoughtful, yearned for they knew not precisely what, and must come at length to let other peoples direct their aspirations and give them strange tongues. It is most remarkable what, in the midst of this season of inactivity and discouragement, the other nations of Europe did for Germany.

The Saxon period, so named from the native home of Luther, was essentially prose, but it did wonders in developing German intellect and language. Luther himself was a most vigorous writer. The ferocity with which he warred, his mighty influence among his countrymen, aroused within them a new impulse both to read and to write, and the German language became one of the richest in Europe for the discussion of the serious concerns of man, mortal and eternal. But it is tiresome and it is sad to read the literature of that period, its gloomy complainings, its unrelenting warrings, its gradual, inevitable descent into the depths of mysticism and doubt, which have made faithless and godless so many of that gifted and naturally most religious people. To the influences of these internal struggles were added, among others less important, those of the Thirty Years' War, similar in duration and disastrous consequences to the Wars of the Roses. No people fight like the Germans, especially when they fight with one another. So brave, so serious, the German knows not to yield, except to superior physical force, and when he yields at length to that it is a sullen submission that waits for other times and other opportunities to renew the conflict. In these terrific wars of many kinds German literature, poor as it had become for the soothing, sweet behests of poetry, seemed destined to return into the barbarism of the past, until finally, ashamed, disgusted with its own doings, and discouraged with the possibilities of its endeavors, the German mind sought, as it seemed, to ignore what it had known, to yield its individuality, and engraft upon itself a foreign existence.

It is interesting to contemplate that continuous travelling

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hither and thither, during the latter part of the seventeenth and much of the eighteenth centuries, in search of foreign sentiments and foreign forms of expression. It reminds one of the missions of the first rude Romans, seeking amid cultured peoples for laws with which to control and guide their ignorant and lawless populace. Fortunately for German literature, no single foreign nationality could please universally. Fierce were the struggles among the different invaders who had been invited—the Greeks, the French, the Dutch, the English. Of these the French, under the lead first of Opitz, and afterwards and especially of Voltaire, seemed as if they must prevail; and the German nation appeared as if anxious to give themselves up entirely to the people who in all respects were least similar to themselves. The German, naturally simple, thoughtful, tender, in the times whereof we write seemed to have grown ashamed of himself for being such, and endeavored to become gay, supple, affected. "German simplicity of manners, nay, the very language itself, disappeared from the court and from the castles of the nobility. The higher literati, the public officials, even the richer burghers, ceased to speak their mother-tongue."* Menzel says that French influence extended even to the habits of physical life: "Paleness came into favor; a lady without the vapors belonged not to good society. The hearty daughters of German country gentlemen, sound to the core, painted themselves white, starved themselves thin, and drank vinegar, in order to get up the genuine invalid look." What was to become of the patriotism and the morals of a people thus habituated was plain to foresee.

We have made these observations preliminary to a brief study of that man who, belonging not specially to any of the various schools, employed the ideas and the discipline of each as it happened to suit his purposes or his whims. There has never lived a man about whom have been more conflicting opinions than Goethe. Not as to his claims to be regarded as a great genius. On these there has been and can be but one opinion. It is the most illustrious name in the literature of Europe since Shakspere. In some respects Goethe went beyond even him. For not only was he a great poet, but he was a scientist and a discoverer in science. He was conversant with art. From his youth, even his childhood, to old age, far-advanced old age, the possession of health, pecuniary means, all good opportunities, combined with sleepless industry in study and in work—all these allowed him to do his very best in the various fields of his en-

* Metcalf's *German Literature.*

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deavors. An aristocrat, or at least of aristocratic ambitions and pretensions, sympathizing only with the aristocracy or other fortunates—who, like the rich Persicus of Juvenal, during an insignificant misfortune are wont to receive contributions that compensate over and over for all losses, real and imaginary—he became a trimmer in literature as in politics. The distinguishing characteristic of Goethe's being was selfishness. He was the most exquisitely, imperturbably, continuously selfish mortal that has ever lived in this world, at least among those of, or in approximation to, his own social and intellectual rank. Some years ago we read his *Autobiography*, which, instead of an *apologia*, a name usually given by modest men to such a work, he styled "Poetry and Truth." We have been sometimes sorry that we read it. In this book it is wonderful to notice the coldness with which he alludes to the various love-passages he had with young girls; how he trifled with their affections; how little he cared for their disappointments, their sense of humiliation, and how he seemed to have neither remorse nor regret for the unhappiness that resulted from changes of his purposes and violations of his pledges. It was sufficient, in his mind, for them to remember that such changes and violations had been done by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, to whom all mankind owed too much gratitude for service upon various fields to let him be disturbed by remembrance of what, in hours of youthful levity, he may have said and done in the society of a few individual girls and women. Not that even in this world he did not have to pay for such things, and in ways poignant and humiliating.

In an age of despotism a selfish man will ever be a time-server. This was an age of despotism manifold, not only political, as Prussia has ever wielded, but religious and literary. French literature first and most powerful, Greek literature next, English literature last. Lessing, single-minded, combative, heroic, had to fight single-handed, and died reeking with the sweat of battle before he could raise or hear a shout of victory. Had he been joined by Goethe, whom without a pang he would have been ready to acknowledge and follow as leader, the war would sooner and easily have been ended. Yet this man, in whose intellect were characteristics of the most gifted of all ages, ancient and modern, gave himself to the management of the political affairs of a German duke, and in hours of leisure humored and flattered and tantalized these several despotisms even, according to the individual caprices and whims of each. In this various work the things which he did are among the wonders of the

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world. Yet of all wonders connected with them this is the chiefest: that none of them were done by actuation of love of country, love of mankind, or love of God. Not that Goethe was not a man of feeling. So much the worse, and he pursued that rôle of the great poet in creating concrete existences out of his own heart's experiences. He had loved the lithe little Gretchen, and her he immortalized in *Faust*. He knew all that is to be felt by an ardent nature.

In the case of Margaret in *Faust*, that one of the most powerful of the productions of the human intellect, it is piteous to witness how soon and how far one heretofore innocent may fall when tempted beyond endurance by the evil spirit. Mephistopheles, who at first is represented as sufficiently reprobate and hideous, has already grown, by the time he has first seen this poor child of fifteen years, to feel apparently some pity, and he avows that such perfect innocence is beyond his power to corrupt. To Faust, who has pointed her out to him, he says:

> "She there? She's coming from confession,
> Of every sin absolved; for I
> Behind her chair was listening nigh.
> So innocent is she, indeed,
> That to confess she had no need.
> I have no power o'er souls so green."*

Yet he is held to his compact, and, to satisfy the eager lover, that very night begins the attack by placing a casket of jewels on the press of the child's chamber. Preparing herself for her couch, singing the while "There was a king in Thule," and noticing the casket, it appears that the evil one has found at once the weakness it will be most promising to assail. After adorning herself with the jewels and getting before her poor mirror, how mournful these words which she utters:

> "Were but the ear-rings mine alone!
> One has at once another air.
> What helps one's beauty, youthful blood?
> One may possess them—well and good;
> But none the more do others care.
> They praise us half in pity, sure:
> To gold still tends,
> On gold depends,
> All, all! Alas, we poor!"†

Never was a tale of ruin more pitifully told. The pinching of the wants of a poor estate, harsh domestic rule, notice, attentions,

* Scene vii., Bayard Taylor's translation. † Ib., scene viii.

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and devotions from a young man handsome, aristocratic, courtly, and wealthy; then native innocence, habitual piety, abhorrence of dishonor, wickedness, and shame, wailings and prayers before and after her fall—these fill one's heart with a sympathy that brings frequent tears to one's eyes:

"My peace is gone,
My heart is sore;
I never shall find it,
Ah! never more." *

"Incline, O Maiden,
Thou sorrow-laden,
Thy gracious countenance upon my pain!
The sword thy heart in,
With anguish smarting,
Thou lookest up to where thy Son is slain." †

That by her spinning-wheel at home, this in the donjon cell to an image of the Mater Dolorosa fixed in a shrine in a niche of the wall. Of these lyrics Bayard Taylor says: "If the reverie at the spinning-wheel be a sigh of longing, this is a cry for help equally wonderful in words and metre, yet with a character equally elusive when we attempt to reproduce it in another language." The slaying of Margaret's brother Valentine by Faust, the unintentional death of her mother produced by the daughter, the discovery of her shame, the charge of infanticide—when these have brought insanity, we should have to search long to find a scene so heartrending as that in prison the night before her execution, when the seducer, who appears to be more disconcerted than remorseful, essays her rescue. When she has recognized him at last, refusing his persuasions, though without reproach, she tells him:

"Now I'll tell thee the graves to give us.
Thou must begin to-morrow
The work of sorrow!
The best place give to my mother,
Then close at her side my brother,
And me a little away,
But not too very far, I pray!
And here, on my right breast, my baby lay!
Nobody else will lie beside me!" ‡

Now, one reading this poem for the first time might suppose that this ruiner of female innocence would remain and share her

* Scene xv. † Scene xviii. ‡ Scene xxv.

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fate, or live to be consumed of remorse and be for ever lost. Not he. When Mephistopheles, at the dawning of the day, cries petulantly and threateningly to him: "Come! or I'll leave her in the lurch and thee," not another word from Faust of sympathy, counsel, or remonstrance. What is worse, and what seems incredible, the poet, departing from the legend, leaves us to infer that he, too, like the poor penitent girl, has escaped the perdition of the soul. The German historian before quoted, speaking of Goethe's habitual compounding with vices, even those the most hideous and revolting, writes thus:

"Goethe did not shrink from playing this part even into the next life. His Faust was meant to show that the privilege of the aristocratic voluptuary extended beyond the grave. This Faust may offend against every moral feeling, against fidelity and honor; he may constantly silence the voice of conscience, neglect every duty, gratify his effeminate love of pleasure, his vanity, and his caprices, even at the expense and the ruin of others, and sell himself to the very devil; he goes to heaven notwithstanding, for he is a gentleman, he is of the privileged class."

In his youth Goethe had paid some slight respect, if not to religion, at least to the regard that all communities have or profess to have for morality and decency. But by the times wherein *Faust*, *The Elective Affinities*, and *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* were produced the new religion that he had invented, a Neo-Platonism founded after long studies of Paracelsus and Boerhaave, had developed to his satisfaction; and the founder being leader at the court of Weimar, at the head of the literature of Germany, having watched not only without pain but with pleasure the growing demoralization among all ranks of his countrymen, henceforth his lovers, loving whom and how they may, are to receive no punishment, not only from the municipal laws and from public opinion, but even from remorse and from hell! It was, indeed, a humiliated state of domestic society when marriages "under the apron," as they were called, were common, whereat Protestant clergymen were required, without much urging thereto by the dukes and barons on whom they depended, to take in wedlock country girls and housemaids whom *they* had wearied of. In such a society a man gifted, rich, powerful may do and say about as he pleases, and, instead of losing, continue to gain more and more in influence upon opinions and habits. Then the exquisite pathos, the delicate tenderness, the marvellous dramatic interest of many portions of these works, interspersed often with lyrical verses of almost unequalled excellence, serve to lead even virtuous and pious minds to withhold

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much of that condemnation which as a whole such works deserve. In *Wilhelm Meister* the old harper and the child Mignon cannot but be remembered with a tender sadness that it is grateful to feel. Let us notice this extract from book ii. chapter xi., at the conclusion of the previous playing and singing that the old man had rendered before Meister and his motley suite of women:

"The old harper remained silent; his fingers wandered carelessly among the chords of his instrument; finally he struck them more boldly and sang as follows:

"'What sounds are those which from the wall
And o'er the bridge I hear?
Those strains should echo through this hall,
And greet a monarch's ear.'
So spake the king; the page retires:
His answer brought, the king desires
The minstrel to appear.

"'Hail, sire! and hail, each gallant knight!
Fair dames, I greet ye well!
Like heaven, this hall with stars is bright.
But who your names may tell?
What matchless glories round me shine!
But 'tis not now for eyes like mine
On scenes like these to dwell.'

"The minstrel raised his eyes inspired,
And struck a thrilling strain:
Each hero's heart is quickly fired,
Each fair one thrills with pain;
The king, enchanted with the bard,
His magic talent to reward,
Presents his golden chain.

"'Oh! deck me with no chain of gold;
Such gift becomes the knight,
Before whose warrior eyes so bold
The rushing squadrons fight.
Or let the glittering bauble rest
Upon your chancellor's honored breast—
He'll deem the burden light.

"'I sing but as the young bird sings
That carols in the tree;
The rapture of the music brings
Its own reward to me.
Yet would I utter one request,
That of your wine one cup—the best—
Be given to-day by thee.'

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"The cup is brought; the minstrel quaffed.
He thrills with joy divine.
'Thrice happy home, where such a draught
Is given, and none repine!
When fortune smiles, then think of me,
And thank kind Heaven, as I thank thee,
For such a cup of wine.'"

When the harper, at the conclusion of his song, seized a goblet of wine that stood before him, and, turning towards his benefactors, quaffed it off with a look of thankfulness, a shout of joy rose from the whole assembly."

Touching as this is, the one following, from book iii. chapter i., is more so. Mignon, yet a child in years, though now grown towards womanhood in heart from sorrow, the fruit of a love not only forbidden but revolting in its kind, had been spirited away from Italy, her native country, and had been made to promise, amid circumstances most impressive upon her sensitive nature, never to divulge the fact of her expulsion, nor the place, nor even the country, of her birth. The softness of the manners of Meister had served to draw her affections towards him, and, longing ever for the home of her childhood, she hoped that this young man, who seemed so good and was so kind, might eventually carry her there. But, remembering her promise, the little outcast could only strive to make known by innuendo the place whither she yearned to go. Taught by the master of a troop of strolling players to sing and play upon the cithern, one day she sang before Meister this song:

"Know'st thou the land where the lemon-tree blows,
Where deep in the bower the gold orange grows?
Where zephyrs from heaven die softly away,
And the laurel and myrtle tree never decay?
Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,
My dearest, my fondest! with thee would I flee.

"Know'st thou the hall with its pillared arcades,
Its chambers so vast and its long colonnades,
Where the statues of marble with features so mild
Ask, 'Why have they used thee so harshly, my child?'
Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,
My dearest, my fondest! with thee would I flee.

"Know'st thou the Alp which the vapor enshrouds.
Where the bold muleteer seeks his way through the clouds?
In the cleft of the mountain the dragon abides,
And the rush of the stream tears the rock from its sides.
Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,
Leads our way, father; then come, let us flee.

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She commenced each verse in a solemn, measured tone, as if she had intended to direct attention to something wonderful and had some important secret to communicate. At the third line her voice became lower and fainter; the words 'Know'st thou it?' were pronounced with a mysterious, thoughtful expression, and the 'Thither, oh! thither' was uttered with an irresistible feeling of longing, and at every repetition of the words 'Let us flee!' she changed her intonation. At one time she seemed to entreat and to implore, and at the next to become earnest and persuasive. After having sung the song a second time she paused for a moment, and, attentively surveying Wilhelm, she asked him, 'Know'st thou the land?' 'It must be Italy,' he replied; 'but where did you learn the sweet little song?' 'Italy!' observed Mignon thoughtfully; 'if you are going thither, take me with you. I am too cold here.' 'Have you ever been there, darling?' asked Wilhelm; but Mignon made no reply, and could not be induced to converse further."

Now, would it not be supposed that the hero of a tale in which there are such as these was one of heroic spirit indeed, fit for the achievement of heroic action? He was scholarly as he was condescending to such as the harper and Mignon. Among other things in that line he had studied what one might style the sphynx of literature, Shakspere's "Hamlet," and come nearer than any other, before or since, in interpreting its subtle, multifold meanings. On the contrary, this Wilhelm Meister, for any manly purpose, was not worth, not only the salt he ate, but the air he breathed. He had been created, it seemed, merely to show with what unlicensed liberty a young man of education and means to keep himself from servile work might disport himself with any pleasure to which his selfish, indolent being might have a fancy. Then in *Elective Affinities*, as if to put down in history and show to coming generations how lost to religious obligation, how fallen from common decency, was that in which he lived, Goethe composed, though in forms most singularly attractive, a history of loves whose equals, everything considered, in sinfulness, foulness, and nastiness, mankind have never known, at least in books. It is simply diabolical, this history of the love of Edward and Ottilie for each other, and that between the former's wife and his friend. Surely there was no belief in God in the man who, at the death of this false husband, following soon after that of her whom he foolishly, forbiddenly loved, whose body was so placed by the side of hers that no other could be put with them in the same vault, concludes thus: "So lie the lovers, sleeping side by side. Peace hovers above their resting place."

Goethe seemed to have regarded himself as the poet for the aristocrat and the voluptuary. It is strange that in a Christian

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age its greatest intellect should have so outraged, in his published works, the ideas of honor and religion; stranger that such outrages should have been commended by a majority of the great, the titled, the wealthy, and the cultivated of his countrymen. There were, and are, those who suspect that Goethe had no belief in God, or at least none in a future state of punishment and reward. At all events, he must have been among those, now so numerous, who regard what Christians call the Bible as a book of man's creation, containing fond allegories and fables in the midst of narratives fit only for primers of school-children or Sunday evening readings of ignorant aged crones, who must have, and ought to be kindly afforded, some little light, genuine or spurious, as they are about to immerge into the "dark valley and the shadow of death."

Honor and patriotism were words which with Goethe seemed to have been mere sounds signifying nothing. As for honor in love, wherein that noble sentiment may sometimes be made to pass over its most trying ordeal, this he treated with undisguised contempt. His most distinguished and interesting lovers were those who felt and indulged dishonorable loves. A genuinely honorable love, inspired by that tender, faithful sentiment of the German of the foretime, mutually felt between one honest man and one honest woman, so told as to be made interesting to readers, is not, or scarcely, to be found in all of Goethe's works. To make his lovers interesting he seemed to have believed it necessary to spice them with dishonor. He made one and another of his heroes false, treacherous, seeking the beloved object mainly because, the property of another, he could not possess her without risk and shame. Wifehood, upon which the blessing of Heaven might be humbly yet confidently invoked, compared with love illicit and ever new, he looked at as a dammed and stagnant pool compared with the first gushings of ever-fresh waters from the fountain before reaching the channel that was made for their confined and legitimate course. Never had been such a time-server, such a flatterer of his own age, in which, among those who stood in the very lead of social existence, there was no love worth feeling or none worth talking about except such as was forbidden of God and man. In fine, he, the grandest intellect that three centuries have produced, more grossly and recklessly dishonored the best traditions of his country than any German of any age. He gazed with leering eye, and chuckling showed to the eyes of others evil as his own, sights from which his ancestor of two thousand years before, on the banks of the Danube,

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the Rhine, or the Weser, would have turned his face away in modesty and chaste fear.

Now, what was the secret by which, in the treatment of such themes, Goethe so charmed and yet charms so many of mankind? It was that knowledge of *form* which he possessed beyond the poets of all times. It may have been partly from the consciousness of this being his chief power that he chose to set it off with the bad, the trifling, and the contemptible of his generation. The single beauties in his works are the greatest in their kind, and mankind, in admiration of them, have been less disgusted than they ought to have been with the general evil tendencies of the whole. The works of Goethe are more remarkable even than those of the great artists in the classic age in this respect: that whereas these had moulded into beauty the excellent material in which their country and times abounded, he had to work amid the gross things he found for his plastic hand in his own country and his own time. He was not the seducer of his generation. No one man can ever be that. The age was already corrupt. A noble work was before him, which he selfishly neglected. Instead of lifting his age out of the slough into which it had fallen, he got down himself into this slough and took a vain, wicked pleasure in showing to his besmirched companions into what fair forms these foul elements might be shaped, fair to look upon, but frail, perishable, and easily resolvable into the things out of which they had been taken. He toyed with the Romantic, the French, the English, the Greek. He employed each and all when they suited his fancy, and calmly, coldly dominated in his autocracy even down to the last of extremest old age. Never having been a patriot, among the productions of his last endeavors was that which seemed as if intended as an apology, the best that he could devise, for the want of fidelity to Germany during the period of her humiliation. When she lay prostrate and full of sorrow before Napoleon, he had sung the praises of the conqueror. In after-times, when Germany had risen to its native manhood and had been numbered among the powers of Europe, the time-serving poet brought out his drama of "Epimenides." It is universally admitted to be his very feeblest work, and because it was a too late rendition of what was due from one who, far from raising his hand or his tongue in the times of sorest need, had fawned and cringed before him, the chief occasion of her longest, most sorrowful wailing, and therefore was now the very last man in Germany to be called upon to sing or pretend to rejoice in her deliverance.

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Here was indeed a giant—a giant, however, not after the sort of Christopher, the bold ferryman, sure reliance of timid travellers in stormy weather. To bear the disguised Infant amid swollen waters was not after his liking. He was rather a Goliath of Gath, "a man of war from his youth," * that defied the armies led by the Most High, not foreseeing the fall to which he was doomed. The men and women of his generation lauded him for his strength and his audacity, and there be many yet, though constantly growing fewer, who, charmed by the witchery of his words, are led into places which all benignant spirits would warn them to avoid. Than Goethe never has lived a man who employed his gifts less faithfully for the ends for which they were bestowed.

IRELAND UNDER ELIZABETH.

FEW viceroys were so liked by the Irish people as Sir Henry Sydney. At one time he was much esteemed by the citizens of Dublin and the people of Galway on account of the humanity he evinced during the plague. Sir Henry Sydney has left on record a most interesting account of his visit to the ancient town of Galway. He describes the gentry of that district as an amiable, educated, and most hospitable people. In writing to Queen Elizabeth, Sydney says:

"The better classes in Galway have been educated in Spain, and they possess all that delicacy of feeling which characterizes the Spanish grandees. The name of your majesty was received with great respect. The people of those quarters are all most devoted to the papal church; but that fact does not lessen their loyalty to your majesty. The women are very beautiful, dress magnificently, and are first-class dancers. In fact, every one—young and old—must take part in the dance. The people are all independent, and the town has a large commercial intercourse with Spain."

The reference to Galway dancing was received with much satisfaction by the queen. Elizabeth sent valuable presents to several Galway ladies, amongst whom were the beautiful Sebina Lynch and Violet De Burgh. The latter lady became the bride and happy wife of a young Spanish grandee.

Like other excellent lord-deputies, Sydney subsequently

* 1 Kings xvii. 33.

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became unpopular, especially when attempting to raise taxes with the concurrence of his council and without the approval of the parliament. A violent agitation followed, in which all parties joined against the viceroy. In 1569–70 the inhabitants of the Pale met, deliberated, and sent three delegates to present a petition to the queen. The noblemen chosen for this purpose appeared at the English court to protest against the system of imposts levied by Sir Henry Sydney and his council. Sir Henry was not idle during the agitation, for he had taken especial care to present a counter statement to Queen Elizabeth of the question at issue. The queen listened to the Irish complaints with apparent care, and is reported to have shed tears; but the deputies were afterwards committed to the Fleet prison as contumacious opposers of the royal authority.

When the news reached Dublin and the provinces of the arrest and imprisonment of their representatives the populace were indignant, and the "inventive story-tellers" at the inns positively asserted that the people's delegates had been murdered by the special order of the English sovereign. About the same period letters reached Dublin which at once removed the impression made upon the public mind by those mischievous news-mongers. The fact of the delegates having been imprisoned by the queen, nevertheless, had the effect of renewing the agitation with tenfold energy amongst the inhabitants of the Pale; and a second deputation was appointed to wait upon Sir Henry Sydney and his council, in order to remonstrate against his "new taxing law." The parties chosen on this occasion were five peers—men of integrity and moderation, in whom the people of the rival creeds had every confidence. The excitement soon became so intense that the queen was alarmed for the safety of her Irish dominions. The wily princess was well aware that the subject of dispute was one on which the Protestant settlers and the native Irish were likely to become united; for, like the inhabitants of other countries, they cordially detested what they considered undue taxation. It was also rumored at this excited period that a foreign enemy was hovering about the Irish coast; and some influential Protestants of Dublin declared their intention of coalescing with any party, foreign or domestic, in order to have vengeance upon England for "daring to tax the Irish Protestants after the fashion of the popish natives." * At this time, however, the native Irish paid little or no tribute to En-

* MS. of the Rev. Robert Watson, a Protestant clergymen of Dublin in 1592; State Paper Office.

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gland. It is not now certain whether Sir Henry Sydney knew of these transactions, which, however, were not calculated to excite so much concern as the apprehended combination of the Palesmen and the native Irish. Elizabeth despatched fresh instructions to Sydney, to the effect that he should at once bring the question to an amicable settlement by a compromise, which was ultimately agreed to by the Irish disaffected of both creeds. The indignation of all parties in Ireland was turned against Sir Henry Sydney, and the people who at one time had given him a triumphal entry into their city would now stone him to death.

The massacre of Mullaghmast has been ascribed to the reign of Queen Mary, but it occurred in that of Elizabeth, under the viceroyalty of Lord Sussex. It is related that Sussex invited a number of Irish chiefs to a banquet, and whilst partaking of his hospitality it was arranged that a party of assassins should rush upon them, dagger in hand. Only three persons were left to imperfectly relate the bloody deed. In the black pages of the history of Irish misrule by English statesmen and their officials there are two or three instances more in which an English general stooped to the treachery or the cold-blooded wickedness of concerted assassinations whilst their victims were partaking of hospitality given in the name of the English sovereign. The question may be raised: "Did Elizabeth ever hear of the scene which occurred at Mullaghmast?" It is alleged by some writers that the narrative concerning Mullaghmast has been much overdrawn. But Lord Sussex is positively named as the organizer of such a massacre. There is also proof of his having corresponded with a noted poisoner.

In March, 1571, Sir Henry Sydney resigned the office of lord-deputy of Ireland, "considering the task of governing that country hopeless." But the task was not altogether hopeless, although very difficult to perform. The successive viceroys were ignorant of the temper of the people and the resources of the country. The inhabitants were treated as "a barbarian and conquered race." Yet the secret despatches of a few of the viceroys deny the "barbarism." Such men as Lord Sussex did irreparable damage to the honor and humanity of England by their mode of action in Ireland. Sir Henry Sydney died in a few months subsequent to his return to England, quite broken-hearted at the treatment he received between his "Irish friends" and the queen. In fact, he became the victim of the English "Cabal" and their agents in Dublin Castle, headed by that marplot and base man, Archbishop Loftus.

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Sir William Fitzwilliam was the successor of the once popular Sir Henry Sydney, and undertook to govern Ireland on a new principle. He commenced by a reduction of the enormous expenditure for the army, spies, and other officials connected with Dublin Castle. The garrisons throughout the country were considerably reduced. The chief officials were in debt to those under them, and peculation and fraud had been worked out in a systematic manner for a long period under successive governments, and the English council felt it almost impossible to ascertain the real facts of the case. At one time Sir William Cecil contemplated a visit to Ireland, that he "might judge for himself"; but his presence being constantly required in London, he depended on the correspondence of his well-paid spies, who rarely uttered a word of truth.

Fitzwilliam became alarmed at the position in which he was placed. He therefore petitioned the queen for his recall. He assured her highness that his pecuniary position was fast driving him to ruin. He had given away all the money he had, and was living on credit, which made little of him in the eyes of the people. Sir Henry Sydney had been brought to beggary in Ireland, and he said that the same fate awaited himself. The Border tribes took advantage of this state of things, and they were constantly harassing the English garrison of the Pale.*

Mr. Froude frankly admits that the

"Spiritual disorganization of the country was even more desperate than the social aspect. Whatever might have been the other faults of the Irish people, they had been at least eminent for their piety; the multitude of churches and monasteries which in their ruins meet everywhere the stranger's eye witness conclusively to their possession of this single virtue. The religious houses in such a state of society could not have existed at all unless protected by the consenting reverence of the whole population. But the religious houses were gone, and the prohibition of the Mass had closed the churches, except in those districts which were in arms and open rebellion."

Tremaigne, the confidential agent of Sir William Cecil, reports that when "the churches were closed, and the priests banished to the mountains or sent to dungeons, religion had no place. The peasantry became desperate characters. Neither fear of God nor regard for virtue nor oaths nor common honesty remained in the land. The great drag-chain upon conscience was deliberately set aside by the government. In the presence of this state of affairs society fell to pieces." Mr. Froude is most

* Fitzwilliam's secret despatches to Sir William Cecil.

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outspoken and candid in his description of Ireland under Elizabeth in 1570–71, and his statements correspond completely with many of the secret despatches of those times. He makes the admission that

"The English settlers everywhere became worse than the Irish in all the qualities in which the Irish were most in fault. No native Celt hated England more bitterly than the transported Saxon. The forms of English justice might be introduced, but juries combined to defeat the ends for which they were instituted, and every one in authority, English or Irish, preferred to rule after the Irish system."

In concluding his despatches to Sir William Cecil, Tremaigne strongly urges upon him the policy and common honesty of "not disturbing the Irish chiefs in the possession of their ancient patrimonial inheritance. The Englishmen who might come over to take possession of their lands were men, for the most part, who were doing no good at home, and would do worse in Ireland." Tremaigne concludes his advice to Cecil and the queen in these words, which are full of significance: "Establish a sound government, give the Irish good laws and good justice, and let them keep their laws for themselves." *

Amongst the remarkable men who figured in the background, directing by his talents and energy of mind and body, was the Rev. Nicholas Sander. Sander was an enthusiast of the most ardent nature. Although he acted with King Philip, he had a poor opinion of his military talent and bravery. He describes Philip to be "as much afraid of war as a child might be of fire"; and, despot-like, Philip "did not desire to encourage rebellions anywhere unless it ended in profit to himself"—an old policy in Europe.

The small expedition for the conquest of Ireland with which Sander was connected left the Spanish waters in May, 1579, for Kerry. Sander was accompanied in this wild and hopeless scheme by two Irish bishops, six friars, and some six hundred Spaniards, Italians, and English adventurers—brave, reckless men, many of whom were far more interested in the chances of plunder than a desire to liberate an oppressed people. They soon discovered that the prospect of booty was small, and that the people whom they came to aid were divided amongst themselves. The expedition landed safely at Dingle, at the south-western angle of Kerry. FitzGerald, the Earl of Desmond, the great Catholic chief of the south, looked upon the expedition as

* "Causes why Ireland is not reformed"—endorsed, M. Tremaigne, June, 1571. MSS. on Ireland, State Paper Office.

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too small and ill-timed. Some Irish authorities allege that the invading party numbered five thousand; whilst a Spanish despatch makes it out to be "some six hundred, and by no means effective for such an expedition." Desmond disliked the English rule just as much as the O'Neills did; but he had experienced reverses in the field and elsewhere. He had rebelled and was pardoned. If Sander's expedition failed, and he stood amongst the vanquished, what might be his fate? After a delay of several days Desmond resolved to sustain the English interest. The Spanish expedition to aid the malcontents of Ireland was, as usual, attended with unexpected disappointments and local disaffection or apathy. At the eleventh hour the Earl of Desmond joined the "rising," and the Catholics of Munster came forward in three days. One of the first acts of his followers was vengeance. They seized upon the town of Youghal, an English colony at that period. For two days the Geraldine party, to their disgrace be it told, plundered the merchants, fired and sacked the town, and murdered every one who could not escape. Within six weeks the scene was changed, and English "vengeance revelled in a general carnage." Butler, Lord Ormond received the command of the "army of English vengeance." General Pelham writes thus to the council of the movement of his troops in Munster: "We passed through the rebels' counties in two companies, consuming with fire all habitations, and executing the people wherever we found them." The widow of Fitzmaurice, one of the Geraldine race, and her two little children were discovered in a cave, where they had retired from the heavy snow-storm. They were "dragged forth like a lioness and her cubs." A few screams were heard from the children, then all was silent. In the morning a milkmaid discovered their bodies in the snow. The mother had a crucifix closely pressed to her heart, and the frozen left hand in a death-grasp around her daughter's neck. We are assured by the *Annals of the Four Masters* that General Pelham and Lord Ormond killed the blind and the aged, the women and the children, the sick, the insane, and even poor idiots who wandered about the country craving for food, which no one who had it refused them. The despatches sent by Pelham and Ormond to the council speak with the greatest levity of the wholesale destruction of papist women and children. The castle of Carrigafoil was stormed by one hundred soldiers and two pieces of cannon. After a short discharge of artillery the walls gave way and the castle was invaded with a yell for vengeance.

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Every one, save an old Italian, was instantly put to death in the most revolting manner. General Pelham (March, 1580) was quick advancing to capture Lord Desmond and Father Sander. Ormond boasted that he destroyed or burned down every habitation for ten miles. On one fearful snowy night Sir Edward Fenton, another English commander, regrets that the "sport was not so good." Fenton boasted how he hanged a popish priest one day, supposed from his dress to have been a Spaniard.* At the period of his expedition to Ireland Sander was about fifty years of age. He had been educated at Winchester, and was subsequently Fellow of New College, where he had resided till the accession of Elizabeth. In Edward VI.'s time he was imprisoned, deprived of his private property, and in many ways injured. In Mary's reign Sander was restored, and quickly displayed a strong feeling of resentment against the "Reformers." He is described by his contemporaries as a learned scholar and an eloquent expounder of Catholic doctrine.

There were many men in Ireland who were willing to fight to the death; but treachery and blundering afforded time to Lord Grey to mature his plans of action. The maxim of Grey was "the rough-and-ready mode of fire and sword." At every side the wretched inhabitants were consumed in the flames, and the fine young women—models of beauty and chastity—were seized upon and outraged by the ruffian soldiers to an extent that caused a forest of hands to be raised to heaven for protection and for vengeance. Sander's army of invasion was most disastrous to the people of the south of Ireland; yet they never upbraided him nor sought to betray him, although a large reward was offered for his head. He was a brave man, but a fanatic beyond a doubt. A few weeks later the scene was changed. The incapacity with which the whole enterprise had been conducted, and the want of sympathy for even his own countrymen on the part of King Philip, created a bitter feeling in Ireland. The hanging and quartering was on a large scale of slaughter. Not more than seven or eight of the expedition ever returned to Spain. On a cold November morning the bodies of six hundred men who were hanged from the "nearest trees" were ranged upon the sands awaiting the barbarous quartering. The scenes in the Wicklow mountains showed desperate determination. Glenmalure was an appropriate place for an enemy to lie in ambush. An experienced officer, Colonel Cosby, was despatched to dislodge the "Irish enemy" who were supposed to be under cover here.

* Fenton's Despatches, vol. ii.

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Cosby and his troops went unmolested up the narrow valley for some distance; all was silent, no human being to be seen, when suddenly the crags and bushes on either side, before and behind, became alive with armed men—tall, powerful men—and amidst yells and shouts Cosby's force was assailed with a storm of shot and stones and well-directed arrows. The native assailants were concealed among the rocks. Another volley and a shout of vengeance from the almost unseen enemy caused a panic amongst the English troops, who feared to advance one side or the other, not knowing what force they had to contend against. Terrified in a way that English soldiers rarely experience, they looked at one another, and, as if with one mind, they flung down their arms and attempted to escape as best they could. In the words of Mr. Froude, "the trap had closed upon them, and all the officers and almost all the men were destroyed."

Sir John Perrott, a lord-deputy who was somewhat severe in his administration of justice, makes many admissions as to the source of Irish hate. The condition of religion he places in the front rank. He states in one of his despatches of 1584 that at that period there were not more than forty Protestants by birth in Ireland. Of course there were a few thousand English settlers and officials who professed to belong to Protestantism; yet at the approach of death it was often discovered that they had been playing a game of hypocrisy, and when terror-stricken a messenger was despatched for a confessor.

In Sir John Perrott's time (1583–4) there was only one apothecary in all Ireland, a man named Smythe, otherwise "Bottle Smythe." This Smythe, according to all the records, was an atrocious villain. He was occasionally employed to compound liquids to produce "a long sleep," and it sometimes happened that he had to prepare, per order from some unknown quarter, draughts for unmanageable politicians or warlike native chiefs. Smythe once engaged to drug Shane (Seaghan) O'Neill, but the stomach of the "wild Irishman," potently fortified by usquebaugh, withstood the effects of the death-draught suggested by Lord Sussex.* Shane's "wiseman" said that his master "danced the poison out of his skin."

In a letter of Sir John Perrott, dated from London, October 3, 1590, he alludes to this transaction on the part of Sussex in the following words: "Bottle Smythe gave certaine poysons to Shane O'Neile, who escaped very hardlie afther the receipte of yt, and yet my Lord of Sussex was reyther thought a discreete

* Ancient Irish MS.; Cox's *History of Ireland.*

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man than a perilous man, but a most honourable man and a grave gouvernour, as he was indeed." *

Sir John Perrott was succeeded in the government of Ireland by Sir William Fitzwilliam, whose Irish administration may be briefly described as a reign of terror. In less than three months after his arrival the country was in a far worse condition than it had been for fifty years before. Leland observes: "The Irish trembled for their safety, and the disaffected became confirmed in their inveteracy." Upon the whole, the Irish administration of Fitzwilliam was as mischievous, cruel, aggressive, and corrupt as any of the worst of his predecessors had presented. The dishonest subordinates in office were permitted to carry on the intrigues and schemes for which they were notorious.

The name of Shane O'Neill first appears in public affairs about 1551, when he was engaged in some rival claims concerning land with men who were not able to resist his power. He is described at this period as a "man who liked to do as he pleased with every one." He had little regard for life, and would shoot or maltreat a creditor as soon as he might "bring down a pheasant." English generals, writing at a later period, affirm to their cost that Shane was the most formidable enemy they could meet with in Ireland, and that he "observed neither treaties nor oaths." But this was a perfect copy of Lord Sussex. Shane O'Neill's hatred of England seemed beyond reconciliation. Ill indeed did he discharge his duties to the numerous vassals who swore allegiance to him and were faithful followers in adversity as well as prosperity. He treated all with neglect and indifference. Yet he was severe upon others for theft, and thought little of hanging one of them from a forest tree. A contemporary, O'Donnellan, describes Shane as "half-wolf, half-fox. His life was noted for abominable immorality." His body-guard were mostly of gigantic stature, brave and fearless of death; they were likewise true to their master. No money could purchase their allegiance. Like Shane himself, they were prepared to perish for that creed which they seldom practised. At the approach of sickness or death all was changed and the soldiers of the cross were earnestly sought for; and those good men were quickly at the pestilential bedside of the outlaw or the wild mountaineer, who, amidst all his worldly infirmities, still clung to the faith which he had received in baptism.

* Irish State Papers of Elizabeth's reign.

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In 1561 Shane O'Neill made preparations for his visit to England. According to Camden, he was in London in 1563. Upon his arrival in London he had several long interviews with Sir William Cecil. Shane's critics soon found him to be a very shrewd man, with business habits and deep penetration. Elizabeth received him graciously, and in return he made divers oaths, "certifying to his friendship and loyalty to her." The decision on his claims was at first deferred by the queen until Hugh (Aodh) O'Neill, the young Baron of Dungannon, should arrive and plead his own cause. A report, however, reached London that this young baron was killed in a drunken quarrel. Elizabeth no longer hesitated to grant Shane O'Neill a full pardon and recognize his right of succession to the chieftaincy. She further presented him with a present of one thousand pounds in gold. Shane was quite delighted at receiving the gold, for he was always in needy circumstances. On the following day he attended Mass at the chapel of the Spanish ambassador (De Quadra) in Ely Place.* The appearance of Shane O'Neill at the court of Elizabeth was a matter of more than surprise. The inhabitants of London shared in the feeling. O'Neill is described as a most powerful man, beyond seven feet two inches in height, quite erect, with a large head and face; his saffron mantle sweeping round him; his black hair curling on his back and clipped short below the eyes, "which gleamed from under it with a gray lustre, frowning, fierce, and savage-like." Shane had a gold chain and a handsome cross round his neck, said to be the gift of the pope; and it was further related that the diamond ring he wore was a present to him from King Philip, presented on the king's behalf by De Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, then Spanish ambassador in London. Some forty of O'Neill's body-guard were beside him; they were bare-headed and fair-haired, with shirts of mail which reached their knees, a wolf-skin flung across their shoulders, and short, broad battle-axes in their hands. They were all of large size, and seemed almost to worship their chief. O'Neill, throwing himself on his face before the queen, offered homage, addressing her in Irish.

* The chapel in question was rented by the Spanish ambassador from the Protestant bishop of Ely, with the sanction of Queen Elizabeth. The Spanish envoy was the prudent De Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, who subsequently died at Durham House, in the Strand. This chapel, where De Quadra celebrated Mass and Shane O'Neill "prostrated himself," is now, after many vicissitudes of fortune, once more a Catholic church, with a magnificent stained-glass window presented by that zealous Catholic, Henry, Duke of Norfolk. The ancient palace of the bishops of Ely, and chapel of St. Ethelreda, the patron saint of the diocese, having been sold about one hundred years ago, then became Church of England property. It was again for sale some eight

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Shane thought as little of swearing false oaths as the queen herself. O'Neill having made submission, he was allowed to see "life in London" for some months longer. "The great cousin of St. Patrick," as Campion styled him, discovered that he had been outwitted by Cecil. His return to Ireland was delayed for some time, and he and his retainers continued to be an object of interest to the people of London, who received them in a very friendly manner. Shane was entertained by the lord-mayor. Upon his return to Ireland he violated the treaties and oaths compiled for him. He burned the cathedral of Armagh as an act of personal revenge against Archbishop Loftus, who in turn excommunicated him. But O'Neill laughed at such fulminations, and asked could Loftus excommunicate a man who never belonged to his religion, adding: "He may curse me as long as he pleases, so long as I stand well at Rome."

During these hostilities the English army met with severe losses. A powder magazine was blown up at Derry by a native spy, which destroyed General Randolph and seven hundred of his troops. An historian relates that the lord-deputy's troops won more victories by stratagem than by force. Indeed, no general could be more fully aware of this fact than Shane O'Neill. The certainty of English success almost always lay in the treachery practised by the Irish chiefs against one another. Gold had a marvellous influence upon the actions of those oftentimes needy chieftains. In one of Sir Henry Wallop's despatches to Cecil he writes "that if the Irish were united they would be able, in a few months, to compel the English to retire from the island."

The lord-deputy, having informed the queen of the hopelessness of conciliating O'Neill, expressed his fears as to the issue, to which her highness replied: "Let not your suspicions of Shane O'Neill give you uneasiness. Tell my troops to take courage, and that his rebellion may turn to their advantage, as there will be lands to bestow on those who have need of them." This significant hint from the queen was well received by the viceroy and his council, and had the desired effect of producing subsequent victories. It is strange how long O'Neill evaded all the efforts of the officials at Dublin Castle and their emissaries to slay or circumvent him. "If," writes Elizabeth, "Shane O'Neill cannot be made to fear our royal name and obey our commands, then, my Lord of Sussex, your wisdom must suggest some *discreet way of making him less troublesome.*" The sincere thinker

years ago (1875), and was then purchased by Father Lockhart, of the Order of Charity. It is now a Catholic church.

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cannot moderate, even by the name of suspicion, his positive certainty that Elizabeth learned, without opposition or rebuke, the efforts of Sussex to assassinate Shane O'Neill.

Clannish hate and jealousy made the O'Donnells, Maguires, O'Reillys, and other chieftains of Ulster the inveterate enemies of O'Neill. They had, however, much reason to complain of his tyranny and the unscrupulous manner in which he levied contributions. It was, of course, the policy of Elizabeth to subsidize those needy lords, and to reward every follower of O'Neill who might betray his interests. These well-concerted measures proved successful. O'Neill, finding himself deserted by one, betrayed by another, his soldiers reduced in numbers by pestilence, want, and disaffection, was driven to the alternative of seeking protection from his Scotch enemies, whom he had often beaten, but still treated and regarded as generous foes in battle or honest friends in peace. He accordingly, when pursued by Sir Henry Sydney and sore beset by his hosting, went to Claneboy, where the Scotch were encamped to the number of six hundred men. He sought the protection of their leader, Alastair Macdonald, who received him with a show of welcome; but when the unfortunate chief lay unarmed upon a couch in his tent Macdonald and his officers rushed upon him, and, plunging a dozen daggers into his body, exclaimed: "We are now revenged." Macdonald sent his head as a trophy to the viceroy, who, at the suggestion of Archbishop Loftus, placed it on a pole at the gates of Dublin Castle. What a "suggestion" to come from a preacher of the Gospel! A tradition of the times is that Loftus had O'Neill's head pickled and sent in a box to the queen, who ordered it to be "spiked" at the Tower.

Sir Henry Sydney describes O'Neill as a brave, cruel man; still, possessed of some good parts and charitable to the poor.

There can be little doubt that O'Neill was drunken and immoral. He decoyed Janet, Countess of Argyle, from her husband, and then treated her in a very unkind manner.* He was the foremost man of his time at the chase, and a marvellous horseman, unconscious of fear or danger. Upon the whole, O'Neill's character presents a mixture of conflicting passions; but when those times of civil strife and sectarian hate are considered, he was a notable chief and a generous man; perhaps he was worthy of a better fate.

* Lady Argyle was sister to the noted Scotch peer, Moray, and she was present at the murder of Rizzio. After the assassination of Shane O'Neill the countess returned to Edinburgh. She was styled "beautiful Janet," and was attached to the Knox school of politics and religion.

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Let me introduce a few scenes in Ireland during the military command of the Earl of Essex.* Mr. Froude refers to Elizabeth in these words: "The queen was not displeased with the massacre of the O'Neills in 1574."† Let the reader ponder on one or two of those outrages upon humanity and civilization, as chronicled by Mr. Froude himself, and vouched for by the Irish State Papers:

"Report said that during the expedition against Desmond, Sir Bryan O'Neill held a suspicious conference with Tirlough Lenogh and the Scots of Antrim. It was assumed that Bryan was again playing false, and Lord Essex determined to punish him. He returned to Claudboy as if on a friendly visit. Sir Bryan and Lady O'Neill received Essex with all hospitality. The Irish annalists say that they gave him a banquet; he admitted that they made him welcome, and that they accompanied him afterwards to the castle of Belfast. Had Sir Bryan O'Neill meditated foul play he would scarcely have ventured into an English fortress, still less would he have selected such a place for a crime which he could have committed with infinitely more facility in his own country.

"Lord Essex, however, was satisfied that he intended mischief. Essex had been deceived by Sir Bryan O'Neill once before, and for avoiding a second folly by over-much trust, as he expressed it, 'he determined to make sure work with so fickle a people.'"

Mr. Froude then proceeds to describe "a feast and a massacre" after the fashion of what Lord Sussex arranged and carried out at Mullaghmast:‡

"A high feast was held in the hall. The revelling was protracted late into the night before Sir Bryan O'Neill and his wife retired to their lodging outside the walls. As soon as they were supposed to be asleep a company of English soldiers surrounded the house and prepared to break the doors. The O'Neills flew to arms. The cry rang through the village, and they swarmed out to defend their chief; but, surprised, half-armed, and outnumbered, they were overpowered and cut to pieces. Two hundred men were killed. The *Annals of the Four Masters* state that several women were also slain. The chieftain's wife probably had female attendants with her, and no one was knowingly spared.§ The tide being out, a squadron of horse was sent at daybreak over the water into the 'Ardes,' from which, in a few hours, they returned with three thousand of Sir Bryan O'Neill's cattle, and with a drove of stud mares, of which the choicest were sent as a

*Walter, Earl of Essex, subsequently died suddenly. He was supposed to have been poisoned by the hired agents of Lord Leicester, who married his widow. Essex was father to the royal favorite of that name whom Elizabeth sent to the scaffold.

† Froude's *History of England*, vol. xi. p. 181.

‡ In the second volume of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty* I have referred to the massacre of Mullaghmast. The English Catholics perpetrated many cruelties against their co-religionists of Ireland. The Irish priesthood were unpopular with English rulers of every period, because they stood nobly by their oppressed countrymen.

§ *Annals of the Four Masters;* Lord Essex to Fitzwilliam.

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present to Fitzwilliam. Bryan O'Neill himself, with his brother and Lady O'Neill, were carried to Dublin, where they were soon after executed." *

The work of the expedition, however, was not over. Ulster, as Lord Essex admitted, was "quiet; wolves [the Irish] were still wolves, to be exterminated whenever they could be caught."

Mr. Froude describes another massacre that met with "the entire approval of the humane and merciful virgin queen." The subject has been often chronicled, but from the pages of Mr. Froude's work it has an air of historic importance:

"On the coast of Antrim, not far from the Giant's Causeway, lies the singular island of Rathlin. . . . It contains an area of about four thousand acres, of which one thousand are sheltered and capable of cultivation, the rest being heather and rocky. The approach is at all times dangerous. The tide sets fiercely through the strait which divides the island from the mainland, and when the wind is from the west the Atlantic swell renders it impossible to land. The situation, and the difficulty of access, had thus long marked Rathlin as a place of refuge for Scotch and Irish fugitives; and besides its natural strength it was reputed as a sanctuary, having been the abode at one time of St. Columba. A mass of broken masonry on a cliff overhanging the sea is a remnant of the castle in which Robert Bruce watched the leap of the legendary spider. To this island, when Essex entered Antrim, Macdonnell and the other Scots had sent their wives and children, their aged and sick, for safety. On his way through Carrickfergus, when returning to Dublin, Lord Essex ascertained that they had not yet been brought back to their homes. . . . The officer in command of the English garrison was Colonel Norris, Lord Norris' second son. Three small frigates were in the harbor. The summer had been dry and windless. The sea was smooth; there was a light and favorable air from the coast. Lord Essex directed Colonel Norris to take a company of soldiers with him, and cross over and kill whatever he could find. The run up the Antrim coast was rapidly and quietly accomplished. Before an alarm could be given the English had landed close to the ruins of the church which bears St. Columba's name. Bruce's Castle was then standing, and was occupied by some twenty Scots, who were in charge of the women and children. Norris had brought cannon with him, so the weak defences were speedily destroyed. After a fierce assault, in which many of the garrison were killed, the chief, who was in command, offered to surrender if he and his people were allowed to return to Scotland. The conditions were rejected; the Scots yielded at discretion, and every living creature in the place, except the chief and his family, who were reserved for a heavy ransom, was immediately put to the sword. † Two hundred were killed in the castle. It was then discovered that several hundred more, chiefly mothers and their little ones, were hidden in the caves about the shore. There was no more remorse, not even the faintest shadow of perception

* Froude's *History of England*, vol. xi. p. 179.

† It is probable that the Scotch above alluded to were Kirk Protestants; but "brave Norris" cared not what they were in religion: he supposed they were *Irish*.

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that the occasion called for it. They were hunted out as if they had been seals or otters, and all destroyed. 'Surleyboy and the other chiefs,' Lord Essex coolly wrote, 'have sent their wives and children into the island, which have been all taken and executed to the number of six hundred. Surleyboy himself,' he continued, 'stood upon the mainland of the Glynnes and saw the taking of the island, and was likely to have run mad with sorrow, tearing and tormenting himself, and saying that he then lost all that ever he had.'* Essex described the scene at the caves as one of the exploits with which he was most satisfied. Queen Elizabeth, in answer to the letters of Lord Essex, bade him tell Sir John Norris ('the executioner of his well-designed enterprise') that she would not be unmindful of his services." †

Captain Brabazon, an ancestor of the present Earl of Meath, received orders to "dislodge and destroy the rebels of certain districts in Connaught." This "soldier of fortune" left behind him a name as deeply stained with human blood as that of Lord Grey. Colonel St. Leger writes from Cork to Sir John Perrott, in 1582, to the following effect:

"The country is ruined. . . . It is well near unpeopled. Between the soldiers and the rebels there were great numbers killed in a barbarous manner. The mortality caused by pestilence lately is not like anything of the kind ever before seen. There died by famine alone not less than thirty thousand in the province of Munster within six months."

A large number of people were hanged, drawn, and quartered in Dublin. Mr. Froude says that the English victory over those

"Miserable people was terribly purchased. Hecatombs of helpless creatures, the aged, the sick, and the blind, the young mother and the babe at her breast, had fallen under the English sword, and, though the authentic details of the struggle have been forgotten, the memory of a vague horror remains imprinted in the national traditions. . . . To Lord Ormonde ‡ the Irish were human beings with human rights. To the English (army) they were vermin to be cleared from off the earth by any means that offered." §

The country soon partook of the silence and solitude of the graveyards, with their churches and abbeys in ruins. One remarkable outlaw was still to be hunted down, to be shot by English soldiers, or betrayed by his own countrymen for gold. The government, having communicated with their spies, offered

* Lord Essex to Sir Francis Walsingham; MSS. Ireland; Carew State Papers. "Sorleyboy," as the English spelt his name, was Sorlach *buidhe* (the "yellow") Mac Alastair.

† Queen Elizabeth's secret despatches to Lord Essex; Carew State Papers; MSS. Ireland; Froude, vol. xi. p. 186.

‡ The Earl of Ormond (Oir Mumhan — East Munster) was of the Butlers of Kilkenny.

§ Froude's *History of England*, vol. xi. p. 258.

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a reward for the capture of the Earl of Desmond, dead or alive. A priest and a few devoted followers were captured one by one; and those faithful friends who supplied food and shelter to the noble outlaw were soon arrested themselves and "at once disposed of." Desmond was hunted into the mountains between Kerry and the bordering ocean. His condition was most deplorable—half-naked, half-starved, and every moment expecting to be in the hands of some sordid wretch who could not resist the temptation of gold. Winter was casting its shadows, and many of those cold October nights Desmond spent beneath hedges and trees, the murmuring of the night winds and the falling of the leaves conjuring up the bygone days of youth and happiness, and then contemplating the dark and hopeless present, with the scaffold and the headsman fast approaching. After spending many nights in dreadful suspense he received a lodging in a cabin at Glanquichtie, a lonely retreat, far away from the busy scenes of life. In this humble place the noble Desmond lay down, quite weary of life, upon a pallet in the loft, his beads and crucifix in hand. Some time about midnight the house was surrounded by English soldiers, accompanied by Donell Mac-Donell Moriarty, of the Moriartys of Kerry. The door was burst in, and after a few moments' struggle the Earl of Desmond's body was flung down from the loft, bleeding from the dagger of one of his own kinsmen. The blows were again renewed till the assassin party were certain that their victim was dead. Desmond's body was taken to Cork, where it was spiked beside the skeleton of his brother, and his head was sent to London as a trophy for Queen Elizabeth. Such was the end of the amiable Earl of Desmond.

In September, 1583, Dr. Hurley, the newly-appointed archbishop of Cashel, arrived in Ireland. From the day he left Rome till he landed, in disguise, somewhere between Dublin and Carlingford, he was pursued and traced by the agents of Walsingham. He was arrested in Drogheda and carried to Dublin Castle, where he was examined before the lords justices (Archbishop Loftus and Sir Henry Wallop), two well-known "priest-hunters." He refused to give an account of himself, and maintained a silence which Loftus considered to be "contempt of the queen's authorities." The Irish council wrote to London for instructions. The archbishop was informed that unless he would give a full explanation of what brought him to Ireland, and whether he was one of the pope's emissaries, they would apply torture to him. Very strange to relate, the council in

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London had not, up to this period, furnished Dublin Castle with *the rack.* But Loftus had great faith in the "rough-and-ready whip on a bare back." Later the "cat-o'-nine-tails" was the production of the Orange Beresfords, of a period not forgotten yet in Ireland. After some months' delay a final order came from the government in London. A mode of torture was suggested by Walsingham. Loftus replies in general terms as to how the Irish council acted in this case:

"Not finding that an easy method of examination to do any good, we made commission to Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Fenton to put the said priest Hurley to the torture, such as your honor advised us to do, and which was *to toast his feet against the fire with very hot boots.*"*

Yielding to his dreadful agony, the archbishop made a statement which showed that he was connected with a political party in Rome, and his secret cipher proved that he had been recently appointed to the see of Cashel by Pope Gregory XIII. The latter incident was declared to be a treasonable matter, although not proved to their entire satisfaction.

Hurley solemnly affirmed that his mission was one of peace and charity, and not treason. The lawyers hesitated; they scrupled to find a man guilty of a crime said to be committed outside the English territory, and they declined to arraign him for treason. They would not, however, permit him to escape. Loftus and Wallop suggested, with the queen's approval, it would be well to execute Archbishop Hurley *without further delay.* His execution came under the class known as "special martial law, against which he could take no exception." The queen took another month to consider the matter, and then "approved of the suggestions of Loftus and his colleagues," and "commended their doings." The Irish judges persisted in their legal opinions that there was no case for a trial by a regular jury. The opinion of the judges "was set aside by the queen."

The traditions of the times describe the execution as a most barbarous proceeding. It is said that the head was sent to London. The quartering of Archbishop Hurley was followed by a number of other executions. The people were struck down at every side. The women and children appeared like so many spectres, humanity being represented by skeletons covered with skin—creatures crawling along the roads, unable to walk. Still they were pursued and cut down, young mothers placing their

* Irish tradition relates that *melted rosin* was poured into his boots, causing a maddening torture far worse than the rack.

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tattered garments around their infant offspring, in the delusive hope of protecting them from sabre blows. The old women, with uplifted hands, cried out to Heaven for protection, or vengeance upon their inhuman destroyers. Could Queen Elizabeth witness those scenes she might shudder for her "responsibilities."

A Kerry lady named Fitzgerald, who was charged with inciting the peasantry "to public violence," and, further, "practising witchcraft," was hanged by Lord Ormond. This lady was deeply regretted by the people of Munster, and her name was long handed down to posterity as the "brave Lady Fitzgerald who defied the Saxon."

At the conclusion of these massacres the Celtic race had been reduced to nearly one-half its number, especially in Ulster, where the people fought bravely for their homes. The successor of Elizabeth came to the possession of an unenviable inheritance in Ireland. His intentions were good, but continuous misgovernment had enslaved and debased the people; still, they yearned for freedom from successful interlopers, and handed down to posterity an undying hatred of their oppressors.

DYNAMIC SOCIOLOGY.*

AND what, pray, is dynamic sociology? These two finely-printed and well-bound volumes tell us that it is materialism and agnosticism made the law of the land—as far as it is safe to do it—and especially made the law of the children's education. Here is a representative of "advanced thinkers" who tells us what they propose to do with their doctrines in politics. This book tells us what agnosticism, if permitted, will do in the way of making laws for the people and training up their children for them; it is agnosticism law-making and men-training.

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* *Dynamic Sociology;* or, Applied Social Science, as based upon statical sociology and the less complex sciences. By Lester F. Ward, A.M. In two vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

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achieving an immortal destiny; no, we are animals, and only animals. The power of thinking is a brute power. Mind, this writer tells us, is in and of itself nothing. It is made up of the "relations which subsist between the material molecules of the brain and nervous system, and between these and the material objects of the outside world which appeal to them by means of actual mechanical contact." If one has fancied that his mind has been improved, his thinking power regulated and sustained, by the study of eternal things, of wisdom, truth, and justice, and that the mind must therefore belong to the order of being with which it finds itself thus at home, he has been deluded. We might say that as the organs of mastication and digestion in a brute prove that it does not live on air but on material food, so the craving of the human mind for spiritual and eternal things, and its fitness to deal with them, nay, the actual necessity it feels of possessing them, proves the soul's destiny to be their enjoyment; but Mr. Ward and the agnostics assure us that we are mistaken. "Tangible facts," he says; "material objects; truths, laws, and principles demonstrable either directly by the senses or deducible from such as are demonstrable in such a manner that their negation is absolutely excluded—such are the materials for the intellect to deal with, such the proper objects of knowledge. The only safe kind of knowledge is the knowledge of *things*. Knowledge of *thoughts* is unreliable, because thoughts themselves as often consist in errors as in truths. The only real knowledge is the knowledge of nature. The only important knowledge is the knowledge of science."

To answer by saying that the illative sense or power of drawing a conclusion from premises; the power of deducing from facts a law; the power, so much used by the author's masters, of previously outlining a law by hypothesis, and then fitting the mosaic of facts into the frame; the power of sorting facts together into categories and generalizing their qualities; the will-power of withholding assent and rejecting known facts as motives of belief, of considering, pondering, judging, and deciding, as the ever-recurring why and how rises in the mind—to answer that these mental functions, the very tools of the trade of science, are not tangible nor visible nor anywise deducible from any amount of material substance, and are plainly superphysical, is, in Mr. Ward's esteem, to set yourself down as a dreamer. What is not "capable of analysis," he says, "into simple physical principles" is nothing. "Every rational analysis of human action tends to ground it in egoism and assimilate it to animal action."

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Human joys, too, are only animal pleasures. "They have their origin in the human body, and no matter how much they may be etherealized and spiritualized by psychological and intellectual influences, they may always be traced back to the body, the source of them all, even of the mind itself."

As to the Christian idea of man, of course it is to him something quite unscientific. Indeed, it is his deliberate and settled conviction that Christianity has been a calamity to the world. Just as the light of true science was about to dawn Christ came, he says, "and plunged the world into an abyss of darkness." Much is said about our delusions concerning abstract principles of morality. The relativity of all notions of right and wrong is insisted on. He ventures—as a practical application of this doctrine—a not very edifying attempt at a partial justification of prostitution, which, he argues, may often be quite a laudable means of getting a living. "Life," he bluntly says, "is dearer than virtue, and there is often more true virtue in this surrender of virtue (prostitution) than there would be in preserving it." So, we infer, he would speak of the soldier who flings away his musket and runs for his life. It is a greater virtue to save his vitals from the risk of perforation than to practise the virtue of patriotism under such distressing difficulties. Of course he thinks that the doctrine of immortality, by curbing the eagerness of men to have present and material joys, has "exerted an exceedingly pernicious influence."

Such being man, how shall he be governed? By dynamic sociology. Mr. Ward means by this the application of ingenious contrivances and smooth-working inventions of governmental force to remedy the evils of society. Lest the reader should think we have mistaken his meaning, we quote the opinion of the *Popular Science Monthly* in its notice of this book: "As the reader will perhaps have inferred, the drift of his reasoning is towards a great extension of coercive agency and government control in the work of social progress." Social progress cannot be well secured by human freedom, for the human will is not and cannot be free. "Like the universe," says Mr. Ward, "like life, like man himself, like the other faculties of mind, the will is a genetic product of cosmical law. The illusion consists in supposing that our will is subject to our orders, that it is in any sense free." "If the universe is the theatre of law, freedom is a delusion." "Society itself is the domain of law, and its movements, so far from being sporadic, irregular, and incapable of classification or prediction, are the strict, determinable products

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of antecedent causes which can be studied and known by man in the same way that the causes of physical phenomena have been studied and learned by him—by the scientific method." Seeking, therefore, to save the world from misery by appealing to a free and generous obedience to men's sense of right, which is the reflection in the soul of its divine Prototype, has been the root error of all previous, and especially all Christian, sociology. But now, having fathomed the secrets of organic and inorganic nature and revealed to view its laws, science has but to extend its investigations into the region of human society; the result will be the same as it has been with mechanics, chemistry, or electricity. A machine overcomes physical obstacles; it planes a board, or binds a sheaf of grain, or transmits sound by adjusting the action of certain physical laws; why should not the laws of human society, which are in their initial action as fixed as those of mechanics (argues our agnostic), be similarly used for overcoming social difficulties? Only, he insists, because they are yet to a great extent undiscovered. But now that science has begun to study them they will soon be discovered; the laws of human conduct will be as fully known as those of dynamic chemistry, and by the principles of dynamic sociology men can invent beneficial governments, just as they have invented labor-saving machines. This resemblance of the dynamic legislator to the mechanical inventor the writer repeatedly insists upon.

But what, it may be asked, is to be the *form* of government? *Who* will discover, *who* apply, these social forces? Shall we have one great agnostic to do it, or many? Shall the people elect him, or shall the laws of natural selection evolve the man and the laws of heredity perpetuate both his capacity and his authority? Or shall we establish an institution to be for our rulers what a stock-farm is for our horses—a place in which we may cultivate and scientifically grade up a certain breed of men and women who shall be our perpetual rulers? We should think that one holding the physical and therefore hereditary character of all human qualities would favor hereditary aristocracy, or even hereditary monarchy, to rule the people. But however doubtful he leaves us as to what form of government he may favor, he is quite clear as to what kind of education he would set at work, or rather keep at work, to bring about a scientific treatment of social problems. His form of school is the state school. He is for the present government monopoly of education, perfected and strengthened and made compulsory. Since education, as moulded by his party, is what he would first employ for his pur-

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poses, it is well to hear him tell of the results which would finally be produced: "The energies heretofore so powerfully directed to ecclesiastical work would then be directed to educational work. The school would fill the place now occupied by the church. The scientific lecture would supersede the sermon, and the study of natural objects and of standard scientific works would form a substitute for a study of sacred writings."

It will be perceived by this short summary of the book that Mr. Ward's theory of government is based on the two fundamental falsehoods of materialism: first, that the river of life is known only in its present fleeting current, the springs from which it flows and the sea into which it empties and is absorbed being alike unknown and unknowable; second, that in man the moral and intellectual are but the beastly appetites in a high state of development.

Not the least injury done by such a book is that it breeds scepticism. First principles are in question. If you play with the agnostic your only stakes are the title-deeds of rational certitude. The very primary intuitions of the mind are called in doubt, and the axioms of reason are set down lower than the very evidences of the senses over which the reason should preside. No language can exaggerate the gloom of doubt in an unguarded or ignorant mind after reading books like this, which strive to trace our spiritual nature to the action of the physical and chemical laws of mere animal life. For that is their purpose. Some write learned treatises on the natural sciences to insinuate that there is no moral being in man, and some write treatises on logic to show that there is no absolute truth in human reasoning, and some write absorbing novels, and some bewitching poetry, some edit great journals, some teach in schools and colleges, each in his own place and way continually insinuating the same fatal errors; and here comes one to sketch a system of government based on the same doctrine of despair—that the beginning and end of all human life is this poor, dull, deceiving world. The forces invoked are but the weaknesses of human nature; that which in one's purest moments he most laments, that which gives birth to the torments of remorse and in public affairs most disturbs the peaceful use of human liberty, is to be made the honor and happiness of mankind. Here we have the agnostic attempting the rôle of a political *doctrinaire*. Having, he seems to say, perfected my education as a puller-down of religions, I present my card as an architect of governments. Moral sentiments, heretofore considered as the most powerful of human

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motives, and moral excellence, the thing most admired among men, I propose to leave out of view as either the highest end or the strongest means. I will substitute physical enjoyment, actual and present; that is the dynamic force of our future agnostic state. The attractiveness of life so viewed I will teach in the schools of the state (and there shall be no other schools), and agnostic education shall be the harness in which the people shall be broken into the new system.

An agnostic school! This book reveals who are the best lovers of our present system of secular schooling. Is it not strange that agnostics should put such value on the school as a means of making men disbelievers, and that yet our Protestant brethren fail to perceive its value in making men Christians?

One of the worst things about agnosticism is the fact, or the pretence, that so many of its apostles are men of scientific culture. The man who abdicates immortality is often a professor in some honored college faculty or a contributor to some purely scientific journal. He rises up from his microscope and says that there is no God and no future life. We do not say that scientific men are generally tainted with such errors, but only that leading agnostics are, or claim to be, familiar with the natural sciences. Yet the greatest lesson of created nature is its suggestiveness of the Creator. To collect from the voices of nature the being of a sovereign ruler, as a lens collects the rays of the sun, is the almost irresistible act of human reason. All nature, all science, agree to testify that there is *something else;* and the dim lights of the simplest mind and its weakest yearnings point to a supreme being as its end and destiny. Who can be a philosopher of true induction, and really know the constant, instinctive, irrepressible action of the human soul towards the knowledge and enjoyment of the infinite, and not draw out of such phenomena the necessary being of the Deity? That our poor bodies and feeble minds shall be re-created in a better world is the instinctive yearning of the dimmest reason. They who know nature best are those whose study has emancipated them from its thraldom, and not always those who have longest studied nature's phenomena. The ploughboy whose soul is filled with prayer by the breath of the rosy morning, the songs of the birds, and the rippling of the brook has been better taught by nature than the proud man whose researches, though ever so vast, have but filled up with created things that mind which is an ocean bed of yearning love to be filled only with the uncreated. What a delusion to suppose that "Nature," as agnostics understand it,

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can ever be the feeding-ground of a soul ravenous for eternal things! What blindness not to see that prior to all *reasoning* is the objective being of *reason!* What an error to begin to investigate phenomena before fully establishing the character and powers of the investigator! The being which necessarily states the problem of infinite existence should demand its solution before proceeding to lower tasks. Before reasoning begins the mind is equipped for its work. The measures and standards of true and false, right and wrong, are found already made for it and given to it as the instruments for its use. And as the merest inspection of the laws of thought reveals that these standards could only *be used* by a personal being—*i.e.*, an individual conscious of his own distinct, unblended life—so their *source* could only be a personal being who is absolute reason, and the supreme model and master of all subordinate reasoning beings.

A distinguished writer, Mr. Mallock, has suffered somewhat in his reputation by shocking the modesty of the public with his pictures of the future of agnosticism. Yet are not the doctrines and suggestions of this book simply disgusting and infamous, and are they not the logical outcome of agnosticism? Mr. Ward is but an untamed specimen, whose youth was perhaps less influenced than that of others by lingering traditions of Christianity. His commendation to the public by the editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, and under the auspices of a first-class publishing house, tells us how things are changing, and gives us a warning of what we may expect when agnosticism develops all its influences—when journalists and country gossips, hostlers and railroad kings, school-teachers and book-publishers, and members of all classes of society, begin to live, and to lead on their neighbors to live, without thought of God, or providence, or prayer, or marriage, or any law but the present physical joys of calculating beasts.

Audacity, however, is attended with the fatality that its only victories are surprises. With such light as such frank books throw on the purposes of materialists we think that the social problems will not be solved by *Dynamic Sociology*.

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ENGLISH CATHOLICS AND PUBLIC LIFE.*

FUTURE relations between Catholics of England and English public life, with a view to their development, can only be fairly discussed after we have realized the conditions which exist at present or have existed in the past. This, however inadequately conceived or imperfectly executed, is the topic of the following paper. But we must endeavor to perceive the causes which led to our position before we attempt to consider in what manner and how far, in the future, corporate or individual action may be either possible or politic.

This effort presupposes two points, on both of which I desire to claim your sympathy, or at least to minimize your dissent. Of these, the first is that existing relations between English Catholics and public life are not absolutely perfect; they admit of readjustment. And, next, if they be imperfect, that suggestions for their improvement be met with a predisposition to excuse friendly criticism which is also impartial. No advance of value can be made in any phase of life without mutual inquiries, mutually endured, of the Socratic kind. Criticism is misplaced only when it offends against truthfulness, intelligence, good taste, or charity. It is a golden rule in criticism to estimate *what* is said rather than *who* says it.

In this difficult, important problem there are, on the Catholic side, three independent factors, or factors only partially dependent on each other. The history, conditions, peculiarities of these three factors must be severally estimated at the outset. The more briefly this can be done the less will your patience be taxed and my ignorance be exhibited. The conclusions arrived at, however, have not hastily or without thought been adopted. A superficial treatment of the topic is alone possible in the limits at our disposal. But I venture to hope that, when I conclude, others more able than myself will give the "Academia" the benefit of their wider experience.

In Protestant England Catholics formerly occupied, and still to an extent occupy, an anomalous, unparalleled position. The restoration of the faith; the establishment of the hierarchy; the network of religion again covering the fair face of our

* A paper read before the Academia of the Catholic Religion at its session, March 13, 1883, in the Archbishop's House, Westminster.

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country; the material edifices—outward tokens of faith to the world—being built in all directions; the slow, steady, obvious submission of a sensible proportion of our fellow-countrymen to the church—this is incomparable with anything of a like sort in modern times in any other country. Both former sufferings and present immunity from suffering are elements in our anomalous position. As a fraction of national life, Catholics of late years, indeed, have emerged from the endurance of active persecution or of passive disabilities, political, social, religious. But the fatal past has not failed to leave its mark; and the present has found us ill-prepared to survive with the fittest in the struggle for existence. Ecclesiastical, social, civil influences against them have, of necessity, tinged the character of English Catholics, not always for the better. They have moulded their instincts, stifled their aspirations, limited their sphere of action. Centuries of suppression and generations of effacement have taken from Catholics not only the power but the will for combination and union in public life. Divided as they were into two sections of great poverty and wealth—and these together form one of the factors above named—of the aristocracy, titled or untitled, and the mass of the people professing the old faith, there was little political intercommunion between them, potential or actual. Nor was there, I am assured, a middle class worth consideration, impinging alike on rich and poor, which tended socially to assimilate the two. Each division of the Catholic body, so far as public life was concerned, lived apart, thought apart, worked apart. Each division, in family life, did its duty towards God, their neighbor, themselves. Both patiently bided the time when, in civil and political influence, they should severally regain their own—perhaps with usury. It almost seems as if the patience of that grand and noble feature in English history were at last, in God's time and in God's way, to be rewarded—I mean the hereditary Catholics of England.

It is not easy to estimate the position of the Catholic poor of the period previously to Emancipation. Neither, politically speaking, if the difficulty be insoluble, is the loss of moment. Poor English Catholics were too few in numbers and too feeble in power to affect political interests in the British state. In all probability they did not differ widely from their wealthier neighbors, so far as they were influenced by common causes. But, though it be more easy to speculate on the mental attitude of the upper-class Catholic, it is a nicer and more delicate operation. If one may presume to form a judgment on so obscure a

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topic, indifference to the weakness of isolation; love of seclusion; resentment at interference from without; a certain amount of jealousy and not unnatural suspicion of all parties; carelessness of public life, or care for individual action only, so long as family and religious interests were preserved—these would appear to an observer to be some characteristics of the old Catholic body in England. These were some of their idiosyncrasies when the period closed of political subservience to, and agitation against, a Protestant ascendency; when the period opened of toleration, if not of religious equality. Every one did that which was right in his own eyes, conscientiously and charitably. But organized political action, or even civil or municipal or social combination, was not so much as dreamt of.

At a certain date and for a certain time—observe the conditions—a new element was added to the old historical party of English Catholics. The age set in of conversions from the Protestant Establishment. To the small Catholic population, and in the course of a generation, thirty or forty years ago, were added hundreds of highly educated and gifted men and thousands of men who had at least shown vigor of mind, determination of purpose, candor, courage, by leaving the religion of the vast majority of Englishmen for the faith of the few—for a faith detested, misunderstood, still abjectly feared, but not still actually persecuted. It would be invidious and impossible alike for me to attempt to compare or to contrast hereditary old Catholics with new converts from Protestantism. He ought to be neither the one nor the other who would dare to hold the balance evenly between the two. But this will be conceded by all: Either party supplemented the higher, stronger, more enduring, more valuable qualities of the other to an extent which made the future commingling of both into one only not complete and perfect. To the constancy, devotion, firmness—if you will, obstinacy—of those who have handed down intact the old faith were now added the energy, the fire, the zeal, the versatility of those to whom it was given to return to the religion of their not very remote ancestors from the opinions of their more immediate progenitors. What, I ask, was the result of this fusion of elements old and new?

The answer is plain. Upon the highest and only true form of Christianity was grafted some of the better spirit of the present age and time. The elder Catholic could boast of all that history, family record, persecution, romance, might yield to the picturesque and imaginative side of a genuine existence. The

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neophyte could offer to the common lot much of the more material and practical side, with its keen sense, its business habits, its hard work, of the life of the nineteenth century. The combination of these elements, in a fight for national equality now and for national pre-eminence hereafter, would, if they coalesced, create a powerful party in the state. And to a wide extent they have coalesced, loyally and without obvious exception. After half a century of common strife with a common foe these two English Catholic elements have combined wholly in sentiment, aim, and friendship. They have combined also, to an extent, in closer bonds, which an uprising generation, the result of marriage unions between old and new members of the church, have cemented and enlarged. And the section which by descent is half-convert, half-born-Catholic is one which is destined—if I may venture on a prophecy—to play a conspicuous part in the future of English Catholicism. It is so destined, amongst other reasons, on this ground: because it contains, as a constituent part from which the old Catholic body was free, an infusion of the great middle class of England.

It must not be supposed that the superimposed stratum of convertism was pure, unqualified gain to the common cause. No; it was not. In the absorption of converts from Protestantism into a body of religionists bearing the features of English Catholics this could not be expected. There are converts and converts, as well as *differentiæ* amongst hereditary Catholics. Hence I have been careful to limit the dates and the period of this influx into the church from Anglicanism. Friends and foes alike concur in the opinion that a wide gulf severs the old convert of twenty, thirty, forty years ago from the neophyte of to-day. From the coarse libels of Dr. Littledale to the candid criticism of anonymous writers in the *Tablet*, all are agreed. The one, though slightly quixotic, is a fine, noble specimen of humanity, albeit a pervert. The other is a poor creature at best, who has just managed to save his soul, and should rest, do nothing, and be thankful. Like many hasty generalizations and most detractions, there is a modicum of truth in the last of these pictures which it were wise to acknowledge and well to act on. Two opposite faults seem to attack the more modern convert—indolence and fussiness. He becomes either indifferent to everything outside religion, having once entered the ark of safety, or he is over-active, too zealous, absorbed in temporal matters or the worldly side of ecclesiastical questions which he has failed to master. A tendency to either fault is felt, probably, by those

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even who withstand both. Both failings, of course, must be checked. The fussiness of converts—if it exists—will certainly and deservedly be suppressed from without, and need detain us no longer. Indolence, or inactivity, or apathy, or indifference, or whatsoever term be used, to everything external to the church and outside one's self—this is a more subtle and a more harmful disease. And the disease is this: the practical abdication of Catholics, as English citizens, of every form of public life—an abdication which is nothing short of calamitous, and in its effects is almost criminal. With its diagnosis and cure we are more intimately concerned on the present occasion.

This glance backwards has not been a waste of time, if it may help us to perceive the relative position of two out of the three factors which make up the sum of English Catholicism. We find, in the first place, a small, compact, self-contained body of old Catholics, the heirs of position, birth, and wealth, bound in ties of faith—thicker even than blood—to the bulk of poorer but equally constant members of the true church. We find, next, a mixed multitude of all ranks, of both sexes, of every age, of all professions, who, under the generic name of converts, have boldly made the venture of faith, and one by one have joined an insignificant minority. We have thus a complete section of the commonwealth, high, middle, and lower classes, representing historical descent, contemporaneous energy, and the mass of the people. But the scale on which this section is made, by comparison with other segments of English political life, is small and weak. However completely converts and born Catholics may have combined together, it were impossible for them to become a political force in the state, as the state is now constituted, for educating public opinion or for influencing and guiding public affairs.

It is a fact which does not unexceptionally commend itself to English Catholics, but it is a fact with which English Catholics have to deal, that at the present day in Great Britain the exercise of political power is ever more and more largely placed in the hands of the people. Put the problem in what form you please—whilst avoiding the question of authority in politics—the result is equally ignored by many Catholics that we are now governed not solely by the upper ten thousand. Almost within the memory of some of us the theory of the rule of a personal monarchy has been abandoned. All of us can call to mind the last act of the legislature which practically changed the government of England from that of a numerous oligarchy into one of a limited

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democracy. Under the rule of our new masters—whom, by the bye, we have to educate—and as a power in the empire, Catholics were but a feeble folk by reason simply of their lack of numbers. Given the latter condition in modern politics—the power of numbers—and English Catholicism would become, in proportion to its extent, formidable, and, in proportion to its force, irresistible. It would become irresistible on this score, as possessing what no other political party could so much as pretend to. Catholics, however widely divided into opposite camps, possess a common basis of action, a common fixity of principle, a common singleness of purpose, in all that concerns their common and supernatural bond of union—the church. This can be said of no other political party. This is the distinction which severs the Catholic body from all others. This is the specialty which, in theory, gives supremacy to Catholics. But then in order to enter the domain of practical politics, from which for centuries they have been excluded, and to act on the strength of their principles, numbers are needed. And of this element of power the Catholic body was formerly wanting. It wanted the masses. This want, however—providentially, as I hold, but in any case historically—has at length been supplied.

The only or chiefest want of the Catholic body in England, viewed as a section of the state, has been supplied during the past thirty to forty years. It has been supplied to this extent. According to trustworthy accounts, we are now more than seven times as numerous as we were before. Old Catholics and converts combined are supposed to form an aggregate of some two hundred thousand souls. The Catholic population of Great Britain may be estimated at a million and a half. Our numerical position has been achieved by the emigration first and then by the multiplication of fellow-Catholics from the sister island, who now number about one million two hundred and fifty thousand souls.

This accession of strength to the Catholic cause in England—observe—this addition to the main point of its weakness and in the very source from which political power now flows, ought to be a subject of gratulation to all who look for the ultimate return of their country to the unity of the faith. There is no need to dwell on the irony of fate which meets us here. The race more mercilessly ill-governed and more savagely persecuted for its faith, and for a longer length of time, by a professedly Christian country, than any nation known to history, heaps coals of fire on the head of her persecutors. She becomes their

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deliverer and their evangelist. But we may deal with facts. And if public events can be traced backward from effect to cause, the church in England owes politically everything to Catholic Emancipation; and Emancipation, be it remembered, was the boon to the Saxon from the Celt. Without Ireland, England would not have yielded, at all events did not yield, Emancipation. And since that date the progress of the church has been one continued and almost triumphant advance. She has developed, without a check worth naming, in every conceivable way—in outward organization, in material buildings, in converts to the faith, in municipal and political power; amongst other ways, in sheer strength of numbers. In all human probability what is happening before our eyes in America will be repeated in kind, if not in degree, not many years hence in England—viz., this: Catholicism will take its natural place as a powerful influence for good. Such a result will be due, or any result which approximates to it will be due, to the third factor in the Catholic body of which we have spoken; the factor which is six times as numerous as both the others combined; the factor which is Irish by nationality, indeed, but is British perhaps by birth, possibly by marriage, certainly by circumstance, adoption, and choice.

Within the bounds of these three factors—the old Catholics, the new Catholics, and the poor Catholics—are contained both the agents and the agency by which our co-religionists may again enter upon the rights and duties of public life in England. These questions, then, have to be answered: How are we to apply the means to the end? How can we find Catholics willing to take action? How shall we support them when they are found? Both ability and time compel me to attempt a reply in the most superficial manner; and I ask for indulgence in making the attempt even in general terms.

It may be a sanguine sentiment, but I believe it to be true, that a new era politically is opening, or has opened, to the church in this country. In spite of many adverse influences—for which history, persecution, effacement, custom are responsible—against English Catholicism, one hopeful fact, which is almost prophetic, cannot be denied. A new generation is rising, half-convert, half-hereditary-Catholic by descent. It is rising at the very time when new political power is being yearly added to the church by the multiplication of her numbers. The problem, then, amounts to this: How may we apply to the energy, culture, talent, zeal, now in its early manhood amongst us, the latent,

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dormant, but real force made ready to our hand in the power of numbers of our Catholic masses?

There are two elements in such a national and religious problem—for it is both. First, we must secure agents by whom and on behalf of whom the interest and good-will of the Catholic majority may be excited. And then we must create a Catholic constituency by whose co-operation these agents may take their place in the government of the country. These elements would act and react upon each other. They indicate two needs of the Catholic body at the present day. These needs are, first, the want of men of public spirit and social influence willing to take their position in the world; and, second, the want of men sufficiently numerous to return for public service such leaders in the work of Catholic restoration. If leaders of thought and action can be found there will be no difficulty to discover those that will follow. If we can create a constituency which is content, nay, anxious, to follow, leaders of men will spontaneously appear. The chief difficulty will be this: for which of the two are we, in order of time, to seek first? Perhaps we had better seek for both at one and the same time. We must urge, if needful we must spur, members of the Catholic upper orders or middle class to answer to the call of public duty or self-sacrifice when it is sounded. We must stimulate the Catholic million, the toiling masses—Saxon or Celtic, or both combined—to be ready for one, perhaps for two contingencies. They must support those who consent to do them service, for the sake of the cause; or they must produce from themselves competent men to act as their representatives.

Are these statements too vague and intangible for serious treatment? If they be so I would say more plainly: Catholics must aspire not only to the highest form of public service; they must be content to fulfil the lowest duties in the state. Many a young fellow enjoys the vision of a career at St. Stephen's who is little pleased to serve as a vestryman in the Tower Hamlets. Catholics ought, though not the same Catholic ought, to be both in Parliament and on the vestry. Between the two we ought to take our fair share in every other department of public life. We must force our way, in spite of lords-lieutenant, upon the bench of magistrates. We must manage to be pricked as high-sheriffs. We must wear the gilded chains of municipal office as councillors or mayors. We must take the thankless, useful office of guardian of the poor. We must stand for that onerous, payless, costly post—a seat on the school-board. We must be will-

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ing to take office, aldermanic or other, under the coming new act for the better government of London. We must secure the ministrations of our clergy for the army and navy and the Indian service. We must open wide the doors of our hospitals, workhouses, jails to the like influences for their Catholic inmates. And the majority of our fellow-believers, the Catholic population of England, must to these ends heartily offer us their support. They will support us when they see us anxious to take our place in the government of the nation. They will support us when we have made them take their place in the electorate of the country. We shall in turn be given support and give back support when we desire to re-enter public life by means of, and not apart from, the masses who are Catholic; when we are content to defend all genuinely Catholic political interests, even at the expense of party politics; when, in a faithless country, we honestly make our own the ills, the sorrows, the distress of all who are of the household of faith, be they the poor, the sick, the young or aged, the ignorant or criminal, the unrepresented or the badly governed.

Little more need be said on a question which admits of endless discussion, in order to make this paper practically suggestive. But two further points demand consideration:

I. It is difficult to suggest any practical means for supplying the deficiency of candidates for the public service of the state amongst the rising generation of Catholic youth. We cannot force upon any one a vocation in the commonwealth which may not be inspired or accepted freely. We cannot give political mission to any one in spheres in which we have no authority. Still less can we, at a moment's notice, supply to any one deficiencies in education, training, or habit of mind which prevent him from answering a summons to public life. The utmost we can do is to point to the needs of the church; to affirm that such needs are imminent; to stimulate the self-devotion of her sons; and to trust that some of her sons will devote themselves to supply the church's necessity. Lest, however, I be accused of arguing under the shadow of generalities, I will shortly recall three facts to indicate the extent to which English Catholics abstain from the duties of the state. They will be taken from well-known Parliamentary, educational, and poor-law statistics. They will at least be suggestive of the poverty of our present efforts after public life:

1. At this moment we have but a single Catholic member of Parliament sitting for an English borough or county. Recent

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calculations show that, according to our population, we ought to have seven-and-twenty members. In some cities Catholics can command one-third of the municipal votes. In others they form one-third of the population.*

2. In the late school-board elections almost every Catholic who stood was elected—always high on the poll, sometimes at the head. This was in the provinces. London, which on every ground ought to have taken the lead, was the most striking exception. Out of ten metropolitan boroughs four Catholic candidates only went to the poll; of the four, only two were successful.

3. The Catholic Union Annual Report for last year, amongst other important services rendered by that society to the church, congratulated itself upon forty or fifty additional Catholic guardians of the poor. How many thousands of guardians in England there may be I know not; but I do know that there exist six hundred and fifty distinct poor-law unions and upwards of fifteen thousand parishes.

II. It is not difficult to suggest a means by which power may be added to the church, both politically and socially, through her newly and unexpectedly acquired force. But, if it be not difficult, the attempt is not unattended with danger. Party spirit runs high on this, as on other questions. Here and now it would be unwise to increase the agitation. To this end, and in the few concluding words which follow, I shall eschew all allusion to the highest form of public life to which Catholics may aspire, and will confine myself to the lower. I shall also avoid all reference to the nationality of the third factor of Catholicism of which we have thought, and will speak of them, as I am justified in speaking of them after sojourning amongst us for more than a generation, as naturalized English citizens.

There are two ways of dealing on behalf of the church, and in regard to social, educational, and municipal matters, with this immense majority of English-speaking Catholics. The two ways are these: First, if it be not an Hibernianism to say so, to ignore them entirely and to let them alone. Secondly, to own their existence, their importance, their power for the good of the Catholic cause, and to utilize them. The latter of these two methods is the one which I hold to be sensible, just, politic; which I would urge on all who will be persuaded, as needful and

* Since this paper was read it has been asserted in the newspapers that the Catholic vote will be enabled, at the next general election, to turn the scale in about seventy-five elections. In how many boroughs or counties, up to the present time, have Catholics endeavored to estimate, concentrate, or utilize for the service of the church this vote?

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even inevitable. As England is now governed, in the spheres we are discussing, by the will of the people, the Catholic will of a Catholic people must be influenced. This can only be done by ascertaining their number, by combining their force, by stimulating their intelligence, by counteracting their prejudices, by guiding their opinion and decision. And all by personal influence, which has been and may again be secured. Of course, union being power, all our efforts presuppose the registration of the Catholic vote. Whether such registration be effected by local and individual action, or by general, central, and corporate action, I pause not to inquire. But registration must be had if Catholics would again enter public life, as public life now exists in Great Britain. If registration be neglected we shall remain, as we are, politically powerless.

One final thought may be added. Late legal decisions have enormously increased the power of the Catholic vote, even in municipal elections, and the like is true of politics. I speak of the case of the lodger rate-payer's vote; but I have not heard of its wide utilization, and I know where it has been entirely neglected. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that in this, as in all questions under debate, the two upper-class factors of English Catholicism have, consciously or unconsciously, yet absolutely, neglected the third factor—the factor which is, politically speaking, the most powerful, the factor which alone is powerful. They neglect—not in works of charity, God forbid! but in a wide sense of the word—politically the day-laborer, the skilled artisan, the petty tradesman, the shop-assistant behind the counter, the ill-paid clerk at his desk; they neglect, in a word, the working orders of Catholics. These form the material from which political power will flow in the future, does flow at the present. These, living perhaps in a single attic of a house of ratable value, are held (under conditions) to be rate-payers and are entitled to a vote. These are the elements on which the convert, the old Catholic, or one born of both may work for the cause of holy church. We can gain nothing for her cause if we ignore these elements. We can gain much, perhaps all, if we utilize them. The Catholic Church herself has ever been, and still is, on the side of the masses. The Catholic Church has ever been, and still is, the poor man's friend. We cannot be wrong in following her example. We ought not to forget that her divine Lord and Master lived the life of a village carpenter.

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ARMINE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IT was like a terrible evil dream to Egerton—that fearful scene through which he had passed—when he found himself again in Paris, shattered, bruised, and with a broken arm which it was necessary to submit to a surgeon at once. But this was not his first duty; his first was to dictate a few lines to D'Antignac and send them by his servant.

"I do not know," he said, after stating briefly all that had occurred, "where Mlle. Duchesne is to be found; but I would suggest that Mlle. d'Antignac should, if possible, go to her, since I am sure there are no lips from which she could better receive this sad and shocking news. I will see her as soon as she is able to receive me. If Mlle. d'Antignac sees her, may I beg that she will say this?"

But some time elapsed before Mlle. d'Antignac was able to see Armine. In the first place, it proved difficult to discover her whereabouts. At the apartment in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs no one was to be found. The concierge reported that even Madelon was gone and he did not know her address. Was she with Mlle. Duchesne? He shook his head; he did not know, but thought not. Mademoiselle went away one day with her father; Madelon did not leave until a day or two later, and although it was true that she might have gone to join mademoiselle, he did not think so.

"What am I to do?" said Hélène when she went back to her brother. "How am I to find this poor child?"

D'Antignac answered: "You can only wait. Sooner or later she will be heard of in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and if you told the concierge to let you know whenever he had any tidings of her or of Madelon—"

"I told him that, of course, and emphasized it with the promise of reward for such tidings."

"Then nothing else remains to be done. You can only wait with such patience as you are able to command."

"Which is none at all when I think of her," said Hélène in a tone full of distress. "What must she be suffering, alone—or worse than alone—my poor Armine!"

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"She is suffering a great deal, no doubt," said D'Antignac; "but not even your presence and your sympathy could relieve her grief *now*. Let that be your comfort for not finding her. In the first agony of such a shock consolation is so impossible that it really matters little what influences surround the sufferer."

Hélène shook her head. "I cannot think that," she said. "However much we are absorbed in grief, we must be conscious of sympathetic or unsympathetic surroundings. And, unfortunately, though we cannot tell what her present surroundings are, we may fear that they are very far from sympathetic."

"Perhaps, then, this fact may lessen her grief for the father who placed her in them."

"Ah!" said Hélène, "it seems to me that, on the contrary, it would make it more bitter. How proudly, until the last time that she was here, she always dwelt upon her father's integrity of purpose! How often she spoke of his unselfishness and unvarying kindness to herself! And now—I do not see a ray of consolation to which she can turn."

"Of earthly consolation there is none for her," said D'Antignac sadly. "But her faith is strong. We must pray much for her."

Days passed without bringing them any tidings. The journals every morning were full of the fearful accident which had occurred, the additional particulars that each succeeding day brought to light, and the progress of the investigation into the cause of the disaster. Duchesne's death was undoubtedly the greatest sensation connected with the event. The radical press had columns upon columns of panegyric and lamentation for him; a grand civic funeral was decreed, by which his late associates strove at once to do honor to his memory and excite popular feeling in their own behalf; while the meeting to attend which he was on his way when the awful catastrophe happened was adjourned over for two days, and most of the brother delegates of the dead revolutionist stood around the grave in *Père la Chaise* to which his mangled remains were consigned with mingled eulogy of the life and labors thus so mournfully and prematurely cut short, and mad denunciations of the existing order of things.

"But this is horrible!" said D'Antignac, dropping one of the papers he had been reading to the couch on which he lay. "Poor child! how will she endure all that she is compelled, I fear, to see and know of this madness?"

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"It is indeed terrible for her," said Hélène, turning, with mixed sensations of disgust and heart-sick sympathy for Armine, from the furious and blasphemous diatribes pronounced over the body of Duchesne, at which she, too, had been glancing. Looking up as she spoke, she saw that her brother's face, usually so serene, wore a more perturbed expression than she had seen on it before for years. She was almost startled to perceive how seriously disquieted he evidently was; and, rising at once, she said with decision:

"I will go again and see if I can hear anything about her. I think the concierge would surely have kept his word and informed me if he had learned her whereabouts; still, it will do no harm to try and gain some intelligence."

"Inquire of the concierge where Madelon might be heard of," said D'Antignac. "Even if she is not with Armine, and does not know where the poor child is, she may be useful in tracing her."

"Yes," said Hélène quickly. "I remember now that Madelon has a sister, or some relative, whom she used to visit frequently. I will endeavor to find out where this person lives."

When she was gone D'Antignac put his hand under his pillow, and, drawing out his rosary, began to tell the beads, his countenance as he did so regaining its wonted peaceful look, though there was still sadness in the thoughtful gaze which wandered from its near surroundings to rest on the blue depths of sky far away. But this sadness did not last long. When after, comparatively speaking, a brief absence his sister returned disappointed from her quest, he looked up to her troubled and sorrowful countenance with a quiet, almost cheerful smile.

"We must be patient," he said. "Poor child! it is hard for her; but she is in the hands of God, and therefore safe."

"Yes," said Hélène; "and yet, though I blame myself for it, I cannot but feel afraid for her. She is so young—so utterly alone! And where can she have been taken? Perhaps out of Paris! It seems that she left some days before her father started on his fatal journey, and that her luggage was carried with her."

"I am not afraid for her," said D'Antignac. "I have been thinking it all over while you were away. As for Duchesne himself, God have mercy on his soul; but so far as Armine is concerned, his death is the best thing that could possibly

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have happened for her. It has delivered her not only from outside dangers, the tyranny and persecution to which she would doubtless have been subjected—which, indeed, had already begun—but from the worse danger of interior strife; the constant battle between nature and conscience; the exquisite pain of being obliged to elect between antagonism to her father and unfaithfulness to God. The suffering is sharp now; but time will assuage that, and whatever her future life may prove, it is scarcely likely that it will be so painful as the past."

At this point in the conversation, and before Hélène had time to reply, the door opened and a servant informed her that Mlle. Duchesne's maid wished to speak to her.

"Bring her into the *salon* at once, Cesco," Mlle. d'Antignac said eagerly, and hurried out to meet the welcome visitor. She remained away but a moment.

"I see that Madelon has brought good news," said D'Antignac, as she approached with the smile which her brilliant eyes and white teeth made so flashing.

"News that satisfies me, for the present at least," she answered. "The poor child has just returned to the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and Madelon entreats me to go to her."

"Go, by all means, and at once, *ma sœur*," he said. "You will bring her back with you?"

"Of course, if I can. But I fear that it may not be easy to persuade her to come."

"Why?" he asked with some surprise.

"Madelon is, you know, a dull, uncommunicative creature, who has neither the will nor the power to express herself clearly, and I can only gather from the little she says that she is very uneasy about Armine. 'Mademoiselle is changed—mademoiselle is changed,' was almost all that I could extract from her."

"Naturally such a blow as this, succeeding as it did great trouble of mind, must affect her sensibly," he said. "But I agree with you; I am satisfied for the present to know that she is safe and in Paris."

Mlle. d'Antignac had never been in the apartment in the Rue des Petits Champs before, and when Madelon opened the door of the small *salon* and ushered her in she almost shivered, so dreary and uninhabited did the place look; for now there was no cheerful fire burning, no fragrance of violets on the air, nothing of the atmosphere of home-life and refinement of taste, which had so pleased Egerton's fastidious eye on the night when

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he first made the acquaintance of the Socialist and his daughter. Dismantled of all the graceful prettiness with which Armine had surrounded herself when its inmate, it was merely in appearance "an apartment to let," and Madelon, without pausing, crossed the floor, lifted the *portiere* which draped the entrance to what had been Duchesne's study, and motioned Mlle. d'Antignac to pass in.

There was something inexpressibly sad to Hélène in the aspect of this room. It was evident that it remained just as its late owner had left it. Chairs were sitting about, the table wore that air of orderly disorder so characteristic of an intellectual worker; and at one side of this table, just opposite an empty arm-chair that looked as if its occupant had risen from it but the moment before, sat Armine.

As Hélène's eye fell on the girl she was struck with a sense of surprise. She had, even before Madelon's advent and report, naturally expected that Armine would be much affected by the terrible calamity which had befallen her—had expected, indeed, that she would be overwhelmed by grief. And Madelon had said that she was "changed, changed." But at a first glance there seemed no change at all to be observed. The girl was sitting in shadow, it is true, so that her face could be seen imperfectly only; but her attitude and air were so natural and familiar, as she leaned back in her chair with hands clasped before her and eyes fixed in quiet thought, apparently, on the table, that Hélène stood still gazing at her in momently increasing amazement.

Suddenly becoming conscious of the gaze, Armine lifted her eyes, and, perceiving the presence of her visitor, rose quietly to receive her.

"It is very good of you to come to me, dear Mlle. d'Antignac," she said, advancing; and after her usual affectionate greeting she led the way into the *salon*, seated Hélène on a couch beside an open window, and stood before her while asking after D'Antignac.

Hélène replied mechanically to the inquiry, for the broad light that now fell over the girl showed that Madelon had spoken truth. Armine was changed; that homely and familiar phrase, which is so expressive, rose to Hélène's mind: "She does not look like herself."

Yet the alteration was so subtle, so intangible, that it was some little time before Mlle. d'Antignac could define in what it consisted. It was not that the always pale face was now ab-

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solutely bloodless, nor that the delicate features had that sharp chiselling in all their lines, but especially about the nostril, which the touch of suffering alone can give; such signs of grief as these are too ordinary to excite surprise. Voice and manner seemed thoroughly natural—quiet and subdued, but not more so than usual, Hélène thought. "Perhaps," she said to herself, "it is the absence of the emotion which is naturally to be expected that gives so strange an impression"; but the instant afterwards she knew this could not be so. Of emotion actively expressed there was no trace whatever; yet it was impossible to look at Armine without feeling that the iron had entered her soul and was piercing it to the core.

After the question about D'Antignac's health had been asked and answered there was a momentary pause. Hélène hesitated to allude to the death of Duchesne, and Armine sat silent, thought-absorbed apparently. But at length the former said caressingly: "You will come home with me, my child, will you not? Raoul and myself both wish it."

As Armine looked up to reply Hélène saw where it was that the change lay. It was in the eyes and mouth.

"Thank you," she answered. "Yes, I will gladly come, since you are so kind as to let me; but not yet. I have to stay here for a while."

"But cannot you come with me now and return to-morrow? Raoul will be disappointed if I do not bring you back with me," said Hélène persuasively.

"I wish I could go," the girl answered. "But I must remain here now; there is business to be attended to before I leave."

She pointed toward the room they had left, and went on in the same calm manner which seemed so unnatural under the circumstances.

"Dear Mlle. d'Antignac, I see that you are surprised at me. I am surprised at myself. I do not know what is the matter with me. I thought at first that I was stunned, and that that was the reason of my feeling so strangely. But there has been time for sensation to return, and it does not come. My heart seems dead. It has no sensation. I cannot even think steadily of what has happened. My thoughts wander off on trifles. I feel utterly indifferent about everything."

"You *are* stunned," said Hélène. "It is with our hearts as with our bodies—a sudden and terrible shock paralyzes for a time." Then, as a neighboring clock struck the hour, which

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was later than she had been aware, she rose to go. As she took the girl's hand to say adieu a sudden rush of pity caused her to clasp the slender form in her arms and say warmly: "O my dear! I grieve that I can do nothing to comfort you. But Raoul—*he* surely can!"

Armine shook her head. "Even he can do nothing for me," she said. "Yet I would go to him, if I could. But there are people—men—to be here to-night. I must see them. And this—"

She touched her dress, and Hélène for the first time noticed that this dress was not black and said: "I should have thought of that. Let me go and see to it at once."

"You are very good," said Armine; "but it is needless. Madelon is attending to it."

"Then, my dear Armine, God be with you! I will see you again to-morrow, and will pray for you."

"Yes, pray for me," said Armine. "I cannot even pray for myself."

D'Antignac listened silently as his sister described her visit, nor did he speak for some minutes after she had concluded the narrative. Then he said with a sigh:

"She is in very deep waters. There is a terrible passage of suffering before her, and it may last long. But she has an heroic spirit, a pure heart—above all, a single intention. The last will sustain her against the despair that threatens to overwhelm her."

"Her impassiveness gives me a strange feeling of terror," said Hélène. "It is so unnatural. It is impossible but that a reaction must come. Looking at her face, I should not have been surprised to see her burst at any moment into convulsive raving."

Raoul shook his head. "That is not the danger I apprehend," he said. "I am afraid that her physical strength may become exhausted, and that she may sink into a low fever or congestion of the brain. By the way, did you tell her that Egerton wishes to know when she can see him?"

"Oh! I quite forgot his request. But it does not seem to me that it would be well to put any additional strain upon her just now. Don't you think Mr. Egerton ought to wait until she is better able to bear it?"

"No; that would only be to reopen the wound when it was beginning to close. A little more or less in the way of

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endurance does not matter much at present, while the capability of suffering is almost paralyzed. She ought to be told now everything connected with the accident which she is ever to know. And this message of her father's she must, of course, hear. Egerton called during your absence, and at my request promised to return this evening if he finds himself well enough to make the exertion. I hoped that she would be here, and that he might thus discharge himself of a duty which he evidently feels to be very oppressive, and at the same time get the interview over for her. Of course it must be a very painful one on both sides."

"How is his arm to-day?"

"The surgeon considers it to be going on favorably; but he says that his whole body is one huge bruise, which makes movement difficult and excessively painful."

Glancing up to Hélène's face as he ceased speaking, D'Antignac read a thought in her eyes which brought a slight smile to his own. But he said seriously:

"How do we know that what appeared an idle whim, his tampering with Socialism and its expounders, may not prove to have been, if not providential, yet useful in its results? Useful as regards Armine's interests, at least; for I judge, from a few words which he dropped, that her father entrusted a message of great importance in connection with her future life to him. Now, if he had not accompanied Duchesne on this wild expedition, probably Duchesne would have died without having the opportunity of speaking. He survived the accident only about an hour, and all was confusion around. There was no one else near him in whom he could have reposed confidence."

"I hope," said Hélène a little drily, "that this message may not prove to be an attempt to exercise a posthumous tyranny over poor Armine."

CHAPTER XXIX.

EGERTON did not return that evening; but the next morning, at the earliest hour possible for a visit, he presented himself, asked first for Mlle. d'Antignac, and on learning that she was out gave his card, requesting that it might be taken to Mlle. Duchesne.

"But Mlle. Duchesne is not here, monsieur," said Cesco.

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"Not here?" said the young man. "I understood from M. d'Antignac yesterday that she would be here in the evening."

The servant could only repeat the fact already stated: she was not here. An apartment had been prepared for her, but she had not yet come to take possession of it. Should he inquire if M. d'Antignac could see M. Egerton?

The latter hesitated a moment, then said no, he would not intrude on M. d'Antignac at that early hour; and, re-entering his *fiacre*, drove to the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs.

That his sensations were not enviable as he proceeded thither it may well be conceived. Hitherto his business in life had been to seek amusement; now he suddenly saw himself confronted by a stern and most disagreeable duty—a duty he had, gratuitously as it were, brought upon himself, inasmuch as he had put himself in the position which caused it to be demanded of him. Playing with fire is proverbially a dangerous amusement; and of this trite truth, as apposite to his association with Duchesne, he had been reminded often enough and earnestly enough for the warning to have produced some effect, if it had ever occurred to him to give a thought to such warning. The danger of entanglement on one side or illusion on the other was over for him, if it had ever existed; but he felt that the brief association with Duchesne, so idly formed and so tragically ended, was not a mere episode in his life, but an epoch, for it had left results that might in more than one way affect the whole of his future. Even before Duchesne's death the thought had several times occurred to him, with a surprise not untinctured by awe, that if he ever attained to Christian belief he would have to date the dawn of such belief from his acquaintance with this enemy of Christianity; since but for his acquaintance with Duchesne himself he would not have known Armine, and but for the strong impression made upon him by words that had fallen now and again from her lips, suggesting trains of thought and logical sequences never before presented to his mind, the Catholic Church would have remained to him a *terra incognita* with which he was not likely to come into sufficiently unprejudiced contact for his intelligence to regard it impartially. It would be too much to say that the virtual act of faith made by him when Duchesne was dying merited that illumination of soul necessary to the full reception of Catholic truth. The act was but an instinctive impulse of the spiritual nature—the involuntary recognition of his Creator by the creature in a moment of strong emotion.

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During the period of intense bodily pain and nervous prostration which followed the very recollection of that lightning-flash of faith was forgotten; but only for the time. Light had irradiated the dark places of his soul once, and now he was not unwilling to say, "Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief."

On arriving at his place of destination he alighted once more, and, in very much what may be supposed to be the frame of mind of a man about to storm a battery, slowly and painfully mounted *au quatrième.*

On the stair he met Hélène, who was descending. She stopped and shook hands with him warmly, inquiring with interest about his health. "I don't know whether you are most to be condoled with or congratulated, Mr. Egerton," she said. "A broken arm and such severe bruising as you must have had are not trifles; but, considering the circumstances, I think you were fortunate to escape as you did."

"I think so, I assure you," he replied. "I have suffered very severely—more from the nervous shock than from actual pain, though that has not been inconsiderable. But, contrasting my lot with that of so many others, I feel that I was indeed fortunate."

"You are recovering from the effects of the shock, I hope?" she said, looking at him with kind sympathy.

"Somewhat," he answered. "But my nerves are very shaky yet. And I confess," he continued with a faint smile, "that I dread the interview before me. You have just left Mlle. Duchesne, I suppose?"

"Yes," she replied, her face taking an expression of gravity as she spoke.

"And will she receive me, do you know? You were kind enough, perhaps, to prepare her for my visit?"

"I came so early this morning specially for that purpose," she answered; "for I am ashamed to acknowledge that I forgot to speak of it yesterday. Yes, she will receive you. But—" she hesitated; then, as he evidently waited for her to proceed, said: "I was going to beg you to make your communication as brief and as little painful as possible; but I am sure such caution is needless."

"It would be needless if I had any option in the matter," he replied. "But that, of course, I have not."

"Well, I must not detain you longer," she said kindly. "For your own sake, as well as hers, it is best that the meeting should be over as soon as may be. Good-morning."

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"Good-morning," he responded; and they went their separate ways, he envying her in that she was not called upon to perform the task before him; she pitying him, and wishing him Godspeed in the same.

He was shown into the *salon*, and the first object that his eye rested on as he entered was the figure of Armine. Dressed now in deep black, she was standing motionless in the middle of the floor in an attitude as aimless as that of a lay figure. There was something, indeed, so unnaturally still and impassive in this attitude that Egerton unconsciously paused just within the threshold of the room and stood gazing at her in apprehensive wonder. And when, roused by the closing of the door after his entrance, she turned slowly toward him, he could scarcely repress an exclamation, so startled was he by the sight of her face. Hélène had been struck with surprise at the indefinable change in the girl; his predominant emotion was that of dismay.

Perceiving him, she advanced quietly and extended her hand, which he took without uttering a word; for he could think of no words that seemed fitting—nay, that would not sound to him oppressively commonplace. It was she who first broke the silence.

"I am sorry to see that you are suffering," she said.

Turning, she drew forward an easy-chair, motioned him toward it, then seated herself near and fixed her eyes on his expectantly.

All this was so different from anything that he had anticipated that his embarrassment became almost overpowering. He regarded her for an instant; then, making a desperate effort to recover the self-possession that was about to desert him entirely, answered:

"Yes, I am suffering. This is my excuse for not having waited on you before to-day, mademoiselle."

"Why should you have been in haste?" she said apathetically.

"I was in haste to fulfil a promise I had made," he answered, "and to execute a trust which had been laid on me."

"A trust?" she repeated; and now there was some quickening of attention in her eyes, though her manner was still without emotion.

"A trust," he repeated in turn. "I should never have thought of intruding upon you at present, nor conceived the idea of mentioning to you a subject so exquisitely painful as the

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one of which I have to speak, were I not constrained to do so by the express request of—your father."

His voice sank as he pronounced the two last words, which were uttered with so much reluctance that Armine said:

"Do not hesitate to speak freely. You cannot pain me. Pain no longer exists for me, I think. You wish to tell me something about my father?"

"Yes," said Egerton. "When dying M. Duchesne made to me a communication of great importance, adjuring me to deliver it to you without delay."

Then, in the fewest possible words, he repeated Duchesne's relation concerning the marriage of his grandfather.

It was a strange story, as he suddenly thought, for him, a young man, to be detailing to her, a young girl—embarrassing in every way; and he did not look toward her as he spoke until, at a slight exclamation when he first mentioned the name of De Marigny, he could not resist the temptation to observe her face.

"Ah!" she murmured to herself in a low tone, "I understand now. This explains many things."

It was as she said this that Egerton looked up. Was there, he wondered, any special interest to her in this discovery? Her face, when he permitted himself to glance at it, did not answer the question. It wore the expression of one who has suddenly grasped the solution of what had been a problem, but a problem of no great interest, seemingly. Egerton noted this and went on. But when he proceeded to speak of the proofs of the marriage, and remarked that he would charge himself with the duty of obtaining these proofs and taking all the legal steps required for establishing the fact of its validity, Armine stopped him.

"You have fulfilled the trust given you, monsieur, in telling me this family secret. But you will not be called upon to incur farther trouble. I shall not use the discovery. If my father had lived it would have been right for him to claim his inheritance; and if I were a man *I* might feel it a duty to do so. As it is, I shall not move in the matter; and all that I ask of you is to hold inviolate the secret entrusted to you."

"But, mademoiselle," he cried earnestly, and with mingled surprise and disapproval, "you cannot mean that *you* do not intend to claim your inheritance!"

"That is what I mean," she answered.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "All other considerations apart, you will not, I am sure, disregard the imperative inten-

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tion of your father to secure you against an evil of which you are no doubt ignorant as yet—one of the worst evils, if not the very worst, that beset any life, but especially that of a woman: the curse of poverty."

"I am in no danger of suffering from poverty," she replied. "My mother's fortune—which was not large, but is quite sufficient for my wants—was secured to me."

"But, mademoiselle," Egerton again eagerly began, when she interrupted him.

"I am the representative of my father," she said in a tone half-interrogative, half-asserting.

"Assuredly," he answered.

"The sole representative."

"Yes."

"It rests with me, then, to act or not in this affair; and I shall not act."

Again Egerton strove to speak, and again was stopped.

"It is altogether useless to discuss the subject," she said decidedly. "I mean what I have said. I shall not move in the matter."

"Not claim even your name?"

"Of course not, since to do that would be to proclaim the whole."

Egerton was silent a moment before he asked in a somewhat constrained tone:

"Do you mean, mademoiselle, that not even the Vicomte de Marigny is to be informed of this discovery?"

"Yes, monsieur, I mean that," she replied.

What was Egerton to do? He was not inclined for the controversy in which he so unexpectedly found himself engaged, but a sense of loyalty to the trust of the dead man made him feel bound to use every argument in his power; and, though he had not intended in this interview to press the claims of humanity on Armine's filial conscience, he now felt driven to this.

"Permit me, mademoiselle," he said firmly but deferentially, "to remind you that the wishes of your father—I may, indeed, say his command—ought to have weight with you, and will, I am sure, when you have deliberately considered the subject, compel you to change your decision. I have still a direct message to deliver to you—"

He paused as Armine rose from her seat. Extending her hand with the motion of putting the whole question aside, she said:

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"I will hear no more. Monsieur, I thank you for—for all." Coming to his side—he, too, had risen—she put out her own hand and grasped his, holding it as she went on: "Do not think me ungrateful. You have been a true and noble friend to my father. You have faithfully discharged the trust he placed in you. Is it not enough that you have done this? It is all that you can do."

When Egerton found himself again rattling along the streets of Paris he looked vaguely at the brilliance and glitter and rushing tide of life around him. Which was actual—the blue sky and sunshine, the gay splendor of the broad street and its hurrying crowds, or that quiet room with what seemed to him the almost spirit-like presence of the girl from whom he had a moment before parted? He felt a strange sense of bewilderment, as if he had seen one who was and yet was not Armine, together with a great consciousness of physical discomfort. Perhaps the last predominated; for at first he thought less of the interview just over than of his nerves and his stomach, both of which were making themselves sensibly and very prominently disagreeable. And, like all persevering claimants, their importunity presently gained attention to their wants by reminding him that he had taken no food that morning. He had, it is true, gone through the form before coming out, but had eaten nothing. At this recollection he stopped at a café and ordered breakfast; and while waiting for it to be served his thoughts naturally returned to Armine and the incidents of the morning.

If he had considered his position one of difficulty and embarrassment before speaking to her, he found it doubly so now. Chance—if chance it was—had brought him into a singular connection with this girl. From the first time he saw her there had been for him an indescribable attraction about her—a sort of attraction which he had never met with in any other woman. And though Duchesne's dying trust had been cause of much anxiety to him, he had yet found a certain charm in the sense that he was thus tacitly constituted the guardian, if not of Armine herself, of Armine's interests. He speculated on what her sentiments regarding the matter might be, anticipating that she would feel pain if the assertion of her rights should seriously injure the fortune of the Vicomte de Marigny, and sure that, in any event, she would deal generously by her kinsman. But it never occurred to him to doubt her obedience to

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her father's behest, and so he had never considered what his own course of action must be in such a contingency. And now this contingency was upon him, and he felt utterly in doubt what to do.

It was not until he was leaving the café half an hour later that a thought came to him like an inspiration. He would go to D'Antignac, ask his advice, and enlist his influence with Armine.

Fortunately for him, it was one of D'Antignac's best days, and he was admitted at once.

"I have come to you for advice," he said, after answering very briefly D'Antignac's inquiries about his health. "I find myself in a most perplexing position about this business of poor Duchesne's. Will you let me tell you the story, which is a strange one, and then give me your opinion as to what you think I ought to do?"

"Tell me, by all means," said the other cordially. "My opinion and advice shall be heartily at your service; and, moreover, I will not quarrel with you if you do not take either after they are given," he added with a smile.

"Thank you," said Egerton; and he proceeded in the first place to repeat the relation which Duchesne when dying had made to him.

D'Antignac listened in silence, his expressive countenance indicating the strongest interest. Egerton saw, by a sudden quickening in the dark eyes as he began his narrative, that the fact of Duchesne's connection with the De Marigny name was not unknown to him; and there was a something between incredulity and anxiety in D'Antignac's face as the story went on. After repeating as literally as he remembered them the words of Duchesne, he was beginning to describe his interview with Armine when D'Antignac interposed.

"A moment," he said. "Pardon me, but have you made inquiries, obtained the proofs Duchesne spoke of?"

"Not yet," was the reply. "I have not had time, and have been, as you are aware, in no condition to make any exertion. But I purpose—or did purpose—to go to Dinan to-morrow and secure this proof."

"Don't you think," said D'Antignac, "that it would have been wise to have attended to these necessary preliminaries before saying anything to Armine on the subject?"

Egerton looked a little startled. "I see," he said, "that I have acted prematurely in speaking to her. Yes, you are

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right. I ought to have investigated the matter before saying a word to her about it. Duchesne may have been deceived, though I think not. He was too sagacious a man to permit himself to be misled either by his own hopes or the plausible representations of another. He was evidently so confident of the correctness of his information that I shall be surprised if the affair does not turn out exactly as he described."

"And Armine—how did she receive your communication?"

"In the most extraordinary way, it seems to me," answered Egerton; and he described at length the scene with her. "Whether such unaccountable conduct is attributable to her present state of mind I do not know. She is certainly very unlike in manner what she has heretofore seemed. I was amazed at the change I found in her; I was even shocked!"

"My sister tells me that she is greatly changed," said D'Antignac. "Which is not surprising," he added, "considering all that she must have suffered lately."

"But the alteration is greater than even the shock and horror of her father's death might be supposed to cause. In fact, I was appalled at the marvellous dissimilarity to her former self which she exhibited. It has left a singular impression on my mind; I cannot connect her as she was when I saw her last with her as she looked and spoke this morning. Two different individuals could not be more unlike."

D'Antignac looked grave, almost anxious. "Hélène tells me the same thing," he said. "Poor child! she must have suffered indescribably."

"To return to my own part of the business," said Egerton, "I think that I shall go to Dinan to-morrow, look into the matter—that is, obtain the necessary documents to estab lish the validity of the marriage."

"If they are to be obtained," interposed D'Antignac, with a smile.

"That of course," said Egerton; "and if they are not to be obtained I shall be quite reconciled to the fact, since Mlle. Duchesne takes the affair as she does. On my return—saying that I am successful in my search—I shall once more present the subject to her consideration; and I hope for your influence to induce her to listen more reasonably than she did this time. If she still persists in her present resolution, her obstinacy will lay an exceedingly disagreeable duty upon me. I promised Duchesne solemnly that I would do my

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utmost to secure his daughter's rights to her, and that promise I intend to keep. If the proofs are forthcoming—and I shall spare no pains to secure them—I will lay the matter before the Vicomte de Marigny. Don't you agree with me that this is what I ought to do?"

"Yes, that certainly is your proper course," answered D'Antignac. "But you spoke of going to Dinan to-morrow. Surely you are not in a condition to travel! Take my advice—you asked it, you know—and wait until you can at least move without pain, which I see you cannot do now."

Egerton smiled. "I should have to wait a month or so in that case, if the surgeon's opinion is to be relied on," he said; "and this would not suit me at all. I want to get the affair off my mind."

"Duchesne himself was in no haste to press the claim," said D'Antignac; "therefore I cannot see why you should disquiet yourself so much about a few weeks more or less."

"I am afraid that it is more my impatience to rid myself of the responsibility I feel than any special necessity for haste which urges me to action," replied Egerton. "However, there is, as you say, no reason why I should hurry myself beyond my strength; and so I may wait a few days before undertaking the expedition to Dinan, and to Marigny to look up the witness Duchesne spoke of. Meanwhile, I must not fatigue you longer"—he rose at the last word—"but I may come and tell you the result of my quest, may I not?"

"I was going to beg that you would," said D'Antignac, extending his hand in parting salutation. "To me, as you are no doubt aware, there is a double interest involved."

CHAPTER XXX.

EGERTON was proceeding very leisurely down the stair on his way out, his entire attention absorbed in his hold on the baluster and the direction of each step as he laboriously took it—for D'Antignac was not mistaken in thinking that it was a pain to him to move—when about half way down he encountered a lady whose approach he had been too preoccupied in thought to notice. He paused for her to pass, lifting his hat, but scarcely glancing at her; and it was only after she had passed that the idea of her identity dawned on him. He turned as he still stood where she had left him—turned so suddenly as almost to lose his balance—and looked after her. All that he saw was a tall,

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slight figure in deep mourning just disappearing from sight as his eye fell on it. Was it or was it not Armine? It struck him as rather a strange coincidence that, having met Mlle. d'Antignac an hour before as he was on his way to visit Mlle. Duchesne, he should now meet the latter here. But everything connected with Armine seemed strange now; and, after all, it had been arranged that she should come to the D'Antignacs. He was not certain that the figure of which he had obtained but a momentary glimpse was hers, but he thought so. And he was right.

D'Antignac's face still wore the look of anxiety which had followed the retiring form of his late guest when a low knock at his door half-startled him, it sounded so like Armine's familiar tap. Not conceiving that it could be her, it was with reluctance that, on a repetition of the knock, he responded, "*Entrez.*"

The door unclosed, and, putting aside her veil as she entered, the girl who had been so constantly in his thoughts of late advanced toward him.

Most things in this world happen differently from what one expects. D'Antignac was well aware of this truth, and had therefore formed no definite imagination—or thought he had formed none—of how Armine might appear when he saw her first. Hélène's description and Egerton's had prepared him to find in her an unusual, Egerton had said an extraordinary, change. He had looked forward to this first meeting with anxiety, eagerness, and, it must be confessed, with some curiosity; but he did not believe it possible that, prepared as he was for change, anything could surprise him. He was mistaken: he was surprised.

She came to his side with her accustomed quiet tread, and, as he raised himself and held out his hand, she took it in the clasp of her own, saying:

"You see I have come to you."

He did not answer for a moment, but only held her hand and looked earnestly into the eyes that gazed down on him as she stood beside the couch. Then he said gently:

"I am glad that you have come. I would have gone to you if I could."

"I am sure of that," she said. "And, if I could, how gladly I would have come to you long ago! But I could not. And now—now that I am free—I feel as if I were dead; as if I had not a heart in my breast, but a stone. I do not know what is the matter with me. People say I am stunned; but I do not

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feel stunned. I feel simply dead—as if I should never be conscious of any sensation again. And it is awful to be alive and yet dead!"

"Sit down," said D'Antignac quietly—she was still standing —"and we will talk about this."

"Yes, I want you to talk to me," she said. "But let me stay close to you and hold your hand."

She knelt down by his side, resting her hand, which still clasped his strongly, upon the edge of the couch. There was so much force in the grasp of her fingers that he understood his sister's fear of a sudden convulsive reaction to this unnatural calm.

"I know what is the matter," he said, speaking with the utmost calmness and gentleness, "and it is not necessary that you should distress yourself by trying to tell me. You have been living in a state of tension for a long time, and the last terrible shock has for the present deadened sensation. It will wake again, never doubt that. There are hours and days of the most poignant suffering before you, though, indeed, I doubt whether there is any suffering worse than what you are enduring now. It is not strange—this state—after such a blow as has fallen on you. But the sharpest form of grief would be more easily borne."

"Oh! yes," she said, with a deep-drawn breath, "much more easily borne. For I should feel then that I was human."

He looked at the pale face with a faint, sad smile. "You human!" he said. "And do you not know that it is when a nature feels most acutely that such a result as this occurs? Tell me"—he paused for a moment—"when you heard of your father's death, how was it with you?"

"It was like a blow that struck me to the earth," she answered. "I remember nothing but the sense of being crushed by the awful horror, by the realization that I should never see him again and that he had parted from me in anger. Then came unconsciousness, and when I waked I was like this, cold and lifeless. I think it might have been different if I had been among those of whose sympathy I felt sure, if I had had even one friend near me. But, you see, I had not. I was with strangers, with people whom I disliked and dreaded, and what could my grief be to them? I believe they were frightened of me. At least they left me alone, and when I roused sufficiently to speak of leaving them they made no opposition. I think they were glad to let me go."

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"And when you first felt yourself free where did you go?" asked D'Antignac.

"I went back to the only place I could call home," she answered—"to the apartment I had left with *him*, knowing so little how I would return."

"And then," he said, "where did you go?"

She looked surprised. "I have come here," she answered. "That is all."

"And so," said he slowly, "you have not been within a church."

She started as if he had struck her, and he saw her eyes dilate with the first look of anguish that had been in them.

"Oh! how could I?" she cried. "How could I use my freedom to do that which *his* last act endeavored to prevent? It would have seemed to me like treason to his memory."

"Poor child!" said D'Antignac. He did not otherwise answer these words for a minute or two; but presently he said gently, "And so the struggle still goes on—you are still torn in two, as it were, by a divided allegiance. Well, this is no time to preach to you, so I will only ask one question: to whom is your allegiance first due?"

"I suppose that I should say to God," she answered wearily. "But I do not feel that any more than I feel anything else. I think my faith is dead."

"And I am sure that you are mistaken," said D'Antignac. "Do you not still believe in the truths of faith?"

"Oh! yes," she answered indifferently. "I believe, but I do not feel at all. I have no longer any desire to practise what I believe. I cannot even pray. I think I am forsaken by God. And this is my punishment, no doubt, for fancying that I was called upon to alienate and wound my father—my father, who had always been so good to me, and who went away, never to return, full of bitterness toward me."

"My poor Armine!" said D'Antignac, "you are like one stricken unto death, torn and bleeding from a contest which has drained your heart's blood, and you are not capable now of seeing anything in its true light and true proportions. When you alienated your father you were wounding yourself more deeply than you wounded him in an heroic effort to be true to God; and it is no more possible that the God whom you thus acknowledged should forsake you than that the sun should withhold its light. But you are ill in mind and spirit, and so you cannot feel this. The insensibility which seems to you so

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terrible is the natural result of long and intense emotion and struggle. Do not try to rouse yourself, for the very effort will defeat the end. Simply be quiet, and after a while light will shine through the darkness, and the voice of God will speak to your soul."

She looked up at him gratefully. "*Your* voice gives me comfort," she said—"the first I have felt. It seems to stir my frozen heart a little. But all is dark with me—very dark. My father can never give me another word of kindness or forgiveness; and if God had not withdrawn his face, if I could go back to the thoughts and feelings of a fortnight ago, what then must I think of my father? If I prayed, could I pray for *him?*"

"Why not?" said D'Antignac in the same grave, gentle tone which had such a tranquillizing influence upon her. Though he had not expected this question, he had known that it must occur to her and be one of the sharpest stings in her grief, and what he had to do was to apply such healing balm as he could; not words of comforting delusion, but such as the infinite charity of the church allows. "Why not?" he repeated after an instant. "If you did not, would you not be pronouncing a judgment upon him? But God alone is the judge of the soul, for he beholds it unveiled and reads motives where we see only actions."

Oh! what pain and wistfulness were in the dark eyes as they looked up at him now, and what nervous strength was in the slender fingers that clasped his hand.

"But if—if such a soul had called itself the enemy of God," she said in a tense whisper, "could one dare to hope—then?"

"Even then it is not for us to pass judgment," he answered. "For what are our judgments based upon? Surely the narrowest and most incomplete knowledge. Who can read another's mind and soul? Who can draw the line where prejudice and ignorance cease to be excusable? Only God, who weighs every human error in the scale of exactest justice and regards every human frailty with tenderest mercy. So let us leave the dead in his hands, with this absolute confidence: that every soul will in eternity occupy the place for which it is fitted, and that whatever good intention, whatever ignorance it may plead will most surely be allowed in its behalf."

Armine did not answer—in words; but she lifted the hand

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which she still held to her lips, and then they were silent together for a space of time which neither of them counted.

The silence was broken by the unexpected entrance of Hélène; and when she saw the slender, black-clad figure kneeling by her brother's couch she was for a moment fairly startled. Then she came forward with an exclamation of pleasure and welcomed the girl, who rose to meet her.

"You have not been a moment out of my mind since we parted," she said; "and I am more than glad to find you here. Now you must make up your mind to stay. Madelon can bring all that you need. You must not go away again."

"She must do exactly what she wishes," said D'Antignac's calm voice before Armine could answer. "Do not trouble her with insistence, if she does not wish to stay. Leave her quite free."

Armine gave him a glance of gratitude. "You are always as wise as you are kind," she said. "And, dear Mlle. d'Antignac, I will come to you after a while, as I have promised, since you are good enough to want me; but not to-day, I think."

Hélène shook her head. "To-day is a better time than to-morrow," she said. "But I will not press you, since Raoul says that I must not; though I think that sometimes people need a little compulsion for their own good."

"She needs something more just now," said D'Antignac. "Put on your bonnet, Hélène. I want you to go out with her."

Mlle. d'Antignac looked surprised; but she was in the habit of obeying her brother's directions without question, so she left the room, and when she returned with her bonnet on she was struck by the expression of Armine's face. It was paler than before, if possible, but the strange, impassive calm was broken; the lips were tremulous instead of set, and the deep, dark eyes seemed full of immeasurable sadness. D'Antignac looked up at his sister and said quietly:

"Send Cesco to call a carriage, and then drive with her to Notre Dame des Victoires."

Several hours later, when Hélène returned, she entered her brother's room and found the Vicomte de Marigny with him. After she had shaken hands with the latter, D'Antignac said, with more eagerness than he often displayed:

"How did you leave Armine?"

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"I left her in very good hands," Mlle. d'Antignac answered; "but you will not see her again for some time. She has gone to the —— Convent."

"Indeed!" said her brother, with an expression of surprise. "By whose advice did she go?"

"Is it necessary to ask? By that of the Abbé Neyron, to whom you sent her."

"I did not send her to him," said D'Antignac quietly. "I did not mention his name."

"Did you not? Well, at all events, she so understood. We had not been long in the church when she turned to me and said that she would like to see him, if I thought it possible. I went to inquire, and fortunately found him disengaged, so I sent her to him, while I remained in the church. It seemed to me that I waited a long time; but presently she returned, and with her came the abbé, who told me when we went out together that he thought the best thing she could do would be to go to a religious house for a retreat, to tranquillize her and prepare her for the reception of the Sacraments. Of course I could not but agree with him, though it was a disappointment to me that she would not come to us; so he said he would go to the convent and arrange matters, while I went home with Armine and made such preparations as she needed. It did not take long to make these, and, to my surprise, I found her for the first time manifesting something like eagerness and interest. 'It is what I want,' she said: 'to get away from the world—not even to hear an echo of it—for a time.' So when we drove to the convent we found every arrangement made; she was received most kindly, and there I left her."

"You could not have left her in a better place," said D'Antignac with satisfaction. "This is all that I could have desired for her, and more than I could have hoped. Her wounds will be healed and her soul fortified there, and when we see her again she will be the Armine we have known given back to us. Meanwhile we can think of her with peace. The worst is over."

"She must have suffered terribly from the shock of her father's death," said M. de Marigny, who had listened to the conversation with interest and attention.

"Yes," answered D'Antignac, "and the shock was intensified by the circumstances immediately preceding it and by the fact that she was among unsympathetic people. Indeed, we have feared very serious consequences. She has been in the

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state of stunned apathy from which a reaction is often fearful. But now it is possible to dismiss anxiety. She is where she will be most wisely and carefully tended, and where she will find the rest and the religious atmosphere which she needs."

"But is it not possible that her father's friends may give trouble when they find that she has been taken to a convent?" asked the vicomte.

"I do not think there are any of her father's friends who have the right to interfere with her at all," replied D'Antignac. "She has, as far as I can learn, no relatives—here, at least—and she is therefore absolutely, though desolately, free."

"No relatives here!" repeated M. de Marigny, who seemed very much interested. "But no doubt she has relatives elsewhere."

"On her mother's side, very likely; but I do not know who or what they are. On her father's side—" Here the speaker paused and looked at Hélène, who rose at once, and, saying something about removing her bonnet, left the room.

There was a moment's silence after the door closed behind her, and then D'Antignac said:

"I feel bound to tell you, Gaston, that Duchesne left behind him a disclosure which concerns you very deeply. He professes to have discovered proofs of the marriage of his grandparents."

The vicomte looked surprised, but more incredulous. "At this late date," he said, "that is hardly probable. When and where did he discover the proofs?"

"It appears that he had never seen them himself, but that he believed in their existence on the testimony of the son of an old servitor of your granduncle who lives at Marigny. I suppose you know who the latter is?"

"Very well—an old pensioner of the estate, who has lately made some extravagant demands which were not granted. If he knew anything he might have revealed it, thinking that he would impose his own terms for the disclosure; but I doubt his knowing anything of any real importance."

"At least it is easy to put the matter to the test. He assured Duchesne that his father had witnessed the civil marriage, which took place at Dinan, where it must be registered."

"Oh!" said the vicomte, with an air of relief, "that brings the matter down to a point which can be easily verified. I shall go to Dinan at once."

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"That is scarcely worth while, since another person intends going to-morrow," said D'Antignac, smiling.

"And who is that person, if I may ask—an agent of Mlle. Duchesne?"

"So far from that, a person who complains that he could not induce Mlle. Duchesne to manifest the least interest in the disclosure or to authorize him to take any steps whatever. But the matter having been laid upon him as a kind of trust by her father, he feels bound to discover, at least, whether the proofs of the marriage are forthcoming. There is no mystery connected with his part in the affair. He is the young American—Egerton—of whom you have heard me speak, who was with Duchesne at the time of the accident, and therefore received his last words."

"And it was to *him*, then, that the disclosure about the marriage was made?"

"Yes, to him, that he might convey it to Armine."

"And does it not strike you as strange that, if Duchesne believed the story of Lebeau, the old servant at Marigny, he did not verify it for himself—seek out the proofs and assert his claim at once?"

"No doubt he intended to do so, and thought, like many another man, that he had unlimited time in which to act. But, if you remember, the time which elapsed between his leaving Brittany and his death was very short."

There was a minute's silence. Then the vicomte said: "The matter must certainly be investigated at once. Will you give me the address of this M. Egerton?"

"If you will ring the bell, Cesco shall find you one of his cards," said D'Antignac. "Never having any need to pay visits, I do not burden my mind with remembering where people live. That is one advantage of being a fixture."

Cesco came; the card was speedily found, and the vicomte rose to go.

"If I decide to leave Paris immediately, I shall, of course, not see you again before I start," he said; "but I will let you know the result as soon as possible. Tell me this, however: did Mlle. Duchesne mention the matter to you?"

"To me? Not at all. It did not seem to be in her mind in the least. Set your mind at rest with regard to her. I can assure you of one thing: that if poor Duchesne's hopes prove absolutely baseless, no one will be less disappointed than Armine."

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A COURSE OF PHILOSOPHY: Embracing Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics. A Text-Book for use in Schools. Second edition. Revised and enlarged. By Very Rev. A. Louage, C.S.C., Provincial of Canada. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co. 1883. Pp. 290.

In the preface to this second edition of his *Moral Philosophy* the Very Rev. Father Louage makes an explanation in regard to the notable difference which distinguishes it from the first edition, and, indeed, entitles it almost to the appellation of an entirely new text-book, which we think due to him that we should quote entirely:

"When the first edition of this Philosophy appeared we made known to the public that we originally did not have an intention of publishing, in the form of a manual, the notes which we had gathered and dictated to our pupils. We had been entrusted with a class, in which, besides philosophy, we were to teach other matters in one scholastic session of five months. At the end of our course our notes were reviewed and prepared for the press by another person and sent to a publisher almost without our knowledge. The urgent need of a manual, and the alterations made by the reviewer, whose chief aim was to be elegant, partly explain the precipitancy employed in producing the work, and also account for certain inaccurate expressions it contained. The responsibility of the principal errors, especially those in Ontology, we ourselves assume; and we here take the opportunity of thanking the author of an analytical and just criticism which appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, one year after the publication of our Philosophy, for his suggestions. We have profited by that criticism, and have made many corrections and additions, principally in Logic and Metaphysics.

"We have now presented to the public a book we believe worthy of its title; a manual that will prove acceptable in the schools."

The writer of the present notice, who was acting editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD when the criticism on the Philosophy of Father Louage appeared, avails himself of this occasion to disclaim the credit of its authorship, which has generally been ascribed to him—a mistake which he refrained from correcting on account of a strict injunction of secrecy from the author of the criticism, a man of the highest eminence in several sciences. He will doubtless highly appreciate Father Louage's generous acknowledgment. For ourselves, we can only express our admiration for a sincerity and modesty so very rare in authors, certainly never surpassed and seldom equalled even by those who profess to teach and follow the most perfect rule of moral virtue.

The system of Ontologism is one which has fascinated some of the best minds devoted to philosophical studies, and it has only been finally expelled from the Catholic schools by the decisive and final condemnation of the Holy See. It was principally on account of statements savoring of the errors of this system that we thought it necessary to insert in our pages an unfavorable criticism of Father Louage's work in its first edition. As he has now removed all ground of objection to his manual on this score, and has conformed his theory to the teaching now common and approved in Catholic schools, not only on this head, but generally in respect to the other topics treated, we withdraw our former remonstrance against the use of this text book in the instruction of youth.

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Besides this, the author has most carefully and laboriously improved the entire work, with a view to making it suitable for its purpose as a text-book of the easiest and most elementary instruction in philosophy. As the proof of a pudding is in the eating, so a text-book can only be tested in the use. The intelligent teachers and pupils who will make use of this manual are the ones to decide on the measure of success which its author has achieved in a most difficult undertaking, one equally difficult with the task of composing a catechism. We hope the venerable author of this *Course of Philosophy for Use in Schools* will find a reward for his earnest effort to meet a general and pressing demand in the approbation of those who are the most competent to judge, and in the evidence of the utility of his manual as a text-book in our schools.

THE RETURN OF THE KING. Discourses on the Latter Days. By Henry James Coleridge, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This is a collection of sermons, not containing a connected and systematic treatment of the great topic to which they refer, the Second Coming of Christ, yet arranged on a plan which exhibits continuity in the order of ideas and unity in the common scope, and leaving out no one department of the general subject. These sermons are characterized by the qualities of matter and style always found in Father Coleridge's works, and which we have often brought into notice in our criticisms of his various writings. For the most part they are expositions of doctrine or applications of undoubted truths of religion to existing facts, in which all Catholics must concur with their statements and teaching, and from which every pious reader must derive the greatest spiritual instruction and benefit. In the exposition of prophecy Father Coleridge is sober and reserved. He follows what is the more common view concerning the unfulfilled prophecies, and seems to look on the signs and tendencies of the present time as indicating the approach of that disastrous period which many consider to be foretold in the Apocalypse as awaiting the world in the future, and which is designated as "the reign of Antichrist." This anticipation casts a gloomy and foreboding shadow over the view and prospect of the present and the future age of the church and the world. It may be that coming events are actually casting these dark shadows before them. Personally we are not convinced that the particular interpretation of the prophecies from which these sombre auguries are drawn is so certain that we may not hope for better things in store for us as this century draws toward its close and another dawns upon the earth. But, whatever room there may be for difference of opinion upon this part of the subject, the great facts and truths which Father Coleridge as a preacher of the word of God sets forth with so much power and solemnity, respecting the second coming of Christ, the Last Judgment, and the finality of all human issues, are awful as well as indubitable, and worthy of the serious consideration of all Christians.

NIGHTS WITH UNCLE REMUS. Myths and Legends of the Old Plantation. By Joel Chandler Harris, author of *Uncle Remus: His Songs and Sayings, At Teague Poteet's*, etc. With illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

The public has for some years been familiar through the columns of the

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daily press, where they were passed about from one to another, with Mr. Harris' droll scraps of utilitarian wisdom as supposed to come from the lips of an aged negro. Of course the obligation of authorship in such a case insists upon the reader's imputing these thoughts to the imaginary negro, and not to the author himself. But leaving aside the question as to whence came the "hard common sense" of "Uncle Remus'" philosophizing, there can be no doubt, to those who have lived in the South, as to the amusingly accurate representation of the negro dialect which Mr. Harris has offered us in all these negro squibs of his.

But, aside from what is amusing in Uncle Remus' talk, a good deal of interest has been excited by his stories about animals, and the many curious legends he relates that used to be rife among the plantation field-hands and the colored house-servants in that now seemingly far-off period "before the war"—a period which is perhaps already assuming in the minds of many Americans the characteristics of the Golden Age. In the seventy-one stories contained in this latest of Mr. Harris' volumes the student of comparative folk-lore will find a treasure. The author says that he has been led to believe, by the success of his former books, that "a volume embodying everything, or nearly everything, of importance in the oral literature of the Southern States would be as heartily welcomed" as his others were, and after looking over these stories there can be no doubt of the welcome. He assures us that "none of the stories are 'cooked.' They are given in the simple but picturesque language of the negroes, just as the negroes tell them."

The dialect followed in these stories is that of Georgia and the Sea Islands on the coast. For the Sea Islands dialect a short vocabulary is supplied, and it is a delightful task to follow the amusing perversions which English has been subjected to in these dialects, and compare the way in which the Louisiana negro or the West Indian negro has handled the French or Spanish which has become his adopted language.

Our American citizens of African descent have many weaknesses—and what citizens of ours have not?—but they have also a nature and a humor that are fascinating to all who have ever been brought in contact with them. It is, in fact, no uncommon thing for a Southerner to become home-sick merely at the sight of an old-fashioned negro, for the sight brings up before his memory the many happy days of his childhood and youth that he spent listening to the mirth-provoking sallies and the queer fancies of the colored folk about him.

NECROLOGY OF THE ENGLISH CONGREGATION OF THE ORDER OF ST. BENEDICT, FROM 1600 TO 1883. By the Rev. T. B. Snow, M.A., Priest of the same Congregation and Procurator of the Province of York. London: Burns & Oates. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This is a catalogue of names of English Benedictines during two hundred and eighty-three years, exclusive, of course, of those who are still living. An interesting and careful historical account of the Order in England is prefixed as an introduction. Those scholars who are curious respecting documents of modern English history will be glad to add this volume to their collections.

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ALETHAURION (Short Papers for the People). By Thomas C. Moore, A.M., S.T.D. Leavenworth: Ketcheson & Hubbell. 1883.

This book is of the class to which belong *The Faith of our Fathers*, *Stumbling-Blocks*, and Archbishop O'Brien's *Philosophy of the Bible Vindicated*, an admirable work, likewise from the pen of a Propagandist, but which almost escaped the notice of the critics until its author was raised to the see of Halifax. The present work, however, differs very much in style and plan from those mentioned. It is of the West, Western. It savors of the yellow Ohio and the Salt River, smells of the prairie and the clearing—indeed, suggests the court-house meeting and the stump rather than the circumstances of place wherewith those of the East associate sacred oratory. This doubtless is all right. We have seen priests preaching in the squares of Rome, and have no doubt that they will yet do so on the street-corners of New York. God may send the apostle to-morrow. We pray for his coming. When he does he will have a style to suit, and it will differ from the normal one now accepted. Dr. Moore shows extensive reading, accurate learning, and genuine Catholicity. He follows the church from her start to our times, giving very detailed information in short, pithy, homelike, but pure grammatical language. His stories and illustrations all appeal to the mixed audience of the "dark and bloody ground," to which the papers are addressed; hence they are in taste. Amongst other subjects incidentally treated we mention exclusive salvation, election of bishops and rectors, necessity of teaching the evidences of religion in our colleges, evangelization of the people of the United States, secret societies, etc., in all which there is displayed the spirit of obedience to the church, united with sound judgment and priestly candor. It is good to see these polemical works multiplied, as every writer adds something important to the argument for the truth. We were struck, for instance, by this author's treatment of miracles and of secret societies, as well as by his chapter on hell and on the indefectibility of the church. Brevity is the soul of his wit and wisdom. These papers will be useful to a large class of readers. By the way, what is the secret of binding a book so that, like this, it lies open on your table at any page? Pity more of our binders don't get hold of it.

REMINISCENCES OF ROME. By the Rev. Eugene MacCartan, parish priest of Antrim. London: Burns & Oates. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Father MacCartan has managed in the three hundred and eighteen pages of these *Reminiscences* to give his readers a very clear idea of how Italy, or the parts of Italy which he visited, looked to him in 1870, the year in which the tour here described was made. There is no attempt at fine writing, nor does he venture upon the ground of art criticism that is so inviting and so destructive to most foreigners going into the peninsula. There is nothing here but faithful description of things as they were when Pius IX. still reigned as king in Rome, before the weary law of uniformity had stamped out the differences, that, it is said, are not so marked now, between Genoese, and Venetian, and Lombard, and Florentine, and Roman, and Neapolitan. Yes, there is something more than description. There

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are Father MacCartan's thoughts upon what he saw, and these are given in a simple, straightforward, and unconscious way, perhaps as they were given to his parishioners on his return amongst them. Anyhow, his book of Italian travel, though not new as might be expected, is interesting from first to last.

But the proof-reading, especially of such Latin, Italian, or other non-English words as appear, is not creditable to a Catholic publishing house, though it ought in justice to be said that the stereotype plates were not made by the house whose imprint appears above.

THE GROUNDS OF THEISTIC AND CHRISTIAN BELIEF. By George P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College.

The reputation of Dr. Fisher as a scholar and a writer is such that any work from his hand must command attention from all, whatever form of belief or unbelief they may profess; especially so when he writes on such topics of paramount interest and importance as those which are handled in the present volume. In a literary point of view, and in respect to rhetorical art and style, Dr. Fisher is, in our opinion, pre-eminent among our living authors in his own department. We hold his mental endowments and scholarly attainments in certain branches of learning in great esteem, from the evidence furnished by those of his works which we have perused, including this his latest production. Moreover, a great deal of what he has written, taken in a historical, philosophical, or doctrinal sense, as an exposition of his own belief or opinion, carries with it either the full approbation of our judgment as certainly or probably sound and correct, or at least as an approximation to that which we are fully convinced is the complete truth, or even matter of divine faith and essentially belonging to revealed religion.

The present work seems to have been partially occasioned by the ribald blasphemies of that noxious individual, Robert Ingersoll. We conjecture, however, that the insidious efforts to bring the influence of agnosticism to bear on the minds of the rising generation, and to subvert all religious belief and teaching among our studious youth, have had more decisive influence in stimulating the learned professor to take up arms in behalf of God and Christianity—a most excellent and also a most necessary undertaking.

In criticising the manner in which Dr. Fisher has fulfilled his task we must be brief. A really solid and appreciative review of his work would demand a long article, or more than one. In respect to certain portions to which a Catholic must necessarily take exception we say nothing at present, since to say anything with any effect would require us to say much. In respect to the main body of the argument, we merely, in brief, give our opinion that the theistic argument is sufficiently well handled to give motives for certain conviction to any reasonable mind. What is peculiar to it is derived from the author's familiarity with the latest forms of atheism and his skill in availing himself of their self-contradictions. By far the most original and, in our opinion, the most admirable chapter in the second part of the work is that which treats of the "Sinlessness of Jesus." So, also, the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters, on the

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Evidence for Miracles and the Authenticity of the Gospels, with cognate topics, contain a well-constructed and unanswerable argument on the evidences of Christianity. Here the author's knowledge of the works of modern critics, both destructive and conservative, is brought into play in a most effective manner.

HISTOIRE DE MADEMOISELLE LE GRAS, FONDATRICE DES FILLES DE LA CHARITÉ. Paris: Poussielgue Frères. 1883.

We have read here and there short notices of Mademoiselle Le Gras (Louise de Marillac) which were sufficient to excite in us the wish to know more about so remarkable a woman. But until this volume reached us, and we had read it, our wish had not been answered. This history has been carefully written, is full of information, and gives evidence of close investigation of original sources.

So great a man and saint as Vincent of Paul found in Mlle. Le Gras a woman equal to the task of co-operating in harmony with him in fulfilling the providential designs of God. This is saying not a little in her praise. Certainly the Sisters of Charity must ever look up to the great St. Vincent of Paul as their founder, but it may be fairly questioned whether their institution would ever have existed had it not been for Mlle. Le Gras. She was the foundress of the Sisters of Charity under the guidance of St. Vincent of Paul. They are the offspring of both.

St. Benedict found in his sister, St. Scholastica, one who led also a life consecrated to God; St. Francis of Assisi had for his spiritual daughter St. Clara; St. Teresa, on whose feast we pen these lines, had for her coadjutor in the work of reform of the Carmelites St. John of the Cross, and St. Vincent of Paul had for his spiritual daughter and coadjutrix Louise de Marillac. He who reads this faithful history will recognize that she was no woman of an ordinary stamp. What humility! what prudence! what charity! It appears a part of God's providence that all, or nearly all, great enterprises in his church should have for their success the sympathetic co-operation of spiritual, saintly women. We thank the writer of this history, and hope a competent pen will put it in a worthy English dress.

SHORT SERMONS FOR THE LOW MASSES OF SUNDAY. By the Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S.J. Translated from the French, with the permission of the author, by the Rev. Edward Th. McGinley. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1883.

Father Schouppe is one of the most distinguished theologians of Belgium. His sermons contain a methodical course of Christian doctrine, both dogmatic and moral. They are of the first class of excellence, have been well translated, and are published in a neat, convenient form.

AN APPEAL TO THE GOOD FAITH OF A PROTESTANT BY BIRTH: A Defiance to the Reason of a Rationalist by Profession. By His Eminence Cardinal Deschamps, Archbishop of Malines. Translated from the French by a Redemptorist Father. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1883.

This duodecimo volume of less than one hundred and forty pages contains ten brief but conclusive and unanswerable arguments by one of the

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ablest writers and greatest prelates of this century. The translation is good, but defaced by several misspelled words. Probably the translator's native language is not English. However, English scholars consider themselves bound to spell correctly the words of foreign languages. And, besides, publishers ought to take care to have their proofs so carefully corrected that palpable errors of this kind, if they are found in the copy, should not appear in the printed text.

THE PAROCHIAL HYMN-BOOK. Words and melodies, containing prayers and devotions for all the faithful, including Vespers, Compline, and all the liturgical hymns of the year, both in Latin and English. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

CROP REPORT OF THE KANSAS BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, for the month ending September 30, 1883, etc., and Meteorological Record for the month. Wm. Sims, secretary, Topeka, Kansas. Topeka, Kansas: Kansas Publishing House. 1883.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CENTRAL COUNCIL OF THE CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1883. Read at the Annual Meeting, April 30, 1883. New York City: Central Office, No. 79 Fourth Avenue. 1883. (Pamphlet.)

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION OF AMERICA. Issued from the Thirteenth Annual Convention, held at Brooklyn, N. Y., August 1 and 2, 1883. Published by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. 1883. (Pamphlet.)

RECENT WONDERS IN ELECTRICITY, ELECTRIC LIGHTING, MAGNETISM, TELEGRAPHY, TELEPHONY, ETC., ETC., including articles by Dr. Siemens, F.R.S., Count du Moncel, and Prof. Thomson. Edited by Henry Greer. Illustrated. New York: College of Electrical Engineering. 1883. (Pamphlet.)

WHAT IS THE ANGLICAN CHURCH? To which is added an Open Letter on the Catholic Movement, to the Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D., Bishop of Central New York, by the late Rev. F. C. Ewer, S.T.D., Rector of St. Ignatius' Church, New York. Third edition. Chicago: *The Living Church* Company. (Pamphlet.)

SAINT THOMAS D'AQUIN. La Science et la Sainteté. Panégyrique de Saint Thomas d'Aquin, de l'Ordre de St. Dominique, prononcé par Monseigneur Gastaldi, Archevêque de Turin. Traduit de l'Italien avec l'autorisation de Sa Grandeur, par l'Abbé Didier, du Clergé de Maurienne (Savoie), Aumonier des Dames Trappistines de Turin. Turin: Librairie Internationale Catholique et Scientifique, Chev. L. Romano, éditeur. 1883. (Pamphlet.)

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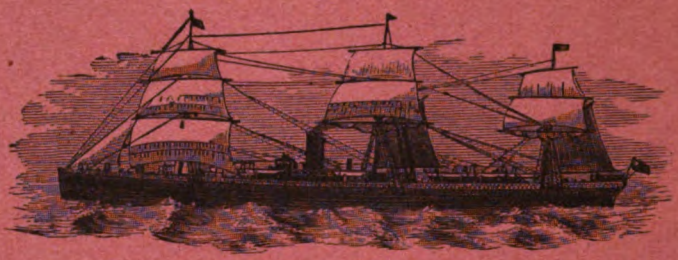

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXVIII. JANUARY, 1884. NO. 226.

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

THE triennial gathering of the Episcopal Church has been in session for nearly a month and has adjourned. We do not know what impression it has left upon the ecclesiastical body which it represents. The members have said much which to external observers seems of little importance. In order not to show any difference of opinions, they have wisely left out all questions of doctrine, and, to use the language of a New York infidel preacher, they have "reiterated worn-out platitudes and nerveless ideals." We think that they have left upon the general public the impression that they are a respectable body of men, quite satisfied with themselves, and not disposed to quarrel concerning matters of doctrine. Neither has any question of ritual been allowed to disturb the placid surface of their communion. Why should there be any quarrel where all may do as they please? As says the Rev. Dr. Newton, if he be correctly reported: "Of all the orthodox churches in the country, there is none that permits such independence of thought as our own conservative church. It was not the outgrowth of one mind. It was a national church from the first. Statesmen and not narrow-minded theologians provided for the possible unity of those elements in England which on the Continent were warring with each other. In our creed there is nothing said about the inspiration of the Scriptures. An article concerning future punishment was prepared and omitted. The article on the sacraments appeals to the heart and not to the head. The Westminster Catechism is elaborate

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and metaphysical; ours is brief, simple, unspeculative, having chiefly in view the life of the learner. As a result a wide multitude of individual opinions has grown up in the church. In this city we can see in the church every phase of Christian thought consistent with the Apostles' Creed." Whatever may be thought of Dr. Newton's views, no one who knows the Episcopal Church can doubt its elasticity in regard to doctrine. In this respect it would almost take the premium among the Protestant sects. If there were no pretensions to any ecclesiastical powers or position we should not be surprised at this comprehensiveness, since where private judgment is the arbiter of all questions, what unity of faith could be expected? But when this church claims apostolic orders and calls itself a part of the Catholic Church, or "*the* Holy Catholic Church," men may well look with wonder at a communion which embraces all shades of Christian thought, in which no man can know what he must believe. Contrary to the words of the pastoral, the catholicity of such a body would have to be discovered by "a special telescope or a crucible." Herschel's magnifying power will hardly be sufficient to enable us to see it. And if the honorable bishops and ministers would be content with the plain facts of their position, they would not seem quite so ridiculous as when they claim to be the successors of the apostles, whose powers in their hands have dwindled down to almost nothing. The Methodists have bishops whose orders are quite as good as theirs, and, to the mind of many, much cleaner; but they, while more zealous for doctrine, do not pretend to be the legitimate heirs of the apostles. We have no intention here to dwell upon the question of their orders, which have been regarded null by the Catholic Church and by every communion on the face of the earth which has preserved intact the episcopal succession. Words are wasted on this point with them, as on every other essential note of the one true church. Yet how can sincere minds be led away by such delusions? Either there is one church or there is none. There can no more be two churches with different creeds than there can be two Gods. And beyond the pale of the one church there is always confusion of belief. The nearer any body approaches to the likeness of the divine model without submission to Christ, who founded the church, the more of a mockery is it to the heart and the head.

In the few remarks we have to make concerning this convention we shall abundantly make good the truth of these views and the accuracy of Dr. Newton's propositions.

While little was done for discipline or ritual, the Protestant

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Episcopal Church has before the world still more plainly committed itself to vagueness and uncertainty of belief.

In regard to discipline we find not much to interest any one. There were some rules proposed in regard to the trials of bishops and ministers. These rules may be an improvement upon the old ones. In this matter we can be no judges.

There was an attempt to bring to account Bishop Riley, of Mexico. It would seem that this attempt is likely to fail, because this prelate considers himself independent of any control. He has founded *another branch* of the Catholic Church, and has consequently the right to manage it in his own way. It is not easy from the reports of the convention to get the exact truth of this matter. We give the words of a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, which is generally very accurate:

"The state of church affairs in Mexico is a troublesome thing to the convention. They call it 'the Mexican muddle,' which is exactly the name for it. The convention would like to straighten out this muddle, but there are hindrances in the way. Some years ago, when railroads and other means of American civilization began to make their mark in Mexico, Christian people of various persuasions set longing eyes on the Mexicans as possible converts to evangelical religion. Several of the leading denominations sent missionaries there and found the natives good listeners. A Mexican is by nature religious. He wants to follow some religion, without caring much what it is. It was thought he might prove as good a convert to Episcopalianism as to any other form of faith. So the work of pushing Episcopacy in Mexico was committed to the care of Mr. Riley, now known as Bishop Riley, or, to be more exact, the Right Rev. Henry Chauncey Riley, D.D. Bishop Riley had been brought up among the Spaniards of South America, and thought he understood the Spanish character. He speaks Spanish fluently, which is a prime necessity among Mexicans. He had a fortune of his own, and he was willing to engage in the work. Thus the opening prospect of the Mexican work was bright enough. It was not even a very heavy tax on the Foreign Mission Board, for Bishop Riley was liberal with his own money, and was willing to spend it all in the good cause. But it turned out that he had no capacity for managing affairs. He thought himself as rich as the Montezumas of old, and paid out money as if he had a gold-mine behind him instead of the comparatively small pile of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His money was soon gone, and then he became of very little account. He got into trouble with his own adherents and with the representatives of other churches, who said all manner of severe things about him. A committee was appointed to go and see about him and his work. Bishop Elliott, of Texas, was chairman of the committee, which visited Mexico and saw a great deal that was unsatisfactory. Now the committee is ready to report. The convention is ready to take up the Mexican muddle and see what, if anything, can be done with it.

"But when Bishop Riley was wanted, lo! he was not to be found. Yesterday one of his friends declared it was likely that he would arrive in this

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city the day after the adjournment of the convention. Some want to try to settle the muddle in his absence. Others say it is a shame to sit on a man in his absence and engage in a trial, or something of the kind, which may end in his deposition. It is asserted, by those who know, that Bishop Riley's management has left Mexico worse off than if Episcopacy had never been introduced there."

"What right had they," said the Rev. Dr. Fulton, "to catechise the bishop of the valley of Mexico? Could they depose this bishop? In Hayti they had a bishop who was not at all under the control of the board of managers. The bishop there was *autonomous* and was not responsible to any power on earth." The committee of bishops were not satisfied with Mr. Riley's administration. They charge him with "a want of ingenuous dealing with the liturgy," with "misappropriation of funds," and "neglect of his diocese." They were "surprised and grieved to learn that several congregations in the valley of Mexico have never had an episcopal visitation. The number of worshippers in the city churches scarcely equals the number attending in 1875." Objection is also made to the manner of conducting the new orphanage for girls, which has given occasion for scandal. They therefore request Bishop Riley to resign his office. The Rev. Dr. Fulton charges him also with trying to induce Bishop Cummins, the founder of the Reformed Episcopal Church, to become the bishop of the valley of Mexico. It seems that he has also called his church "the Church of Jesus," and considers himself independent of the General Convention. Now, says the same reverend doctor, "he is said not to believe in the apostolicity of the office he holds, and is placed in a position in which he has the power to go and establish schismatic churches with an episcopate valid though irregular, and all without responsibility to any power on earth." We really did not know that there could be any irregularity, and supposed that by the *branch* theory of the church any bishop could establish a part of the Catholic Church anywhere, inasmuch as by virtue of his office he is one of the independent *heads* of the church. It seems, however, that there is another brother in Hayti in a similar position. "This zealous brother," says the Rev. Dr. Hall, "is now as independent of this church as is the bishop of Rome, and he might say to them tomorrow: 'My dear brethren of the church in the United States, do not be in a hurry; I am bishop of the church in Hayti, and I will come and talk with you.'" It does not appear that Bishop Riley has resigned, nor that there is any one having jurisdiction over him to whom he could resign. His is the independent

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"Church of Jesus." But then what will become of the Episcopalians whom he has gathered into his communion? The bishop of Massachusetts has great fears that they may go back to the Roman Catholics, or be taken up by the Methodists and Presbyterians, who have sent money there for this purpose. Our own opinion, gathered from the statistics, is that this "Church of Jesus" is not a very large branch of the Episcopalian tree, and that the possibility of its withering is worthy of consideration.

In regard to marriage an effort was made to "regulate the impediments to matrimony and to distinguish between them," and "to provide a form for the celebration of *mixed marriages*, or of persons not members of the church." As far as we can see from the journal, nothing was accomplished at this session; though it would be interesting to know precisely what "three bishops, three clergymen, and three jurists learned in the law" would determine on this subject. It has been customary for Episcopalian ministers to marry any one without reference to creed, or even to baptism.

Some effort was also made to inquire into the practices of the Ritualists and others who transform the Prayer-Book to their own views, and use services and vestments not ordered by the church; but by mutual consent this subject of agitation was laid aside, and it was left to every bishop to do as he pleases in his own diocese. While the discussions in regard to the changes in the liturgy were the principal theme of argument, there was little said about those who employ the "Sarum use" or change the Communion office to suit their own opinions. This is the fruit as well as benefit of elasticity.

A very important movement in favor of "church schools" was begun and commended. The joint Committee on Education remarks that "we need more faith in the church as the *divinely-gifted educator*," that "there is no function, no region of life or thought, which it is not the church's duty to occupy"; and they recommend that "the number of schools for both sexes should be increased." The Rev. Mr. Haskins offered a resolution for the incorporation of a general Society of Protestant Episcopal Schools with a capital of one hundred million dollars. The pastoral of the bishops declares that "one hour of the seven days will never suffice for the education of a Christian child. Parish school, academy, college, university, our whole educational system, cry out for invigoration." They then urge the building and endowment of these schools, which shall be under the charge of ministers and teachers of their own denomination. We wait in

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patience to see if these sentiments so plainly expressed mean anything, or if, as heretofore, the Episcopalians will join hands with Protestants and infidels in forcing the public schools, which must be godless, upon the people of this country. Will they still cry out against the Catholic Church because she cannot use nor encourage education divorced from religion?

Most of the time of the convention was spent on the proposed changes of the Prayer-Book, which, after some amendments, were adopted and referred to the different dioceses for ratification. It is hard for a stranger to see the precise benefit of these changes, which are called the *enrichment* of the liturgy. Many of the "enrichments" are very petty, and those which are important are no advance in the assertion of any doctrine.

The feast of the Transfiguration of our Lord has been inserted in the calendar, which will prove very instructive to the great majority, who will not keep it. A very lively discussion arose, however, as to the date of the celebration of this feast. That there might not be any concession to the custom of the Catholic Church, it was at once proposed to put this feast down some time in the Epiphany season. The Pope of Rome came in for his share of abuse because he had meddled many centuries ago in this matter. The Rev. Dr. Adams delivered himself of some striking sentiments which seemed to have an electrical effect: "The things that had been done by the Roman Church from the sixteenth century he did not call by any means Catholic. He was not influenced in any church matter by the Church of Rome or its practice, and therefore all those arguments with regard to the Roman Church went, with him, for absolutely nothing. His Catholicity was American Catholicity. Yet so far as this was a living church, this institution of the feast of the Transfiguration was the grandest movement that had been made in it for the last fifty years." The action of the Catholic Church in placing this feast on the 6th of August was no consideration to weigh upon his mind. But at last it appeared that the Eastern communions keep the feast upon the same day, and a learned divine, who had studied the whole question, "hoped that this church would not sacrifice this great opportunity of placing herself in harmony with the rest of Christendom." So at last the celebration was set down for the 6th of August. This settlement gave occasion to much joy, as the freedom of "American Catholicity" was visibly manifested in contrast with other less favored portions of the *branch* churches. Dr. Huntington said that "he should startle some members present, and amuse others, and open the eyes of

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all who had eyes to be opened on this point, when he said that some of the best liturgical scholars of the Church of England took the ground that if any of their clergymen were to undertake the observance of the feast of the Transfiguration they would make themselves liable to fine and imprisonment, and to whatever other penalties of *præmunire* there might be." We pity the narrow circumstances of these clergymen, and would advise them to emigrate to the happy land of Columbia, where they can have festivals, altars, wax candles, stoles, and piscinas at will. We hope also that the laity of the American Episcopal Church will learn the meaning of the Transfiguration, and not be confused on the subject, as a church-warden whom we once knew, who did not know whether it meant transfusion or transformation. Yet wardens and vestrymen are apt to be ignorant, and in many cases are not members of the church. The warden of whom we write was not even ever baptized. And although an effort has several times been made, as in this convention, to require that the wardens and vestry be communicants, we believe that this rule of discipline has never been adopted. And any one knows that all the members of the Episcopal body are free to keep or not to keep the feasts or fasts of their church. They are not even obliged to go to public worship on Sunday. We therefore earnestly hope that this "grand event" of a new feast will be the means of giving them new life.

A very important proposition was made at the beginning of the liturgical discussion—namely, that the Protestant Episcopal Church should change its name. We have always considered it a matter of questionable taste for a grown man to change his name. But for a church to take a new title seems to us quite grotesque. It was proposed to call the Protestant Episcopal communion "the Church," or "the Holy Catholic Church." Of course this change would make it whatever they called it. It reminds us of a resolution once passed in a Protestant convention: "Resolved, That the Pope of Rome is Antichrist, and that he be and hereby is destroyed." If the Episcopalians should call themselves "the Holy Catholic Church," what consternation would be felt all the world over! What would the rest of us do? The late Dr. Ewer declared that "the name Protestant Episcopal Church is as absurd as if Massachusetts should call itself the 'Anti-Mormon Gubernatorial State.'" A gentleman from New Mexico says that "he lives in a country almost exclusively Romish," and that the old name "puts his light under a bushel." "We are the Catholic Church of America," said he, "and it is

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a great misfortune that we have a name which we must constantly explain away and apologize for." Another gentleman says, what will give great quiet to many, "There has been need for the present title, but the necessity has passed and we ought to bury the bloody shirt." "Our mission is not to fight Romanism, but to build up the church." The Rev. Dr. Fulton, however, exclaims: "The Protestant Episcopal Church is *not* the Holy Catholic Church. We are one of the very least of the great tribes of Israel. I live in a city of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, where our communicants number not more than two thousand five hundred. Would it be modest and truthful to call ourselves the Catholic Church of the United States?" Yet when one has a father is it quite right to be ashamed of that father? And were the fathers of the Episcopalians so very absurd when they named the church which they founded? If they were so very absurd what is the logical inference? But the Episcopal Church did not change its name this time. Four bishops to whom the proposition was referred gave a mournful report, recommending that there be no rebaptism of the ecclesiastical body. That name "Protestant Episcopal" was forced upon them by the "external pressure of circumstances," and "it is a *trial to faith and patience*, but not less a note of the kingdom which cometh not with observation." It is certain that this note does not come *with* observation. And the sad bishops find consolation in the fact that they allege, that "it was not till a comparatively late period that the Catholic formula of the Creed obliterated the names of local churches." Then follows a series of statements partly true, partly false, and wholly dishonest, and a fearful dart is hurled at the Catholic Church, which does not need to change its name, as it is "no trial of faith and patience." We are the wicked people who "adulterate the name of the whole Catholic Church by the prefix *Roman*." There is something terrible the matter with us, as we have within us "an internal canker which eats out the very core of Catholic unity." How sad that we are so very sick and are ignorant of it! But, say the bishops, there is a good time coming, when "truth will naturally assert itself, and the whole chaos of American Christianity be shaped into unity and beauty." Then, we presume, they who are so sick of canker will be gone, and the term "Protestant Episcopal" be synonymous with "Holy Catholic." Under these encouraging circumstances why not wait and let one's name stand?

The discussions in regard to the Prayer-Book developed some

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curious phases in ecclesiastical life. Many desire more liberty and choice in their worship. The Rev. Dr. Morrison demanded more flexibility. He said: "In the country parts of the United States the church is very weak. It is said to be strong in the cities, but he was yet to learn where it is strong in the country places. Was it even as strong as it ought to be in the cities? They were told that they had altogether something like three hundred and fifty thousand communicants, but he presumed that these figures were made up from the rolls furnished by various parishes, and were hardly reliable. Why was the church weak in the country places? Because he thought the order for morning and evening prayer was away over the heads of many persons to whom it was addressed. It was too intellectual for them."

Some changes were made in the Scripture lessons, and the joint committee had seen fit to strike from the calendar "the story of Balaam and his ass." Why this instructive miracle was to be left out we do not know, as even Dr. Hanckel said that "an ass may speak and act sometimes more wisely than a man." So the House of Bishops moved to put back this portion of Scripture, and after some quite interesting argument their resolution was sustained. Some thought the whole story was a dream, this being "the opinion of a long line of commentators." And, said the Rev. Dr. Harrison, "if any clergyman wished to get rid of that chapter, the remedy had been provided. One of the rules made it possible for any one who found one of those chapters unsuitable for reading at any particular time to change it, and, therefore, there was no absolute objection to the retention of this chapter." It *is* difficult with these rules to see how there could be any objection to anything.

The "Beatitudes of the Gospel" were made a special service, but also left entirely optional. Some of the members desired to put them at will in the place of the Ten Commandments. One of the reverend doctors said that "he had long felt the burden of having to say the decalogue at every celebration of Holy Communion." This amendment did not meet with the consent of the majority, and, as far as we can see from the journal, the Commandments will still keep their place. To us this seems a wise provision, since while many need to be familiar with the decalogue, there are not many to whom the beatitudes apply.

Nearly all the proposed changes in the services were of little doctrinal import. Some curious opinions were, however, evolved when any doctrine was touched, and it was evidently the purpose of the committee to avoid anything by which

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faith might be either affirmed or denied. The discussions concerning the form of absolution are a most remarkable illustration of the elasticity and vagueness which distinguish the Episcopal Church. The old forms of absolution are both declaratory, and would be an insufficient form of the Sacrament of Penance, even if it were the intention of the church to administer it. There is surely no such intention, as no well-informed person would propose to give absolution publicly to a mass of people upon a general confession where only an admission of general sinfulness was expressed. And, besides, the articles of their faith declare that penance is not a sacrament, "that it has no visible sign or ceremony ordained by God," and "that it has grown of the corrupt following of the apostles." If it ever has been the intention of a few ministers to give absolution thus publicly, it is certain they have failed, as they have neither orders nor jurisdiction, nor the proper matter and form of the sacrament. The forms hitherto ordered were only prayers which any person might use, which laymen in the Catholic Church could well offer to God. He who would make anything more of these forms would involve himself in many absurdities. The High-Church element seems, nevertheless, disposed to make out of these prayers a kind of sacramental absolution. The new form proposed is an adaptation of the prayer which both priests and people use in the Catholic Church. It simply asks "that God will grant absolution and remission of sin, space for true repentance, amendment of life, and the grace and consolation of the Holy Spirit." Some of the members saw in this an attempt to undervalue the priestly powers of which a few are proud, and they resisted any change. One learned minister tells us that these prayers for absolution are a full and perfect form, to convey the sacramental pardon of all sin. He has profoundly studied the whole subject, which, he says, "is an exceedingly difficult one." Moreover, it was necessary to guard against Romish errors. "The man who came into church and heard the priest pronounce this absolution could not feel drawn into Romish errors or mistakes. He could not have the idea that the words pronounced gave him absolution, unless he had grace. He could not suppose that these words gave him such absolution; that he could go out and say: 'All my sins are wiped out; I have been a debtor for so many sins, but I have had so much absolution, and the balance is struck; I am a saint."

It seems to us also well to avert the danger of this dreadful catastrophe, even if powerful means were necessary. But the

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same very learned gentleman has found out "the flaw in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church. It gives absolution upon bare confession, not for repentance and doing good works meet for repentance, not for faith, but simply on confession, without good works done, and without faith shown." We need not say here that this flaw has no existence except in the misrepresentation of this Episcopal minister, whose ignorance is hardly excusable. We would refer the honest gentleman to any Catholic catechism.

But the Rev. Dr. Fulton tells us that "there are *degrees* of absolution," which, however, he does not explain to us. He admires this beautiful precatory absolution, in which the word "consolation" sweetens and enriches everything. "He thought it was pretty hard to be absolving people all the year round in God's name, and never get absolution one's self. If the committee could only have given to the ministers of the church a chance to be absolved by the congregation, he should like very much to say his confession, and should very much like to hear the congregation say to him: 'The almighty and merciful Lord grant thee absolution and remission of all thy sins.'"

Then arose a gentleman from western Michigan, who said that he firmly believed he had power to absolve, and he had believed this for sixteen years. "Was he now to be undeceived? He failed to understand why it was that the priest of God should rise up at the time of prayer, and merely make a declaration or precatory statement that the people were forgiven by some indefinite, subjective method. They were proclaiming against the subjectivity of Protestantism around them, and had they not the power to tell their people, when they made the confession which the church puts on their lips and in their hearts, that the priest had authority to give them absolution?" It was immediately objected that this whole discussion was "the introduction into the church of questions of doctrine," and the Rev. Dr. Corbett reminded them of "the story of Aladdin and the wonderful lamp—how the old magician had obtained the lamp that performed miracles, by calling out in the street opposite the palace, 'New lamps for old ones; new lamps for old ones.' His advice was to keep the old lamp still." Mr. Whittle, of Georgia, asked, "When doctors disagree, who was to decide?" And another gentleman remarked "that the discussion was utterly useless and that he saw no means whatever to the settlement of the question." So it was not settled, and the disputants were all pleased, while the Rev. Dr. Huntington declared "that never in

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any assembly of the American church, convocation, congregation, or convention, had the *burning* question of absolution been discussed so kindly, so temperately, and so considerately."

Liberty of opinion is indeed great in this community, but we sometimes wonder what good this church does to any of its members. It certainly never tells them what they are to believe.

There was a very interesting or peculiar debate in regard to the Nicene Creed. This symbol contains the article of faith which declares the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Son. Mr. Judd, of Illinois, objected to this formula, and "thought the able and learned secretary ought to know that the great Eastern Church, with its one hundred millions of souls, held to precisely the view which he had been advocating. A hundred Episcopal conventions could not make him repeat the *filioque*. The idea of his calling the Church of Rome the Mother Church was a peculiar condition of things, especially when they know that the Church of Rome was an *infant church* as compared with theirs; the Church of England having been planted, according to the best authorities, in the British Isles in the year 38, and the Church of Rome having never been heard of until the year 61, or soon thereafter"! "He hoped that this church would not undertake to put a bar against the communion of a single member of the Universal Church, which it would do if it insisted upon inserting into the Communion office the so-called Nicene Creed."

The Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, who had been to the depths of this subject, explained then to the members how it was with the Oriental Church, and how badly in this matter Nicholas I. had conducted himself: "He asked this House not to lay an unnecessary yoke, not to put as the creed, in the central act of worship, the Communion office—a thing which would remain a stigma upon the church, and which would remain a bar to catholic communion. If the House would take the proper step and refuse to do an act so contrary to unity, he believed that the church would go forward conquering and to conquer, and that the idols of superstition, of false doctrine, and of the authority of Rome would fall like Dagon before the ark. He prayed that God might speed that day." This electrical speech did not seem to have produced much effect, though we wonder that, with the hope of such tremendous results, the House did not at once do what he asked, especially as it was only *not* to do a very little thing. At this juncture one of the members called the attention of the delegates to the fact that "Article VIII. of the Articles of

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Religion declared that the Nicene Creed ought to be received and believed, since it may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture; and that the litany told him to say, 'O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son.'"

Then Mr. Meigs, of New Jersey, interposed that "the work of the joint committee was being endangered by the differences between parties in regard to doctrinal questions, such as the *filioque*. He therefore desired that this proposition of the committee should be rejected." It was then rejected by one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seven votes. So the Nicene Creed was left where it was, and, as it is optional, need never be recited. It was made manifest, however, that the majority of the convention did not favor professing a belief in the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son. Our own opinion is that many do not comprehend the meaning of the term; but also that many would be glad to sacrifice anything, if only any of the Eastern churches would recognize them in any way. Such recognition will never take place, for the older branches of the Oriental schism are too well penetrated with the ancient traditions to associate with any form of Protestantism, which they have many times anathematized. We do think, however, that it is not honest nor dignified for a respectable body like the Episcopal Church to continue to implore a bow of recognition from a communion whose faith condemns all that they profess. And the truth is that they would give the world if any church having valid orders would give its guarantee to their own. For this any sacrifice would be cheap. And in all this, as in their shame of their name, they contradict the action of their fathers. Schaff, in his *History of Creeds*, tells us that "the English Reformers fully admitted, with the most learned fathers and schoolmen, the original identity of the offices of bishop and presbyter. The most learned English divines before the period of the Restoration, such as Cranmer, Jewel, Hooker, Field, Ussher, Hall, and Stillingfleet, did not hold the theory of an exclusive *jure divino* episcopacy, and fully recognized the validity of presbyterian ordination. They preferred and defended episcopacy as the most ancient and general form of government, best adapted for the maintenance of order and unity; in one word, as necessary for the well-being but not for the *being* of the church."* In this view we believe that the great majority of the Episcopalians concur.

Much was said in regard to the growth of the Episcopal Church in the last one hundred years. In reading over the

* *History of Creeds*, i. p. 605.

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report of their missions and the statistics of the convention we are struck with the comparatively small number of baptisms and communicants. It would seem that the small minority only are communicants, and that many of the missionary bishops can hardly live, and could not live without supplies of money from the East. Some complain, and during the past three years report no progress at all. The whole country has increased somewhat in population during the last one hundred years, and statistics which cover this period ought to show a large increase. The Committee on the State of the Church recommends that "church-membership should be computed on the basis of the baptized rather than on that of communicants. This basis would be more churchly and less misleading." They also say that "their greatest deficiency is in the inadequate number of candidates for holy orders." They further tell us that there has come among them "a more tolerant and catholic spirit, which has pervaded the whole length and breadth of the church to a degree never known before." By this we are officially informed that doctrine has been made more vague, and that each member has become more indifferent as to the belief and practice of his fellow-members. If their words do not imply this we fail to grasp the meaning of the phrase, "tolerant and catholic spirit."

The House of Bishops, as the "successors of the apostles," is the most important part of this convention. The sessions of this body are private, and we therefore do not hear of their discussions. We only know of them by what they see fit to make public. In the past they have not been as conservative as the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies. They have denied the Real Presence of our Lord in the divine Eucharist, and the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, which the lower House probably would not have done. And on this occasion, in the opening sermon of Bishop Clark and in their pastoral, they have almost announced liberalism in belief. "The Episcopal Church," says the New York *Christian Union*, "makes room for all forms of spiritual experience, without emphasizing any single phase; it has a place for the zeal of the Methodist and the cooler and less emotional life of the Unitarian. It lays no peculiar stress on a special rite, as does the Baptist; it does not insist upon a Calvinistic creed with the Presbyterian, nor upon an Arminian creed with the Methodist; it welcomes alike Calvinist and Arminian."

Bishop Clark tells us that "the catholic teaching of the church, the *sensus communis* of Christendom, is of no more authority than the opinion of the individual, and in some quarters it all

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ends in setting aside both the witness of the early church and the inspired record upon which that witness rests." "The church of our inheritance allows its ministers and members to construct their complicated schemes of doctrine according to the best light they have, but it does not demand assent to any of these schemes as matters of faith." "To whatever school of theology we belong, I trust there are none of us who are not ready to say: 'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.'" "It is safe for us to allow the same play of individual thought and opinion in respect to all matters which are not strictly of the faith that existed in primitive times." "It is the wisdom of our church to require of her members only a simple affirmation of the Apostles' Creed."

It will be observed that the whole question as to the true meaning of this Creed, and as to faith held in primitive times, is to be decided by every individual in the full exercise of his liberty. Where, then, is the difficulty in reciting the Apostles Creed, and where is the internal bond of belief? Each one for himself interprets the Bible, the Creed, the teaching of the early church. What larger liberty is possible? If there be greater elasticity we fail to comprehend it.

The pastoral is the address of the bishops to their people on the most solemn occasion, and they are all responsible for it. What do we find, then, in this authoritative document? We find therein many unintelligible sentences which even the writer himself probably did not understand. We may well say to them in the language of Job: "Who is this that hideth counsel without knowledge?" "Who is this that wrappeth up sentences in unskilful words?" We agree with the minister we have already quoted: "It reiterates the old symbols, though it fails to galvanize them into any semblance of life and meaning. At a time when the tendency of the educated classes is against the assumption of dogmatic dictatorialism, when millions believe in nothing at all, this church meets the mighty difficulty by reiterating worn-out platitudes and nerveless ideals." We do not understand what is meant by the balance, which the bishops say is not to be hoped, "between loyalty to unalterable truth and a due regard to what is variable but none the less actual in the needs of society." They tell us that "it must always cost an effort to adjust in a satisfying harmony the contending claims of old with new, uncompromising creeds with honest movements of religious thought." We always considered truth invariable in its very nature, which no mutations of time or speculations of so-called

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science could alter. Then they would have their people know that "the Gospel is not a philosophy. The church is not discovered at the end of a line of argument, any more than by a telescope or a crucible. Personal power rules in the realm of spiritual things, as in institutions and reformations upon the earth." "A reverent scrutiny of documents, and a searching criticism of what is human in grammar, arithmetic, or version, are a part of the church's business, and belong to her scholars." We did not think that there was anything inhuman or superhuman in either of these things. But they add that the Old and New Testaments are eminently *in* each other, as "a greater student of these lively oracles than we are likely to meet in any of our thoroughfares long ago declared." No information is given as to who this gentleman is, nor why we are to look through the streets to find his equal. Yet already, they say, "time has brought a reasonable end to that factitious quarrel between science and faith which only a little while ago disturbed so many minds, the reconciliation of these foolishly alien ated creatures of God consisting in so simple a remedy as the discrimination of their spheres." We hope the average reader, who may wonder at the unintelligible, will be able to catch the meaning, even if he do not admire the style. We are glad to hear that time has brought an end to the quarrel between those two foolishly alienated creatures. If the quarrel be over in the Episcopal Church we are inclined to think that faith has been driven from the ground. But now for the dogmatism of the pastoral: "The fontal truth which is the promise of a rectification of much disproportioned theology" is the Incarnation of the Son of God. "This Incarnation includes atonement, as it includes every article of the creeds, every ministration of grace, all the forces and functions of the living body of Christ." All this is indeed true, if it were in their power to understand it. But how can they either explain or understand it who deny the unity of Christ's body, who assert its corruption, who render to the Mother of God no honor nor reverence? There may be a few who know the words by which this vital doctrine is stated; there can be none who feel it in their hearts or know its power.

"Our Anglican fathers knew what they did when they placed the article of the sufficiency of the Scriptures next after the articles of the Trinity, and they did not mean that the rule whereby all doctrines are to be infallibly proved is itself fallible, or is yet to be proved." The world may respectfully ask of the Episcopal Church the reason why she holds to the inspiration of

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the Scriptures and what that inspiration is; and it will receive no reply. The world may ask how that can be an infallible rule which every one is at liberty to interpret according to his own views. And the world will point to the fact that unity of faith among Episcopalians, even regarding the Trinity and Incarnation of the Son of God, is neither actual nor possible. The bishops take good care not to define anything, not to state in terms any doctrine, else they would disagree. They can deny truth; they cannot affirm it. Why did they not state to this material age what they believe, and what men ought to believe, in regard to the two natures and one person of the Word made flesh? Why did they not state the meaning of the Apostles' Creed which every one ought to hold? The answer is manifest—because they do not possess any clear conception of truth, and cannot, therefore, express it; because the first step into the region of doctrine leads to the discovery of their hopeless disunion.

Now they look at their sister Protestant sects and hope to win them. "To call these generous reformations Christless would be unfair. The love of Christ is in them." They are all right, and "only lack what Christ has offered to provide through the ordinances and offices of his heavenly kingdom." Let them only come to these successors of the apostles and get what they lack. Let their ministers come for episcopal ordination. Then all will flow on beautifully and in order. Will these "generous reformations" comply with this invitation? Does the Episcopal Church expect some of the Protestant denominations to apply for admission as a body? We hardly think any of them will come. And if they were to ask advice of some one fully as wise "as any one we may meet in our thoroughfares," he would probably ask, "Why would you do it, and what would you gain?" "You will gain nothing whatever in certainty of faith, nothing in unity. You will hear 'airy generalities,' and the assumption of claims which all Christendom rejects. Better remain where you are than take a position more unreal and be deceived by forms which have no substance."

Here we close our brief commentary. They who are true in heart, who really believe in one God and one Christ, will come to his one church. The day is past for insincerity or play with questions which concern the salvation of the soul. It is sad to deceive one's self even in the things of this life; it is endless ruin to deceive the soul in the things of eternity. The signs of the Son of Man are in the heavens; and there are only two forces in the field, the Catholic Church and the infidel.

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THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.*

IN the year of Rome 746, on the seventh day before the Calends of January, corresponding with our 25th of December, towards five o'clock in the evening, two mounted Roman officers left Jerusalem by the gate of Damascus, followed by an escort of soldiers and a few slaves. One of them, a man of about fifty years of age, of a powerful build, red of face and free of tongue, suggested at a glance, by the thick regularity of his features, the type of Vitellius. Epicurean in doctrine and in habits, he quoted on all occasions, whether to the point or not, the verses of an illustrious poet, lately deceased, copies of whose poems he occasionally received from Rome. He never failed to add after each quotation: "And to think that I knew him, that divine Horace! How often have we played together in our childhood!

"'O saepe mecum!'"

This officer bore the name of Mansius Quadratus.

The other was a young man hardly thirty years of age. His expression was grave, and he replied by rare monosyllables only to the inexhaustible volubility of his jovial companion. The outline of his finely-cut features, his head shaved after the manner of the Romans, stood out in sharp relief against the clear sky of a beautiful evening of Palestine. Indifferent to the idle conversation of his companion, he was gazing thoughtfully upon the environs of Jerusalem, apparently absorbed in the study of a difficult problem.

"Sooner or later, my good Octavius," said the Epicurean, "you will acknowledge that wisdom does not consist in dreaming of the future, but in enjoying the present:

"'Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus!'

O that immortal Horace! We were dear friends in our youth. Believe me," he continued, without awaiting an answer from the taciturn young man, "you can never change the world. The world, my young friend, is older than you. I cannot but regret that you have given up that richly-endowed

*Translated from the French of the Abbé H. Perreyve, by Miss M. E. Perkins.

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soul of yours to vague reveries of progress and of the future which rob it of its daily joys, and that you have condemned your youth to a hopeless expectation of an indefinite good. Alas! Octavius, the world is going, and always will go, from bad to worse! Believe me, we must accept it as it is, take our share in its pleasures as they go, and not weary our hearts longing for the return of the golden age:

"'Aetas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.'

Ah! that inimitable Horace! Our fathers were near neighbors at Venusium, in our beloved Apulia." A moment of silence followed this already familiar exclamation, and nothing was heard but the regular tramp of horses' feet, the clanking of heavy swords against the saddles, and the quick step of the escort.

"At least," resumed the indefatigable Quadratus, "might one inquire whence you have drawn your extraordinary ideas about the world and its future? If my question is indiscreet I do not ask for an answer. Above all things I believe in respecting the opinions of others, provided that they, on their part, will not interfere with mine. But, to tell the truth, it seems that since your sojourn in Jerusalem the doctrines of the Jews have had more or less influence on your mind, and that the son of the patrician Octavius has not been wholly insensible to the superstitions of the good people of Judea. Be not angered, friend; I can foresee your answer, and would not have you take too seriously what is intended merely as a jest.

"'Dulce est desipere in loco,'

as Horace says."

Another silence followed this short quotation. Just then a slave left the ranks of the escort and ran towards the officers. Both of them absorbed, one in his reverie, the other in his own remarks, had passed beyond the road which led to Bethlehem. Made aware of their error, they retraced their steps a short distance and turned into the ravine extending along the foot of Mount Sion.

"Well, I shall not insist upon it; and since my remark seems to have pained you, let us speak no more on the subject. Only allow me once more to exhort you, my dear Octavius, to shake off this melancholy which nothing warrants—surely not your age, nor your brilliant prospects, nor the present state of the world under the divine and ever-glorious Augustus! Look at the

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empire, look at the whole universe, happy under the sway of Cæsar, and do not discourage the general joy for the sake of vain theories of which you yourself in fact—"

"Quadratus," interrupted Octavius, "the night is already falling. Do you think we are still far from Bethlehem?"

"We are hardly half way," said Quadratus, "but when we shall have reached the summit of the slope we see before us we shall see the lights of the town. At best we shall arrive late—barely in time to secure quarters for the night. I know of but one inn in Bethlehem, and I hardly see how we shall find place for all our Jews. For my part I would not have one of them within fifty paces of my room:

"'Odi profanum vulgus et arceo—'

I am not like a certain officer of my acquaintance, upon whom the charms of Judaism—"

"Quadratus," said the young man gravely, "since you will insist upon the subject, let me put an end once for all to this offensive jesting, and so explain myself that it may be no longer possible—"

"Come, now! has he really taken offence? One can no longer dare to jest with these young men! What was comedy for their fathers is tragedy for them. Indeed, I believe the world will soon have forgotten how to laugh." So saying, he shrugged his shoulders with an air of despair.

Octavius continued: "After all, Quadratus, you must forgive some souls for seeking their consolation elsewhere than in the wine-cup. I am not a Jew, as you would make me out, nor am I tempted to become one. I am a Roman as well as you, wholly independent, heart and mind, free from all superstition, and little disturbed, it seems to me, by vain scruples. I have, on the contrary, tried everything and already exhausted all. I am dying of weariness in the midst of pleasures. I envy and admire you in the tranquillity of your happiness; for myself, I have not learned the secret of it. I find that the joys of this world only excite in my heart a hunger and a thirst which they are powerless to satisfy. Everything is too much or too little. Like you I would willingly lull myself to sleep in these pleasures, forgetting therein the world and myself, did not some indefinable sense of the infinite come to disturb my rest and awaken within me dreams and desires that seem endless and insatiable. So I wait, I long, I pray. To whom or for what I know not. I pray for that which must come to respond to this profound instinct which

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possesses my soul. I believe in a good which I do not know, but without the hope of which I would not wish to remain a day on this sad earth."

"You are ill, my friend," replied Quadratus in a paternal tone. "You are affected with the malady of the age. By Hercules! I have no patience with the dreamers who have disturbed so many beautiful souls of our time, and could I but lay hands on that Plato of yours I would get this good Murena to thrash him soundly! Would I not, Murena?"

"Yes, sire," answered a stalwart slave, looking up at his master with a stupid laugh.

"But tell me, Octavius," resumed Quadratus, "what is this indefinable 'infinite,' which has even no name in the Roman language? Why do you believe that a man, in order to be happy, must needs aim at something superior to himself? The secret of our true happiness is in ourselves and in the good things which surround us. Learn to appreciate these advantages and you will be happy. Common sense teaches us this. After all, why desire a happiness which our nature cannot attain? Even supposing such happiness to exist, I refuse to recognize or desire it, for this would only condemn me to the tortures of Tantalus. I merely ask of the gods to leave me in peace on earth, and not to disturb my life with the hopeless desire of anything better, any more than I, miserable mortal, attempt to interfere with their pleasures of Olympus. The gods are happy where they are; I try to make myself as comfortable as possible where I am. Every one to his place. By Hercules! my dear Octavius, it is many a day since I have attempted to philosophize thus."

"Then you are contented, philosopher," said Octavius, with a sad smile, "with such good things as fall to your lot in this life? Pardon me, but I cannot accuse you of ambition. What, Quadratus! you are no longer young; the evening of life with its infirmities must soon come upon you, and then what will remain to you of all your mortal career? The bitter recollection of a few pleasures, purchased perhaps at the price of the sufferings of others; of fruitless trials, unexplained and unconsoled; the feeling that life has been one long disappointment, and that after death we have nothing to look forward to, nothing to hope for. And can it be for such an end that you have been endowed with that active intelligence which you may try in vain to stifle, that heart so capable of loving, and of whose generous sincerity I myself have had so many proofs? For my part I cannot believe it. I cannot be-

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lieve that this short and troubled dream can be the secret of man's destiny. I believe there must be some better solution to the problem. I believe that a time will come when our eyes shall behold what they have so long sought; that humanity shall not roll on eternally in this desolate darkness, but that one day the long-desired truth shall be ours—yes! even should a god have to come down upon earth to bring it to us—"

"Well done, Octavius! Behold indeed a solution! All that is necessary, then, my dear friend, is to break the chains of Prometheus, that the ancient benefactor of mankind may bring back the sacred fire amongst us."

"Do not be too ready to laugh at those old dreams of the sages," said Octavius. "The fable of Prometheus has always impressed me deeply." *

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Quadratus, offering his hand gaily to Octavius, who returned the salute without smiling. "After all, it is beautiful," continued the former, drawing his horse's head away from that of his companion, "it is indeed charming, to be as young as you are, when the world is as old as it is."

"Really, my poor friend," returned the young man, "we have no two ideas in common. You look upon the world as old. It seems to me very young; to tell the truth, I believe it has hardly yet cast off the obscurities of its childhood. I believe it is barely on the eve of awakening to a moral consciousness. What master has yet instructed it? What powerful and beneficent hand has pointed out its true destiny? Humanity seems to me like a poor weak child given over in its very infancy to an evil genius, by which he has been injured, robbed, but not irretrievably ruined, and who, before he can recover what he has lost, must await the

* In the tragedy of Aeschylus the chorus says to the martyred hero: "Must thou suffer unceasingly? Is there to be no end to thy woes?"

PROMETHEUS. "Not until Jupiter so wills it."

CHORUS. "Dost thou hope that such may be his will? Dost thou not admit thy fault? But to reproach thee with it would give us no pleasure, and would only afflict thee; rather let us seek some means of deliverance."

PROMETHEUS. "It is easy for those who know not adversity to advise and reprove those who are less fortunate. I foresaw this, and it is voluntarily, yes, of my free will, that I have acted thus; I do not deny it. In order to save mortals I have sacrificed myself" (v. 263–275).

"Is it not extraordinary," says Patin, "to find in a pagan poet this sublime idea of a God offering himself in sacrifice for man? Some of the Fathers of the church have been so struck by it that they have traced therein a sort of confused presentiment of the grandest mystery of our religion" (*Etudes sur les tragiques grecs: Eschyle, Le Prométhée*).

The tradition to which the learned critic refers is very ancient; already in the second century, Tertullian speaks of Christ as the true Prometheus: "Hic enim est verus Prometheus" (*Apologet.* xviii.) And he again refers to the ancient fable in his first book *Contra Marcion.*

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help of a power whose devotion will be without limit, because its love shall know no bounds."

"And you believe in such a power?"

"I do."

"And you await its advent?"

"I expect it."

"You are more seriously affected than I had supposed," said Quadratus gravely.

At this moment the little caravan emerged from the defiles which they had followed along the foot of Mount Sion, and, leaving the valley of Kedron, they crossed the wide tableland of a hill whence a vast and solemn panorama spread itself out before them. They were leaving behind them on the north Jerusalem, now reddened by the last rays of the setting sun; on the west were to be seen the mountains of Judea; and on the east, beyond the Dead Sea, the mountains of Arabia.

The young man, again absorbed in his reveries, gazed half unconsciously on the scene, the profiles of the mountains standing out sharply against the clear twilight sky. Quadratus called two men from the escort and ordered them to go on in advance, in order to make preparations in Bethlehem for the arrival of the Roman envoys.

The reader has doubtless already surmised the object of their journey. Augustus having at that time ordered the taking of a general census of all the subjects of his empire, and the inhabitants of Palestine having been for this purpose summoned to the principal cities of the country, our two officers had been sent from Jerusalem to Bethlehem to see that the commands of the emperor were properly executed, and to maintain order in case of need. The Romans were not in actual possession of Judea, but Pompey had subjected it to a tax. Herod held sway under Cæsar, and the nature of the alliance between the Jewish and the Roman people was such that it secured to the latter the benefits of the tribute. It was more especially for the distribution of this tribute that the census had been ordered, and the nominal independence of Judea could not prevent its being executed under the Roman form and by Roman officers. Our two friends, therefore, expected to arrive that evening at Bethlehem, and to begin their operations the following day.

"Do you know what I am thinking?" said Quadratus, despairing of eliciting from his young companion any satisfactory answer to his previous questions. "I am thinking what miserable luck we have to be off here at the end of the world among these

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savages, while the divine Augustus is shutting the gates of the temple of Janus and exhibiting with a grandeur hitherto unknown the immense majesty of universal peace. To think that while the whole world has its eyes turned towards Rome, I must needs be occupied with this miserable business of registering the names of the people of Bethlehem; the whole crowd of them are not worth counting, and a few thousands more or less can make little difference to Cæsar. By Hercules! this is no place for us, Octavius, and I swear that this shall be my last year of service in the East."

"A marvellous land, this East!" thought Octavius, giving no attention to the bitter exclamation of Quadratus. "It is the birthplace of all light, no less of the intellectual than of the terrestrial sun. What power has ever lasted that has not sought here its consecration? What doctrine has ever taken root that has not sprung from this quarter of the earth? And, if we can believe the mysteries of tradition, the time has come when this ancient orient is to recover its strength by a new fruitfulness, and to assume the direction of the whole world.* What instinct is it that makes me so love these traditions? When I gaze on these mountains of Judea, land of so many prodigies, I fancy I can see the dawning light of a new era rising from behind them. O mountains of Palestine! O silent, voiceless plains, mute since the day when ye echoed the sounds of the Eternal Voice! O strange and solemn land! better do I love thy rivers and thy palm-trees than the shores of the Tiber; nor would I give one hour of thy grave solitude for all the glorious tumult of the Capitol."

"Do you not agree with me this time?" said Quadratus. "You do not answer me."

"What did you say?" asked Octavius gently.

"I say that we are entering upon the field of Rama," continued Quadratus, evidently piqued.

The caravan had, in fact, just reached the field of Rama, made memorable by the beautiful lament of Rachel, who mourns for her children and will not be comforted because they are not: "*Et noluit consolari, quia non sunt.*" The angel of night had already spread his wings over the earth, and the solitude of Rama seemed even more solemn than was its wont.

As they passed the tomb of Rachel the Jews left their places

* "It was then universally believed," says Tacitus, "upon the faith of ancient sacred writings, that the East was about to receive new strength, and that men from Judea were to take possession of the whole world—Pluribus persuasio inerat, antiquis sacerdotum litteris contineri, eo ipso tempore fore ut valesceret Oriens, profectique Judaea rerum potirentur" (*Hist.* Lv. c. xiii.) Suetonius mentions the same tradition (*In Vespasian.*)

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in the caravan to press their lips on the sacred monument; but Quadratus ordered them back and gave strict orders that no one should quit the ranks, now that night had fallen, and that the first one to disobey should be put in irons. All moved on in silence save one old Jew, who muttered between his teeth: "Cruel daughter of Babylon! happy he who shall seize thy children and crush them against the stone!"

"These Jews are certainly the most superstitious people on the face of the earth!" said Quadratus. "It was only last week that I had to restore order in the Temple among those who had come to offer their oxen and sheep for sacrifice, and who were rushing at each other right and left, throwing everything into confusion. Can anything be more absurd than to believe that burning animals on their altars can give pleasure to the gods? Do I not at least in this meet your views, my dear philosopher?" said he, turning towards Octavius.

"Not at all, friend; I am of the contrary opinion."

"Ah! now you speak for the sake of contradicting. I know you, young man. You are not more devout than the rest of us, for since we have been together in the service of Cæsar I have never known you to sacrifice to the gods so much as a chicken."

"So much the worse for me. Quadratus, this is my misfortune. I was born either too soon or too late. I do not believe enough to take part with the believers, and only doubt enough to make me regret the want of faith. I am a sceptic, which means great suffering to an earnest soul; but my scepticism does not prevent my recognizing everywhere the general features of a universal religion, which seems to me to be not so much an entire error as the alteration of a truth. Sacrifice is one of these general features. How can you believe that a universal custom, one that is found among all peoples, in all ages, in all parts of the world, is a mere accident or is merely the result of human imagination? No, no! Man, once conscious of his guilt, feels the necessity of appeasing the justice of Heaven. For this he seeks an adequate victim; he seeks on all sides, below as well as within himself; sensible of his own imperfection, of his powerlessness, he would find a victim superior to himself, capable of effecting his reconciliation with the gods. If ever a new Hercules should appear upon the earth to purify and save it I feel that it would be by suffering and dying for it."

"Come, now, Octavius!" said Quadratus, trying to laugh, "you are indeed beyond me. I confess that I cannot at all understand these reveries of yours; let us leave them and arrange to-

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gether how we are to organize our affairs at Bethlehem. By the way, what is the meaning of this name of Bethlehem?—for in the language of the Jews each name is a poem in itself, and it always amuses me to hear their significations. Who can tell me this?" said the officer, turning to the escort. "Aram," he called, "tell me the meaning of the name of Bethlehem, and all that you know about this poor village. I warrant we shall hear something marvellous," said he, turning towards Octavius, "and that Athens herself will be as nothing compared with this Bethlehem! Just listen."

The Jew left his place in the ranks of the escort and hastened as best he could to the head of his master's horse. Seizing the bridle, not to guide the animal, but to steady his own feeble steps, he began his explanation:

"Bethlehem, sire, means 'house of bread.'"

"I expected as much!" interrupted Quadratus. "And what more?"

"Our rabbis tell us that the name is symbolic, and signifies that Bethlehem will one day nourish all the nations of the earth."

"Good for a beginning! The pretension of these beggars is astonishing; it is always they who are to save the world! Go on!"

"Bethlehem is called *Ephrata* also—that is to say, the fertile, the fruitful."

"I'll warrant that it is called Ephrata because it will one day be the richest, the most beneficent city of the universe, and that it will spread its treasures over the whole world!"

"Even so, sire," answered the Jew gravely.

"By Hercules!" exclaimed Quadratus, "I am becoming a rabbi myself."

"Bethlehem," continued the old Jew, "belongs to the tribe of Juda, and the ancients called it the city of David, because that holy prophet was born there."

"David, David!" interrupted Quadratus. "Was he not one of your kings?"

"Yes, sire."

"And this great King David was born in Bethlehem?"

"Yes, sire; which means, say our rabbis, that Bethlehem will also give birth to the true David—that is, to the true King of the world, who, according to promise, is to inherit all the nations of the earth."

Quadratus laughed heartily.

"Are you listening to all this marvellous information, Octa-

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vius? They are superb, these beggarly Jews! Ah! my old fellow, you had better speak softly; were Cæsar to hear you he might be jealous of the King of Bethlehem! And David—what did he do in Bethlehem?"

"Before he was the anointed of the Lord he tended flocks," continued the Jew gravely; "wherein, say our rabbis, he is the symbol of the great Shepherd who is to gather all men into one flock, and lead them from the desert of this world into his eternal pastures."

"Better and better!" cried Quadratus. "Behold the King of Bethlehem is also King of Olympus. A moment since he dethroned Cæsar; now, it seems, Jupiter himself must beware!"

"Amen! it is even thus," continued the old Jew. "Other great men have also been born in this town: Abissan, Elimelech, Obed, Jesse, Booz. It was in this very field, now trodden by thy horse's feet, that Ruth gathered the ears of corn left by the reapers. Our rabbis say that this harvest is the symbol of the life to come, when all souls shall be gathered together to appear before the face of Jehovah."

"Good! Then I, too, shall be there?" asked Quadratus.

"Yes, sire," said the old Jew solemnly.

Quadratus seemed much amused. "And when is he to appear, this true David, this King of the world, this Saviour of the universe? When is he to take possession of his palace of Bethlehem?"

As he said these words he leaned forward, and, shading his eyes with his hand, seemed to be trying to distinguish some object in the darkness before him.

"Our rabbis say," answered the Jew, "that, according to the calculation of the weeks of the Prophet Daniel, he must soon come."

"Soon!" exclaimed Quadratus. "So much the better. I should certainly be delighted if—Octavius," said he, interrupting himself, "what is that we see moving just before us?"

The young man started as from a dream, and, looking over his horse's head, said: "I see a poor man and a woman walking slowly; we are coming up with them."

"Tell me, old Jew," resumed Quadratus, "if this were to be thy Messias who is coming to take possession of his throne of Bethlehem!"

At the insulting tone of these words old Aram started like a young man, stopped short, and, darting at the Roman officer a look in which the fervor of the believer mingled with the rage

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of the patriot, "*It may be!*" he exclaimed, and with one bound he fled away into the darkness.

"You are crucified if they catch you!" cried the Roman. "But let him go," said he to the soldiers who made ready to follow him; "the old slave was not worth the cost of his food."

"It may be," repeated Octavius to himself. His heart beat quickly and a strange uneasiness took possession of his mind. Meanwhile they were approaching Bethlehem. The road was narrow and rough. A few steps more and the horse of Quadratus had overtaken the two travellers who had a moment since attracted the attention of the officers.

"My good man," said Quadratus, "who are you?"

Thus addressed, the old man turned. Never did a milder dignity adorn so manly a countenance. He saluted the officer courteously, and answered a few words in Hebrew, which Octavius alone understood, he alone being familiar with that language.

"He tells you that his name is Joseph," said Octavius, "and that he is on his way to Bethlehem with his wife to obey the orders of Cæsar."

"And she—what is her name?" continued Quadratus.

"My friend," said the young man to Joseph, "he asks you the name of her who would seem to be rather your daughter than your wife. She seems to walk with difficulty."

The stranger again replied in Hebrew.

"Her name is Mary," said Octavius, "and she is very weary."

The older officer made some brutal answer which aroused the young man's indignation.

"Silence!" he exclaimed sternly. Just then a movement of the horses separated the two strangers; Joseph remained on the side of Quadratus, the young woman at the side of Octavius. While the former officer was asking Joseph some rude and stupid question the young Roman felt his heart stirred within him. His sight became suffused, and an emotion beyond his control brought to his lips accents unknown to himself.

Trembling, he stooped down towards the young woman and said to her softly in Hebrew:

"O thou who art called *Mary!* whoever thou mayest be, I know not what instinct impels me to ask of thee the secret of my destiny. O daughter of Judea! I have read the writings of thy prophets; distracted between my own despair and their hopes, if thou hast a word to enlighten my soul, in the name of Heaven speak!"

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The young woman heard his fervent prayer, and as she turned towards him his eyes fell upon her face. At that moment the moon, coming out from behind a cloud, lighted up the countenance of the Virgin. What tongue could tell the beauty of that heavenly vision? What pencil would be worthy to trace its features? The Virgin's face was pale but luminous with a celestial light. No mortal could look into her eyes; she raised them not, but in a sweet, grave voice she uttered these words:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

After these words Octavius heard no more, saw no more, felt no more.

When he came to himself again Octavius was alone in a room of the inn; his arms were on the floor, guarded by a sleeping slave; a lamp hanging by a long iron chain gave a dim, flickering light; he himself was seated, with his elbows resting on a table, and before him lay a roll of papyrus.

He opened the roll.

For some time back Octavius had been in the habit of writing each evening a journal of his life.

The last lines of the manuscript before him were copied from some verses which a favorite poet of Augustus had lately given to Rome, and whose prophetic accents had deeply impressed the young officer.

Only a few hours before leaving Jerusalem Octavius had written out the following lines:

"Ultima Cumaei venit jam carminis aetas;
Magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo;
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.
. . . . . .
Teque adeo, decus hoc aevi, te consule, inibit,
Pollio, et incipient magni procedere menses;
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetuâ solvent formidine terras.
Ille Deûm vitam accipiet. . . .
Adgredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus honores,
Cara Deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum,
Adspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
Adspice venturo laetantur ut omnia saeclo.
O mihi tam longae maneat pars ultima vitae,
Spiritus et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta."*

*"The time sung by the Sibyl is accomplished; a new and grand series of ages begins. The virgin returns; the era of Saturn is restored to us; a new race descends from the highest

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The copy of the verses ended here. He read with a troubled heart these beautiful lines, which sounded to him like the dicta-

heavens. When shall appear the child who is to close the age of iron, and over the whole universe raise up the golden age, protect his birth, chaste Lucine! Thou consul, it is to come, this glory of the new age; thou consul, Pollio, these great days are to begin their march. Did there still remain some vestiges of our crime, his hand, effacing them, shall deliver the whole earth from eternal terror. Come, then, it is now time—come receive thy great honors, dear child of the gods, glorious son of Jupiter.—At thy coming see the world rise and leap, see the earth tremble; the depths of the sea, the very heights of the heavens, are moved. See with what joy the universe is filled at the first hour of thy age! Oh! may one moment of life, one burning breath, be still left to me, that I may sing thy first graces, and I die content. . . ."

The fourth Eclogue of Virgil remains to this day a strange and mysterious enigma to all critics. Science would seem to be equally at fault, according to the declaration of M. Firmin Didot in his translation of the *Bucolics:* "I have read nearly all the commentaries that have been written on this Eclogue, in the hope of coming to some satisfactory conclusion as to what mysterious child Virgil intended to designate; but after having devoted much time and care to the subject I found myself as undecided as to the object of my researches as I had been before."

Heyne attempted to attribute to this wonderful poem the proportions of a simple fact by saying that Virgil had merely made a skilful use of some sibylline prophecy which he had found, announcing to the world some immense future blessing or happiness: "Unum fuit aliquod (sibyllinum oraculum), quod magnam aliquam futuram felicitatem promitteret. Hoc itaque oraculo et vaticinio seu commento ingenioso, commode usus est Virgilius" (Heyne's Virgil, London, 1793). But this explanation only establishes and increases the problem instead of solving it. An ancient tradition, well received among Christian authors, recognizes and admires in this fourth Eclogue of Virgil an echo of the sibylline oracles announcing the coming of the Saviour. The origin of this tradition is well worth knowing. We find it expressed for the first time in a discourse which Eusebius ascribes to Constantine, and in which that monarch undertakes to prove at some length that the fourth Eclogue of Virgil clearly predicts the coming of Christ. The discourse of Constantine includes and comments upon a considerable part of this Eclogue, translated into Greek, probably by Eusebius. In many cases, since Constantine, the same interpretation has been given to these celebrated verses. Lactantius quotes them in this sense in the seventh book, section 24, of his *Divine Institutions.* And St. Augustine, who also refers to them, does not hesitate to say: "Is it not of Jesus Christ that the great poet bears testimony? Whatever may be, in fact, the progress of humanity in the ways of justice, if crime disappears our mortal infirmity still retains its vestiges, which can only be cured by the hand of the Saviour, clearly designated by these verses" (*De Civit. Dei*, l. x. c. xxvii.) The middle ages received and respected this touching tradition regarding the poet of Mantua: "Deified by pagan science," says M. Ozanam (*Ve. Siècle*, IXe. leçon), "raised up as pontiff, as Roman priest, as inheritor of sacerdotal tradition, Virgil became also the representative of the religion of the future." To save him the barbaric ages threw over him a corner of the prophet's cloak. Owing to his fourth Eclogue, he was looked upon in the Christian world as one of those who had announced Christianity; and this interpretation, which began with Eusebius as early as the fourth century, was continued through the middle ages. He was ranked among the prophets, which accounts for the greater respect paid to his works. Tradition tells us that St. Paul, that proud scorner of profane science, having come to Naples, went to visit the tomb of Virgil, and that, having opened the *Eclogues* and read the fourth, he began to weep. The memory of this tradition was long preserved in a sequence sung in the cathedral of Mantua, which recalled the legend in charming terms:

"Ad Maronis mausoleum
Ductus, fudit super eum
Pie rorem lacrymae;
Quem te, inquit, reddidissem,
Si te vivum invenissem,
Poetarum maxime!"

Popular tradition wished to add something of its own to this more ancient legend, and the shepherd who pointed out to travellers the tomb of the poet showed near by a little chapel "where," he said, "Virgil used to hear Mass"!

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tion of a Sibyl, and which so eloquently expressed his own presentiments. He seized the papyrus and tried to write. The departure from Jerusalem; the questions of Quadratus; his own replies, mysterious even to himself; the impression produced by the sight of the plains of Palestine; his reveries, his hopes, his desires, stronger, more impatient than ever; the revelations of the old Jew; that "*It may be*" that he had uttered; the meeting with the two strangers; that woman nobler than a goddess, purer than an angel; that sweet name of "Mary"; the supernatural brilliancy of that heavenly face; the sound of her voice, sweet as that of a child, strong as eternity; her strange words; the ecstasy that had followed them; the inexplicable joy which inundated his soul after years of doubt and sadness; the vague feeling of a destiny fulfilled, an intense longing for death—all these memories, these sentiments, filled the heart of Octavius to bursting. Overwhelmed, he fell forward upon the table and buried his face in his hands.

Suddenly he started up; it seemed to him that an extraordinary light had replaced the darkness of night. He hastened out upon the terrace, which overlooked all the surrounding country. A marvellous light covered the heavens. The very silence seemed to have been endowed with life, and the distant echo of an indescribable melody seemed to bring to his ear these sweet and holy words: "Peace to men of good will." He was seized with fear, and began to doubt his own sanity; but, returning to his room, he had no sooner crossed its threshold than all was changed. A profound peace took the place of his feverish agitation; the feeling of anxious desire and expectation which had so long tormented his soul gave way to one of peaceful confidence in the possession of a long-desired treasure. Henceforth Octavius sought no more—he loved! He never lost this divine peace. Hardly two months after the events just related Octavius died. His last word was the name of her whom he had met on the road to Bethlehem. With his last breath he uttered the name of "Mary." Those who after his death found the roll of papyrus containing the memoirs of the young Roman wondered at finding the journal interrupted at the 25th of December. On the page which bore this date they read only these lines in Hebrew: "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God." And just below a name—the name which at the hour of death had purified his lips: "Mary."

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PSYCHE; OR, THE ROMANCE OF NATURE.*

WHO is there possessed of a delicate appreciation of the beauties of Nature who has not at some time in his life tried to enjoy botany?

Have you never, on coming home from a country excursion or a walk in the woods, bewitched with the perfume of flowers and with the lovely pictures revealed to you in the vegetable kingdom—have you never looked up some special treatise on natural history, hoping to find an intelligent guide to penetrate with you behind the veil which your superficial observation had only pierced?

For, of course, you know that the display of odorous petals and the harmony of color and perfume, intended to attract and captivate, are not the most remarkable manifestations of vegetable life. Internal organs of insignificant appearance, often not visible to the naked eye, really constitute the essential parts of the plant.

So, tired of mysteries, you eagerly opened the volume that was to explain everything; but what was your discomfiture to find, instead of revelations, a series of dry lists, methodical classifications, barbarous nomenclatures, systems of Tournefort, Lamarck, Jussieu, Candolle, and I don't know what else—an inexplicable jumble of heterogeneous terms and polysyllables.

Dizzy and perplexed with Greek and Latin, you tossed aside the musty volume, and with it science and its pedantic worshippers. And you were right; for pedantry, muffled in big words and grand airs, often masks presumptuous ignorance. Real science, like truth, is attractive and accessible. Since the science of natural laws has ceased to rest on pure speculation, it has spoken the vulgar tongue. The faster it progresses the more it will disdain any inheritance from Molière's doctors and other scholars in *us* who make up in words for the lack of everything else.

What should you say, now that your righteous indignation has cooled down, if a new guide offered himself, promising to make short work of fantastic names and dead languages, and lead you through the realm of trees and flowers so wickedly hedged off by pedants with a triple row of thorns?

* Translated from the *Revue Générale*. See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for July, 1883.

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Perhaps you would consent to listen, and even to follow him in his walks, now that spring vegetation is displaying its first treasures.

If so, we'll profit by the first ray of sunshine and the earliest conveyance to leave town. An American omnibus will take us in a few minutes to the most picturesque environs of Brussels—La Cambre, Schaerbeek, and Laeken, where the varied floras of wood, hillside, field, and meadow are in full bloom.

Quick! jump in and be off!

Here we are at Laeken. We must notice, in passing, the dusty relics of La Kermesse, so popular with our forefathers, and even now one of the liveliest suburbs of Brussels. Here is the interminable church with its insignificant façade hiding monumental treasures. We'll cross the cemetery, skirting the mausoleum of our kings, and enter the Avenue Sainte-Anne.

Here we are! It is a fit entrance to the kingdom of Flora, sweet with the freshness and verdure of spring. On our right are the royal parks with their sombre groups of beeches, chestnuts, acacias, and plane-trees; and on the left white country-houses and little villas, nestling amid early foliage, give variety and cheerfulness to the scene.

Let us pause in this vestibule of the domains of the fruitful goddess, for strange things already claim our attention.

Look at the foot of the elms that border the avenue. The ground is strewn with little oval leaves of a tender green. Can there have been a fall of leaves so early? Is this the first vesture cast off by the giants of the vegetable kingdom?

Look closer at the pretended leaves, and you will notice in the centre of each a little lump masked by the vegetable tissue. Open it and you will find that this is not a leaf, as you supposed, but a fruit covered with a light, membranous wing which will float on the wind and so disperse the seeds.

Plants have many a device for scattering abroad their seeds.

"Many plants trust to numbers," says a celebrated English naturalist, Grant Allen, "and produce an incalculable multitude of germs. Many, like the elm, fasten them to little contrivances; and wings, nets, feathers, tufts of down, are entrusted to the winds to carry in all directions the fertilized germs. Some plants, like the impatient balsam, toss them to a distance; and there are tropical trees that fire them off with such force as to give a violent blow. Other plants, again—as, for instance, the scratchweed and the burdock—use animals for colporteurs, hooking their seeds on to their bodies; or like our apple and plum

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trees, they enclose the seed in a hard, indigestible covering, and that again in an envelope which is sweet and succulent. The object of Nature is evident; the proof is in the fact that there were no apples, pears, plums, or peaches before the miocene (tertiary) period—that is, before the animals appeared that feed upon them.

"So the plant makes a compromise, like a merchant fallen among thieves, who sacrifices a portion of his goods to save the rest. Sometimes the merchant hides his treasures under paltry coverings, or he arms himself to the teeth and puts on a threatening aspect. As specimens of this we all recognize walnuts and chestnuts."

But to return to our sheep, or rather to our elms. You ask if these great trees have had time to blossom, bear fruit, and bring it to maturity before the leaves unfold, so early in the spring, in spite of the frosts and hailstorms of March.

Certainly; and if you had noticed the trees in question in your walks on the boulevard, you would have remarked the eccentric fashion in which they array themselves, before any verdure appears, in a reddish-brown peruke, which really consists of bunches of flowers. Are you surprised? Nothing is more common among the trees of this region than this mode of precocious propagation.

The ground of our public walks is strewn in spring with all sorts of catkins. These catkins, surrounded at the base with two glutinous scales, are flower-spikes that have accomplished their work of fertilization and detached themselves voluntarily from the tree.

But do not misunderstand me. You must notice one distinction of which casual observers, unacquainted with botany, have very inexact ideas. Catkins which fall and are lost in the dust do not always bring the fruit with them, like these first spoils of the elm, because there is a radical difference in their organic structure.

With a simple lens, or even with the naked eye, we easily recognize in the elm-blossom the union of fertilizing and fertilized organs in the centre of one and the same envelope and upon the same axis. This is called an hermaphrodite flower.

When the axis is detached the seed of the elm must necessarily fall; therefore it makes haste to grow and ripen before leaving the branch that gives it sap and life. With most of our forest trees this haste is not necessary, and so their fruit ripens at its leisure and drops off later, sometimes in the form of catkins,

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sometimes furnished with long wings, as in the case of maples and hornbeams, or with long, silken threads that let the seeds flutter to a distance.

Nut trees, for instance, which blossom in our gardens at the close of winter and are the first heralds of spring, ripen calmly all summer and do not yield their fruits until the autumn.

This is because their male and female flowers are independent of each other, although situated on the same branch. Therefore the male flower can drop off after the fertilization without bringing the other with it.

It is the same with alders, birches, plane-trees, beeches, and oaks.

The distinction is still more marked in the willow and poplar. Each kind of flower is found on a different individual, which gives them their name of dicœcious, formed from two Greek words meaning two dwellings; as opposed to other flowers called monœcious—that is, possessing but one dwelling for two.

But, alas! here am I, after all my protestations, talking Greek as unconsciously as any pedant.

"Et tu quoque, Brutus!"

Now I am beginning on Latin! But don't give me up quite yet; the attack is past, and I will return to what scholars, who do not talk like other men, call contemptuously the vulgar tongue.

Let us cross the Avenue Sainte-Anne, at the end of which we shall see the whole extent of country in all its variety.

Here we are! Before us rise the blossoming beeches of Little Switzerland, as they call the beautiful valley which reminds one in its wild solitude of Gustave Doré's enchanted forests designed for Perrault's tales. The fields of colza cutting through the tender green of the wheat look like great fields of cloth of gold spread on the wide plains. Certainly this is one of the most picturesque places in our neighborhood.*

Now that you have appreciated the charm of the whole scene, let us return to details, to the study of plants.

You see that reddish-brown hillside, colored with oxide of iron, where a sort of dandelion flaunts its cottony stem and great indented leaves? The blossom is past, but the feathery tufts of the fruit remain. Following the fashions of the great personages we have been describing, this plebeian mimics the vegetable

* Since the completion of the royal park "La Petite Suisse" has lost the charm of solitude. I went there lately, but

"The wood had lost its mystery,
The nightingale its voice."

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aristocracy and blossoms before bearing leaves, thus producing strange effects. In the month of February you may see its long stem, wrapped in cotton, emerge from the ground, bearing on the end a yellow flower almost identical with the dandelion. If the first fine days of spring entice you into the country you will be struck with the unusual adornments of the odd plant called by the common people colt's-foot, and by the learned *tussilage* (cough-loosener), on account of the medicinal properties of its flowers, an infusion of which is said to be good for troubles of the lungs.

It will not do to slander this crazy-looking philanthropist. We will apologize and enter the wood.

Stop! here is another queer thing, a tuft of arrow-headed leaves with a green cornet in the middle. Surely this plant cannot have flowered. We will unroll the horn and see what is in it. What is this reddish, club-shaped thing with two little garlands placed one above the other at its base? Can it be a peculiar mode of blossoming?

Yes, it represents a flower, or a legion of flowers, arranged in two divisions forming the two wreaths, of which the upper one contains exclusively male flowers, called stamens, and the lower one female flowers, called pistils. By this arrangement the weight alone suffices to scatter the fertilizing dust or pollen of the stamens on to the pistils. When the fertilization is completed the upper flowers fade and drop off, the club and the horn dry up, and the axis bearing the lower flowers turned to fruits lengthens out into a little tree. Then the leaves drop off in their turn before autumn; and our plant becomes unrecognizable, despoiled of verdure, like the colt's-foot in spring. It looks like a pretty spike of fleshy texture covered with little, bright-red apples, but quite bare of foliage. It would require mesmeric second-sight to recognize under this disguise the individual once wrapped in a cornet.

Such are the metamorphoses of the wake-robin, or the arum maculatum of naturalists. His name and aspect are as odd as those of his kindly rival, the colt's-foot; but his instincts are quite different.

While the colt's-foot is benevolent and good for colds, wake-robin is a ferocious homicide. In spring he is armed, like a savage, with a sheaf of poisoned darts of terrible power under the form of leaves.

"Almost insipid when you begin to chew them," says Dr. Macé, "they soon develop a sharp, burning taste; the inside of

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the mouth seems to be pricked by thousands of needles; then come on violent pains in the stomach, with vomiting, colics, convulsions, and cramps—in short, all the symptoms of cholera morbus."

Bulliard tells of three children who had terrible convulsions after eating some of these leaves, which they mistook for sorrel. The two younger ones could swallow nothing and died, one at the end of two hours, the other in sixteen hours. The eldest, who was stronger, or had eaten less of the poison, had his tongue so swollen that it completely filled the cavity of his mouth. He recovered, but was always very emaciated.

The leaves of thyme are said to allay the inflammation caused by these leaves. Nature loves to place a remedy near an evil, and even to draw a remedy from the evil thing itself. The roots and leaves of the arum applied to the skin make an excellent derivative, akin to powdered mustard; and its leaves, cooked with sorrel, are a sovereign poultice for drawing an abscess.

Moreover, the root of arum maculatum, deprived of its malignant power by boiling and drying, contains a great deal of farina, and is said to be a good substitute for potatoes. During the French Revolution a horticulturist named Bosc took refuge in the forest of Montmorency and lived on these roots. He declared that they grew abundantly enough to furnish subsistence for thousands of men.

So we feel more kindly towards this assassin, especially as he only poisons and kills in legitimate self-defence when people eat him without proper precaution. I think the severest jury would bring in a verdict of not guilty in view of this extenuating circumstance.

It is the same with nettles, whose young shoots you see by the roadside and upon the rising hills, already on the defensive. Young nettles taste like spinach when they are cooked, and later in the season their stems give out a fibrous substance which makes an excellent kind of tow after being thoroughly soaked in water. In Kamtschatka it is greatly valued for making cordage, cloths, and nets.

Unfortunately the nettle is covered with hollow hairs which secrete the same corrosive liquid as the sting of the ant—formic acid—which sets the skin afire and often irritates the sensitive epidermis of the botanist.

Do not confound this with the pretty, harmless plant improperly called the dead nettle (lamium album), which seems to copy the nettle's form and bearing in order to keep its pretty

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flowers safe from indiscreet hands. This parody, as we have seen, is quite common in Nature, and in the animal kingdom as well as in the realm of Flora.

The nettle has colorless blossoms, which open in June, while the dead nettle half opens its white, helmet-shaped corolla as early as the month of April.

See that big humble-bee disappearing within one of those flowers. Do you know that this gorgeous visitor is just now accomplishing unconsciously one of the most exquisite results in Nature? Nature, who guards so jealously the preservation of species that she holds cheap the life of the individual, has given to insects the task of preserving integrity of type by crossing forms of the same species.

With this object she has established a harmony so perfect between the structure of the plant and the organs of the insect that the latter sometimes fertilizes only flowers belonging to distinct types.

Sir John Lubbock, a positivist of Spencer's school, says that there are few flowers in which the adaptation of the various parts to the visits of insects is so clearly and beautifully manifested as in the common dead nettle (lamium album).

The nectar occupies the lower and narrower part of the tube, and is protected from rain by an arched upper lip and by a thick border of hairs. The tube is broad at the entrance and throws out a large lip which serves as a landing-place for big bees.

The length and narrowness of the tube, and moreover the ring of hairs situated at its base, prevent the smaller species from having access to the nectar, because they would injure the plant by exhausting the honey, without producing any useful result.

The dead nettle, like many other field flowers, is especially adapted to humble-bees. They rest on the lower lip, which projects laterally so as to give them a firm footing. Then they can plunge their proboscis down into the nectar.

Moreover, the arched upper lip is admirably fitted by dimensions, form, and position, not only to be a protection from rain, but also to oblige the insect to press the pollen that it brings against the pistil. Remark that the stamens are not arranged in the usual way around the pistil, but on the side along the external arch of the flower. This arrangement prevents the pollen from blinding the insect and from touching those parts of its body which ought not to come in contact with the stigma, as we call the top of the pistil, through which penetrates the tube put forth by the grain of pollen laid upon the surface.

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You can have visual proof that the size and rounded form of the upper lip, the relative position of pistil and anthers, the length and narrowness of the tube, the peculiar formation of the lower lip, the ring of hairs and hidden feast of nectar, all lead to the transfer of pollen by the bees from one flower to another. If we compare the dead nettle with flowers fertilized by the wind—as, for instance, pines, which give out clouds of pollen—we see the wonderful economy of organs and functions effected by the admirable adaptation of this flower.

Towards the close of the last century, when the relation of stamens to pistil was well understood by naturalists, the mode of fertilizing certain superior plants, such as the primroses, that adorn our gardens in the spring, still remained a mystery.

It was asked how the fertilizing dust of these hermaphrodite plants could reach the pistil, of which the summit was made inaccessible by the peculiar structure of the plant; or how the pollen could pass from the stamens of certain unisexual flowers to the pistil of flowers situated often at a great distance upon another plant.

It was a German named Conrad Sprengel who solved this problem. He saw honey-bees, attracted by the perfumed, sugary glands at the bottom of flower-cups, bring away on their hairs or their sticky proboscis the fertilizing dust of the stamens, and lay it upon the pistil as they left the flower; or transfer pollen from the stamens of one flower to the pistil of another, even at a distance.

Monsieur le Maout tells us that "towards the middle of the last century Bernard de Jussieu, professor of botany in the Royal Gardens, while examining the trees confided to his care, saw that a pistachio-tree which had flowered every year without bearing fruit was then about to bear pistachios: the fruit had knotted. The top of the seed-vessel had certainly received fertilizing dust, but where had it come from? There was not in the whole Garden of Plants a single pistachio-tree whose flowers had stamens. They searched the neighboring gardens, but in vain. A fruit formed by seeds developed without the aid of pollen would give a rude shock to the theory of fertilization of flowers, which was not then as solidly established as it is to-day. The great botanist, though disturbed at the uselessness of his search, maintained firmly that there must be in the neighborhood a pistachio with stamens, and that it had caused the knotting of the tree in the king's garden. It must be found. Bernard de Jussieu betook himself to the authorities; the police sent its

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agents out into the country with an exact description of the individual that had so effectually baffled search. The agents went round and round the garden, always widening a little the spiral course of their investigations, until they found near the Luxembourg, in a corner of the nursery of the Cistercians, which skirts the Observatory Walk—they found, I say, a small male pistachio-tree which had blossomed that year for the first time. The pollen, then, must have passed through the air over the Faubourg Saint-Germain, the Faubourg Saint-Jacques, and the Faubourg Saint-Marceau, to reach the top of the pistil of the pistachio-tree planted in the middle of the Garden of Plants. Now, it was hard to admit that the wind could have carried a little pollen so far without dispersing it anywhere but on the tiny surface of the flower that needed it. Some other aid to fertilization must be found.

"They soon remarked that the bees, after rifling the stamens of the male pistachio, flew in the direction of the Garden of Plants, after rising straight into the air in the manner of carrier-pigeons. Thus that mysterious instinct was revealed which insures the fertilization of flowers by leading bees to feast on plants of the same species.

"The flower, properly so-called," adds M. Maout, "is intended to indicate to insects, by its form, color, and smell, the reservoir of nectar that they seek. It is the label of the vase that holds the ambrosia; it is the unvarying uniform of all flowers of the same species, and insect-travellers know by its brilliant sign the perfumed caravanserai where they will find refreshment."

Darwin pursued these observations, and published in 1862 a monograph on the fertilization of primroses. He showed first that the Chinese primrose cultivated in the garden has two or three distinct floral types.

While in the first the style, or long neck of the pistil, overtops the stamens, in the second the stamens rise above the pistil. Darwin soon remarked that when these plants are protected from contact with insects fertilization is effected with great difficulty; and that even the short-styled types, which are especially prolific when well fertilized, remain invariably sterile.

Numerous experiments, skilfully made, led him to the conviction that, generally speaking, a flower fertilized by another flower is superior in form, vigor, and fruitfulness to the produce of a self-fertilized flower.

Finally, he found that the produce of the artificial fertilization of one of two types by the other is always more fruitful than the

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produce of two similar forms crossed. If, for instance, you cross two similar forms of primrose, you notice, as in a case of hybridation, that the descendants grow weak and become sterile.

When an insect takes nectar from a long-styled primrose his proboscis is covered with pollen precisely to the part which will touch the head of the pistil when he visits a short-styled flower. This result is invariable, because the stamens in a long-styled plant rise exactly to the same height as the pistil in short-styled plants. On the other hand, if the insect visits first a short-styled plant the proboscis becomes covered with pollen much farther from the tip, just at the height of the summit of the pistil in a long-styled plant. Darwin obtained later a third form that fertilizes itself, the stigmas being on a level with the anthers—that is to say, a flower which unites pollen-sacks of the long-styled floral form and a pistil of the short-styled form.

Look through my lens; examine carefully the top of the style in the primrose you have just gathered. You will notice scattered on the surface of the stigma little balls, which are nothing but grains of pollen.

This is because at the period of fertilization the stigmas bristle with delicate hairs, or short lashes, and produce a viscous secretion intended to retain the pollen and facilitate its penetration. What can be more simple and at the same time more ingenious? Sometimes Nature seems to take pleasure in accumulating difficulties in order to conquer them by a thousand original combinations, where insects play a part all the more wonderful because of their unconsciousness.

Sometimes, as in the sage, the stamens and pistil ripen at different periods, thus making self-fertilization impossible. Then bees come to the rescue, and the flower lays actual traps for them. When the bee enters a sage blossom with ripe stamens a spring stretches out and claps down upon his hairy back the anthers, laden with pollen, which were before hidden under the upper lip of the corolla. The insect then enters a more mature blossom with its ripened pistil hanging towards the opening of the corolla; and thus the stigma necessarily comes in contact with the pollen.

The nectar of flowers is perhaps only distilled by them in order to attract insects, for flowers that do not need their aid secrete none. Perfumes and colors serve equally to attract, and are usually wanting in flowers fertilized by the wind. Flowers fertilized by nocturnal or twilight insects give out their scent only in the evening. Often arrangements are made to suit but

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one species of insect, and always so that the creature, in order to reach the nectar, must take a certain position and make certain movements, that he may alternately touch and avoid the stigmas and anthers.

Pollen grains are carried on the back, head, feet, or proboscis. Domestic bees moisten the pollen with nectar and carry it on the outer surface of their flattened legs. These are edged with stiff, bent hairs, so as to make a real little basket.

The obstacles opposed to fertilization vary in a thousand ways. Sometimes the difficulty lies in the separation of the sexes, or the difference of period in the maturity of pistil and stamens, or in the inequality of form in the two organs and their situation in the flower. Sometimes the stamens are hidden behind the stigma or the anthers oppose themselves to the egress of the pollen. Sometimes the insect is imprisoned and nourished by the flower until the pollen is ripe and can be taken away. This is the case with certain arum blossoms and with the aristologus clematis. The insects are imprisoned by a range of bent hairs, which become straight when they are to be released. Meantime the anthers ripen and pour their pollen on to the backs of the visitors. Then the hairs shrivel up and the captives are set free. Can anything be more ingenious, simple, and admirable? Again, as among the orchids, the flower, which is especially irritable, tosses its pollen from a distance on to the insects hovering over it. Or, as in the barberry, the stamens snap like a spring on to the visitor's back. We should never end if we were to enumerate all the wonders of fertilization by intercrossing which the labors of contemporary naturalists have brought to light.

Darwin, in his work entitled *On the Various Contrivances by which British and Foreign Orchids are fertilized by Insects, and on the good Effects of Intercrossing*, has collected hundreds of observations of this kind, which show among various species of plants subjected to crossed fertilization a peculiar structure, calculated with precision to prevent self-fertilization, and to bring about the transfer of pollen to the stigma of a different blossom by an insect of a given species.

Thus the tubes of the corolla of the common red clover do not at first sight appear to differ in length from those of the crimson clover. Yet the nectar of the common clover is inaccessible to the honey-bee. It must seek that of the crimson clover, while the humble-bee reaches the bottom of the corolla of the common clover with its long proboscis. Thus whole fields of clover, as Darwin observes, give no nourishment to the honey-

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bees, though they are very fond of its nectar. However, the flowers of the second crop are usually smaller, and therefore accessible to the busy creatures celebrated by Virgil. Another observation, even more striking, has been made by Darwin on the same subject, showing the close connection that exists between creatures apparently most distinct.

The propagation of humble-bees, which, as you see, abound in spring before the honey-bees appear, is dependent on the number of cats and mice that infest the rural districts. If mice and dormice abound the nests of the humble-bees are destroyed; and as the fertilization of clover is allied to the number of humble-bees, the apparently improbable result follows that cats assist in preserving the crops. They are, if you choose, the police of our hay-fields, and especially of our cultivated meadow-lands.

These hidden connections form an invisible and interrupted chain, some of whose links escape the notice of the superficial observer, who sees in Nature only harmony of color, sound, and perfume, and does not suspect the extent of the great law of continuity in time and space. He calls himself poet and thinker, and maintains that he alone understands Nature, while in fact he receives from her only bewildering and incoherent sensations. The vain youth who mocks at science and scientists, and rocks himself to sleep with an empty jingle of words, understands nothing of the universe and its glories. He is blind and deaf to the wonders and harmonies around him. The fairest sights and richest combinations in Nature do not exist for him.

"Most men, even among those who consider themselves well educated, are satisfied with meagre notions of science picked up in childhood and youth, and pass their lives in ignoring their own ignorance.

"Yet man is man only by intelligence. The greater his intelligence the more complete is his manhood. The more exact are his impressions and the more just his ideas, the greater is his intelligence. Now, this exactness is attained only through labor, study, and constant reflection, by which true scholars are made, whose intellectual horizon extends beyond the limits attained by the ordinary mind. Unassisted natural talent, which we call intuition or inspiration, may make literary men poets and artists; but though these arouse and stir the world, they leave it at the same intellectual standpoint where they find it. The perseverance of men of science alone succeeds in tearing away some fragments of the veil under which God has hidden natural truth, and in really enlarging the field of human efforts."

I am not speaking now. I have given place to one of the

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most celebrated of our contemporary naturalists, whose numerous discoveries place his knowledge and judgment beyond doubt, as the robe he wears insures his orthodoxy from suspicion. I mean the learned Abbé David, the French missionary who has revealed to us the fauna of China. After twenty years of travel, study, and meditation amid the solitude of an unexplored, virgin nature, the valiant priest formulates a conclusion before which only petty spirits in these days can recoil. It is that the methods and data of modern science, which is not to be confounded with rationalism, are imperatively needed in instruction of every grade. First, in primary education, because science substitutes intuitive teaching, and the exercise of the faculties of observation, imagination, comparison, and judgment, for the too exclusive training of automatic memory, which turns the child into an unthinking parrot, restive under all intellectual discipline.

And in intermediate education, which is to most minds the Pillars of Hercules, because the scientific method develops rigorous exactness of mind without prejudice to the imagination, which it disciplines, and at the same time captivates by a gradual revelation of the great romance of nature.

Because scientific data freed from all systematic narrowness teach man the true conditions of his existence here below, and gradually show him the causes of his physical and mental uneasiness, without prejudice to religious feeling.

What can better develop a heart unsullied by passion than a true comprehension of the universe, where, as the poet tells us, "God's name is written on earth in letters of flowers, and in the heavens in letters of fire"?

Is it not better than spending the best years of youth in dry exercises of memory, where the study of the sense of words is too often sacrificed to a study of the meaning of things, so that the over-driven collegian, who comes from his rhetoric puffed up with fine periods and phrases, possesses a quantity of disconnected intellectual baggage and an ill-balanced mind whose versatile weakness betrays false training?

I am wandering from the point. I beg your pardon, but it is partly your fault in being so patient a listener. Perhaps Nature herself has pleaded with you better than I, who have lifted only a corner of her veil. I know her eloquence is irresistible, and many a time, like you, I have listened spell-bound in a perfect ecstasy to her overpowering fascination. The divine harmonies of Nature have often made me deaf to human discords and forgetful of the cruel deceptions that meet a heart that seeks candidly among men for truth.

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REMINISCENCES OF BETHLEHEM.

When thou wert born, O beaming star!
Three holy angels flew to earth;
The three kings from the East afar
Brought gold and jewels of great worth;
Three eagles on wings light as air
Bore the news East and West and North.
O jewel fair, O jewel rare,
So glad was heaven to greet thy birth!
—From a Sicilian "Canzune," translated by J. A. Symonds.

No one can read the beautiful office of Advent without feeling something of the ardent longing with which the church looks forward to the festival of the Nativity. The solemn antiphons, in particular, called the Great O's, sung during the eight days previous, are like deep sighs from her yearning, waiting heart. She calls to the coming Messias by all those significant titles which the prophets used as they gazed into the future with longing eyes: O Sapientia! O Adonai! O Radix Jesse! O Oriens, Dayspring, Brightness of everlasting Light! come and give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. She sings again and again: Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down the Righteous One! Oh! that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down, that the mountains might flow down at thy presence. The oft-repeated *Aperiatur terra et germinet Salvatorem* seems to announce the glad tidings to the inanimate world. Some of the church-bells even, like the melodious chime at Rheims, change their song as the Nativity draws near and sprinkle the air with the sweet *Rorate, cœli, desuper.* A cry of admiration and wonder goes up to Mary: *Quia quem cœli capere non poterant tuo gremio contulisti*—Him whom the heavens could not contain thou bearest, O Virgin of virgins! in thy bosom.

During this season of expectation the church fasts and prays, and gives herself up to holy rigors, especially in the hidden recesses of the cloister. The Cistercians, for instance, redouble their austerities during Advent, and in cold and hunger await the coming of Christ in memory of Mary's awaiting in the cold cave of Bethlehem. But on Christmas night a fire is kindled on their hearth in token of joy, the only night in all the year, and the monks gather around it with a holier flame kindled in their

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hearts—that which made St. Alfonso de Liguori exclaim in his meditation on the Nativity: "*O Ignis qui semper ardes, accende me* —O fire that ever burnest! inflame me."

As the hour approaches when, as St. Gertrude says, the sweet dew of divine grace falls on all the world, and the heavens themselves drop sweetness, the church, as she chants the *Venite, exultemus Domino*, breaks out five times during that psalm with the joyful *Hodie scietis*—This day ye shall know that the Lord cometh; and in the morning, then ye shall see his glory!

St. Chrysostom calls Christmas "the mother of all festivals." Not that it was absolutely necessary the church should set apart a special day for that which she no more loses sight of than she does of the Divine Passion. She never forgets that the Incarnation is the key-note of the Redemption. Three times a day she reminds us, by the Angelus bell rung throughout the Christian world, that the Word was made flesh. The divine Infant is to be seen everywhere in our churches, in every Catholic household, and in some favored lands by the very wayside, pillowed on the immaculate Heart of Mary. And there is not a single hour of the twenty-four that in some part of the world thousands do not bend the knee in lowly reverence at the words of the last Gospel of the Mass, *Et Verbum caro factum est*, and at a similar portion of the Nicene Creed.

The legends of the saints, too, are full of reminiscences of the manger. The espousals of St. Catherine with the Child Jesus, which so many artists have depicted; the *Verbum caro factum est* engraved on the heart of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi; and the divine Infant in the arms of St. Anthony, are instances of this. And it was one Christmas eve, after long meditating on the mystery of the Incarnation, that St. Bernard beheld our Saviour in a vision, as still in his human infancy, which so impressed him that henceforth he only thought of the best means of serving God. And more than once has the Child Jesus been visible to purer eyes than ours in the uplifted Host, as of old in the star that appeared to the Magi, according to an ancient commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew, spoken of by Baring-Gould, which says that the Star in the East had the form of a radiant child bearing a sceptre or cross—a tradition illustrated by some of the early Italian masters:

"In a trice a star shone forth,
Oh! so brightly shining.
Nearer, nearer yet it came,
Still towards earth inclining;

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And 'twas shaped—O wondrous sight!—
Like a child with visage bright,
Holding sign of kindly might,
With a cross combining."

There have been several holy persons in the church, of wondrous lives, whose mystical states of prayer were a kind of dramatic representation, if one may say so, of the mysteries of the Holy Childhood, especially at Christmas time, as in the case of Catherine Emmerich. In them the divine Infancy seems to be perpetuated. The venerable Margaret of Beaune, too, as Christmas approached, became more and more absorbed in divine things; her lips refused all nourishment; her ears seemed closed to all earthly sounds till the bells began the joyful *carillon* before the midnight Mass. And while her physical faculties were suspended her sense of spiritual things was proportionally increased. Nor is this surprising, for, as she said herself: "The capacity of the soul that possesses God is marvellous. The more it is filled with his divine grandeur the more it expands towards the infinite. The holy presence of God surrounds the soul like the waves of a shoreless ocean whose flow never ceases, and in proportion as the soul is inundated does it draw nearer to God and become capable of contemplating and adoring him." She spent whole hours repeating, *Et Verbum caro factum est*, to obtain pardon for sinners, as if she thought it sufficient merely to remind our Saviour that he became man for their redemption. And she had a vision, wonderful as that of St. Anthony which Murillo has so gloriously depicted, in which the divine Infant appeared to her with those potent words emblazoned in gold on the palms of his hands. It was through her influence that M. Olier introduced the devotion of the Holy Infancy among the Sulpicians, with a special service on the 25th of every month, and, after the office of the Nativity was sung, the now well-known litany of the Infant Jesus was chanted, composed for the purpose by Fénelon, afterwards archbishop of Cambrai, but then at the seminary of St. Sulpice. And how fully the latter was imbued with the spirit of the manger is to be seen by his incomparable meditation for Christmas, which one is never weary of repeating.

It is this devotion to the Holy Childhood that for many years has garnered in so plentiful a harvest of the Sainte Enfance in China, whereby so many thousand children have been rescued, to become, as Father Faber says, "the sweet prey of the Babe of Bethlehem."

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So absorbing is this devotion to the Nativity that, while some of the saints have spent their lives in contemplating the wonderful events of the thirty-three years, going from one degree of glory to another, others have stood perpetually before the manger in amazement, and let their days waste sweetly away like the lamps of fragrant oil in the cave of the Incarnation.

"O blessed who with eyes so pure
Have watched Thy cradle day by day;
Thy looks may in their hearts endure,
Brightening their dim and weary way.
Blest whom sweet thoughts of Christmas-tide
Through all the year may guard and guide,
As on those sages journeying smiled
In dreams the Mother and the Child."

Such was St. Paula, who, though she went from a sumptuous abode on the banks of the Tiber, where the pilgrim now goes to venerate her memory in the church of San Girolamo della Carità, found Bethlehem the sweetest, most attractive spot in the whole world. The first time she entered the Cave of the Nativity she was so penetrated with the wonderful mystery of the Incarnation that she resolved to spend the rest of her life watching beside the manger where the divine Infant once lay on the straw, and repay suffering by suffering, love by love. St. Jerome describes this visit in his letters:

"Arriving at Bethlehem and entering the grotto, she contemplated the holy asylum of the Queen of virgins. There I heard her say that with the eyes of faith she saw the divine Infant, and the Magi adoring, and the Virgin Mother, and the shepherds hastening to behold the Word made flesh. With joy and holy tears she cried: 'Hail, Bethlehem! so worthy of the name; House of Bread, where the Bread of Heaven deigned to descend for us. Ah! how is it possible that I, a wretched sinner, should be found worthy to kiss this cradle, to pray in this cave, where the Virgin Mother deposited her divine fruit? This shall be the place of my rest, since it is the country of my God; here will I dwell, since my God did not disdain to be born here; here will I give myself to that God who gave himself up for me.'"

And she built a hospice by the wayside to shelter pilgrims drawn thither by the Star in the East, in the very place where Joseph and Mary could find no suitable asylum, and founded a monastery for religious women who kept up the angels' song of "Gloria in excelsis." Alleluia! was their joyful cry on awakening in the morning, as it is now the constant refrain of the church at Christmas time.

The memory of St. Jerome, too, must always be associated

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with Bethlehem, where he ended his days. His stern, austere nature no doubt needed the softening influences of "the peaceful star of Bethlehem."

"The thought of the Eternal Child
Upon his cloistral cell
Must sure have cast an influence mild,
And, like a holy spell,
Have peopled that fair Eastern night
With dreams fit for an eremite,
Beside that cradle poor bidding the world farewell."

His remains now lie appropriately in the magnificent chapel at Rome sacred to the Presepio; and the church of St. Anastasia, where he often officiated when in the Eternal City, was afterwards chosen by the popes in which to offer their second Mass on Christmas morn.

Nor is Bethlehem forsaken in our day. Holy men still keep watch around the manger and offer hospitality to the pilgrim. A procession is daily made to the holy place, and the angelic song sung on the spot where it was first heard. Lady Herbert tells us of a priest who, saying Mass for the first time in the Cave of the Nativity, could hardly repeat the "Gloria in excelsis" for his tears.

But who has not at some portion of his life been sweetly lured on to Bethlehem, at least in spirit, especially at Christmas-time, and there shed such blessed tears? Who has not pictured to himself the cave, the crib, the beasts of burden, the straw, the cold, the dampness, and the gloom?—the gloom till lit up by that celestial radiance of the Child Jesus which so many painters have represented and poets sung:

"See, the rays His brows adorning
Are the light of endless morning."

Mystic writers, too, have seen this heavenly light in their visions. Mary of Agreda and Catherine Emmerich both saw Mary with her face turned toward the East, and both saw the light St. Joseph had placed in the cave grow dim in the radiance that became brighter, and brighter still, till a marvellous splendor revealed the birth of Christ. Crashaw beautifully expresses this in his hymn to the Nativity:

"We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
Bright dawn of our eternal day;
We saw thine eyes break from the East
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee, and we blessed the sight.
We saw thee by thine own sweet light."

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Milton, after singing the splendor of this "greater sun," adds:

> "And all around the courtly stable
> Bright harness'd angels sit in order serviceable."

Every painter of the Nativity has given a group of these angels. One has represented them as gazing with wondering eyes into the manger where Jesus is laid, twinkling like the stars, and each star above looking as if it might burst forth into an angel. Botticelli has painted a band of angels, full of grace and sweetness, weaving a joyful dance in the air above, while others are embracing the astonished shepherds below. As Fra Jacopone da Todi sings:

> "Little angels all around
> Danced and carols flung;
> Making verselets sweet and true,
> Still of love they sung;
> Calling saints, and sinners too,
> With love's tender tongue."

Lope de Vega makes Our Lady caution the angels as they come through the palm-trees:

> "Holy angels and blest,
> Through these palms as ye sweep,
> Hold their branches at rest,
> For my Babe is asleep.
>
> "And ye, Bethlehem palm-trees,
> As stormy winds rush
> In tempest and fury,
> Your angry noise hush;—
> Move gently, move gently,
> Restrain your wild sweep;
> Hold your branches at rest—
> My Babe is asleep."

St. Luke, the first artist to depict the Mother and Child, is another of the saints of Bethlehem. Father Faber calls him "the Evangelist of the Sacred Infancy," because we owe most of our knowledge concerning it to him. And "by him were the 'Magnificat,' the 'Benedictus,' and the 'Nunc Dimittis'—all canticles of the Holy Infancy—laid up and embalmed for the delight and consolation of all time." Every Christian poet since has striven to echo and vary these songs of joy. Of these none are more beautiful than Fra Jacopone's 'Stabat Mater speciosa,' and his 'Presepio' so full of homely tenderness:

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"By thy great and glorious merit,
Mary, Mother, Maid!
In thy firstling, new-born Child
All our life is laid.
. . . . . .
For thy beauteous baby Boy
We a-hungered burn;
Yea, with heart and soul of grace
Long for him and yearn.
Grant us, then, this prayer: his face
Toward our bosom turn:
Let him keep us in his care,
On his bosom stayed.
. . . . . .
O poor humble human race,
How uplift art thou!
With the divine dignity
Reunited now!
Even the Virgin Mary, she
All amazed doth bow;
And to us who sin inherit
Seems as though she prayed."*

The people, too, have come to the manger with their carols that breathe the freshness of the woods and pastures, the sweetness of the wild flowers, and the unstudied grace of pastoral life. Borrow tells of a beautiful hymn common in Spain, which the hostess of a country inn sang while cooking his breakfast, beginning as follows:

"Once of old upon a mountain shepherds overcome with sleep
Near to Bethl'em's holy tower kept at dead of night their sheep;
Round about the trunk they nodded of a huge ignited oak,
Whence the crackling flames, ascending bright and clear, the darkness broke."

These shepherds have even had names assigned them. In one of the illustrations of a beautiful book of Hours printed for Simon Vostre in 1502, depicting the adoration of the shepherds, their names are inscribed as follows: Gobin le gay (*i.e.*, merry), le beau Roger, Aloris, Ysauber, Alison, and Mahault. And there is an ancient tradition that among them were Simon and Jude, afterwards apostles.

Some have objected to the tradition that a cave was the place of the Nativity; but, as travellers know, people in the East often build their houses against a cavern, by which means depth and coolness are obtained. This is also done in the Apennines. St.

* Symonds' translation.

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Justin Martyr, who was a native of Palestine and flourished shortly after the death of St. John the Evangelist, and therefore had every opportunity of knowing all the first Christian traditions, declares that our Saviour was born in a grotto at Bethlehem. And at a later period St. Jerome confirms this statement.

Mrs. Jameson finds something inexpressibly touching and significant in the presence of the inferior animals at the Nativity. It is as if they, who, with all nature, participated in the fall of man, had now become sharers in the benefits of the Incarnation. The ass in particular has been regarded with a certain veneration on this account, and because of its having borne more than once the Son of man:

"The ox and ass—to them was given
To see our Lord: the light of Heaven
Fell on them in that hour.

"And since our Lord she bare
In triumph to his place
One patient beast hath seemed to wear
The mark of his high grace,
His token to dumb creatures, freed
From slavery and unholy deed."

The middle ages considered the sobriety, patience, resignation, and many other qualities of this animal as well worthy of imitation by Christians. "Salvete, fratres asini!" was St. Francis' fraternal salutation, which Coleridge has echoed in his line:

"I hail thee Brother!"

The festival that commemorates the flight into Egypt was once popularly known in some countries as the Feast of the Ass, and a young matron with a babe in her arms was escorted through the streets on a gaily-decorated ass, and led into the very church, where, before the high altar, a hymn was sung in honor of that lowly beast, one version of which runs as follows:

"From the country in the East
Came this strong and handsome beast,
This able ass beyond compare,
Heavy loads and packs to bear.
Now, Seignor Ass, a noble bray,
Thy beauteous mouth at large display.
Abundant food our harvests yield,
And oats abundant load the fields.

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He-haw!
He was born on Shechem's hill,
In Reuben's vale he fed his fill,
He drank of Jordan's sacred stream,
And gambolled in Bethlehem," etc.

Some parts of this ceremony seem to us very grotesque, particularly the braying of the animal in the chorus; but, as Michelet remarks, the church did not discourage the innocent customs of the people, but made herself a child to prattle with her children, and blended her sacred language with theirs.

The remembrance of their participation in the scene at Bethlehem has led Christians from remote ages to give animals a share in the abundance of Christmas time. St. Francis of Assisi wished he had the power to compel all the chief magistrates of towns and villages to scatter grain through the streets on Christmas day, that the birds might have occasion to rejoice, and to give an abundant supply of food to the cattle in memory of Him who was born between an ox and an ass. Even in Sweden the old Catholic custom has been kept up of putting out sheaves of oats and barley on the trees and houses and high poles for the birds, who testify their joy in language that cannot be mistaken. For every creature ought to rejoice on a night that brought life into the world. You see these sheaves on the top of every barn, and the poorest laborer who has no grain asks and receives a sheaf from his more wealthy neighbor, that the birds may rejoice around every dwelling. A Swedish poet thus summons them:

"Come hither, little birds, merry of mood,
By barn-door and dwelling-house corn-ears are strewed.
Christmas comes hither,
Then may ye gather
Food from the bread-giving straw golden-hued."

Miss Bremer, in her charming story of *Strife and Peace*, has woven this beautiful custom into a Christmas scene with happy effect. The very crows, too, in that country have a cake and a sip of Christmas ale given them, and fresh straw to lie on, which reminds one of the crow-song of the old English mummers:

"My good worthy masters, a pittance bestow,
Some oatmeal, or barley, or wheat, for the crow;
A loaf, or a penny, or e'en what you will—
From the poor man a grain of his salt may suffice,
For the crow swallows all, and is not over-nice."

In some places the very children sleep on the straw-covered

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floor in honor of the Child Jesus in the manger, and we read in *Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia* that the prisoners there piously strew their cells with straw on Christmas eve. The proud Polish nobles, too, hang a sheaf of straw in the most conspicuous place in their banqueting-halls in memory of the poverty of Jesus and Mary in the stable of Bethlehem.

The practice of giving food and clothing to the poor at this season, now so general, is derived from the good old Catholic custom. Scott makes one of his characters lament the death of the Lady of Ellangowan because "on ilka Christmas night, as it came round, the leddy gae twelve siller pennies to ilka puir body about, in honor of the twelve apostles like." "They were fond to ca' it papistrie," she adds, "but I think our great folk might take a lesson frae the papists whiles. They gie another sort o' help to puir folk than just dinging down a saxpence in the broad on the Sabbath, and kilting and scourging and drumming them the sax days o' the week besides." In some parts of Germany food is provided for the poor in a most delicate manner. A table is bountifully spread "for the Blessed Virgin and the guardian angels of those who slumber," as it is said, and left unattended, with lights upon it, for the benefit of the poor wanderer who might be ashamed to beg.

In feudal times serfs were often freed at this season of general charity. The very dogs were unchained. The dungeons were opened to set the prisoners free, or some of them at least, and the remainder had their condition alleviated, that none might be excluded from the common joy.

This rejoicing seems to extend even into the other world. The old legend of St. Brendan makes the traitor Judas tell of the refreshment he finds in his terrible torments from "Chrystmasse to Twelfth-daye." Other legends say that on Christmas night Our Lady descends into Purgatory—that holy realm of suffering over which Faber says she is crowned as queen—with power to deliver certain souls, because on this same night she brought into the world Him who came to redeem them.

The inanimate world also sometimes breaks forth into joy at this exceptional time, as at Glastonbury, where the Holy Thorn, planted by St. Joseph of Arimathea,

"Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord."

And there was likewise an old oak near Malwood Castle, in Hampshire, that used to bud every year at the Nativity. The Père Poiré also speaks of an apple-tree near Nuremberg that

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formerly bore apples at Christmas in honor of Mary, who for us bore the fruit of eternal life. Perhaps it was the flowering of some such tree that led to the pleasant German custom of the Christmas-tree which annually gladdens every household with the sweet fruit of domestic affection. In some parts of England the people still assemble in their orchards on Christmas eve to bless them and invoke a good crop for the coming year. In Kent they sing:

"Stand fast, root; bear well, top;
God send us a youling sop,
Every twig, apple big;
Every bough, apples enow."

The English are generally thought to be specially attached to the festival of Christmas. And they have reason to be, for it commemorates important events in their history. It was on Christmas day, A.D. 596, that ten thousand Anglo-Saxons were baptized by St. Austin and his fellow-missionaries. No wonder the great apostle made it henceforth a doubly joyful festival. The bells were rung almost incessantly from Christmas till the Circumcision. The churches were trimmed with holly, laurel, and ivy. The yule log was cut with great care to burn brightly on every hearth. And immense candles were lighted at midnight in token of the true light they had received, as sung in one of their many beautiful carols:

"Then be ye glad, good people,
This night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles, for
His star it shineth clear.
And all in earth and heaven
A joyous carol sing;
For lo! to us a Child is born,
And all the bells do ring."

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THE COINERS' DEN.

No man has more admiration for moral virtue than I. I am persuaded that the good and virtuous should be carefully cherished and highly prized; that it is equally incumbent on private persons and public society to adopt every practicable expedient to promote the happiness and prolong the life of every truly meritorious member of the body politic! This is my belief. Strongly impressed with this persuasion firmly rooted in my mind, I determined, when I had finished my college course, to give myself a holiday and luxuriate for some months at my ease in a charming village situated in County Wicklow a few miles distant from the Irish metropolis. There was nothing selfish in this resolution. It originated in a profound sense of duty. I undertook it *pro bono publico*—for the benefit of the public at large. I retired to a romantic valley in that mountainous county by way of rendering a service to the Irish nation—that is, from a feeling of patriotism exalted into philanthropy. For the good of my country I took care of myself. Really good people are notoriously few in number; there is unfortunately such a paucity of truly exemplary characters that I deemed this indulgence highly commendable—"set down in my duty"—and I am sure my readers will agree with me. I had worked very hard in preparing for examinations, and felt quite exhausted. My system craved relaxation—*desipere in loco*, as Horace has it—where I could take my ease and repose in a "castle of idleness," preparatory to entering on the serious business of life. I always had a great talent for doing nothing, and ardently admired the profound genius of Italy, not so much for its magnificent poetry, its life-like sculpture and majestic architecture, as for that admirable proverb, *Dolce far niente*. The people who originated that incomparable proverb will ever receive my unqualified admiration! I do believe, too, that no man enjoys the exquisite beauties of natural scenery—"the warbling woodland, the resounding shore"—so much as your incorrigible idler. He is a gifted being in this respect, being more alive to the varied loveliness of external phenomena than more hurried and bustling characters. In the valleys of Wicklow the pied daisies and the yellow buttercups, which opened their tiny chalices of gold to the sun and gemmed with their innocent beauty the emerald verdure that undulated in the

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wind and clothed the mountain-sides, had an exquisite charm for me in these "hours of idleness." Owing to the length of time I gave to their contemplation, I could see, I fancy, more in them than other men. I felt, with the poet,

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

This is one of the prerogatives, the heir-looms, of the great family of "Do-nothings." They feel more delight than other men in the leisure which succeeds unavoidable labor. I enjoyed my emancipation from college tasks—the corroding cares, the doubts and fears, connected with approaching and dreaded examinations. As no man fights more fiercely than a coward when found in a corner, so no man works more industriously than an idler when he cannot help it. Such was my case. The idleness which succeeded my deliverance from study was not only delightful, it was delicious. I found exquisite pleasure to stretch my listless length beside some crystal rivulet, and, while the skylark was filling the summer air with thick warbled notes,

"To pore upon the brook that babbled by."

But it is useless to dwell upon this subject. Let it suffice to say that there is a pleasure in sloth which can never be fully understood by any but the slothful. Some young men have the disedifying habit, when at Mass, of gazing at the female members of the congregation, and thus neglecting their devotions to gratify their curiosity. This habit I never indulged in, even in my youngest days; and therefore it is somewhat unaccountable that on the second Sunday after my arrival in the village I became conscious, while hearing Mass, of the presence of three ladies who knelt at the right, while I knelt at the left, side of the altar. I dare say a mesmerist could account for my knowledge of their presence, but I could not, as my eyes during the ceremony were riveted on my prayer-book, lest I should once look at the ladies!

At the conclusion of the service I managed to get out of church before the majority of the congregation, and then stood at some distance from the door, through which the congregation defiled in an unbroken stream for several minutes. My object was merely historical! I wished to contemplate the faces and figures of the descendants of those gallant clansmen, the Byrnes, Tooles, and Kavanaghs, whose mediæval wars with the English

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Pale make such a figure in the annals of Dublin. This was my exclusive object. But while thus engaged the three ladies I have spoken of issued from the porch, and, mounting a private car in waiting for them, drove rapidly away. As my conduct during Mass occasioned me an uncalled-for scruple of conscience —as I feared I had given scandal—I took a crown from my pocket and sent in my card to the priest who had celebrated Mass, and who was then disrobing in the sanctuary. During our conversation I requested him to remember my intention at the Holy Sacrifice, and, strange to say, though I made no inquiry on the subject, the names and address of the ladies leaked out!

Two of them were daughters of a rich professional man in Dublin, while the third, who seemed little more than seventeen, was their cousin. The features of this girl seemed to me (it might not be so to others) the very perfection of female loveliness. There was something so artless in the expression of her modest countenance, in "the mind, the music breathing from her face," an air of such guileless sweetness and innocent beauty, wholly unconscious of its fascinating potency, that I was charmed and enslaved to a degree that the day before I would have laughed at as wholly incredible. The other and elder ladies were likewise handsome, but there was so artificial an air about their beauty that I was inclined to ask:

"Are those tresses thickly twined
Purchased hair pinned on behind?
Is the blush which roses mocks
Bought at three-and-six the box?"

There was something cosmetic in their beauty. They seemed so perfectly conscious of their charms that I could not admire them. They resembled that Lesbia in the Irish song who wore her golden robe so tightly laced

"That not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumed to stay where nature placed it."

While their niece resembled the Norah Criena of the same song:

"Few her looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises."

To my eyes she resembled a young rose, laden with morning dews and fraught with fragrance, which waves carelessly in the garden and imparts perfume to every breeze with every motion. Horace would have addressed her in the words which he addressed to Phidyle in his third book, twenty-third ode:

"Cœlo supinas si tuleris manus, etc."

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—If she raised her suppliant hands her prayer would assuredly be heard, etc.

Her father, as I was informed by the priest, had been a merchant in the West Indies, who, after a life of labor, had invested a large fortune in landed property and then suddenly died, not without circumstances of a suspicious nature. Unfortunately this purchase had never been registered, and the title-deeds had disappeared in some mysterious way which could never be elucidated. Owing to this lamentable *contretemps* the young lady—who had woven unconsciously a chain for my heart, and whom I shall name *Eala*—was left comparatively penniless.

Entering one morning the principal street of the county town, what was my astonishment to see two chaises, laden with trunks and travelling-bags, standing before the principal hotel, and a few minutes afterwards four ladies—one of whom was Eala—issued from the house, entered the vehicles, and drove rapidly off in the direction of Dublin. All my hopes seemed to vanish. I felt unspeakably crestfallen and desolate as the flying vehicles, amid a cloud of dust and the shouts of ragged children, disappeared in a turn of the road. From that day forth—whatever was the reason—the County Wicklow lost all its picturesque loveliness in my eyes. It was very strange and wholly unaccountable, but I could no longer discern "the soft magic of streamlet and rill" which the poet speaks of, and which had been so conspicuous before! Everything around seemed to become "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," and I began to wonder what poets and travellers could have seen in the landscapes of Wicklow. I came to the conclusion that there had been great exaggeration in those descriptions. To me not only Wicklow but life seemed lone and dreary, and I began to ask myself, like a certain modern philosopher, was it really worth living? I also began to remember that it was not by reclining under beech-trees or poring upon brooks that the great heroes of antiquity had achieved their immortal reputation, but by vigorous and energetic action in confronting danger and undergoing toil and suppressing tyranny. I therefore, in order to approximate to those immortal heroes, determined to return to Dublin. In that city I took up my abode in Summer Hill, where I endeavored to discover the residence of Eala; but all to no purpose.

I found, however, that her two fair cousins resided just at my elbow in Mountjoy Square; but though I saw them almost daily in their walks to the more lively and commercial parts of the city, where they visited the stores of silks and soft goods, I

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could never see Eala in their company, from which I concluded that she did not live with them; but whither she had gone or where she resided I could not ascertain.

My landlady in Summer Hill was an admirable person, cleanly, obliging, and attentive. She had only one fault: she did not appreciate my vocal music as she should do. Her musical education, I regret to say, had been entirely neglected, insomuch that she characterized my nocturnal vocalizations as mere "noise," which, she said, disturbed her family, her lodgers, and herself. I considered this want of taste as very provoking. I could not at first account for such barbarous insensibility to sweet sounds, but on due consideration I attributed it to the nature of the song. Most assuredly it could not be owing to the nature of the voice! That was impossible; so I took from my repertoire another song with which I was convinced she must be pleased.

So unaccountable are tastes that my landlady was still more displeased, though I sang at the top of my voice until two o'clock in the morning. So I sallied forth one morning, after an unreasonable lecture from my landlady, in search of new lodgings, repeating as I went Cowper's lines: "Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness." The illogical character of my landlady's mind, her passionate propensity to sarcasm and invective, her unpardonable violation of the rules of reasoning, fired my blood to such a degree as to lend wings to my steps; and so before I well knew where I was going I found myself in the southern part of Dublin. I had crossed Carlisle Bridge and was pacing through Stephen's Green before my mind reverted to the object of my excursion. When I had in some degree recovered my equanimity, and time and motion had mitigated my very justifiable anger, my eyes fell upon an outside car which excited all the faculties of my soul in a most extraordinary manner. This car was driven by an elderly man in a frieze coat, who might be a farmer and was apparently its owner, while I was quite certain that I saw Eala seated on the other side, accompanied by what appeared to be the farmer's wife. What a chance this was! I immediately ran to a car-stand, and, jumping on a vehicle, ordered the driver to follow the farmer wherever he went.

He crossed the bridge of Rathmines, traversed that beautiful outlet, and then, turning to the right, entered Rathgar Road. "Here at least he will call a halt," I said to myself; but he did not. He prosecuted his journey to Rathfarnham. He crossed the Dodder—that winding stream whose devious wave turns so

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many mill-wheels—and entered the wild and picturesque country which lies between the Dodder and the mountains. I had often roamed through that district with pleasure. But it never appeared so verdant and beautiful as on the present occasion. It was worthy of Paradise. I asked myself what people could see in the County Wicklow—a county so vastly inferior, in my mind, to the County Dublin. Here the verdure was visibly greener, the sun brighter, the air balmier, and the music of the lark more dulcid and exhilarating. At least so it seemed to me, and so I am sure it was.

After some further driving we came to what was termed then, and possibly is still, the "Military Road." Along this road, constructed by the army of England during the rebellion of '98, we proceeded until the fresh breezes laden with the saline vapors of the sea apprised us that we were approaching the rocky shores of Howth. Ships became visible in the distance, gliding with snow-white sails and imperceptible motion, swan-like and beautiful, *et spumas salis ære ruebant*—"and broke the splashing waves with their prows." Here we found the soil degenerating into barrenness, thinly covered with a starveling vegetation, and dotted with squalid cabins walled with mud and thatched with straw, picturesque to look at but undesirable to live in. To my unspeakable amazement, the car containing my inamorata stopped before one of those wigwams, and she herself, bounding from the vehicle and accompanied by her female companion, went in. "What on earth can she want in such a den? Assuredly she cannot live in that pig-sty," I said to myself half aloud. "I wish to mercy I could find some pretext for following her into that hideous hovel and ascertaining the object of her visit."

"I know what your honor wants," said the driver, as he perused me with a keen glance. "You want an accident? It's what a good accident would fit you to a *T*. Isn't it?" "That's exactly what I want," said I, brightening up at the suggestion; "an accident would serve me as an excuse for penetrating that hovel and ascertaining what's going on inside." "There, now," said the driver exultingly, "didn't I know what you wanted? There is nothing like a good sound accident in cases of this kind. When you're dealing with a young lady an accident is the sovereignest thing in life. It touches her heart and makes her sensible at wanst, the darlint."

"But while you're talking we're losing time," said I impatiently; "let me have your accident at once." "Oh! fair and

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asy goes far in the day," replied the driver. "What would your honor be willing to give for an accident—a good sound accident that would impose on a peeler without the least taste in life of design in it? What would you be after giving for an accident?" "I'll willingly give you five shillings over and above your fare, if you supply me with a plausible excuse for entering that pig-sty."

"Five shillings!" shouted the driver, with an indescribable air of mingled astonishment and disgust. "Did any one ever hear the like? Five shillings for an accident! Things are come to a purty pass! By gor! accidents must be very cheap when they're going for that price. Five shillings for an accident! Oh! wirrasthrue, wirrasthrue, what's the world coming to at all? Five shillings for an accident! Was the like ever heard of?" "Well, come," said I, "you shall have ten shillings when the accident is completed."

"You're nothing but a gentleman!" exclaimed the driver, quite satisfied. "I'll give you an accident that would take a pearl off a piper's eye and make a blind man see again." So saying, he descended from the car and took out the linch-pin. "Now, your honor, the wheel will come off and rowl into the ditch, and the car will stop of itself, and we'll be thrun off of it; and sure Gubbawn Saer himself, if he was to the fore, could not invent a purtier accident—considering the price." "I think you have earned your money very easily," said I, giving him his fee; "but if it serve the purpose all is right."

"There's not in the seven parishes a jarvey that's handier in getting up an accident nor my own four bones, though *I* say it, that oughtn't to say it; and now your honor can go into the cabin and see what's to be seen." "No; you had better go in first, tell your story, and ask assistance; I'll go in afterwards and seek shelter." "And who'll mind the mare?" asked the driver. "Oh! the mare will mind herself. A jarvey's mare is as knowing as a jarvey. Besides, when I go in you can come out." "All right, your honor."

The interior of the cabin, as I found on entering, was pervaded by darkness broken by the light of a large fire blazing on the hearth, over which a large pot was suspended on an iron hook descending from the black and smoky interior of the cavernous chimney. The naked rafters which supported the roof were, like the roof itself, black with smoke and polished with age, while the walls were destitute of windows and the floor formed of clay. Behind the chimney a second room was situated, to

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which access was obtained through a rude doorway opening beside the fireplace.

In this doorway I could dimly discern the form of Eala talking to the old woman, whom I took to be a farmer's wife, and who had sat beside her on the car. It was evident from the plaintive tones of her voice, which went like an arrow to my heart, that Eala was overwhelmed with distress and anxiety. "What is to be done?" she asked. "How am I to act in this dilemma?"

I immediately stepped forward and saluted Eala, hat in hand. "I beg pardon for this intrusion," I said, "but I have met with an accident. My car broke down just adjacent to this place, and I have ventured to come in for assistance. I have had the honor of seeing you in the County Wicklow, where you resided with the Staunton family. If I can be of any use to you please to command me. I shall be delighted to render you any service in my power. Be so good as to inform me if I can render you any assistance."

Eala looked at me with an inquiring glance from those fawn-like eyes, worthy of Juno, in which by the light of the fire I could see a tear was glistening. What was my delight to hear her say in that musical voice, which seemed worthy of Paradise: "It would be affectation in me to say that I do not remember you. I have learned who you are, and I frankly and gratefully accept your proffered assistance." "Only tell me where I shall go or what I shall do; and, were it even at the risk of my life, I shall endeavor to accomplish it."

"You run no risk whatever," she replied. "The whole affair is simply this: A man stretched on his death-bed, groaning and struggling, in this room, and apparently on the verge of the grave, knows where a document is concealed of infinite importance to me. He refuses to communicate the secret to any one who cannot speak Latin. Now, if you will go in and pronounce a few Latin words in his hearing he may possibly tell you where the deed is hidden. This is all."

The room into which the old woman conducted me was dark, low, and damp—a most uncomfortable apartment, in which nothing at first sight was visible. When my eyes became accustomed to this artificial twilight I could easily discern in the centre a truckle-bed covered with dingy blankets and a tattered counterpane. The occupant of this squalid couch was a raw-boned Colossus, a man of herculean proportions, whom disease had prostrated, robbed of muscular power, and reduced

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to the weakness of infancy. Worn to the bone, gaunt, skinny, and haggard, with beetling brows, feverish aspect, and lurid eyes, he glared at me like a tiger. His voice was gruff, hoarse, and horrible; there was something, I thought, supernatural in its tones as he asked me, "Where are you from?"

The speaker seemed to me at that moment a man whom "the vile blows and buffets of the world" had maddened to desperation, and who, forced by undeserved misfortune, had made war on society in the view of making an end of himself, if he could not inflict vengeance on mankind. But disease, in chaining him to his pallet, had subdued his rebellious spirit, tamed his innate ferocity, and inclined his obdurate heart to repentance.

"My good man—" I began. "I am not a good man," he gruffly replied, with an indescribable growl. "What do you call me a good man for? Is it mocking me you are? But tell me, are you from the priest?" Here the old woman muttered something which I did not understand, which seemed to appease him.

"I come here," I continued, "by pure accident, which this woman can explain to you. But if you have anything to impart which it would ease your mind to communicate, you may confide in me. I have been told you have some information to give."

"Ay, ay," he exclaimed, "tell me, can you spake Latin? Let me hear you spake Latin." I immediately repeated the first lines of the *Æneid:* "Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris," etc. "Well, I believe that's a prayer for my sowl? It's very fine, anyhow. Tell me, will you hear a confession?"

"It's raving he is, sir," said the old woman, and she again muttered something in his ear. "He's the greatest loony ever you seen. Don't mind him, yer honor." She seemed to be apprehensive that the Sacrament of Confession might be profaned by our proceedings. Meantime he was glaring at me like a man who had lost his senses and was half inclined to fight with me, meditating an attack. "Come here," he exclaimed in a hoarse voice, at the same time fumbling under his pillow, from which he brought forth a bag.

"Come here," he repeated. "Take this bag; there's a paper in it. It's not the thing you want, but it'll be the means of getting it. Tell me, do you know Meath Street Chapel?" "To be sure I do; what about it?" said I. "Go to Meath Street Chapel, do you mind, and ax the clark where Pat Maher does be. When you see Pat Maher show him this paper. Do you mind? And if he axes you for th' other token, say:

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"'Qui, quæ, quid,
Do what you're bid:
By the mark on your face,
Give the bearer the lease,'

and he'll give it to you."

These words I took down in pencil as he repeated them over and over again. Then, putting the bag into my hands, he added: "Now stir your stumps. You have no time to lose, and if you meet the priest on your way tell him to make haste, for my time is short. Thank God! my mind is easier now since I made the restitution."

Now, I regarded this communication as unworthy of a moment's attention. I was half ashamed of my part in the drama.

"It's evidently all nonsense," said I to the old nurse as she led me out of the room. "No such thing," said she; "it's nothing of the sort. Glory be to God that you got it out of him! It's the great secret entirely. It's proud and happy you ought to be to get it out of the likes of him. It's more nor I ever expected. There's some chance for his poor sowl now. God be praised!"

No less to my surprise than satisfaction Eala's face flushed up with pleasure when I gave her the paper. She never looked so beautiful. Her eyes were brighter, her cheeks rosier, and her smile sweeter than ever. She seemed quite certain that a matter of much importance had been accomplished, a great victory achieved. She expressed, with great timidity, a hope that I would follow up the affair by complying with the dying man's directions and endeavoring to obtain the lost deed. I assured her with no little warmth that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to oblige her, and that if it were at all possible the deed should be recovered and placed in her hands. It is impossible to describe the expression of her guileless countenance as I made this protestation. Her eyes sparkled with delight and gratitude beamed in every lineament. But when I solicited, with a low bow, permission to accompany her to Dublin this expression vanished at once. A change came over her countenance. She declined my escort with an air of embarrassment which rendered her appearance even still more interesting. Finally I begged to know where I should wait upon her when I had accomplished my mission—an inquiry which she answered at once by giving me her address in Stephen's Green. Being unable at the moment to invent any plausible excuse for remaining longer in her presence, I bowed myself out of the cabin and proceeded to rejoin my jarvey.

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The dexterity of that ingenious individual in repairing an accident proved no less remarkable than his ability in producing one. He had the car on its wheels, and was prepared, whip in hand, to drive me back to "the city of the swords." I was surprised to find, when we were on the road, that the landscape, which afforded me so much pleasure in the morning, was no longer what it had been. A change had come over it in the interval which it puzzled me to account for; but to make amends we travelled more rapidly, and this augmentation of celerity compensated, I thought, for the strange disappearance of scenic attraction.

I requested Patrick Brady—such was the patronymic of my Jehu—to drive to Meath Street Chapel, expecting to find the custodian of that sacred edifice in the vicinity or interior of the chapel. But it is "the unexpected" that always takes place, and, in perfect accordance with this indisputable maxim, which experience loves to corroborate, I found the custodian out. I was told, however, that he would be visible at night. Now, patience is a virtue which, in the whole course of my life, I have never succeeded in cultivating. I have always rebelled against it in the most morose and sulky manner, and if I submitted on this occasion I submitted like the poet's "captive lion," which

"Gnaws and yet may break his chain."

Night finally came, and with it a kind of microscopical rain such as they possibly have in fairy-land. It was a stealthy Scotch mist in the gradual process of development into a dashing Irish rain. You would require a magnifying-glass to discover the drops with the eye, but to the sense of feeling it was much more perceptible. It was an insidious rain, too, which little by little wet you to the skin and drenched you more thoroughly than a driving shower. The effect of its incidence on the earth was to convert the natural mud into a pasty substance of a greasy nature, which was invented apparently in the interest of the carmen, being exceedingly unpleasant to walk in.

Shrouded in darkness, pelted by rain, and impeded by mud, I plodded along with weary steps and a melancholy countenance from College Green to Thomas Street. Every native of Dublin will remember this thoroughfare, which extends through Dame Street, High Street, and Corn Market until it finally reaches Thomas Street. Here I turned to the left and entered Meath Street, where I fortunately found the clerk, or sexton. He perused me from head to foot when I asked for Pat Maher, and

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was silent for a second or so. At the moment I did not understand this pause, but subsequent reflection explained it to me. He was surprised that so well dressed a man should inquire for a person so abject and degraded.

"You'd never make it out by yourself," he exclaimed, "but I'll send a boy with you. He'll lead you to the spot." By this guide I was conducted to a dark, damp, and dismal-looking hall which night and day stood open to the winds and rains, and this owing to the absence of a hall-door, which, if it once existed, had been subjected to the vicissitudes of fortune—had fallen like ancient Troy and been given to the flames. There was a general air of negligence in this domicile, which, grim and gloomy, seemed to be devoted to evil destinies, or, as the ancients would say, consecrated to the gods of Tartarus—a kind of highway to the under-world, the haunt of melancholy desolation, and an ante-chamber to the dominions of Pluto.

I paused upon the threshold, as if reluctant to penetrate the gloom, which might be filled with armed Shades or vociferous Furies; but the cheerful voice of my young companion, in the midst of the gloom, exhorting me to proceed revived my courage and dispelled my apprehensions. The hall, as I advanced, seemed to be an ingenious continuation of the street; for, like the street, it was floored with mud.

Notwithstanding its dilapidated condition, this ruined house swarmed with inhabitants. Every room might be compared to a cage crowded with children, whose young voices were resonant in all directions. It resembled a rookery—a resemblance which increased as I ascended, for the caged and invisible children seemed more numerous and more noisy at every landing.

Malte-Brun remarks that old trees and old animals become barren, cease to be prolific; and he fancies that old nations participate in this infecundity and likewise become barren. In this way he accounts for the total disappearance of the nations which flourished in ancient times on the margins of the Mediterranean—the Etrurians, Carthaginians, and Phœnicians. But the Celts, though ancient, are not barren. "The Celts," says Emerson, "are an old family of whose beginning there is no memory, and their end is likely to be still more distant in the future." This opinion of Emerson's derived from this half-ruined house an unexpected corroboration.

Having reached one of the landings, my young guide—whom I mentally compared to the *Casta Sibylla* of Virgil's *Æneid*, for he conducted me through shades blacker than those of Tartarus—

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suddenly paused and said: "This is the place." With these oracular words he applied his knuckles to the door and elicited a hollow sound, which was immediately answered. The door was thrown open, and a large, comfortless room, dimly lighted, and thronged with gazing children, was presented to my view. I was reluctant to advance. I shrank back with the modesty characteristic of Irishmen, and allowed my young friend to act as internuncio. His inquiry was answered in Irish, and some words were added in a whisper which were less intelligible. Without a moment's delay my young guide turned to me and said:

"Pat Maher is not here; but if you want to see him immediately I'll bring you to where he is." "That is exactly what I want," I replied. "Come along, then," was the answer, and accordingly we went along.

We groped our way down to the street, which we finally reached—I resembling the pious Æneas, and he the Sibyl that conducted the Trojan—and ascertaining at every step the veracity of the Latin poet when he tells us, "Facilis descensus Averno est." Having reached the street in safety, we turned to the left and set out for Thomas Street. This street at that hour was thronged with buyers and sellers, and "humming like a hive." Near the footpaths on either side tables were standing, piled with edibles which provoked a world of bargaining and chaffering, and proved clearly that Thomas Street at that hour was haunted by good appetites and shallow purses. The edibles consisted of black puddings, sheeps' trotters, salt herrings, onions, and cabbages, which evidently possessed great attractions for the passengers moving along the pathways, as they were perpetually pricing them.

In the most crowded part of the thoroughfare, vociferating prayers and entreaties in a hoarse, strong voice, and making himself universally heard, sat a sturdy beggar with his back to the wall, and having a lighted candle before him in a sort of paper bag. This paper bag, which was whitish in color and partially transparent, served as a lantern to shield the flame from the wind. Its owner assuredly did not put his light under a bushel; for, what with his hoarse voice and burning candle, he was the observed of all observers. The candle stood between his knees and shed its light, not only on his face, which was black and repulsive, but upon his arms, which were skinny and white, being utterly fleshless—mere skin and bone, as if their proprietor were a living skeleton. His object was to excite compassion by the exhibi-

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tion of those skeleton arms. His body was in motion, rocking backward and forward to the cadence of his voice—somewhat like a tree "laden with stormy blasts." In his supplications he invariably spoke of himself in the third person: "O good Christians!" he exclaimed, "have compassion on that poor object, for the sake of your father's and mother's sowls, and the sowls of all belonging to you." His supplications were eloquent and pathetic, but the expression of his face counteracted their effect, for it was displeasing and repulsive.

Cicero assures us that in addressing the public an orator should have not only a good character but a good countenance. Now, in this respect the beggar seemed to be defective. He had not a good countenance. My guide, to my astonishment, stood stock-still before this figure, and whispered, "That's Pat Maher, sir." I was at once shocked and disgusted by this information. My aristocratic prejudices revolted at the idea of making acquaintance with this squalid mendicant; but the expectation of serving Eala mitigated my disgust, and I swallowed my repugnance.

It seemed difficult, however, without attracting attention to an undue degree, to get into conversation with this man. I shrank from the task of addressing him. Finally I gave my guide a penny, which he slipped into his hand, whispering at the same time into his ear: "There is a man here wants to spake to you." "I'll be with him in a minute," replied Pat Maher. "Let him wait a minute." I accordingly waited, paying my guide at the same time and dismissing him.

Gradually Pat Maher lowered the tone of his apostrophes. His voice declined to a whisper by degrees, and finally ceased. Then by a great effort he scrambled to his feet with the assistance of the wall, and approached me with "What do you want?" "Do you know this paper?" I asked. "I do," was the reply, after a moment's examination. "Have you any other token?" "I have: 'Qui, quæ, quid. Do as you're bid,'" etc.

"That will do," said he; "folly me." He led the way into Meath Street, with the assistance of a staff, and advanced with knocking knees, splay feet, and strangely shambling gait, faster than I supposed he could go. Having reached Meath Street, he halted before an open cellar, cavernous and black. "We must go down here," said the beggar.

"What! into that horrible cavern?" I asked. "Yes, indeed," was the reply, "into that same." I fancied I heard the sound of running water splashing in the subterraneous depths.

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"It's there the deed is hid; you must go down there," added the beggar-man. "If you haven't the courage to go down there you had no business coming to me." "If that's the case I'll go down," said I. "Yes, I think it's the best of your play," he replied. "We shall want a light?" said I. "You can't find the parchment in the dark?" "Be gor, you're very 'cute entirely." said Pat Maher. "I wonder has your mother any more of ye?" He plunged his hand into the pocket of his dress, and brought out a piece of wax taper, which he held up to me triumphantly. "What do you think of dat?" he asked, with a glitter of the eye which seemed to say, "Do you think I'm a fool?"

We descended into the cellar by broken steps, and then advanced through the "darkness visible" that pervaded the vault, until we reached a door. This door was pushed open by the beggar and revealed a flight of stone steps, clean, unbroken, and visible by a glimmering light of a wavy and supernatural character, resembling light that had died. It seemed to stream up from the bottom of the stairs, as if its source were in the depths of the under-world.

"You must go down dem steps," said the beggar, pointing to the stairs. I turned as pale as a sheet at these words, and trembled in every limb. I felt myself paling. But the thought of Eala enabled me to subdue my apprehensions, and, affecting a courage which I by no means felt, I descended the steps, followed by Pat Maher. At their foot we came to another door, which when pushed open revealed, to my amazement and horror, a room full of light. The most remarkable article of furniture in this subterraneous apartment, which secured my attention the moment I entered, was a huge engine rising to the ceiling, which, like a sentient being, was groaning, wailing, churning, and creaking, as if dissatisfied with its task, weary with labor, and querulous with toil. The light which revealed its ponderous operations and enabled me to see it was given out by a fire flaming on a hob and attended by a fireman, at the extremity of the apartment. This fire was kept constantly in an incandescent state by a huge leathern bellows, which, as if in sympathy with its fellow-slave, the machine, was hoarsely groaning and complaining apparently of unrequited toil and protesting against oppression. Both were tended by men, bare-armed and black-looking, their stern faces smutted with smoke, and their aspect lowering, scowling, and repulsive.

In one of these men, better-featured than the others, my appearance seemed to excite a profound interest. He sidled near

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and perused me with a long, concentrated gaze, in which I thought I could detect an expression of affection. After a searching and meditative stare he questioned me in a shy and distant manner as to my kindred in Tipperary. I replied with the utmost frankness, letting him know who I was. While my attention was thus engaged my arms were suddenly pinioned to my sides and bound behind my back with cords. My hat was removed, and a small linen nose-bag, such as carters use to feed their horses in, was thrown over my head and twisted round my throat. I was then seized and thrown on my back, while a dexterous hand was plunged into my pockets, which were emptied in a moment of some gold coins and a gold repeater, while threats, intermingled with curses of a savage and diabolical character, were hissed into my ear.

"Those will make the fine wash entirely," exclaimed one of the banditti in a tone of rapturous exultation, as he jingled the guineas found in my pocket. "We're made men, by the Hokies!" "But what will be done with the *shalwadore?*"* exclaimed a voice. "Oh! that's easy settled—a sticking-plaister will stop his *gob*, and de sack-em-ups 'll carry him away."

At that time an infamous traffic in dead bodies—which were not always dead—raged in Dublin. The anatomists paid a high price for "subjects," and miscreants were found ready to supply the demands of science from motives which were by no means scientific. "Look at this, boys!" cried a confederate, who had been gazing on me with compassion. "This man that's lying here is my foster-brother. It's an owld sayin', an' a thrue, *Dil fear gaoil, act searc mo croidhe dalta.*† He and I sucked the same breasts. Before you lay another hand on him you must first kill me."

A shout of ironical laughter hailed this sally. "Ah! what do you mean, man, at all? Would you be after lettin' him out to call the *bulkies* an us and git us all hung or transported? Are you out of your senses, or what ails you at all? Is it ravin' you are?" "Ravin' or no ravin', all I know is this: before you kill this man you'll first kill me." "Well, we will kill you, then, if that's all that's wanted." This exclamation was hailed with a shout of approving laughter.

"Not so fast," cried another desperado. "This man is my comrade. We coom together into the gang, and we'll g'out of it together. The first man lays a hand on him I'll split him down

* *Sealbhadoir*—owner, proprietor.

† "A kinsman is beloved, but the pith of the heart is a foster brother."

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to the chine." And the speaker raised a butcher's cleaver over his head.

This called out a storm of shouts, threats, and imprecations. The band seemed to resolve itself into two factions, which, amid a world of clamor, came to blows. The roar of contention rang through the hollow vaults. Yells, howls, cries, and curses were heard on all sides, confusedly blended in a chaotic tumult of sound. A furious wrestling, struggling, tumbling, and screaming filled the whole concavity and occupied every member of the band. In the midst of this hurly-burly, this furious Babel of exasperated uproar, I managed by a desperate effort to break my cords and set myself free. I rose to my feet, ran for my life up the stairs, and got out into the open air.

The terrible scene I had passed through impressed itself so forcibly on my mind, was so present to my scared and bewildered imagination, and appalled and terrified me to such a degree, filled me with such horror and affright, that it is no exaggeration to say I was insane with fear. I sped through the centre of the streets as if I were winged. I could not fly fast enough. I fancied every moment the banditti were at my heels, a howling troop, straining after me like bloodhounds, clamoring to pull me down and murder me. Finally I reached the college, panting and exhausted, where a friend who had chambers gave me hospitality. Into his "pale ear" I poured the terrible incidents of my recent adventure. But my agitation threw me into a fever from which I recovered with slow and tedious difficulty. Meantime my friend communicated with the authorities. A company of soldiers—for there were at that time no policemen in Dublin—proceeded to Meath Street and ransacked the coiners' den; all the stamping machinery and other materials were hauled out, and among the rest a trunk in which the deed was discovered which in after-time restored Eala to her long-lost inheritance. I need not say more. The reader will himself supply the succeeding incidents which crowned my sufferings with the anticipated reward—the hand of Eala. And now, like another Æneas, communing with another Dido, I can describe in tranquillity the appalling adventure

"Quæ ipse miserrima vidi,
Quanquam animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit."

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WICKED NO. 7.

BOB SHIPPEN was engineer of the night express running between Des Moines and Council Bluffs on the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad. He was a stout, jovial fellow, with thick, coal-black beard and a heart as big as himself. In the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers no member was better liked; and when, on one of his trips, he met with an accident which laid him up for a fortnight, a good many sympathizing letters were written to him, all ending with the hope that he might soon be on his legs again.

The fireman who rode with him was his bosom friend; and one winter evening Dick Barnes was seated in Shippen's humble home at Des Moines, Iowa, smoking a pipe and talking over the late mishap. Nobody was in the room besides themselves, except a baby—a crowing, healthy baby, not much more than a twelvemonth old, who had been christened Bob after his father. "The little 'critter' does nothing but laugh," spoke the fireman, poking the child with his grimy forefinger. "Yes, Bobby is his dear, dead mother over again. Martha never had a frown on her face. She was a good wife," answered Shippen in a slightly tremulous voice. "She knew how to make corn-cakes to a T," said Barnes.

"And she never kept me waiting for my meals—not a minute," said the engineer. "Oh! it was hard to lose her; 'tis over a year now since she died." Here he fetched a sigh and drew his sleeve across his eyes. Then turning to the crib where Bobby lay, trying his best to talk—and Bobby could utter a few words —"My child," he added, "needs so much a mother's care. I'm away all night long, and when I get home at sunrise I have to sleep, you know—I must get rest; and I wonder how Bobby thrives as he does." "Well, now, don't be angry if I tell you something, will you?" said Dick. "No, speak out," said the engineer.

"Well, if I were you I'd marry again, just for the child's sake." His friend made no response, but sat a few minutes with his face buried in his hands.

Presently Shippen looked up, and, eying the other closely, said: "I'm to be on the road again to-morrow night." "Are you? Really?" exclaimed Barnes, turning pale. "Well, by

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Heaven! 'twill be my turn next. That locomotive has killed three men already, you know—good, worthy members of the Brotherhood—and she tried her level best to kill you." "Pshaw! don't talk nonsense," said Shippen. "No. 7 is a tip-top machine. Accidents will happen." "Well, what made her act as she did when you got hurt?" asked the fireman. "Surely you're not in earnest, are you?" said Shippen. "I am," said Barnes, thumping his knee with his fist, which made little Bobby burst into another fit of laughter. "I tell you No. 7 has a devil in her, and —and if I didn't like the man who drives her, and whose name is Robert Shippen, not another trip would I make on her; I think too much of my life."

The following evening Shippen wended his way to the engine-yard, where No. 7 was hissing and panting for him to arrive, and where his fireman was very glad to see him. "For I do hate to be alone on this machine," said Barnes. "Why, ever since I've been getting up steam I've—" "Bah! bah!" interrupted Shippen, as he perched himself upon his elevated seat on one side of the cab. "Don't talk nonsense. Off she goes!" And so saying, he pressed his hand against the throttle-lever and brought the locomotive to her place at the head of the train, which was a pretty heavy one: three express-cars, seven sleepers, and two baggage-cars, and several of the cars had come all the way from the Pacific. The depot presented a lively, bustling scene.

"Please tell me, sir, does this train stop at Casey?" inquired a young woman with a gun resting on her arm, and addressing Shippen, who had alighted to take one more look at his engine—the grim, iron monster, with huge six-foot driving-wheels; and more than one impatient traveller paused to admire No. 7.

"No, miss, this is the lightning express," answered Shippen. "Too bad!" ejaculated Lizzie Elder. "I want so much to get home to-night with my brother Jim's rifle." "Sorry, but you can't be in Casey till to-morrow," pursued the engineer.

"Too bad!" repeated Lizzie. "Well, I am sorry, truly sorry, that we don't stop there," said Shippen, glancing up at the big clock—four minutes yet. At this moment an oldish woman approached, carrying a bundle which on nearer view proved to be a baby. "What! brought Bobby here to get one more kiss out of me?" exclaimed Shippen, smiling and rubbing his greasy beard all over the child's face, which Bobby greatly enjoyed; for he laughed and thrust out his tiny hands toward Lizzie Elder, who was very fond of children, and this was such a bouncer! She could not help pausing to look at it; she might never see it

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again. "What a little beauty!" she said as she peeped into its merry blue eyes.

"It's a boy—called Bob after me; he'll drive a locomotive some day," said Shippen, giving his offspring one more kiss. Then, bidding the woman take good care of it, he mounted up to his place on the engine, and, leaning out of the cab window, waved his hand to Miss Elder, who was still admiring the baby.

"If I was the superintendent of this road, miss," he said, "I'd stop this train at Casey just to accommodate you—I really would." On which the girl smiled and said: "I thank you very much."

"He isn't joking, miss. He'd do exactly what he says," spoke Barnes, the fireman, who had been devouring Lizzie with all his eyes.

"All aboard!" shouted a voice at the far end of the long depot—"all aboard!" Immediately the engineer drew back from the window and placed his hand on the throttle; in another moment the train was moving.

"Good-by," said Dick Barnes, who had the satisfaction of having the last look at Lizzie Elder—"good-by." For Shippen's watchful eyes were now fixed intently on the track ahead, while Dick continued to gaze upon the young woman as he pulled the bell: "Ding-dong! ding-dong! ding-dong!" And his eyes did not leave her until she faded from his vision amid the crowd and smoke and waving lights. During the run to Council Bluffs the engineer spoke but very few words to his friend the fireman. No. 7 was causing Shippen for the first time grave uneasiness, and he did not wish to excite the other's fears more than they were already excited by the uncommon heeling of the locomotive every time she went round a curve; and once it really seemed as if she had left the track. But when they were flying past Casey, Shippen spoke and said: "That was a mighty fine-looking girl that admired my Bobby. I wish that I could have stopped at this place to accommodate her." "Yes, she was just the kind of girl I admire," answered Barnes. "Tall and straight as an arrow; no silk and satin doll. And I liked, too, the way she carried that rifle." "And she's fond of children," pursued Shippen.

"Well, if this devil-possessed locomotive doesn't break my neck"—No. 7 had begun to bounce and rock frightfully, yet this was the smoothest part of the track—"I'll see that young woman again afore long," said the fireman, as he swung open the furnace-door to shovel in more coal.

And he did see Lizzie Elder again a week later. She had

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come to Des Moines in order to go to confession; for she was a Catholic, and Christmas was approaching. Shippen and Barnes were leaving the engine-yard after their usual night trip, tired and longing to get a good sleep, when they met the girl, accompanied by her brother. The dawn was breaking in the east, and Lizzie and Jim were about to take the early train for home. Lizzie nudged Jim's arm and said: "Here comes the engineer of the night express—the man who has the pretty child I told you about." Shippen saw her smile, and as they were passing one another Jim Elder wished him "Good-morning." Whereupon Shippen paused and informed him that in spring the express trains were going to stop at Casey.

"Indeed! That's good news," exclaimed Lizzie.

"And then I hope I may have the pleasure of taking you home now and then," continued the engineer, looking at her with a pleasant smile.

"I'm his fireman," put in Barnes, "and I can recommend his train." "We neither of us see much of the sunlight," continued Shippen. "We sleep in the daytime. But Casey is a thriving village; I can tell that when the moon shines bright, although we generally pass it going forty miles an hour." "Well, come and make us a visit," spoke Jim Elder, who liked the engineer's honest face. "'Tisn't easy for us to get a holiday," said the latter.

"Well, you'll see me there afore a great while," spoke Barnes. "I'm thinking of throwing up my situation as fireman afore I get killed, and I think farming would suit me. How's land about Casey?"

"No better corn-land in Iowa," answered Jim. "You ought to taste our corn-cakes," said his sister. "Corn-cakes, did you say?" ejaculated Barnes. Then, after smacking his lips, "Truly," he added, "they must be uncommon good when—when you make 'em." At this frank speech they all laughed. "Well, how is Master Bob?" inquired Lizzie, addressing Shippen while the radiant blush was still upon her cheek.

"Never better," answered Shippen. "And he roots his little fingers so deep into my beard and clutches it so tight that I came deuced near being late for my train yesterday; I couldn't get Bobby to let me go."

"His father's pride and his mother's joy," said Lizzie musingly. "Alas! he has no mother. She died when he was only a month old," sighed the engineer. "But then my pay is twelve hundred a year, and, God be thanked, while I live Bobby shall

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want for nothing; he wants nothing now except a mother's care." "Are you long in the West, miss?" inquired Barnes, who was anxious to put in as many words as possible before the girl went away: her train would leave in ten minutes, and he must not let Shippen do all the talking. "Long? Yes, indeed. Why, I was born here," answered Lizzie.

"Well, I think more of this State now than I ever did," pursued Barnes. Then to himself he added: "Iowa girls can't be beat." And here let us observe that, while Lizzie Elder was quite tall, she was at the same time exceedingly graceful. Her complexion was very fair, and the half a dozen freckles on her face might have been called beauty-spots. She had, moreover, a pretty dimple in her left cheek and a cast in one of her hazel eyes, which gave her a most piquant expression; and it was this expression which fairly carried Barnes off his feet, although he saw her but dimly in the early morning light. "Well, I suppose there's a school and a meeting-house handy to where you live?" said Shippen. "So that if my fireman does abandon me and turns farmer in your neighborhood he'll be able to go to meeting on the Sabbath, as well as educate his little ones." "My little ones! Ha! ha!" laughed Dick. "Well, there are two churches in Casey and a public school," answered Lizzie; "but we are Catholics, and I went to the school of the Sisters of Charity in Des Moines." "Well, do you never feel lonesome at home?" inquired Shippen—"for you tell me that you live five miles out on the prairie." "Oh! no. There is always plenty to do. I'm always busy. Brother Jim this season had a hundred acres in corn, and—" "Pretty near—ninety-five acres," interrupted Jim. "And when I'm out o' doors I look at his corn, and at the prairie chickens, and at the big hay-stack; while indoors I churn, and sew, and read, and sing. Jim likes me to sing 'The Old Kentucky Home': my parents came from Kentucky." "And you say that you are a Catholic," put in Barnes, "and that your father and mother were from Kentucky? Well, now, I like Kentucky almost as much as I do Iowa. And yet I'm—I'm surprised." "Surprised at what?" said Lizzie. "Why, you're a native-born American and at the same time a—a Catholic." "That's true," said Lizzie. "We have been Catholics for three generations." "Well, though I never met any of your way of thinking at camp-meeting, some of those that I'm acquainted with are very good folks," said Shippen. "But the best thing about 'em, in my opinion, is that when they're once married they stay married; we don't hear of them trying to get divorced."

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"Well, I like Iowa, and I like Kentucky, and I like Catholics too," said Barnes, just as Jim Elder glanced at his watch and whispered to his sister that it was time to be going. "I'm glad to hear you say that," said Lizzie. Then, holding out both hands, she gave one to each of her new acquaintances; and when presently Barnes and Shippen sauntered off toward their lodging they did not open their lips. The former was wondering what might be the price of land on the prairie where Lizzie Elder lived, while the latter was murmuring to himself: "Poor Bobby! He can't do without a mother's care much longer; he really can't."

Three nights before Christmas the ground was covered deep with snow, and when, at the usual hour, Shippen and his fireman mounted No. 7 they were both thinking of Lizzie Elder and wondering if she might be snow-bound in her prairie home.

"Well, we'll not fall out over her," spoke Barnes. "If she likes me best let her say so. If she likes you best let her say so. You're a tip-top fellow and deserve to get a tip-top wife."

"Well, Bobby wants a mother badly," answered the engineer, as he looked at the steam-gauge. "And this young woman seems to be healthy and clever; she doesn't appear as if she'd run up big bills for dresses and gewgaws. And, Dick, you must come and see us as often as you can." "That I will, provided you win her," replied Barnes. "For I know that Miss Elder makes excellent corn-cake."

"I admire a tall girl, don't you?" pursued Shippen. "Yes, provided she isn't too tall. I don't want to have a bean-pole. Miss Elder is just about the right height." "Her mouth is a trifle big," continued Shippen; "but then, on the whole, I'd rather have it too big than too small, eh?" "Yes, for it shows that she isn't one of the scolding kind," answered Barnes. "Give me a roomy, laughing mouth every day in the week."

"But, Dick," said the engineer, "you and I may be counting our chickens afore they're hatched; suppose she won't marry either of us?"

"Well, I'm going to send her a Christmas present," said Barnes. "There's a Catholic book-store in Des Moines, and I saw a prettily-bound book there a couple of evenings ago called *Fabiola*, which—" "Which I sent to Miss Elder yesterday," interrupted Shippen exultingly. "You didn't!" "I did, upon honor." "Well, well! I declare, you're a point ahead of me," sighed Barnes. "But never mind. I'll send her a Christmas gift, too." Here a voice cried out: "All aboard for Council

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Bluffs, Omaha, Denver City, and San Francisco—all aboard!" "Ding-dong!" sounded the bell, "ding-dong! ding-dong!" And presently, with a piercing shriek, No. 7 sallied forth into the darkness.

But in about an hour and a half the full moon rose, and as it cast its weird beams over the snow-clad prairie, dotted at long intervals with a clump of trees or a pioneer's cabin, Dick Barnes thought what a dreary, ghostly aspect the landscape bore, and rejoiced that he was speeding across it as fast as the engine could carry him.

"No. 7 is behaving pretty well to-night, isn't she?" he said, as he flung open the furnace-door.

"I can't say that," replied the engineer doubtfully. "I begin to think you may be right: there is something deuced queer about No. 7."

"What is it? What is she doing now?" inquired Barnes, with an expression of awe.

"She doesn't always respond when I open the throttle-valve," said Shippen. "Look! I am giving her more steam, and yet she doesn't go any faster." "Do you believe in evil spirits, in demons?" asked the fireman, wiping his brow. "Well, yes, I—I do, and yet I— But, confound it! look at her now." And even while he was speaking the locomotive perceptibly slackened her speed. It could hardly be the snow that was checking her. The late storm had been accompanied by very little wind, and the snow had not drifted—at least not enough to impede such a powerful engine. Why, then, was she going slower and slower? In vain did Shippen open the throttle-valve as far as it would open; slower, slower, slower went No. 7, until in less than another mile the train came to a full stop. Shippen, we are glad to say, was never profane, otherwise he might have used some unseemly language at present: more than twenty minutes behind-time, a bitter cold night, and stuck, apparently without any cause, within a little distance of Casey, which was forty-five miles from Des Moines. Barnes murmured to himself: "This shall be my last week on this haunted, devilish engine," while Shippen alighted with his oil-can to examine the machinery and to try and discover what the trouble was. From every part of No. 7 were dangling long, thin, glittering icicles—ghostly fingers they looked like; and she seemed to be shivering and moaning as if in pain at the intense cold, for the mercury had fallen to twenty degrees below zero. It was not a night even for wolves to be out wandering on this desolate waste.

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The conductor, who had hastened forward to inquire what was the matter, was clapping his freezing arms with all his might, and presently, after bidding Shippen to make up as much lost time as he could, ran back to his snug corner in the front car. He had scarcely left the engineer, who was examining one of the axles—and in order to do so Shippen had crawled partly underneath the engine—when No. 7 suddenly moved forward at least six inches; then paused, then began to move again; and Shippen drew himself out barely in time to prevent the ponderous driving-wheel from passing over his neck. "I never touched the throttle-lever—so help me God, I didn't!" exclaimed the startled fireman, as Shippen shook his fist, then jumped into the cab; for of her own accord the locomotive was now moving onward. But after advancing ten rods she again mysteriously halted, just as a sledge was seen coming toward the railroad track. Once more Shippen alighted, and, although sorely puzzled at the eccentric action of his engine, as well as excited by his narrow escape from being crushed to death, he could not help smiling and speaking to Lizzie Elder—for it was surely she whose face was peeping out at him from between the folds of a buffalo-robe. "Did you receive my humble Christmas gift, Miss Elder?" he said, while the sledge was grating and jingling across the frosty rails only a few yards away. "Miss Elder, don't you know me? I'm Bob Shippen, engineer of the night express."

The young woman made no response; for about half a minute she turned her eyes full upon him, then whispered something to the boy who was driving, and away the horse trotted along the wild, dimly-marked road, which led apparently nowhere into the moonlit desert.

"Well, now, that's odd, deuced odd; I can't explain it," thought Shippen, shaking his head. "Not even to thank me for the book; not even to open her lips and ask after Bobby." "That was Miss Elder, wasn't it?" said Barnes, after his friend had resumed his place on the engine and was pressing his hand against the throttle.

"Yes, I could swear it was," answered Shippen, as No. 7 creaked and groaned, and was slowly moving ahead; for plenty of sand was being strewn from the sand-box, and he had given her a full head of steam.

"And yet," he added, "I can hardly believe it was she; Miss Elder wouldn't have treated me so rudely. However—" Here he ceased to talk and watched No. 7, watched her closely, and

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was very glad indeed when by and by she was going at full speed again.

But after Barnes and himself had made their round trip in safety to Council Bluffs and back to Des Moines he said in a solemn tone to his fireman: "Dick, I came very near being killed to-night, didn't I? And I confess that No. 7 isn't like any other engine that I ever rode on. I'm growing afraid of her!" "Let's quit her as soon as possible," answered Barnes. "Well, I heard last year," continued Shippen, "that No. 7 had a devil in her, just as the Bible says that a herd of swine once had. But I laughed at the man who told me—poor fellow! he was afterwards killed by her—and I never repeated this to you, Dick, for I didn't use to believe in such things as ghosts and evil spirits. But now—" "Now, when a demon did certainly touch the throttle," interrupted the fireman, "and tried to make her run over you, you do believe in supernatural beings moving all around us. Well, I always did believe in 'em, and here I was ahead of you in wisdom."

"So you were, Dick. The most educated folks can't disprove the possibility that ethereal beings may be moving close to us without our being able to see or hear them moving." "Well, I wonder what can have set Miss Elder against you?" said Barnes presently. "Why didn't she answer when you spoke to her?" "Ah! that's more than I can tell. And did you notice the startled, frightened expression on her face when she looked at me?" "I did," said Barnes; "and I have been very low-spirited ever since."

"So have I," said Shippen. "I feel as if some evil were going to happen." Then, after reflecting a moment and pressing his hand to his brow, "I sometimes think," he added, "that this everlasting night-work doesn't agree with my brain. You and I hardly ever see the sunlight. While other folks are sound asleep we are flying across Iowa, stark awake, while every spot except our engine is as still as a graveyard."

"Ay, and that engine No. 7," said Barnes. "It's enough to turn any man's brain." Then after a pause, and gazing earnestly at his friend, "I've hit it!" he exclaimed. "I've hit it! I know now what made Miss Elder drive rapidly on without speaking." "What was it? Tell me," said Shippen eagerly. "She saw something which made her blood run cold—something hovering about the engine which your eyes and mine didn't see." A silence of several minutes followed this remark. Then the engineer said: "Well, Dick, I'm going to wed that

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girl, if she'll have me, afore No. 7 blows up or does some other infernal thing."

"Shall we toss up to see which of us shall ask her first?" said Barnes, "or shall we both pop the question at the same time?"

"Well, do you think, Dick, that we have seen enough of the young lady to take such an important step this week? Had we better wait a little till we know her better?" "Bah! Don't you and I do things quicker than other folks? Don't we travel by express?" replied Barnes, with a grin. "Well, let's try and get a day off, and then we'll pay Miss Elder a visit," pursued Shippen.

"Agreed," said the fireman. "I am longing to taste her corn-cake." "And I'll bring Bobby along; the crisp prairie air will do the child good," said the engineer.

"The baby gives you an advantage over me," said Barnes. "How so, Dick?"

"'Cause such a cunnin', sprightly thing can't but interest the girl in its daddy," answered Barnes. "The girl says to herself: 'There's a man who has done honor to my sex.'"

At this Shippen laughed and said: "Come, come, it's growing late. The sun will soon be up, and you and I must get to bed." "To bed, to bed!" murmured his friend, shaking his head. "Alas! we two are exactly like owls: we only see the world by night-time. But I'm going to turn over a new leaf. I'm going to see something of the blessed sunshine afore I cross the great Divide." "Do, do!" said Shippen, "afore No. 7 scatters your bones to the prairie-wolves to feast on by moonlight."

And now, with a mournful feeling, the engineer betook himself to his much-needed repose, while the other likewise retired to his couch to dream of corn-cake and a cabin on the prairie.

It was Christmas eve, and the hands of all the clocks were verging nigh to the hallowed midnight, when the lightning express glided out of the depot at Council Bluffs. The night was clear; every star was shining; only in the far northeast was there a single dark spot—a lowering cloud which seemed to betoken more snow. "This is positively my last ride on this devilish locomotive," said Barnes. "People may laugh and say I'm cracked; I'll not ride on her one more night."

"Well, don't let's talk about ghosts and demons," answered the engineer in a voice less firm than usual. "As long as we're on No. 7 we must do our duty like men. While you attend to the furnace I'll keep my hand on the throttle, and if anything

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happens before we get back to Des Moines we'll not be to blame."

"Well, it's a hundred and twenty miles to Des Moines," pursued Barnes, "and I'm not a fellow much given to praying. But I do hope that the Lord will bring me safe home. O Lord! I ask thee pardon for my sins."

"That's right, turn your thoughts to God," said Shippen. "For we who live on locomotives may have our necks broken at any moment."

"At any moment," echoed the fireman. "And—and I'll never take the name of God in vain again as long as I breathe; and I'll go to meetin' as often as I can; and—"

"Be a good, faithful husband, if your life is spared and Miss Elder will have you," interrupted Shippen. Then, after a pause, he added: "But now don't let's talk; I must keep a sharp eye on the track." "Well, I'll be a Catholic, if she wants me to," said Barnes under his breath. "Catholic women don't switch off on other husbands; once 'spliced,' they're 'spliced' till death. And I'll pop the question to-morrow, if I'm alive; I will, as sure as the stars are twinkling."

And now while Barnes attended to the feeding of the furnace, and while Shippen strained his vision as far ahead as he could, on, on, faster and faster, speeded No. 7, until in a little while she was running at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The train had left Council Bluffs a quarter of an hour late; it was soon on time to a second. All went well until they were rushing past Casey and were within forty-five miles of Des Moines, when Shippen's keen ear was attracted by an unwonted rumbling in the forward part of the engine. "What on earth has happened now?" said Barnes in quaking accents.

He had scarcely put the question when the bell-rope was pulled twice violently as a signal to stop. At once Shippen obeyed the signal from the conductor, then looked back to see if anything had gone wrong with the train: perhaps a car had broken loose. But he could not distinguish anything very plainly; for the ominous cloud in the northeast, which had been growing rapidly larger and larger, by this time covered nearly the whole heavens, and snow was beginning to fall. Within three minutes it was snowing so hard that it was impossible to see an object even twenty feet away. "What's the matter?" asked the conductor, hastening up as soon as the train had come to a stop.

"All right here," replied Shippen and Barnes at one breath.

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"Well, then, why did you stop?" "You signalled me to do so," answered the engineer. "You're mistaken," said the other. "But the bell-rope was pulled; I could swear it was," said Shippen. "Well, I didn't pull it," said the conductor. Then, looking round, he added: "I shouldn't wonder if that man and woman back yonder tried to steal a ride; this confounded snow is so thick they'll probably jump on one of the cars without being seen." Here Shippen fancied that he perceived a human figure gliding past the engine; but the snowflakes so blinded his eyes that he could not feel sure it was not imagination.

"Well, whoever they are, tramps or not, I pity 'em," pursued the conductor. "This is a bad time and a lonesome spot to be out o' doors. The man begged me to take him aboard, but I couldn't; it's against the rules to take way passengers on the express." "What are you staring at?" inquired Barnes, trembling, as he peeped over Shippen's shoulder. "Nothing, nothing," answered the latter; and presently the conductor waved his lantern and bade him go ahead.

"Nothing?" ejaculated the fireman. "Well, who do you suppose pulled the bell-rope and made us stop?" Then rolling up his eyes, "O Lord!" he added, "deliver me from the evil one. I'm a sinner, I know I am. But I'm going to be good; I'll turn over a new leaf."

"Come, come, Dick, don't lose heart," said Shippen, touching the throttle; and in a moment, after giving several tremendous puffs—for the train was pretty heavy—No. 7 moved on again.

But the engineer might as well have been stone-blind as tried to distinguish anything on the track ahead in such weather; right into the howling northeast snow-storm No. 7 was forcing her way with constantly increasing velocity. Her huge headlight seemed only to render the snowflakes thicker; they looked like countless diamonds darting hither and thither athwart the blaze. The hour was two in the morning; drowsy lids had long since closed in sleep. Inside the cars, as well as inside the cabins on the prairie, men's ears were deaf to the sound of the tempest; only Bob Shippen and Dick Barnes were awake, and wide-awake. No sleep for the engineer and fireman of the night express; and No. 7 was in a little while going like mad. Shippen's trusty hand was grasping the throttle; Barnes was peering nervously through the little window in front of him, and a whole month's wages he would have given to be safe and sound in Des Moines. He was humming a hymn which his mother had taught him when of a sudden right before him rose a human face; in another

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moment it was pressing against the outer side of the glass; then a ghostly hand appeared in view. "Good God protect me!" cried the terror-stricken Dick.

"What! what! Is there a train ahead of us?" shouted the engineer, his heart jumping into his throat. But, without making any response, Barnes ran back and stood a few seconds quivering and tottering on top of the coal-heap.

Brave as Shippen was, drops of cold sweat started out on his brow when presently the door which leads from the narrow footway along the boiler into the interior of the cab flew open, and, ushered in with pelting snowflakes and screaming winds, came an apparition. "Stand back in God's name!" he cried.

"Merry Christmas!" answered a blithe voice, and in a jiffy the snow-covered hood and shawl were flung aside, and lo! beside him stood a young woman, laughing heartily at the fright which her unexpected appearance had caused both Shippen and his fireman.

The latter had doubtless retreated like a poltroon into the foremost baggage-car, for Dick was nowhere to be seen. "Why, as I live! it's you—the girl I've been thinking so much about," exclaimed Shippen; and only that one of his hands was holding the throttle, we do believe that in his transport of delight he might have embraced her.

"Well, merry, merry Christmas! though we have never met before," continued the fair stranger. "You're joking," said Shippen. "You're surely the girl who admires my Bobby, and to whom I sent a book as a Christmas gift a few days since. Aren't you Lizzie Elder?"

"Indeed I'm not," replied the other, as she rubbed her half-frozen cheeks and stamped the snow off her chilled feet. "Well, then, I must be crazy or else bewitched. Who in heaven's name are you?" "I am Lizzie Elder's twin sister," she answered, with a roguish twinkle in her eye. "My name is Helen, and when you sent my sister that pretty book I was not at home; I was away at a husking party, and I knew nothing about it when you accosted me the other night as I drove past your train in a sleigh." "Ah! the mystery is explained; for I was indeed greatly puzzled at your not answering me when I spoke to you on that occasion," said Shippen. "Well, how is your sister? She is well, I hope?"

"Lizzie is very well indeed, thanks. She went to Des Moines yesterday, and brother Jim and I were to go there last evening. But we missed the way train, and were driving to Des Moines

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in our sleigh when we chanced to meet your train awhile ago. We never knew the express to stop where it did. But the conductor refused to let us get aboard. Then, in spite of Jim's urgent entreaties, I made bold to steal a ride on the cow-catcher." "Well, upon my word, you astonish me!" exclaimed Shippen. "But it was awfully cold out there—awfully cold. It seemed to be blowing a thousand hurricanes right in my teeth, and I was very soon obliged to seek refuge here," continued Helen, to whose numb cheeks the blood was slowly coming back.

"Well, nobody could be more welcome; and I wish you, too, a merry Christmas," said Shippen, now offering her his left hand. "But what on earth possessed your brother and yourself to quit home on such a fearfully cold night? Why didn't you wait until daybreak?"

"Oh! we have a smart team of horses, we were well covered up in a buffalo-robe, and nobody could get lost by following the telegraph-poles," answered Helen. "Besides, sir, this is Christmas—blessed Christmas morning—and we were anxious to be at first Mass, which is at four o'clock."

"Well, we shall soon see the lights of Des Moines; for the road here is smooth and straight, and we are running nearly a mile a minute," said Shippen. Then inwardly he said: "What a good Christian she must be to leave home at such a time as this! And to steal a ride, too, on the pilot merely in order to get to church before sunrise! Verily, there's a heap of faith among Catholics—a heap of faith, whatever some folks may say against 'em." "Well, had I remained on the cow-catcher—or pilot, as it is sometimes called—I'd have been frozen stiff by this time, wouldn't I?" continued Helen, whose cheeks were now blazing red and felt as if a thousand needles were pricking them.

"Yes, miss, it was a very rash thing to do," answered Shippen. "It was indeed," said Helen; "and my brother will give me a good scolding when he meets me." "Well, where is my fireman?" said the engineer, glancing round. "Has he hidden his scared head in the baggage-car?" "I guess he has," replied Helen, laughing. "He no doubt took me for a ghost—ha! ha!"

Poor Dick Barnes! Little did they dream that at this very moment he was floundering up to his waist in a snow-drift miles behind. Wicked No. 7 had pitched him off while he was quaking and praying on top of the coal-heap in the tender. "Well, truly, it breaks my heart to think that my fireman is such a coward," said Shippen; "for Dick will probably lose his situation, and it's a pretty good one." Here Shippen opened the furnace-door and

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saw that the hungry flames needed more fuel. "Oh! let me shovel in the coal," exclaimed Helen. "Exercise will keep me warm." And with this she took the shovel out of his hand and performed her work as fireman very well indeed, considering that she was not Dick Barnes. But Helen, like her twin sister, was strong and healthy; she had been brought up to do something better than read dime novels and pore over the fashion-plates in the illustrated papers. She had been born in Iowa of Kentucky parents—Kentucky, the land of tall and graceful maidens—and no wonder that Shippen made big eyes at her and finally ejaculated: "By Jingo! If you'll take me to church this Christmas morning I'll go with you; for if we arrive on time 'twill be thanks to you, my new fireman." Then to himself he said: "What a magnificent figure she has! As supple as a piece of hickory and as straight as an arrow."

And Des Moines was reached on time to the minute. But Dick Barnes did not make his appearance; nor had the conductor nor any of the brakemen seen him; and now it occurred to Shippen that perhaps his friend had fallen off the engine, and he loudly blamed himself for not having suspected this before. His eyes filled with tears, and Helen, too, felt very sad.

"Well, I'll immediately telegraph to Casey," said Shippen, "and I'll leave no stone unturned to find his body. Poor Dick! Although he was sometimes very scary, he was a tip-top fellow; swore a little, but never drank, and knew every hymn in the book."

"Well, I'm acquainted with every one for miles around Casey," said Helen, "and I'll get a hundred farmers to search for him."

Accordingly, having taken his locomotive into the engine-yard and given her in charge of another fireman, Shippen and Helen hastened to the telegraph office, which was near by in the railway depot. But scarcely had they reached it when a deafening sound was heard; the whole building shook as if in an earthquake; and presently word was brought that engine No. 7—the big engine—had exploded! "And not the smallest piece of her can be found," gasped a frightened employee, who had had a most miraculous escape—"not the smallest piece of her; she has vanished into the air like a spirit!" At this startling announcement Helen made the sign of the cross, while Shippen's hand trembled as he rested it on her arm.

True to his promise, after a brief but rigid examination before the superintendent, who acquitted him of any carelessness with

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his locomotive, Shippen accompanied Helen to Mass. At the church-door they met Lizzie Elder, who was anxiously awaiting her brother and sister; and when Lizzie was told what had happened during the night, she too made the sign of the cross and breathed a prayer for the soul of the lost fireman, then returned thanks to God that her dear sister had not been blown to atoms on No. 7.

Shippen, who had never been in a Catholic church before, was highly interested and thought that he had never seen a place of worship so crammed with worshippers; and all were so quietly devout, and at the Elevation, when the people bowed their heads, he bowed his head too. After Mass the wind veered to the northwest, the storm came to an end, and when by and by the sun rose it rose on a cloudless sky. Of course the engineer took Helen and Lizzie to see Bobby, who clapped his tiny hands and managed to say, "Dada! Dada!" and then "Hellay," "Leedee," whereupon Helen and Lizzie half smothered him with kisses. Oh! happy indeed would this blessed Christmas have been, except for the mournful fate of poor Barnes. "I knew Dick so well!" sighed the engineer, as he brushed a tear off his cheek. "He was a very good son to his old mother while she lived—a very good son; and he'd have made an uncommon good husband for any woman. Poor Dick!" "Well, perhaps he may not be killed after all," said Helen.

"Alas! there's not one chance in a thousand that he's alive," said Shippen. "Well, we will remember him in our prayers," spoke Lizzie. "For we Catholics pray for the dead." "A most comforting thing to do," said Shippen. "And I don't see what folks have to find against your religion; it's nothing but prejudice."

It was nearly noon when Jim Elder made his appearance. "I took the early morning train from Casey," said Jim. "But the snow has drifted badly in several places, and that is what has delayed me."

"Well, we are overjoyed to see you," exclaimed his loving sisters, who had begun to feel a little anxious. "And I deserve a good hard scolding for what I did," said Helen, with a furtive glance at Shippen. "Ay, to think of Miss Helen daring to ride on the pilot!" said Shippen. "Oh! it was risky, very risky. Never do it again."

"Well, well, I'll not scold you, dear sister," said Jim, giving her a kiss. "I am too glad to find you safe and sound. I didn't know, after you left me last night, but what the horrid engine

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had tossed your body out of sight. I spent half an hour looking for you. I was very, very uneasy."

In the afternoon they all paid a visit to Father Malone, the parish priest, who made an excellent impression on Shippen, and the latter promised that this should not be his last visit to the reverend gentleman. Then, after having assisted at Vespers, Jim Elder, Shippen, and the girls took the train for Casey; for the engineer had obtained a short holiday, and Jim was determined to give him a taste of prairie life in midwinter.

It was, however, with heavy hearts that they reached the comfortable log-house, which stood in the midst of a clump of locust-trees five miles from the settlement; for they had not been able to obtain any tidings of Dick Barnes, dead or alive, although scores of willing men had spent the day looking for him; and it was the general opinion that after falling off the engine he had been devoured by wolves, great numbers of whom had come down from Minnesota since the bitter cold weather had set in.

But life, we know, is full of surprises; and imagine the feelings of the mournful party when on entering the house they discovered Barnes lying on the floor near a blazing fire. An immense buffalo-robe was wrapped around him, and he was chatting with Jim Elder's hired man, a jovial Irishman, who had proved indeed the tenderest of nurses. The meeting between Shippen and his fireman cannot be described. The former, in the ecstasy of his joy, came near dropping little Bobby; he might have let him fall had not Lizzie Elder caught the child in her arms, while the engineer bent down and rubbed his shaggy beard over Barnes' face, as if grinning Dick had been a baby too.

"Tim Murphy found me up to my neck in a snow-drift," said Barnes. "I was half dead when he hauled me out and carried me here in a sleigh. And he's been rubbing the skin off my bones ever since to bring back the circulation; and now he is smothering me in this buffalo-robe." "Well, 'twas mighty lucky I was out at that lonesome hour," answered Tim. "Only that I had been driving Mr. Elder and Miss Helen to Casey, where they wanted to get aboard a train so as to be in Des Moines in time for first Mass, I'd never have had the good fortune to save your life." "And wasn't I glad! Didn't I 'holler' when I saw a sleigh coming toward me!" continued Barnes.

"And didn't I at first think it was the Old Boy peeping up out of a snow-bank at me?" said Tim, with a broad grin. "But then I had always associated the divil wid fire; and so in a

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moment I said to myself: 'Be jabers! the Old Boy wouldn't be such a fool as to be here in the snow.' And so I drove boldly up; and wasn't it lucky I did?" Here everybody laughed, and Bobby's shrill voice might have been heard laughing above all the other voices.

On the morrow Shippen, like a wise man, determined to make good use of his holiday. Accordingly, after eating a hearty breakfast—he had never tasted such corn-cake before—he asked Lizzie Elder to show him the cows. "For I like cows," he said. "My father was a farmer." We say he asked Lizzie; he could have sworn it was she; and when, after praising the cattle and the chickens, and in fact everything he saw about the happy homestead, he ended by asking her to be his wife, the girl blushed; then presently, lifting her big, bright eyes off the sparkling snow, she answered yes. "Well, I loved you," he said, "from the very first moment I saw you in the railway depot admiring my Bobby. My fireman can tell you that this is the solemn truth." "Why, I never laid eyes on your beautiful child before yesterday," answered the merry maiden. "You're joking," said Shippen. "Why, I'm Helen, not Lizzie," said the young woman. "I'm the one who scared you so night before last, and who kept your furnace roaring after your fireman had disappeared." "Well, well, upon my word!" exclaimed the astonished engineer, whose jaw dropped a couple of inches. "Your mistake is a most natural one," continued Helen, her poor little heart in a terrible flutter. "Sister and I are so very alike; even our freckles are nine in number"—here she blushed again. "And if you regret your mistake, well, all right. I will let you live on in single-blessedness." "Oh! no, it doesn't matter one jot, not one jot," said Shippen, now taking her hand and pressing it. "I know that you'll make me a very happy husband."

"Well, you couldn't have Lizzie, any way," said Helen, with an arch look, "for she is going to marry your fireman." "What! has Dick already popped the question? Well, I declare, he does indeed travel by express."

"Yes, he asked sister to be his wife before breakfast, while I was busy making the corn-cake." The engineer now burst into a hearty laugh; then, still holding Helen by the hand, he walked back to the house, where it is not necessary to add they were all very, very happy.

"Father Malone is to marry us next month," said Barnes. "And he will marry us, too," said Shippen, casting a fond look on Helen, who was playing with Bobby.

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"And I'm going to his church always," said Barnes. "So am I," said Shippen. "I'd rather be a Catholic than anything else."

"Well, Bob," continued Dick, "you and I should be most thankful to God that we are alive to-day." "Ay, so we should," said Shippen. "And I'll never laugh at you again when you say that there are mysteries going on about us which science cannot explain; our engine was—" "Possessed by an evil spirit," interrupted Barnes; "and she tried her level best to blow you up. But you were too quick for her, Bob—too quick."

"Well, they haven't found the smallest piece of her," said the engineer—"not the smallest piece."

But albeit such was the tragic end of wicked No. 7, all is well that ends well.

A STORY OF NUREMBERG.

IT was a Christmas eve in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and through the streets of Nuremberg came drifting a feathery snow that heaped itself in fantastic patterns on the projecting windows and fretted stone balconies of the quaint and crowded houses. It was not an honest and single-minded snowstorm, such as would seek to shroud the whole city in its delicate white mantle, but rather a tricksy and capricious sprite, that neglected one spot to hurl itself with wanton violence on another. Borne on the breath of a keen and shifting wind, it came tossing gleefully full in the face of a solitary artisan who, wrapped in a heavy cloak, was making the best of his way homeward. Truly it was not a pleasant night to be abroad, with the snowdrifts dancing in your eyes like a million of tiny arrow-points, and the sharp wind cutting like a knife; and the wayfarer was consoling himself for his present discomfort by picturing the warm fireside and the hot supper that awaited him at home, when his cheerful dreams were broken by a sharp cry that seemed to come from under his very feet.

Startled, and not a little alarmed, he checked his rapid walk and listened. There was no mistaking the sound: it was neither imp nor fairy, but a real child, from whose little lungs came forth that wail at once pitiful and querulous. As he heard it Peter Burkgmäier's kindly heart flew with one rapid bound to the cradle at home where slumbered his own infant daughter,

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and, hastily lowering his lantern, he searched under the dark archway whence the cry had come. There, sheltered by the wall and wrapped in a ragged cloak, was a baby boy, perhaps between two and three years old, but so tiny and emaciated as to seem hardly half that age. When the lantern flickered in his face he gave a frightened sob, and then lay quiet and exhausted in the strong arms that held him.

"Poor little wretch!" said the man. "Abandoned on Christmas eve to die in the snow!" And wrapping the child more closely in his own mantle, he hurried on until he reached his home, from whose latticed panes shone forth a cheerful stream of light. His wife, with her baby on her breast, met him at the door, and stared with a not unnatural amazement as her husband unrolled his cloak and showed her the boy, who, blinking painfully at the sudden light, tried to struggle down from his arms.

"See, Lisbeth!" he said, "I have found you a Christmas present where I least expected one—an unhappy baby left in the streets to die of cold and hunger."

His wife laid her own infant in the cradle and gazed alternately at her husband and at the child he carried. She was at all times slow to receive impressions, and slower yet to put her thoughts into words. When she spoke it was without apparent emotion of any kind. "What are you going to do with him, Peter?" she said.

"What am I going to do with him?" was the reply. "I am going to feed and clothe and shelter him, and make an honest man out of him, please God. It cannot be that you would refuse the poor child a home?"

Lisbeth made no answer. She was a large, fair, sleepy-eyed woman, who had been accounted a beauty in her day. A model wife, too, people said; neat in dress, quiet of tongue, her conduct staid, her whole thoughts centred in her household. She now took the boy, noting with a woman's eye his coarse and ragged clothing, and stood him on his unsteady little feet. A faint expression of disgust rippled over her smooth, unthinking face.

"He is a humpback," she said slowly.

Her husband started to his feet. In all ages physical deformity has been a thing repulsive to our eyes; but at this early day it was regarded with unmixed horror and aversion, and was too often considered as the index of a crooked mind within. Peter Burkgmäier, tall and erect, with a frame of iron and sinews of steel, as became a master stone-mason, stood gazing

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at the poor little atom of misshapen humanity who tottered over the polished wooden floor. The spinal column was sadly bent, and from between the humped shoulders the pale face peered with an old, uncanny look. Yet the boy was not otherwise ugly. His forehead was broad and smooth, and his dark blue eyes were well and deeply set. The artisan watched him for a minute in painful silence, then turned to his wife and took her passive hand in his.

"Lisbeth," he said with grave kindness, "I know that I am asking a great deal of you when I beg you to take this child under our roof. He will be to you much care and trouble, and may never find his way into your heart. At any other time, believe me, I would not put this burden on your shoulders. But it is Christmas eve, and were I to refuse a shelter to this helpless baby I would feel like one of those who had no room within their inns for the Holy Child. Dear wife, will you not receive him for love of me and of God, and let him share with little Kala in your care?"

Lisbeth's only reply was one characteristic of the woman. She was moved by her husband's appeal, against what she considered her better judgment; and without a single word she picked up the boy from the floor and laid him in the cradle by the side of her own little daughter. Then, with a smile—and her smiles came but rarely—she proceeded to carry off Peter's wet cloak and to bring in his supper. So with this mute assent the matter was settled, and the deformed child was received into the stone-mason's family.

And in a different way he became the source of much gratification to both husband and wife. The first regarded him with real kindness and an almost fatherly affection, for the boy soon began to manifest a quick intelligence and a winning gentleness that might readily have found their way into a harder heart. Lisbeth, too, had her reward; for it was sweet to her soul to hear her neighbors say, as they stopped to watch the two children playing in the doorway: "Ah! Lisbeth, it is not many a woman who would take the care you do of a wretched little humpback like that"; or, "It was a lucky chance for the poor child that threw him into such hands as yours, Mistress Burkgmäier"; or, "Did ever little Kala look so fair and straight as when she had that crooked boy by her side?"

And did not the good pastor from the Frauenkirche say to her, with tears starting in his gentle eyes: "God will surely reward you for your kindness to this helpless little one"? Nay,

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better yet, did not the Stadtholder's lady lean out from her beautiful carriage, and say before three of the neighbors, who were standing by and heard every word: "You are a good woman, Mistress Burkgmäier, to take the same care of this miserable child as of your own pretty little daughter"?—which was something to be really proud of; for whereas it was the obvious duty of a priest to admire a virtuous act, it was not often that a noble lady deigned thus to express her approbation.

Yes, Lisbeth felt, as she listened serenely to all this praise—surely so well merited—that there was some compensation in the world for such charitable deeds as hers, even when they involved a fair amount of sacrifice. And little Gabriel, before whom many of these remarks were uttered, pondered over them in secret, and gradually evolved three facts from the curious puzzle of his life—first, that he did not really belong to what seemed to be his home; second, that he was not loved in it as was Kala; third, that Kala was pretty and he was ugly. So with these three melancholy scraps of knowledge the poor child began his earthly education.

And Kala was very pretty. Tall and strong-limbed, with her mother's beautiful hair and skin, and with her mother's clear, meaningless blue eyes, the little girl attracted attention wherever she was seen. No better foil to her vigorous young beauty could have been found than the pale, misshapen boy whom all the world called ugly. The children played together under Lisbeth's watchful eye, and Gabriel in all things yielded to his companion's imperious will, so that peace reigned ever over their sports. But when Sigmund Wahnschaffe, the son of the bronze-worker in the neighboring street, joined them, then Kala would have no more of Gabriel's company. For Sigmund was strong as a young Hercules and surpassed all the other lads in their boyish games. When he would play with her Kala turned her back ungratefully upon the patient companion of her idler moments, who was fain to watch in silence the pleasures he might not share.

Yet from Sigmund she met no easy compliance with her wishes. His will was a law not to be disputed, and once, when she had ventured to assert herself in rebellious fashion, he promptly maintained his precedence by pushing her into the mud. Kala began to cry, and like a flash Gabriel, in a storm of rage, flung himself upon the older boy, only to be shaken off as a feather into the same muddy gutter. It was over in a minute, nor would Sigmund deign to further punish the little humpback

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who had been ridiculous enough to attack him. Serenely unmoved he strolled away, while Kala and Gabriel went sadly home together, to be both well scolded for the ruin of their clothes and sent supperless to bed; Lisbeth priding herself above all things on the strictly impartial character of her retributive justice.

But Gabriel had at least one pastime which could be shared with none, and which bade fair to recompense him for all the childish sports he was denied. With a smooth block of wood and a few simple tools his skilful fingers wrought such wonders that Kala and Sigmund, and the very children who hooted at him in the street, could not withhold their admiration—sometimes a brooding dove with pretty, ruffled plumage; sometimes the head and curving horns of a mountain chamois, instinct with graceful life; sometimes a group of snails, each tiny spiral reproduced with loving accuracy in the hard-grained wood. To Peter Burkgmäier these evidences of a talent then in such high repute gave most unbounded satisfaction. His own trade was far too severe for the boy's frail strength, but wood-carving was fully as profitable and might lead to wealth and fame. Had not Veit Stoss, of whose genius Nuremberg felt justly proud, already finished his wonderful group of angels saluting the Blessed Virgin, which hung from the roof of St. Lorenz? With such an example before him, what might not the boy hope to achieve through talent and persevering labor? And Gabriel felt his own heart burn as he looked with wistful eyes upon that masterpiece of rare and delicate carving, and studied reverently the seven joys of the Holy Mother, framed in their clinging roses.

Nuremberg was then alive with the spirit of art, and everywhere he turned there was something beautiful to quicken his pulse and feed the flame within his soul, that was half-rapture and half-bitterness. No idle boast was the old rhyme:

> "Nuremberg's hand
> Goes through every land."

For the city's renown had spread far and wide, and in its many branches of industry, as well as in the higher walks of art, it had reached the zenith of its fame. Already, indeed, the canker-worm was gnawing at the root, and unerring retribution was creeping on a blinded people; but no sign of the future was manifested in the universal prosperity of the day. Every street furnished its food for the artist's soul: the Frauenkirche, enriched with the

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loving gifts of devout generations; St. Sebald's, with its carved portal, its stained windows, its treasures of bronze, and, above all, the shrine where Peter Vischer and his sons labored for thirteen years. Gabriel loved St. Sebald's dearly, but closer still to his heart was the majestic church of St. Lorenz, where, in sharp relief against the dull red pillars, rose that dream in stone, the Sacrament House of Adam Krafft, its slender, fretted spire springing to the very roof, clasped in the embrace of the curling vine tendrils carved around it.

Here the boy would linger for hours, never weary of studying every detail of this faultless shrine, wherein reposed no saint or martyr, but the immortal Lord of hosts. With envious eyes he gazed upon the kneeling figures of Adam Krafft and his two fellow-laborers, who, carved in stone, now supported the treasure their hands had wrought. Surely this was the crowning summit of human ambition—to live thus for ever in the house of God, and before the eyes of men, a part of the very work which had ennobled the artist's life. Ah! if he, the despised humpback, could but descend to posterity immortalized by the labor of his hands. What to the dreaming lad was the picture of Adam Krafft dying in a hospital, poor, unfriended, and alone, in the midst of a city his genius had enriched? What was it to him that Nuremberg, which now heaped honors on the dead, had denied bread to the living? Such bitter truths come not to the young. They are the heritage of age, and Gabriel was but a boy, with all a boy's fond hopes and aspirations. Often as he studied the graceful beauty of the Sacrament House, where, cut in the pure white stone, he saw the Last Supper and Christ blessing little children, he wondered whether among those Jewish boys and girls was one who, deformed and repulsive to the eye, yet felt the Saviour's loving touch and was comforted.

A few more years rolled by, and each succeeding spring saw Kala taller and prettier, and Gabriel working harder still at his laborious art. Not so engrossed, however, but that he knew that Kala was fair, and that when her soft fingers touched his a swift and sudden fire leaped through his heart. Kala's beauty lurked in his dreams by night and in his long, solitary days of toil, and became the motive power of all his best endeavors. If he should gain wealth it would be but to lay it at her feet. If he, the desolate waif, should win fame and distinction, it would be but to gild her name with his. Surely these things must be some recompense in a woman's eyes for a pale face and a stunted form; and Gabriel, lost in foolish dreams, worked on.

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Sigmund Wahnschaffe, too, had grown into early manhood and had adopted his father's calling. Strong arms were as useful in their way as a creative brain, and if Sigmund could never be an artist like Peter Vischer, he promised at least to make an excellent workman. People said he was the handsomest young artisan in Nuremberg, with his dark skin bronzed by the fires among which he labored, and his black eyes sparkling with a keen and merry light. Times had changed since the day he pushed little Kala into the mud, and he looked upon her now as some frail and delicate blossom, that to handle would be desecration. Yet Kala was no rare flower, but a common plant, with nothing remarkable about her except her beauty; and, once married, Sigmund would be prompt enough to recognize this fact. Gabriel, with a chivalrous and imaginative soul, might perhaps retain his ideal unbroken till his death; but in the young bronze-worker's practical mind ideals had no place, and his bride would slip naturally into the post of housewife, from whom nothing more exalted would be demanded than thrifty habits and a cheerful temper.

And Kala knew perfectly that both these young men loved her, and that one day she would be called upon to choose between them—between Sigmund, strong, handsome, and resolute, with a laugh and a gay word for all who met him; and Gabriel, dwarfed and silent, who had caught the trick of melancholy in his unloved childhood and could not shake it off. But it was not merely the sense of physical deformity that saddened Gabriel's soul. The air he breathed was filled with a subtle spirit of discord; for upon Nuremberg, with her many churches and monuments of Catholic art, the "Reformation" had laid its chilling hand. Its influence was felt on every side—in art, where the joyous simplicity of Wohlgemuth had given place to the fantastic melancholy of Albrecht Dürer, fit imprint of a troubled and storm-tossed mind; in literature, where the bitter raillery and coarse jests of Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, now passed with swift approval from mouth to mouth; in religion, where a rebellious people were soon to banish from the stately Sacrament House the God who had made of it his shrine.

The day had not yet come when Nuremberg, in her blind arrogance, was to close her gates upon those who had given her life and fame; but already were heard the first faint murmurs of the approaching storm. What wonder that Gabriel shrank from the darkening future, and that men like Peter Burkgmäier, pondering with set mouths and frowning brows, were slowly making

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up their minds that the city which had been their birthplace should never shelter their old age? But Lisbeth went stolidly about the daily routine of her life; Kala's smiles were as bright and as frequent as ever; and Sigmund troubled himself not at all with matters beyond his ken.

Winter had set in early, and already November had brought in its train snow and biting winds, and the promise of severe cold to come. It was a busy season for the bronze-workers, and Sigmund toiled unceasingly, his cheerful thoughts giving zest to his labors and new strength to his mighty arm. For did not each evening see him by Kala's side, and had she not, after months of vain coquetting, at last fairly yielded up her heart?

"Kala will make a good wife," said Lisbeth proudly. "And she goes not empty-handed to her husband's house."

"They are a well-matched pair," said Peter meditatively. "Health and beauty and dulness are no mean heritage in these troubled times."

And though the neighbors hesitated to call the young couple dull, they one and all agreed that the marriage was a suitable one and that they had long foreseen it. "Why, they were little lovers in childhood even!" said Theresa, the wife of Johann Dyne, the toy-vender in the next street; and Kala, who had perhaps forgotten the time when her child-lover had knocked her into the gutter, smiled and showed her beautiful white teeth, and suffered the remark to pass uncontradicted.

But even the most stolid of women have always some lurking tenderness for those who they know have loved them vainly, and Kala, though she had without a demur accepted Sigmund for her husband, yet broke the news to Gabriel with much gentleness, and was greatly comforted by the apparent composure with which it was received. He grew perhaps a trifle paler and quieter than before, if such a thing were possible, and shut himself up more resolutely with his work; but that was all. No one would have dreamt that life with its fair promises had suddenly grown worthless in his hands, and that the rich gifts which still were left him seemed as nothing compared with the valueless treasure he had lost. Even his art had become hateful, freighted as it was with dead hopes; and often, when all believed him to be toiling in his little den, he was wandering aimlessly through the streets of Nuremberg, seeking comfort in those haunts which had once been to him as dear friends and companions. For hours he would linger in the church of St. Lorenz, and then slowly make his way to the Thiergarten Gate, where,

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along the Seilersgasse to the churchyard, rise at regular intervals the seven stone pillars on which Adam Krafft has carved, in beautiful bas-reliefs, scenes from the Passion of our Lord. Years before the simple piety of a Nuremberg citizen had erected these monuments of holy art, and their founder, Martin Ketzel, had even travelled into Palestine, that he might measure the exact distances of that most sorrowful journey from the house of Pontius Pilate to the hill of Calvary. Heedless of the severe weather, Gabriel visited daily these primitive stations, striving to forget his own bitterness in the presence of a divine grief; and, laying his troubled heart at his Saviour's feet, would return, strengthened and comforted, into the busy city.

Christmas now was drawing near, and with its approach a new resolve took possession of his soul. A fresh light had dawned upon him, and, shaking off his apathy, he started to work in earnest. All day long he toiled with a steady purpose, though none were permitted to see the fruit of his labors. Kala, indeed, unaccustomed to be thwarted in her curiosity, presented herself at his work-shop door and implored admittance; but not even to her was the secret revealed.

"It is very unkind of you!" she pouted, hardly doubting that she would gain her point. "You never kept anything from me in your life before."

Gabriel took her hand and looked with strange, wistful eyes into her pretty face. "I am keeping nothing from you now," he said. "It is your wedding-gift that I am fashioning; but you must be content to wait its completion before you see it. By Christmas it shall be your own."

So Kala, comforted with the thought of future possession, bided her time, and Gabriel was left in undisputed enjoyment of his solitude. At first he worked languidly and with little zest; but from interest grew ambition, and from ambition a passionate love for the labor of his hands, which threw all other hopes and fears into the background. Kala was forgotten, and Gabriel, absorbed in the contemplation of his art and striving as he had never striven before, felt as though some power not his own were working in him, and that the supreme effort of his life had come. Yet ever in the midst of his feverish activity a strange weakness seized and held him powerless in her grasp; and like a keen and sudden pain came the bitter thought that he might die before his work was done. Instinctively he felt that his hopes of future fame rested on these few weeks that were flying pitilessly by, each one carrying with it some portion of his wasted strength;

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and that if death should overtake him with his labor uncompleted his name and memory must perish from the world. So, like one who flies across a Russian steppe pursued by starving wolves, Gabriel sped on his task, seeking to out-distance the grim and noiseless wolf that followed close upon his track.

It was Christmas eve, the anniversary of that snowy night when Peter Burkgmäier had carried home the deformed child, and now all was bustle and glad preparation in the stone-mason's household. Within three days Kala was to be married, and Lisbeth, who felt that her reputation as cook and housewife was at stake, spared neither time nor trouble in her hospitable labors. Since early morning the great fires had roared in her spacious kitchen, and all the poor who came to beg a Christmas bounty tasted freely of her good cheer. With light heart and busy fingers Kala assisted her mother, and doled out the bread and cakes—not too lavishly—to the ragged children who clamored around the door; wondering much in the meanwhile what trinket Sigmund would bring her with which to deck herself on Christmas morning.

And in his little room Gabriel stood looking at his finished work, and asking himself if his heart spoke truly when it whispered: "You, too, are great." It was sweet to realize that his task was done and that he might rest at last; it was sweeter still to see in the bit of carved wood before him the fulfilment of all his dearest dreams. So while daylight faded into dusk and evening into night, he sat lost in a maze of tangled thoughts that crowded wearily through his listless brain. It was now too dark for him to discern the image by his side, but from time to time he laid his hand upon it with a gentle touch, as a mother might caress a sleeping child, and was happy in its dumb companionship.

How long he had been sitting thus he never knew, when suddenly out into the frosty air rang the great bells of St. Lorenz, calling the faithful to midnight Mass.

Clearly and joyfully they pealed, as if their brazen tongues were striving to utter in words their messages of good-will to men. Gabriel's heart leaped at the sound, and a great yearning seized him to kneel once more within those beloved walls, and amid their solemn beauty to adore the new-born Babe. Jubilantly rang the bells, and their glad voices seemed to speak to him as old friends, and with one accord to urge him on. Weak and dizzy, he crept down the narrow stairs and out into the bitter night. The sharp wind struck him in the face, and

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worried him as it had worried years before the baby abandoned to its cruel embraces. Yet with the appealing music of the bells ringing in his ears he never thought of turning back, but struggled bravely onward until the frowning walls of St. Lorenz rose up before him. Through the open doors poured a little crowd of devout Christians who still adhered to the customs of their youth, and Gabriel, entering, stole softly up to the Sacrament House, where so often the carved Christ had looked with gentle eyes upon his lonely childhood.

Mass had begun, and the great church was hardly a third full, for Nuremberg's weakening faith exempted her children from such untimely services. But in the faces of the scattered worshippers there was something never seen before—a grave severity, a solemn purpose, as when men are banded together to resist in silence an advancing foe. Gabriel, dimly conscious of this, strove to restrain his wandering thoughts, and fixed his eyes upon the gleaming altar. But no prayer rose to his lips, though into his heart came that deep sense of rest and contentment which found an utterance long ago in the words of an apostle: "Lord, it is good for us to be here." Like a child he had come to his Father's feet, and, laying there his rejected human love, his ungratified human ambition, he gained in their place that peace which passeth all understanding. The two shadows which had mocked him during life vanished into nothingness at the hour of death, and with clear eyes he saw the value of an immortal soul.

Mass was over, and the congregation moved slowly through the shadowy aisles out into the starlit night. But Gabriel sat still, his head resting against the stone pillar, his dead eyes fixed upon the Sacrament House, and upon the sculptured Christ rising triumphant from the grave.

Four weeks had gone by since the body of the humpback had been carried sorrowfully past the stations of the Seilersgasse into the quiet churchyard beyond. The dusk of a winter evening shrouded the empty streets when a stranger, of grave demeanor and in the prime of life, knocked at the stone-mason's door. Kala opened it, and her father, recognizing the visitor, rose with wondering respect to greet him. It was Veit Stoss, the wood-carver, then at the zenith of his fame. With quick, keen eyes he glanced around the homely room, taking in every detail of the scene before him—Lisbeth weaving placidly by the fire; Kala fair and blushing in the lamp-light; and Sigmund playing idly with the crooked little turnspit at his feet. Then he turned to

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Peter, and for a minute the two men stood looking furtively at one another, as though each were trying to read his companion's thoughts. Finally the wood-carver spoke.

"I grieve, Master Burkgmäier," he said with courteous sympathy, "that you should have lost your foster-son, to whom report says you were much attached. And I hear also that the young man promised highly in his calling."

"Then you heard not all," answered the stone-mason slowly. "Gabriel did more, for he fulfilled his promise."

A sudden light came into the artist's eyes. "It is true, then," he said eagerly, "that the boy left behind him a rare piece of work, which has not yet been seen outside these walls. I heard the rumor, but thought it idle folly."

Peter Burkgmäier crossed the room and opened a deep cupboard. "You shall see it," he said simply, "and answer for yourself. No one in Nuremberg is more fit to judge." Then, lifting out something wrapped in a heavy cloth, he carried it to the table, unveiled it with a reverent hand, and, stepping back, waited in silence for a verdict.

There was a long, breathless pause, broken only by the low whir of Lisbeth's busy wheel. Veit Stoss stood motionless, while Peter's eyes never stirred from the table before them. There, carved in the fair white wood, rested the divine Babe, as on that blessed Christmas night when his Mother "wrapped him up in swaddling-clothes and laid him in a manger." The lovely little head nestled on its rough pillow as though on Mary's bosom; the tiny limbs were relaxed in sleep; the whole figure breathed at once the dignity of the Godhead and the pathetic helplessness of babyhood. Instinctively one loved, and pitied, and adored. Nor was this all. Every broken bit of straw that thrust its graceful, fuzzy head from between the rough bars of the manger, every twisted knot of grass, every gnarl and break in the wood itself, had been wrought with the tender accuracy of the true artist, who finds nothing too simple for his utmost care and skill.

Veit Stoss drew a heavy breath and turned to his companion. "It is a masterpiece," he said gravely, "which I should be proud to call my own. I congratulate you on the possession of so great a treasure."

"It is not mine," returned the artisan, "but my daughter's. Gabriel wrought it for her wedding-gift."

The wood-carver's keen blue eyes scanned Kala's pretty, stolid face, and then wandered to Sigmund's broad shoulders and

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mighty bulk. A faint, derisive smile curled his well-cut lips. "Your daughter's beauty merits, indeed, the rarest of all rare tokens," he said slowly. "But perhaps there are other things more needful to a young housewife than even this precious bit of carving. If she will part with it I will pay her seventy thalers, and it shall lie in St. Sebald's Church near my own Virgin, that all may see its loveliness and remember the hand that fashioned it."

Seventy thalers! Sigmund dropped the dog and lifted his handsome head with a look of blank bewilderment. Seventy thalers for a bit of wood like that, when his own strong arms could not earn as much in months! He stared at the little image in wondering perplexity, as though striving to see by what mysterious process it had arrived at such a value; while into his heart crept a thought strictly in keeping with his practical nature. If the humpback could have produced work worth so much, what a thousand pities he should die with only one piece finished!

On Lisbeth, too, a revelation seemed to have fallen. Her wheel had stopped, and in her mind she was rapidly running over a list of household goods valued at seventy thalers. It was a mental calculation quickly and cleverly accomplished; for Lisbeth was not slow in all things, and years of thrift had taught her the full worth of money. Instinctively she glanced at her husband and marvelled at his unmoved face.

"Your offer is a liberal one, Master Stoss," said Peter gravely. "And I rejoice to think that the poor lad's genius will be recognized. In him Nuremberg would have had another famous son."

"In him Nuremberg has now a famous son," corrected Veit Stoss, laying his hand upon the statue. "No other proof of greatness can be needed." With gentle care he replaced the cloth and lifted the precious burden in his arms, when suddenly Kala sprang forward, her cheeks ablaze, her blue eyes dark with anger. Transfigured for one instant into a new and passionate beauty, she snatched the image from his hands.

"It is mine!" she cried fiercely—"mine! Gabriel loved me, and carved it for me when he knew that he was dying. It was for me he did it, and you shall not take it from me."

She gathered it to her bosom with a low, broken cry, and darted from the room. God only knows what late love, and pity, and remorse were working in her breast. Veit Stoss turned softly to her father. "It is enough," he said. "Your daughter has the prior right, and I came not here to wrong her."

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And so the hand which had robbed Gabriel of love and life robbed him of fame. For the statue which should have given joy to generations remained unknown in the artisan's family. At first many came to see and wonder at its beauty; but with the advent of a colder creed men wanted not such tokens of a vanished fervor, and the little Christ-Child was soon forgotten by the world. Perhaps Kala's sturdy grandchildren destroyed it as a useless toy; perhaps it perished by fire, or flood, or evil accident. No memory of it lingers in the streets of Nuremberg; and Gabriel, lifted beyond the everlasting hills, knoweth the vanity of all human wishes.

THE TURK IN IRELAND.

SOMEWHAT sheltered from the giant waves of the fierce Atlantic by the frowning and buttress-like cliffs of Cape Clear and Sherkin Islands, possessing all that goes to make a haven worthy of its name, the now almost deserted port of Baltimore, in the barony of West Carbery, county of Cork, presents a sorry contrast with its aspect in the time of that "blessed martyr of immortal memory," Charles I. of England. Then wealthy merchants lived within its walls, warehouses of fair proportions lined its streets, articles of merchandise were piled up on its wharves, ships of war and commerce floated on its blue waters; while now, of traders, of walls, of warehouses, of goods or ships, naught remains save those ghost-like memories of olden glories which cling with hallowing influence to so many famous spots in Erin's isle.

The ancient name of Baltimore was *Dun-na-séd*, signifying "the fortress of the jewels," the origin of which title, poetic as it is, seems lost in mystery. Its present name has been, and this even by writers of good repute, like Samuel Lewis,* derived from *Beal-ti-mor*, "the great habitation of Beal," because, they say, it was one of the principal seats of the idolatrous worship of Baal. Dr. Joyce, M.R.I.A., however, in that erudite work which has gained for him so much justly-earned fame,† very rightly says:

"For this silly statement there is not a particle of authority. The name is written in several old Anglo-Irish documents *Balintimore*, which accords exactly with the present Irish pronunciation; the correct Irish

* *Topographical Dictionary of Ireland*, London, 1837, vol. i. p. 172.

† *The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places*. Dublin: Gill & Son.

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form is *Baile-an-tighe-mhoir*, which means merely the town of the large house; and it derived this name, no doubt, from the castle of the O'Driscolls."

These O'Driscolls were those of whom the Irish historian and bard Giolla-na-neimh O'Heerin * wrote, as it is translated into English :

"O'Driscoll, head chief of the land
Of Corcaluighe, I treat of now;
He took possession of the coasts of Cleire,
The fittest headland for the princely lord.

"O'Driscoll of the wealthy Beara
Rules over the land of the salmon coast,
A blue-water shore abounding in harbors,
Exhibiting to view large fleets of wine." †

Truly did the olden writer call these chiefs "princely lords," for they were heads of the famous Ithian race, chiefs or princes of Corcaluighe, or Carbery; lords of the fertile and famous Beara territory before the O'Sullivans had claimed a rood of it as theirs; rulers of the fair island of Cape Clear, the rolling lands round Baltimore, and of Ineragh, in Kerry; hereditary admirals of Deas Mumhan,‡ and masters of the castles of Dunashed, Dunalong, and Dunamore, with many another pile of lesser fame. Always endowed with hands prompt with sword or purse, the O'Driscolls were fitting chieftains of a soldier race.

In the reign of James I. of England, however, many things were changed in Ireland. Discipline and cohesion and union on the English side were fast overcoming the struggles of brave but uncertain and disunited men. The strong point of what may, for the nonce at all events, be styled the feudal nobility of Ireland was never what we call in modern days by the well-sounding name of patriotism. They fought for their own right hands and for their own ends; they grasped in spasmodic effort at a power which was slipping through their fingers despite all their exertions to retain it, and they looked from left to right for friends with all the vague indecision of despair. Such a state of things was the ruin, temporary only, perhaps, but nevertheless certain for the while, of the best hopes of the Irish nation as a whole. England and English tyrants traded her and their way to glory and to power on the indecision and jealousy and greed of the Irish princes. There is little use in the student of history ever

* Obit. A.D. 1420.

† This reference to wine-laden ships goes to prove the extent of the ancient trade of Baltimore.

‡ Deas Mumhan (pronounced *dyas mooan*)—"South Munster."

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shutting his eyes to facts, for realities remain whether one sees them or not, and there is no doubt that the Irish "people"—in the sense we use the word now—were the merest tools of their brave and generous but undoubtedly jealous and unstable chiefs. The people passed from the rule of one native lord to another, and, with the land they tilled, were often bartered or surrendered to the hated Sacsanach without their voice or choice being consulted. Throughout the whole world the rulers were doing as they willed with the ruled, and Ireland was no exception.

Hence it was that some time in the early part of the reign of the first Stuart king of England Sir Fineen (Englished as "Florence") O'Driscoll granted to an English adventurer, Sir Thomas Crook, a lease of Baltimore and the adjoining territory. Sir Florence was growing old, and—like many of his fellows—doubtful of the fortune of war, he had, somewhat readily as it seems, made his peace with the English, and yet had found it hard enough to win the complaisancy of Lord-Deputy Carew. His eldest son—his heir, if Celtic law was to prevail—was a noted friend of Spain and was doing a brave man's part in Flanders in the army of the archduke,* so that the aged chieftain found it no easy task to make any arrangement with the English. This, however, he did succeed in, and at once, or soon after, parted with his fairest territory to Sir Thomas Crook. Hereupon may hang a tale of advocacy and interest; but, even so, dusty state papers do not reveal it, and it is therefore each man's right to guess. Certain is it, however, that Baltimore passed into foreigners' keeping.

Yet under alien rule Baltimore prospered. English merchants settled in it, English ships filled its harbor, it was a stronghold of England in Ireland, its colonization was too new for Irish blood to have mingled with English in the veins of its inhabitants, and English rulers cared for and fostered it. James I. granted a charter of incorporation to its English Protestant colonists, as Henry II. had done to the Bristol Catholics whom he brought or sent to Dublin. England's rulers had not yet learned the Irish power of national absorption to render even their English settlers in time "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

The frequenting of the southern and western coasts of Ireland by those to whom the English officials seem to have agreed to give the generic title of "pirates," oblivious of all distinctions, had long been a source of complaint amongst the English colo-

* Calendar State Papers, Ireland, reign James I., A.D. 1606–8, pp. 6, 7, 313–14.

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nists. The truth is, however, that there seems to have been a hidden intent in the wide application of this ignominious appellation. The "pirates" seem to have often hailed from Spain; sometimes they dared to land such forbidden freight as "popish priests," and, to speak the truth, never shirked a fair stand-up fight with their British foes or, as was the fashion then, the plundering of any laden galleon. They were men of every nation—sometimes English, sometimes Spanish, sometimes even Irish, sometimes wilder, fiercer, and more dangerous foes than could ever be the worst of Christians. Mysterious enough, in an age when news travelled slowly and bad work was doing both on sea and land, were some of the actions of these "pirates." Baltimore was ill-protected against attacks from the sea, though stoutly walled enough against the "wild Irishry"; and this despite the efforts and advice of Sir Arthur Chichester, who implored the Privy Council to make secure the entrance to such an important port, and told them how the foe "might be easily kept out thence" because "by means of the narrow entrance in at the mouth thereof, where there is a rock naturally made to contain ordnance that would be able to sink any ship coming within reach of their shot, as of necessity it must, if it will come in." * There was a king's ship in the harbor, it is true, the *Tramontaine;* but she was slow of sail and her captain seemingly somewhat of a laggard, for Chichester complained that from the time of that vessel's first entering the port until the date of his own visit she had never left the security of the haven. Sir Arthur commented severely on such conduct at a time when it was known to all men that "a great number of priests, with other like seditious ministers and newsmongers, continually passed to and fro." The Privy Council seem to have been as little inclined to activity as was the captain of the *Tramontaine*, for they left Baltimore without better protection, and the viceroy's cautions passed unheeded.

Wednesday, June 29, 1608, Lord Danvers sent from Cork to Chichester a letter which, under date the 23d of the same month, had been written by one James Salmon, of Baltimore, and which was to the following purport:

"Thinks fit to certify him of a ship coming into the harbor, and going out again yesterday afternoon, which seems strange. As she was coming in John Johnson went aboard her with his boat, and talked with them, demanding who they were, whence they came, and whither they were

* "Sir Arthur Chichester to Privy Council," March 30, 1608. Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1603–8, pp. 447–8.

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bound. They answered they were of Hampton, come out of Spain, and bound for Limerick; but Johnson affirms that they were Irishmen and could speak but little English. They asked Johnson whether there was any fortification or garrison here; he answered no. They asked whether any English dwelt here; he answered that there were two towns here, one on this side and one on the other side. They also asked whether any Irish dwelt here; he answered that there were a few here. When they had thus communed with him, being shot a good way into the harbor, they stood up close by the wind along the further shore, and immediately cast about again and sailed out of the harbor. The man-of-war [the slow-sailing, laggard-commanded *Tramontaine*] was aground repairing. If she had been afloat she would have laid them aboard. When the stranger was out of the harbor she stood to the east, towards Castlehaven, or that way. She was not above thirty or forty tons, and did not show above fifteen or sixteen men, but it is likely they had more. O'Driscoll's sons came this way in the last rebellion, and no doubt, if the coast were well searched, it would be found they have landed men somewhere."

Perhaps they had—some messenger, it may have been, from the sons of Sir Florence, bringing tidings of the renown they were winning in foreign wars; perhaps one of his soldier-sons in person even, coming, bronzed and bearded, scarred with honorable traces of recent fights, to see whether or not there was hope of an essay on behalf of native land.

About midway in June, 1631,* it happened that

"One Captain Mathew Rice, a Dutch renegado, in a ship of three hundred tons, twenty-four pieces of ordnance, and two hundred men, and another ship of one hundred tons, eighty men, and twelve iron pieces, betwixt the Land's End of England and Ireland, took a ship of Dartmouth of sixty tons, wherein one Edward Fawlett was master, with nine men therein; they took therewith her masts, cordage, and other necessaries, with all the men, and sunk the hull, as they had done to two French ships before."

Some days after this occurrence Rice—the name so spelt seems more English (or Welsh) than Dutch—with his Algerine companions, being off Dungarvan, managed to capture a small boat owned by one John Hackett, of that town. Hackett, with the five men who formed his crew, was soon clapped under hatches for safe-keeping, and his little vessel of only twelve tons burden was soon "manned with Turks and renegadoes," and, thus occupied, "presently took one other boat of like burden, belonging to Dungarvan, with her master, Thomas Carew, and five men." This deed accomplished, Hackett was required by the commander of the Algerine vessels to steer them into Kinsale. Now, Hackett had in this request a great chance of

* The "sack of Baltimore" undoubtedly took place on the 17th of June, 1631; but as there seems to have been a strange confusion of dates on the part of the chroniclers of the events immediately anterior thereto, we prefer to be non-definite upon smaller points.

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revenge and of escape. For it seems that guarding that town and port there were, "besides the fort, the king's ships." But Hackett told the Turks that Kinsale "was too hot for them," and upon his representations "they altered their purpose, and he brought them to Baltimore about ten of the clock at night, and they cast anchor on the east side of the harbor's mouth, about a musket-shot from the shore"; and of their "coming none of the inhabitants had any notice, they came so late, for after the sun setting they were seen, but not known, near Castlehaven." Baltimore and its inhabitants were all unconscious of the terrible danger which already cast its shadow upon them. As Davis has sung, so was it:

"The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles;
Old Innisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird,
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard;
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray;
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labor o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore."

The sunset passed away, and its golden and crimson and purple splendor was veiled by the dark canopy of night:

"A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barks round Dunashed that glide
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing tide.
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore:
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!"

Far different mission, in truth, was that of the "two long barks" which lay beneath the shadow of Dunashed, and therefore soon after nightfall, under the guidance of Fawlett, of Dartmouth—who, English born though he was, was as ready as Hackett to aid the infidel Algerine—a reconnoitring party set out for Baltimore, and they "came in one of their boats into the said harbor." Fawlett "piloted them along all the shore, and showed them how the town did stand, relating unto them where the most able men had their abode. In this business they spent five glasses; when they came back aboard they cheered up the rest of the company, saying: 'We are in a good place and shall make a *bon voyage*.'"

This service accomplished and the report of their spies heard,

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the Algerines "consulted what time of night was the fittest for their intended exploit, and concluded a little before day to be the most convenient season." About two o'clock in the morning there set forth from the infidel squadron some two hundred and thirty desperadoes well armed, each man, besides his weapons, carrying a torch, and many of them bearing besides crowbars and hammers to break the locked and bolted doors of the townsfolk. Stealthily moving over the calm and darkened waters, these miscreants soon reached the land. The first portion of the town actually attacked was that known as the Cove, where chiefly resided the English merchants and inhabitants. Some portion of the invaders were placed in ambush, so as to secure the retreat of those who now pressed forward, eager for robbery, murder, and plunder. All along the narrow streets rolled dark volumes of smoke lit by bright gushes of flame, cries for mercy were uttered to those who never heeded the Christian's prayer, while

"From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid and sire and dame,
And meet upon the threshold stone the gleaming sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl.
The yell of 'Allah' breaks above the prayer and shriek and roar.
O blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore."

How long the work of the pirates would have continued but that they met an unexpected check it were hard to say. Most probably not until every roof-tree sank in its own ashes and every particle of wealth in Baltimore was transferred to the holds of the Algerines. Luckily, however, in their course of rapine and spoliation the infidels assailed the house of one William Harris, who, awakened by the uproar ringing through the town, was forearmed as he was forewarned. When they thundered at his portal he met them with a stout musketry fire and had the satisfaction of seeing that, no matter how the fight might yet eventuate,

"Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's *one* hearth well avenged in the sack of Baltimore!"

Harris' brave defence stayed the passage of the invaders, and while they surrounded his house, and plied all their energies to destroy it and its gallant occupants, the inhabitants of the as yet unassailed portions of the town were gathering and arming fast. Firelocks and swords and bucklers were being grasped by hands which, however long unused, were no way laggard now that home and wealth and life, with those things which are ever nearer and dearer still to the bulk of humanity, were in peril.

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The rolling drums of the advancing townsfolk warned the Algerines of the necessity of retreat; but, though they realized this necessity, it was no part of the plan of these marauders to return to their ships empty-handed. They bore back with them, despite the efforts of the burgesses, much spoil and golden treasure, and, worst of all, one hundred and seven Christian captives.*

The pirates having withdrawn to their ships, the burgesses with all possible speed sent despatches to Kinsale, calling on the commander of the king's ship lying in that haven to hasten to Baltimore before the foe escaped with their booty. It so happened, however, that as this same captain was loath to leave his moorings without sanction from his superiors, and the messenger from Baltimore was compelled to travel with what speed he might to Mallow, in order to obtain from the lord-president of Munster authority for the sailing of the man-of-war, much precious time was wasted and some days elapsed. When the king's ship did at last reach Baltimore the enemy were beyond the reach of pursuit.†

Although the foreigners escaped, it is some satisfaction to be certain that the dastard by whose guidance their crime was rendered possible paid the penalty of his felonious action. There can be no question that Davis, from whose poem we have already quoted so often, was strictly and historically accurate in his depicting of the attitude of the people towards Hackett when he was brought forth to surrender his life as a tribute to avenging justice:

"'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody hand,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows-tree, a yelling wretch is seen:
'Tis Hackett, of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there.
Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought the Norman o'er,
Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore."

* These captives were of every sex, age, and condition. A full and pitiful list of them exists. Whole families were borne away, carried to a fate and a life terrible in each and every respect. Take such entries as the following: "William Mould, himself and boy"; "John Ryder, himself, wife, and two children"; "John Harris, his wife, mother, three children, and maid"; "Richard Lorye, himself, wife, sister, and four children"; "William Gunter, his wife, maid, and seven sons"; "Maurice Power and his wife." It would be impossible to imagine anything more brimful of volumes of unutterable sorrow and wrong than this business-like and official list. Every entry is the record of what must have been a grief surpassing death.

† The quotations embodied in the text, as well as the authority for our recital, is contained in the *Council-Book and Annals of Kinsale*, edited by Dr. Caulfield.

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ARMINE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN the news of Egerton's escape, and of the injuries which he had received in the railway accident, became known to his friends in Paris he naturally received many congratulations and condolences. Among these came a note from Mrs. Bertram expressing all things cordial in the way of concern, and ending with a few lines which made the young man smile: "Sibyl hopes with me that you will soon be able to come to see us. She is anxious to hear an account of your escape and of the sad fate of the person you were accompanying, in whom she is much interested."

"Much more than in me," said Egerton to himself, with the little sore feeling which Miss Bertram was always successful in exciting. It occurred to him to consider whether, had *he* been one of the victims of the accident, she would have been interested in his fate, and he decided that she would have said that "he died as he had lived, in the pursuit of a caprice." And it did not lessen the sting of this hypothetical judgment to feel that it would have been at least partially true.

He had at this time, however, things more serious to think of than Miss Bertram's opinion, depreciating or otherwise. M. de Marigny came to see him and treated the matter of Duchesne's claim in a spirit which pleased Egerton. "It is my affair now," he said, "to ascertain whether any proof of the marriage really exists; and, if it does exist, to secure to Mlle. Duchesne whatever rights may be hers. That is my right and duty as the head of the family; but I do not mean to interfere with *your* right of friendship, M. Egerton, and if you care to go down into Brittany with me I shall be happy to offer you the hospitality of the château."

"You are exceedingly kind," said Egerton; "but my position is a little embarrassing, and I hardly feel that I have any right to interfere in the matter farther. From M. Duchesne I had only the charge to tell his daughter of what he believed to be certain facts. And when I told her, so far from requesting me to verify those facts, she requested me most

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positively to take no steps in the affair. But, M. d'Antignac's advice coinciding with my own opinion, I felt bound to take at least the step of finding whether there was any proof of the civil marriage, and, in case there was, of informing you—the person most nearly concerned—of the fact. Since you, however, have been informed, and since you mean to take the investigation into your hands, I do not feel that any obligation rests upon me to go into the matter farther."

"An obligation—no," said the vicomte. "There is certainly not the least obligation resting upon you. But nevertheless I think it would be best if we made these investigations together. As I am supposed to represent my own interest, there should be some one to represent Mlle. Duchesne's; and since you are the person to whom her father made the disclosure—"

"That was only an accident," interposed Egerton.

"Granted; but still an accident which puts you in the position of being the only person sufficiently well informed to act for his daughter."

"Who most decidedly declined to allow me to act for her."

"Granted again; but remember that she was not probably in a state of mind or feeling to decide properly on any question. Over her father's grave it seemed to her, no doubt, very useless to consider whether he had ever a right to call himself by another name. She overlooked altogether her own interest in the matter; but we must not overlook it."

"I suggested her own interest," said Egerton, "and she refused to consider it at all."

The vicomte made a little gesture signifying that this did not matter. "She is a woman," he said, "a young woman, and in deep grief. We must act for her. Or rather, I shall find out, on abstract grounds, what is the true state of the case; and then it will be time enough to think of acting. Meanwhile there is no special reason for haste. I have just heard that she has gone into a convent for a retreat—which will last for a fortnight at least—and, therefore, if by delaying my departure for a few days I can induce you to go with me down into Brittany, I shall willingly do so. You must feel very much shattered now, and I doubt if you find the prospect of a railroad journey desirable."

"I confess," said Egerton, "that I shrink from the thought of it; and yet I confess also that I should like to see the end of this matter, since the beginning of it has been forced upon

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my knowledge. But I hesitate to let you delay your journey on my account. I should think that you would be in haste to know—the best, or worst."

"On the contrary," said the vicomte, "I feel no impatience and very little concern. It is difficult to tell what is best and what is worst in any temporal affair of life; but it can never be other than well that truth should be known and justice done. I desire simply to know the one and to accomplish the other."

"Then, if you really do not object to delaying your journey for a few days, I should like very much to accompany you."

"With the prospect of your companionship, I shall be happy to delay it," M. de Marigny replied, with true French courtesy. "We will go, then, next week. The day can be hereafter appointed, for I shall do myself the pleasure of calling again to see how you improve."

This improvement was rapid, since Egerton's injuries, with the exception of his arm, were not serious. He was looking very pale, however, and quite like a man who had passed through a trying experience of one kind or another, when he finally made his appearance in Mrs. Bertram's drawing-room. It was not her reception-day—he had taken care to avoid that—but nevertheless he found a group engaged in drinking tea, who all rose eagerly at sight of him. He had a swift impression of familiar faces—Miss Dorrance's and Mr. Talford's among the number—even while he was shaking hands with Mrs. Bertram and receiving her cordial welcome. Then there was a hubbub of congratulations and inquiries for several minutes; and then, missing one person, he looked around.

Sibyl was standing quite near, but a little behind him, leaning one arm on the back of a tall chair and observing with a smile the scene of which he was the centre. As his eye met hers she at once held out her hand.

"I have only been waiting an opportunity to add my congratulations to the rest," she said. "But will you not sit down? I think you look a little tired. Pray take this chair, and I will bring you a cup of tea."

Egerton took the chair, and, somewhat to his surprise, Miss Bertram brought him a cup of tea with her own hand, wheeled quickly and deftly a little table forward for the cup to rest upon, and then sat down by him, "to be near in case you need assistance," she said, smiling.

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"You are very kind," he answered; "but I have already begun to be tolerably independent of assistance. It is, of course, awkward to have only one hand available; but my arm is getting on very well, and when I consider—"

"Yes," she said as he paused, "I should think that when you consider you would feel yourself to be most fortunate."

"I feel it so keenly," he said, "that I am oppressed by the consciousness. Why should *I* have been spared, and not only spared in the preservation of my life, but comparatively uninjured, when others—it is something I can hardly dwell upon! Yet the question is constantly recurring to me: why should it have been *I*, and not *they?*"

There was a moment's silence. Miss Bertram seemed unable to suggest any answer to the question; but she looked at the young man keenly, and presently said:

"But I do not think that you escaped scathless. Apart from *that*"—she glanced at his helpless arm—"you give me the idea of one who has suffered. You are greatly changed since I saw you last."

"The shock was terrible," he said, "and the nervous suffering afterward very great. But the change may be owing to something besides physical causes. A man could scarcely pass through such an ordeal—could hardly feel himself face to face with the most terrible form of death—and be quite the same afterward."

"Some men could, I think."

"A very shallow nature might, perhaps. But I"—he smiled a little—"though I make no pretensions to great depth, am not, at least, so shallow as that."

"I hope you do not imagine that I thought so," she said quickly. "It seems to me that it would—that it must—make a lasting impression. And then to see your companion killed by your side—but forgive me! Perhaps I ought not to force you to talk on such a subject."

Egerton would have been glad if she had chosen another; but he remembered Mrs. Bertram's note, and what had been said therein of Sibyl's interest in the fate of Duchesne, so he felt in a manner bound to gratify that interest.

"It is a subject which I find it difficult to banish from my mind," he answered. "Even in my dreams it returns to me. The death of Duchesne was indeed most terrible; yet I can give you no idea of the iron nerve and fortitude of the man.

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He talked to me of matters concerning worldly affairs almost up to the moment of dissolution."

"And at the moment," said Sibyl. "It is *that* I have been curious about. I have wondered if his faith in humanity had power to sustain him *then*."

"He did not seem to need sustaining," said Egerton. "And, since he died with the words *Vive l'humanité* on his lips, you may imagine that his faith in it, or at least his devotion to it, was as strong in death as in life."

"But, under the circumstances, did not that seem unnecessary and—and almost theatrical?" she asked. "If he had been about to be shot there would have been some reason for proclaiming his faith in that manner. But why should he have done so, dying as he did?"

Egerton hesitated. All around them was a ripple of gay talk and light laughter; tea-spoons clinked against delicate china cups, silk dresses rustled, sunshine streamed over it all—how could he speak *here* of that solemn moment, charged with the issues of eternity, when he had recalled the thought of God to the dying Socialist and evoked the defiance of which he had spoken? His hesitation was only momentary, for before he decided what to say Sibyl spoke quickly.

"Do not answer, Mr. Egerton," she said. "I see that you are reluctant to do so, and it is inexcusable of me to question you in such a manner. My apology must be that you told me so much of M. Duchesne's devotion to his ideal that I have wondered how it stood the test of death."

"It stood the test triumphantly, so far as his sincerity was concerned," Egerton answered. "I never doubted but that it would. There was no leaven of hypocrisy or self-seeking in the man. He was an honest and passionate enthusiast."

Miss Bertram was silent for a moment, then she said slowly: "I wonder how much of an excuse for error such sincerity of conviction is, granting that there is a life to come and that we need excuse in it?"

Egerton shook his head. "That question is rather too deep for me," he replied. "Suppose you ask M. d'Antignac? He will give you a precise answer—I have never known him fail in that—and a precise answer is something so rare that it is refreshing to hear it, whether one accepts it or not."

"One generally feels constrained to accept M. d'Antignac's answers," said Sibyl.

Egerton was about to ask how much of D'Antignac's an-

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swers on some subjects she had been constrained to accept, when the conversation was interrupted by the approach of Miss Dorrance, who came and sat down on his other side.

"I cannot let Sibyl monopolize you, Mr. Egerton, when we have *all* been so interested and so anxious about you," she began. "I wonder if you have any idea what a visitation you escaped? When we first heard of your having been injured in the accident we were so concerned that we talked—mamma, and I, and Mrs. Bertram, and several more of your friends—of going to pay you a visit to condole with and entertain you. But Cousin Duke threw cold water on our project—said you would not care at all to see us; that it would be a 'nuisance' to a man who had been cut to pieces, and battered and bruised, for a set of women to descend upon him; and so we gave it up."

"Mr. Talford must have been filled with jealousy at the thought of seeing me so distinguished," said Egerton. "I cannot imagine any other reason for his giving such an opinion. I assure you that I should have been delighted to see you, and flattered beyond measure by such an attention."

"Would you, indeed? It was too bad, then, of Cousin Duke to interfere," said she. "And Sibyl agreed with him, too."

"I agreed that Mr. Egerton would probably regard such a visit in the light of a nuisance," said Sibyl; "and I still think so."

"I don't know how to prove that you are wrong," said Egerton, "except by retiring to my rooms, feigning a severe relapse, and sending to beg that you will all take pity on me."

"Ah!" said the young lady, smiling, "but the feigned relapse would be the point of difference. A visit of the kind might be pleasant enough under those circumstances; but to a man who really had been 'cut to pieces, and battered and bruised,' as Laura says, I am sure that receiving half a dozen women could not be agreeable."

"I am not so modest," said Miss Dorrance. "It never occurred to me that Mr. Egerton would not be charmed to see us; and another time I mean to carry out my idea."

"Pray do!" said Egerton. "If I should have the misfortune to be the victim and survivor of another railroad catastrophe I shall certainly look for a visit from you."

"It would be a very high price to pay for such a pleasure," said Miss Bertram. "Let us hope that your gallantry may not be put to the test."

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She rose as she spoke and walked away, and while Egerton looked after the tall, graceful figure Miss Dorrance said in a confidential tone:

"It was really Sibyl's fault that we did not go. We should not have minded Cousin Duke's opinion, but she endorsed it so strongly that both Mrs. Bertram and mamma gave the matter up; and then, you know, what could *I* do?"

"We might have passed it off as an American custom, if you had come to see me alone," said Egerton, laughing. "At least I feel very much defrauded, and I shall certainly have the matter out with Talford at the first opportunity. Meanwhile I am glad to hear that your mother has recovered sufficiently even to take into consideration a visit of the kind."

"Oh! mamma is vastly improved; and, since she was not allowed to go to see you, she will be delighted if you will come to see her."

"I shall certainly give myself that pleasure. My first visit when I return to Paris shall be paid to her."

"When you return to Paris!" repeated Laura, with surprise. "Are you going away?"

"Only for a short distance and a short time," he answered. "And if by thus tempting fate I am blown up again I shall certainly expect you to fulfil your promise of coming to see me."

Miss Dorrance regarded him for a moment with a very curious scrutiny. Then she said frankly: "I confess I am interested in you, Mr. Egerton. I think you must be engaged in something very romantic and mysterious. Sudden journeys, terrible accidents, dark and desperate companions—I think Cousin Duke must be right in his idea that you have become a deeply-dyed Socialist, full of plans to blow up emperors and what not."

"It is very kind of Mr. Talford to destroy my reputation for good sense—not to speak of good morals—in that way," said Egerton, half-amused, half-annoyed. "But I assure you that if no emperor is blown up until I have a hand in his assassination, they will all die peaceably in their beds. As for the journey I am about to make, it is of a most inoffensive, private character."

"But your last journey—you were going to attend a Socialist meeting *then*, were you not?" persisted the young lady.

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"As a mere matter of curiosity and amusement—yes," answered Egerton, who began to regret the publicity which he had given to his vague, socialistic sympathies. "But I think that I have been quite sufficiently punished," he added, glancing down at his arm.

Miss Dorrance probably agreed with him, for she did not pursue the subject, and he was able before long to effect his escape. But it met him again when he went up to Miss Bertram to make his adieux.

"I have been thinking a good deal," the latter said in a low tone, "of the young girl—Mlle. Duchesne—of whom I have heard you speak several times. How terrible the shock of her father's death must have been to *her!*"

"It was," answered Egerton. "One can judge of that by the change it has made in her."

"You have seen her, then?" said Miss Bertram, with a quick glance at him.

"Necessarily," he replied. "I was not only with her father when he died, but I received his dying wishes to transmit to her."

"But I judged, from something which I heard Mlle. d'Antignac say, that there was some doubt or mystery about her whereabouts."

"There was for a time a little doubt, but no mystery. Her father, in order to remove her from all religious influences, had placed her with some friends of his, and the D'Antignacs did not for some time know her address. But after the news of her father's death these people made no effort to detain her, and when I saw her she had returned to her usual place of residence."

"If matters had reached such a point between father and daughter as that," said Sibyl, after a moment's pause, "perhaps it was as well he was killed."

Egerton could not repress a smile at her tone of reflective consideration. "I was very sorry for poor Duchesne," he said, "but I fear that no friend of his daughter could resist arriving at such a conclusion."

"And now that she is free, what does she mean to do—become a Catholic?"

"At once, I believe. She is in a convent now, to prepare for the step."

"Ah!" said Miss Bertram. "But I am sure you will not allow her to remain there."

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"I have nothing whatever to do with it," said Egerton, with some surprise.

"Have you not?" She gave him another quick glance. "I thought perhaps you had been invested with some rights of guardianship. At all events, I shall depend upon you to obtain for me a glimpse of this interesting young lady sooner or later."

After taking his departure Egerton pondered a little on these words, which, he decided, could have only one meaning—that Miss Bertram supposed him to be in love with Armine. It was not a new idea to him that he might be; as we are aware, it had occurred to his mind before, and not only occurred to it, but been entertained and agreeably dwelt upon. Yet it had *not* occurred to him that any one else would suspect a sentiment of the existence of which he was by no means sure himself; and therefore Miss Bertram's penetration surprised him, and, for some curious reason, did not please him. Certainly, if he had ever been accused of being in love with Sibyl Bertram, he would have repudiated the idea; yet he had always been conscious of a strong attraction toward her, of hovering, as it were, on the brink of a fancy into which a little graciousness on her part might have precipitated him. But, instead of being gracious, she had always repelled him—in a very subtle fashion, it is true, but a fashion which he clearly appreciated, and which was peculiarly trying to his self-love. He had long been aware that the sore feeling which her depreciation excited was a proof of her power to move him, and he never approached her without acknowledging the charm of her strongly-marked and interesting character; yet he had not suspected himself of any sentiment which could account for the mental twinge which it cost him to realize that she had in imagination coolly handed him over to Armine. "Surely one is a mystery to one's self!" he thought. And then, more sensibly, "Surely I am a fool!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

ACCORDING to his promise, Egerton went down into Brittany with M. de Marigny as soon as his attendant physician pronounced him able to travel; and those who were left behind in suspense—to wit, M. and Mlle. d'Antignac—heard nothing of them for some time.

Meanwhile Armine remained in the convent where she had

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been placed, and was reported by the Abbé Neyron as improving daily in physical health and spiritual peace. He came to talk with D'Antignac concerning her, and seemed more and more impressed with her character as it revealed itself to him. "It is a remarkable soul," he said, "and one with which I think God must have special designs."

"I have always thought so," D'Antignac answered quietly. "But what do you take those designs to be, M. l'Abbé?"

The discreet priest shook his head. "It is not yet possible to tell," he answered; "and there is no need for haste in trying to decide. God in his own time makes his will clear with regard to each human soul. The trouble is that so few souls are anxious simply to fulfil that will; they have their own plans and desires, which they prefer to God's. But this soul, I think, will be willing to take his way."

"Dear Armine!" said Mlle. d'Antignac. "She has always thought so little of herself or her own desires that I am sure you are right. And when will she be received into the church?"

"There is nothing of the kind necessary," replied the abbé. "She was received into the church at her baptism—her mother, it seems, was a good Catholic and had her baptized in her infancy—and she has never in word or deed renounced the faith. Consequently, she has only to make her First Communion. She has already made her general confession."

"And when will she make her First Communion?"

"To-morrow morning in the convent chapel. I have an invitation for you, dear mademoiselle, to be present; and afterward you can arrange with Mlle. Duchesne about her plans."

"My arrangement is easily made, or rather has been already made," said Hélène. "I shall bring her home with me."

"It will be the best arrangement—for a time," said the abbé.

It was an arrangement to which Armine made no objection, though she, too, qualified her acceptance with the words, "for a time." She seemed happy at the thought of being with her friends, and especially of seeing D'Antignac; yet Hélène noticed how wistfully she turned and glanced back into the quiet convent court as they were passing out of the gateway to the street beyond. "I had never known peace until I found it here," she said in a low tone; "and such peace!" Then she looked at her companion. "Do you remember," she went

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on, "how when M. d'Antignac told me that I must not return to him again, I said that I felt like one who was exiled from Paradise? I have the feeling still more strongly to-day."

"I can understand it," said Hélène; "for here *is* the only foretaste of Paradise to be known on earth, and I have had the same feeling when I left one of these abodes of peace to go back to the jarring and distracted world."

"But *we* are going to M. d'Antignac," said Armine, as they entered the carriage waiting for them, "and I am always conscious of the same atmosphere of peace surrounding him."

It was indeed a happy meeting between the two, who had been faithful in affection to each other so long, when they met without any farther need for separation; when Armine could tell D'Antignac all that she had been thinking and feeling, sure of absolute sympathy and comprehension, and when he could note all the change that had been wrought in her—the great change since the day when, in her grief and despair, she had come and knelt down by him, asking for help. *Now* the light of spiritual peace was in her eyes and on her face, and, though much of the sad sense of loss was revived by the familiar objects which surrounded her, it could not rob her of that deep and abiding joy of the soul which is the first result of the sacraments.

Not as a stranger, but as one who had long known the life of which she was now to form a part, the girl settled into her place in the small household and soon made herself a useful member of it. But, while she was always ready to aid Hélène in any way, she chiefly liked whatever enabled her to serve D'Antignac; and perceiving this, Hélène resigned to her various duties which brought her into attendance on him. Of these, one which she enjoyed most was reading to him for an hour or two in the morning; and she was engaged in this manner one day when the *timbre* of the apartment sounded, and a moment later Cesco entered, saying that Mlle. Bertram begged to know if M. d'Antignac would receive her.

"Yes," said D'Antignac; "ask her to enter." And then he said to Armine, who rose instinctively: "Do not go. This is some one whom I should like you to meet."

Armine might have remonstrated had there been time, but as she paused the door opened and a tall, handsome young lady, who gave the impression of something at once majestic and winning, came in. The fashionable richness of her dress might with some people have been the first thing which struck the

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eye; but costume was never more than an adjunct to Sibyl Bertram's beauty, and Armine saw the sweet, cordial smile and clear, brilliant glance rather than Virot's hat and Félix's dress.

Sibyl on her part was struck, as soon as she entered, by the slender, black-clad figure standing against the light, by the side of D'Antignac's couch, and she knew at once who it must be. One quick glance, however, was all that she permitted herself as she walked forward and clasped the hand that D'Antignac held out.

"I hope you have not allowed me to derange you, as our French friends say," she remarked, with a smile. "It has been so long since I have seen you that I could not resist the inclination to make an effort, at least, to do so."

"I am very glad that you did not resist the inclination," he answered. "I am always happy to see you when I am able to see any one; and by coming just now you give me not only the pleasure of seeing you, but also the pleasure of making two of my friends known to each other. Will you let me present Mlle. Duchesne? Armine, this is Miss Bertram."

The two young women—so different in character, circumstances, and association—regarded each other for an instant, and then by an impulse Sibyl held out her hand.

"I am glad to meet Mlle. Duchesne," she said in her frank voice. "I have heard a great deal of her."

Armine glanced at D'Antignac with a smile. "My friends here are very kind, I know," she said.

Miss Bertram regarded her for a moment longer before she replied. Then she said: "It is not only from your friends here that I have heard of you. The first person whom I heard speak of you was Mr. Egerton, who has talked of you a great deal."

D'Antignac was not surprised that Armine seemed to shrink at the sound of a name so lately connected with the tragedy which had such cruel meaning for her. She grew a shade paler, and her eyes seemed to gather a deeper shade of wistful expression. After an instant's pause she answered:

"I know Mr. Egerton, but not very well; and I cannot imagine why he should have talked of one of whom *he* knows so little."

"I think he fancies that he knows a good deal," said Miss Bertram. "It is one of Mr. Egerton's peculiarities"—the slightly mocking tone of her voice just here would have been

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very familiar to Egerton's ear had he heard it—"to believe that he reads character with unusual penetration."

"He certainly brings an unusual degree of sympathy to bear upon it," said D'Antignac's quiet voice; "and the truest penetration is that which is derived from sympathy."

"Yes, Mr. Egerton is very sympathetic," said Armine. "He feels, he understands so quickly. I have observed that."

"I see that he has two very good friends," said Sibyl, smiling. She sat down and looked at D'Antignac. "I am not sympathetic," she said. "I make dreadful mistakes about people, and I often feel as if I were horribly obtuse. How can one learn sympathy?"

"I think you do yourself injustice in fancying that you do not possess it," he answered. "If you really want to learn, however, there is one way—cultivate comprehension."

"But if I had to define sympathy I should say that it *was* comprehension."

"Not exactly. They are only very closely allied. One cannot have sympathy without comprehension, but it is quite possible to have comprehension without sympathy."

"I always hesitate to disagree with you, M. d'Antignac, because you know everything so much better than I do," said Armine; "but it seems to me that it is impossible to have comprehension without sympathy. If we thoroughly comprehend why a person feels or believes a thing very strongly, even though we may condemn the belief, we may understand *his* point of view, *his* motive and meaning; and is not that sympathy?"

"Yes," D'Antignac answered, knowing well of what she was thinking, "that is sympathy in the truest sense which we feel for those with whom we differ, and it certainly has its basis in an enlightened comprehension. To compare earthly with heavenly things," he added, not unwilling to change the subject somewhat, "such sympathy reminds me of the divine charity of the church toward the adherents of error. While for the error itself she has sternest and most uncompromising condemnation, she has infinite compassion for those who are misled by it. And that is the spirit which, as far as possible, we should imitate."

"Only we may sometimes make mistakes about condemning error," said Sibyl.

He looked at her with a smile. "We shall most undoubtedly do so if we make our own opinion the standard for our

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judgment," he said. "There is hardly an affair of life, and certainly not a question of importance, either political or social, which we do not need to try by a standard that knows no variation, that is never swayed by thought or fear of man."

"Such a standard is what I have always instinctively longed for," she said. "Yet I wonder if you know the feeling of revolt—as if one were surrendering one's liberty—which one who has been reared in Protestantism feels at the thought of submitting to the absolute authority of the Catholic Church?"

"I do not know it from experience," he answered, "for, thanks to the mercy of God, I have always belonged to the household of faith. But I have observed it very often in others, and to me there is no more striking proof of the 'darkness of our understanding' which theology teaches is one of the three consequences of original sin. For what save a hopeless darkness of the understanding could make men prize the liberty of remaining in ignorance and of formulating error? Does any man of sense, when he is offered scientific knowledge and such certainty as science can afford, reject it in order to retain the 'liberty' of making wild guesses and forming wild theories on a basis of no knowledge at all? Yet what is any scientific certainty compared to the certainty of a truth which has been revealed by God? Yet this truth—in a matter so vital as eternal salvation—men reject for the liberty of entertaining vague opinions and being 'carried to and fro by every wind of doctrine.' Surely the world has never seen such another proof of human folly!"

"It *is* strange," said Sibyl musingly. "One might think that people would be at least as eager to obtain certainty in a matter so important as they show themselves with regard to worldly knowledge. But so far from that, how indifferent they are! How little earnestness they display! One is tempted to think that earnestness died out of the world with the mediæval saints."

D'Antignac shook his head, smiling a little. "You draw wide conclusions from narrow premises," he said. "I grant that earnestness such as you mean has no place in your world—the world of a society which is essentially pagan, with a thin veneer of conventional Protestantism over it—but it has not left earth with the mediæval saints. Ask Armine if she has not lately seen some of it in the convent where she has been staying."

"Ah! mademoiselle," said Armine, as Sibyl looked at her,

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"if you could see the life of that convent as I have lately seen it, you would not think that the saints had left the earth."

"Or rather she would realize that they have in all ages spiritual descendants," said D'Antignac. "I think that Miss Bertram might find interest in a visit to a convent. You have never met any *religieuses?*" he added, addressing Sibyl.

"No," she answered, "I have never met any, and I confess that I would like to visit a convent very much indeed."

"I am sure that Hélène would be delighted to take you," he said. "She has an extensive acquaintance in the religious world. Or here is Armine, who could introduce you into the convent which she has just left."

"If I might take the liberty, I should be delighted to do so," said Armine.

"Here comes Hélène," said D'Antignac, as his sister entered. "We will hear what she has to say of it."

Hélène had to say that she would take Miss Bertram to visit a convent with pleasure. "We will appoint a day," she said, addressing the latter, "and I will not only show you a convent, but also some of the most charming women in the world."

Miss Bertram declared that any day would suit her, so the next afternoon was appointed for a visit to the convent which Armine had lately left. "I know that Armine is by this time anxious to see her friends again," Mlle. d'Antignac said, smiling.

Armine admitted that she would be glad of an opportunity to do so, and after a little more discussion Miss Bertram rose to go. "I am sorry that I cannot stay longer," she said, in reply to a remonstrance from Hélène, "but I left mamma at the Magasin du Louvre and promised to bring the carriage back for her in half an hour. But I shall come to-morrow afternoon—there is no fear of my failing in that. And then, or at another time, M. d'Antignac, I shall hope to hear some more practical directions about cultivating sympathy. Adieu, mademoiselle; I am happy to have met you."

The last words were uttered very graciously to Armine, and in the ante-chamber, where Hélène accompanied her, the speaker added: "What an exquisite face Mlle. Duchesne has! It is like a poem, as I think I have heard Mr. Egerton remark. I do not wonder now that he has been so enthusiastic about her."

"Has he been enthusiastic?" said Hélène, smiling a little.

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"I did not know that he had seen much of her. He was specially fascinated with her unhappy father."

"I have always had a suspicion that the fascination was with *her* rather than with her father," said Sibyl. "And I can only repeat that since I have seen her I do not wonder. Now *au revoir*, dear mademoiselle. Look for me certainly tomorrow."

"I have discovered something," said Mlle. d'Antignac to her brother a few hours later. "Miss Bertram believes that Mr. Egerton is in love with Armine."

"Does she?" said D'Antignac quietly. "It may be so. Things more unlikely have happened. And probably Miss Bertram is a good judge of the signs of the tender passion."

"Do you think it can be true?" said Hélène after a pause.

"I do not know," her brother answered. "I have never seen him with her, nor has he often spoken to me of her. I find it quite credible that any man should be in love with Armine. That is all I can say."

"I should find it more credible for one to be in love with Sibyl Bertram," said Hélène. "She is to me a peculiarly charming person."

"She is a very attractive person to me," said D'Antignac, "but not charming like Armine. However, that is my individual taste. Then I fancy Miss Bertram might prove very *difficile*. That often deters a man from falling in love."

"I thought a man was generally animated by difficulty."

"That depends on the man. He may not care for difficulty, or there may be too much of it. But you may be sure of one thing," added the speaker, with a smile: "if Egerton is in love with either we shall soon discover it; for you know the proverb, '*L'amour et la fumée ne peuvent se cacher.*'"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE next afternoon D'Antignac was alone, lying quietly on his couch after seeing the party of ladies start off for the —— Convent, when the sound of the door-bell was followed a moment later by the entrance of M. de Marigny.

D'Antignac's pale, calm face brightened with pleasure, as it always did at sight of this nearest and dearest of all his friends, and he held out his hand with a gesture of welcome.

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"One values a pleasure more for its unexpectedness," he said. "I did not know you had returned to Paris."

"I have only been in Paris a few hours," the other answered. "I have come here at once. Do I not always come here before I go anywhere else? But to-day I have come with important news."

"Indeed!" said D'Antignac. He looked keenly at the other's face, as if to determine the character of the news before hearing it. There was certainly no indication of bad news in the serene and slightly smiling expression of the countenance. "It is as I expected," he said. "You have found that there was no foundation for Duchesne's belief."

M. de Marigny drew a chair forward and sat down, smiling a little more. Then he said quietly: "*Au contraire.* I have found his story correct in every particular."

"Is it possible?" said D'Antignac. He lifted himself to a sitting position, as if, in the eagerness of his interest, unable to remain recumbent. "Do you mean," he said, "that Duchesne was really the heir to the title and estates of Marigny?"

"I mean," answered the vicomte calmly, "that he had a very good case to carry into a court of law, and might have been declared the true Vicomte de Marigny. But, again, he might not. I have obtained a legal opinion upon the case, and I am told that the issue would be extremely doubtful. The marriage is to be found registered as Duchesne was told —that is, the marriage of a Henri Marigny and Louise Barbeau. But it is necessary to prove that this Henri Marigny was Henri Louis Gaston, Vicomte de Marigny, and the only witness of the marriage is long since dead. We have, it is true, the second-hand testimony of his son, and the court would decide upon the value of that testimony. The end is this: if Duchesne were living I should contest his claim, and I doubt whether he would succeed in establishing it. But, since he is dead, the case is different."

"Why?" asked D'Antignac.

"For the simple reason that it would have been impossible to surrender to him without a struggle property which he would have used in the worst of causes. But with his daughter the matter is different. I have no doubt it will be possible to make an amicable arrangement with her. I shall lay the case before her as it stands, counsel her to take legal advice and to determine what she will accept, or whether she will have her case decided by law."

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"Then even in *her* case you would contest the claim, if brought for the whole estate?"

"I should have no alternative but to do so. My duty to those who are to come after me would demand it. A man who has inherited an old name and an old estate occupies a different position to that of one who has made his own fortune and, in a certain sense, his own name. The former, at least, is his own to do what he will with. But one who occupies the place of succession in an old line is no more than a trustee. What was handed down to him he should hand down intact, as far as may be, to those who are to come after him. And therefore, as the guardian of interests not his own, he cannot surrender any part of an inheritance which it is his in a special manner to protect, without absolute assurance of the justice of the claim—such an assurance as only the decision of a high legal authority can give."

"I understand your position," said D'Antignac. "You are bound for the sake of others to think of justice rather than of quixotic generosity. Yet, from your speaking of an 'amicable arrangement' with Armine, I judge that you think her claim would be just."

"Yes," he answered, "I think that she has a claim, though whether it can be legally supported is another question. There is a very good moral certainty that a marriage took place, which, though only a civil marriage, would, I presume, be held binding by the church. That being the case, she is a daughter of the house, and therefore I should be within the bounds of my duty in allowing her whatever was just and right."

D'Antignac lay back on his pillows. "I do not think," he said quietly, "that Armine will accept anything."

"But why should she not—as a right?" asked the other. "There is no question of generosity in the matter, no room for scruples. Either she has a right or she has not. If she has, why should she hesitate to accept it?"

"She will tell you herself," answered D'Antignac. "My opinion is merely an instinct; yet I have never found my instincts with regard to Armine wrong."

"But on what ground do you think her likely to refuse?"

"That I do not know. She has not spoken of the matter at all to me. I can only repeat that I have an instinct that she will refuse to press any claim or to take anything."

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"But I am told by M. Egerton that it was her father's dying charge that she should do so."

"Poor Armine!" said D'Antignac. "Was it not enough for her to have suffered all that she did from her father during his life? Why should he exercise a posthumous tyranny over her now? Egerton, of course, felt obliged to tell her all that Duchesne directed should be told. But, that being done, why should there be any farther effort to influence her through his desires, in opposition to her own wishes?"

The vicomte shrugged his shoulders, with a smile. "It would certainly be a singular freak of fate that would make *me* the advocate of Duchesne's wishes in any respect," he said. "But it would be strange if they did not influence his daughter, especially as I have seen more than once how strong her sentiment of filial devotion was."

"It was the strongest sentiment of her nature," said D'Antignac, "and she has been wounded in it, as we are wounded just where pain is most keenly and deeply felt. All her life the cruel struggle has been going on—God on one side, her father on the other; the desire to reverence and the need to excuse, passionate affection and intellectual condemnation. She has been torn and crushed; and when, through a most terrible grief, peace has come to her, I must remonstrate against that peace being again disturbed by the image of her father. Put before her, as you propose, the case in all its bearings, give her time to decide upon it, and then accept her decision. I have confidence in Armine. I believe that it will be a wise one."

"I have confidence in her, too," said the vicomte. "She inspires one with that feeling. Yet she is very young to decide on a matter of so much importance. At least you will promise to give her your advice?"

"If she asks it—certainly. But I cannot promise that it will be exactly what you desire."

"I desire only that she shall receive what is justly hers; and you will hardly advise her to reject it?"

"I cannot tell until I hear her reasons for wishing to do so. Armine generally has good reasons for her conduct and opinions. And you must remember that although you are bound to offer whatever is just, she is *not* bound to accept it."

"She is bound by all the rules of common sense."

"Ah! common sense," said D'Antignac. "Well, that is a very good, a very useful, a highly respectable thing; but there

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is sometimes a sense which is uncommon that is higher and better. I have a great respect for common sense, but I have never made it the standard by which to test all opinions, as a number of worthy people do."

"Since you have often accused me of something closely verging on quixotism, I suppose I am hardly one of the worthy people," said the vicomte, laughing.

"No," the other answered, with a smile, "you are not one of them. And therefore I shall expect you to be reasonable, if for any motive—which common sense perhaps might condemn—Armine declines to profit by this discovery."

"I see that you are firmly of the opinion that she will decline, and that you are also firmly disposed to uphold her in doing so," said the vicomte. "*Eh bien*, I must simply put the matter before her myself. When and where can I see her?"

"The 'when' is for you, or for her, to determine," answered D'Antignac. "But the 'where' is easily arranged, since she is here."

"Here?" repeated De Marigny, glancing involuntarily around.

"Not at this moment," said D'Antignac, perceiving the glance. "Just before you came she went out with Hélène and Miss Bertram. But she has been staying with us since she left the convent, to which, as you may remember, she went soon after the death of her father."

"I remember—to be prepared for reception into the church."

"She has never been out of the church. But she was prepared to receive the sacraments—made a general confession and her First Communion. Poor child! How changed she was when she returned—quiet, peaceful, almost happy; although her father's death is a blow from which she will never, I fear, entirely recover."

"And yet it must be difficult for her not to feel the relief of the freedom which results from it."

"I doubt if she feels it at all," said D'Antignac. "Her nature is too deeply affectionate. She was passionately attached to her father, and, after her fears for his eternal fate, I think that the greatest grief connected with his death is the fact that they parted in estrangement—at least on his side."

"His fate was terrible," said the vicomte; "but I confess that I could not regret it. He was a man whose power of

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doing evil was great in proportion to his natural gifts—and they were very great. I never heard him address a multitude, but I can imagine the magnetic power which he possessed, and the fiery eloquence which M. Egerton describes as fully equal to that of Gambetta. And this man, unlike Gambetta, was not a politician and self-seeker, but he had all the force which strong, fanatical conviction gives. The day might have come when he would have played the part of another Danton."

"Nothing would have delighted him more. But how comes on our friend Egerton, who may well speak feelingly of the eloquence which nearly led him to death?"

"It certainly nearly led him to death," said De Marigny, "but I doubt if it nearly led him into Socialism. He has too clear a mind to be captivated by such fallacies."

"You like him, then?"

"I like him exceedingly. There is something very attractive in his character—an openness and a *verve* which promise well. When a man is prepared to hear reason, and is susceptible of enthusiasm, one may hope much from him."

"I hope much from his association with you. It was what he needed—contact with a man of ardent faith, who is at the same time foremost in every activity and interest of the world. Generally speaking, it may be safely said that to convert men of the world we need those who are, in a measure at least, men of the world also, who possess its polish, its grace, its keen wisdom, yet use these things for God and not for the world. And so I believe that it may be your privilege to bring this soul out of the realm of shadows—of beliefs without base, and the vain opinions of men—into the presence of the great reality of divine Truth."

"I will gladly do all that I can to this end," said the vicomte. "But let me remind you that to pray is better than to argue when the conversion of a soul is in question; and there can be no doubt whose prayers are of most value—yours or mine."

"Neither can there be any doubt," said D'Antignac, "that, prisoned here on this bed of pain, I am not likely to forget my friends in the sole thing that I can still do for them."

When Armine heard of M. de Marigny's visit, and that he desired to see her, she evinced, somewhat to D'Antignac's surprise, the greatest reluctance to receiving him.

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"I cannot!" she said, shrinking at the mere suggestion. "It is impossible. Do not ask me!"

D'Antignac did not answer immediately. Her agitation was so evident that he reflected for a moment before replying. Then he said, with the gentle calmness which always tranquillized her:

"But it is necessary that I should ask you, and I am sure that you will not act merely from an impulsive feeling."

"It is not merely an impulsive feeling," she said. She came and knelt down by the side of his couch. "Do you not remember," she said in a low tone, "how all the last cruel trouble that divided my father and myself began with—with his seeing me speak to M. de Marigny? And have you forgotten that I told you how he bade me never speak to him again? Here is something in which I *can* obey him; and surely I should do so!"

"My dear little Armine," said D'Antignac, laying his hand tenderly on hers, "I understand all that you mean and all that you feel; but there is more to consider than you perhaps imagine. In the first place, it is entirely beyond reason that you should be bouud throughout your life by the arbitrary and hasty command of a moment—"

"But M. de Marigny is entirely out of my life," she interrupted quickly. "There is no reason why I should ever see or speak to him."

"There is a very important reason why you must of necessity see and speak to him," said D'Antignac. "You cannot have forgotten the communication which your father when dying made to Egerton, and which he conveyed to you."

She made a quick gesture as of one putting a thing away from her—a gesture half-proud, half-pathetic.

"I will have nothing to do with it—nothing," she said. "What my father did not claim for himself I shall not claim in his name. If *that* is why the Vicomte de Marigny wishes to see me, simply tell him this. I have nothing more to say, only that I am sorry Mr. Egerton disregarded my wishes and betrayed the secret confided to him."

"He disregarded your wishes with reluctance," said D'Antignac; "but he felt himself bound in honor to execute as far as possible the trust your father had confided to him, so he came to me for advice. I agreed with him that M. de Marigny, as head of the family, should certainly be informed of what

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your father believed to be certain facts. Yet, after all, it was not Egerton who informed him, but myself."

Armine had risen now from her kneeling position, and stood looking a little cold and reserved.

"I do not think," she said, "that Mr. Egerton should have come even to you when I requested him to hold inviolate a secret which he had received as a dying confidence."

"Not as a dying confidence, if I understand rightly," said D'Antignac, "but rather as a commission."

"Which he performed when he came to *me*," she said in the same slightly proud voice, "and therefore with which he had no more to do."

"I do not agree with you," said D'Antignac, exceedingly surprised by this manifestation of character, and understanding more fully the dilemma in which Egerton had found himself. "He felt that by the trust which your father had placed in him he was obliged to consider your interest, even if you refused to consider it yourself; and, if you have any confidence in my judgment, you may believe that he was right."

"I have every confidence in your judgment," said Armine, with more of her usual manner. "You know that. But I cannot believe that he was right to disregard my wishes and bring upon me, and upon others, annoyance which I wished to avoid. For nothing, M. d'Antignac, *nothing* shall make me take any step in the matter! What is it to me whether my father had or had not the right to bear a noble name? What is it to me whether a little more or less of wealth might be mine? I have enough for my wants, and this much at least of my father's spirit is in me: I belong to the people, my heart is with the poor and the suffering, and why should I strive to force myself into a noble house that would only scorn the descendant of a peasant and the daughter of a Socialist?"

She looked very little like the descendant of a peasant as she uttered these words, D'Antignac thought. The delicate face was instinct with feeling, the beautiful dark eyes were glowing; he had never been more struck with what he had always remarked in her, the unmistakable signs of inherited refinement.

"I can understand," he said quietly, "that there would be very little to urge you to claim what your father regarded as his right, if any struggle was necessary to do so. But if there was none needed—if, instead of scorning, the head of the

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house came voluntarily to acknowledge and receive you—what then?"

She paused a moment before answering, and he saw an indescribable change come over her face—a change such as he had often observed when she was touched by a high or beautiful thought. And when she spoke her voice was like a chord of music—so many different tones of feeling blended into it.

"What then?" she repeated. "Only this: that it would be a noble thing for the head of such a house to do, granting that he believed the claim to be just, but that I have no desire for the recognition or acknowledgment."

"Yet it was your father's dying wish," said D'Antignac.

She looked at him with a glance which, even before she spoke, seemed to disarm his power of objection; it was at once so pathetic and so full of the meaning which greater knowledge of a subject gives.

"My father's dying wish has a different significance to you and to me," she said sadly. "*You* regard it, no doubt, as dictated by solicitude for me, for my personal prosperity and happiness. But *I* know my father better than to fancy that. He had not one set of opinions for his public life and another for his private life; he did not preach to others that property and rank are crimes against the brotherhood of humanity, yet grasp at them himself. He was wrong—he was mad, if you will—but I, who spent my life with him, would stake my existence on his sincerity." She paused, for her voice was choked with emotion; but controlling herself after a minute, she went on: "Do you think, therefore, that he wished me to claim rank and wealth in order that I might enjoy privileges that he held to be robbery? Ah! no. What he desired—I know it as certainly as if he had told me—was that I should use them for the ends that *he* desired, and to which he had given all his own fortune and the labor of his life. I understand now with perfect clearness why it was only after that unhappy visit to Marigny that he began to concern himself about what I believed, and to endeavor to mould and bend my faith. I remember well how he said that he had thought lightly of my opinions as 'merely a girl's fancy' until he found that there might be power in my hand for evil or for good; I did not understand him then, but I understand now. The power for good or evil was the inheritance of Marigny, which he thought might be mine. Do you think, then, that he would have wished

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me to possess that power to use for ends which he thought evil? —and you know I could not use it for ends which he thought good."

"But you might use it for ends which would be truly good?" said D'Antignac, anxious to put every view of the case before her, yet certain that she would not be moved.

She shook her head. "Even if I could," she said—"and that is doubtful, for what am I but a weak girl without judgment?—you certainly do not think that they would be ends as good as those for which M. de Marigny uses it now? Should I take out of his hand—if I had the power to do so—means that give him greater influence in the battle where he is a champion and defender of all that is most noble and of most vital importance to France? Ah! you do not know," she went on, clasping her hands with a familiar gesture, while her eyes shone on him full of radiance, "how long I have said to myself, 'If there was only something that I could do!—something to aid in this battle, which I, who have seen the other side, know must be so long and hard!—something to help those who are to save France, if she can be saved!' And now—you would have me lessen the power for good of one who can do all that I have dreamed of? Oh! no, M. d'Antignac, I am sure you do not wish it; and I am also sure of this, that I would work for my daily bread sooner than touch one centime that came from the revenues of Marigny!"

It was impossible to doubt her earnestness or her resolution, and D'Antignac smiled a little—an inward and invisible smile, if the phrase may be allowed to describe the slight sense of amusement which does not always find outward expression—as he thought how positively he had prophesied this result, even while ignorant of the reasons which would influence her.

"I comprehend your position," he said after a moment. "You feel that you could not fulfil your father's wish by using anything which came to you through this claim in the way he desired; so, rather than use it in a way he did *not* desire, you prefer to leave it in hands where it is certain to be well employed. But you overlook two things—first, that whatever descended to you in such a manner would be absolutely yours, to do what you will with; and you would be no more bound by the wishes of your father in the disposition of it than he would have been bound by the wishes of his grandfather—who, we may infer, would certainly not have desired that the family inheritance should be spent in founding a Com-

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mune. In the second place, M. de Marigny has a right to decline to retain what he does not feel to be justly his, and you have no right to refuse to hear reasons for believing it to be yours."

She looked at him with the same reluctant expression with which she had first heard the proposal that she should see M. de Marigny.

"You do not know how painful it would be," she said. "Surely it is not necessary! Surely you can tell him what I have said, and assure him that no argument can change my resolution!"

"I might do that," said D'Antignac, "and still he would be, by the nature of his position, constrained to insist on seeing you; and you have no reason that justifies you in refusing to see him."

"I have the memory of my father's command and of my promise that I would never speak to M. de Marigny again."

"My dear Armine, your own good sense must tell you that you are not fettered by such a command or such a promise. Your father himself set both aside when he directed you to prosecute the claim for the inheritance of Marigny, since it would be impossible to refuse to hold communication with a man who has never injured you and who is the head of the family."

"But I have told you that I have nothing, and can have nothing, to do with the family in one way or another," she said. "Therefore why should I be forced to do this thing? But I do not wish to be childish or unreasonable," she added after a moment, in which only the expression of D'Antignac's face answered her last appeal, "and if you think it absolutely necessary that I should see M. de Marigny, I *will* see him, though it will be painful—oh! more painful than I can say."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LA VIE DE N. S. JÉSUS-CHRIST. Par L'Abbé E. Le Camus. Paris: Poussièlgue Frères. 1883.

M. Le Camus unites exegetical and theological with the historical exposition of the four harmonized Gospels, together with a blending of spiritual and pious reflections. His Introduction; on the doctrine of the Incarnation, the sacred books which give account of it, the locality and other environments of its manifestation; is a clear statement in a small compass of that which it is most important to know before studying the harmony of the Gospels. Unfortunately, in the copy we have received, the last ten pages are wanting.

The paraphrase of the harmonized narrative of the Evangelists is composed in an agreeable descriptive style. The author's exegesis is critical and acute. His doctrinal as well as his exegetical exposition, in matters which have not been decided by the authority of the church, is remarkably independent and sometimes diverges from the common sentiment of expositors and theologians. Its tone is always sober, with a tendency to minimize. In developing the scope and meaning of the discourses and parables he is admirable; and we refer particularly to the exposition of one parable, that of the Laborers in the Vineyard, which we have found for the first time made clearly intelligible. We have not finished the perusal of these carefully-written volumes, but we feel justified in recommending them as most useful and instructive to the educated laity, as well as to clergymen. In our judgment the work of M. Le Camus ranks on the first line of Lives of Christ with those of Sepp, Coleridge, and Fouard. We would assign Geike's *Life of Christ* to the same rank, were it not for errors in some points of doctrine and deficiencies in others, such as must always mar the works of all except Catholic authors when they attempt a complete exposition of the Gospel. We hope that M. Le Camus will carry out the intention which he hints at of publishing a similar work on the Acts of the Apostles.

We have looked with curiosity to see whether M. Le Camus has thrown any light on the dates of the birth, baptism, and death of our Lord Jesus Christ, but we have found very little. He considers that 749 A.U.C. is the more probable date of his birth, and maintains very positively that his public ministry comprised only two years, besides the period between the Temptation and the First Passover. The opinion of M. Fouard that Jesus Christ was born in 749, and crucified in 783, or A.D. 30, three years and three months after his baptism, has been fully set forth in an extensive review of his *Life of Christ* in this magazine. We have arrived at a different opinion—viz., that our Lord was born December 25, 747, baptized during the autumn of 778, and crucified on some day near the middle of April, 782, A.D. 29. We take this occasion to give some of the reasons proving the correctness of these dates.

1. Tertullian, with whom the most ancient tradition agrees, assigns the

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baptism of Christ to the twelfth and the crucifixion to the fifteenth year of Tiberius—*i.e.*, respectively to the years of Rome 778 and 782. St. Luke places the beginning of St. John Baptist's ministry in the fifteenth year of Tiberius. We understand this date as reckoning from the appointment of Tiberius to be the colleague of Augustus—an event shown by probable evidence from history to have taken place three years before the death of the latter. Thus, Tertullian is harmonized with St. Luke.

2. October was the month most suitable and customary for bathing, and John would therefore naturally select this season for baptizing. Numerous caravans were passing by the Jordan at this time to go to Jerusalem for the Feast of Expiation, and it was therefore the most favorable season for him to begin his ministry. The language of the Gospel narrative favors the supposition that Jesus came to be baptized soon after John began to preach, being then "about thirty years old." A period of thirty years and nine months intervenes between October, 778, and the end of December, 747, so that this last date is admissible, if there are good reasons for accepting it.

3. The date of 749 is improbable, because Herod died in March, 750, which would restrict the absence of the Holy Family in Egypt to a few months, contrary to the ancient tradition, confirmed by some rabbinical writings, that they remained there at least two years. This reason militates also against the date 748. All critics are now agreed that Christ was not born before 746 or after 749.

4. Tertullian asserts as a well-known fact, appealing in proof of it to the Roman archives, that the enrolment in Judæa which brought Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem was made while Sentius Saturninus was governor of Syria. As he vacated his office early in 748, the birth of Christ cannot have taken place at a later date. Quirinius, who is mentioned by St. Luke, was a special legate of the emperor, exercising superintendence over the enrolment. Christ was born while the temple of Janus was shut. It was shut August, 746. Christ was not born at the close of that year, because if so he would have been twelve years old before Archelaus was deposed, and could not have been taken to Jerusalem at the Passover next following his twelfth birthday. He was not born in 748, because at the beginning of that year Saturninus was no longer governor of Syria. Therefore he was born in 747. Those who, with Kepler and Ideler, consider the Star in the East as a constellation formed by the conjunction of planets will find a confirmation of the date given in the remarkable conjunctions of May, August, and December of 747.

5. The testimony of Tertullian and of the earliest tradition assigns as the date of the death of Christ the Passover of the fifteenth year of Tiberius—*i.e.*, A.U.C. 782. Between this and the Passover next after the beginning of John's preaching two other Passovers intervene. This gives a period of three years and about six months to our Lord's public ministry. Daniel foretold that the Messias should be cut off in the middle of the last of the seventy weeks. This can have no other meaning than the one commonly given, that the last week began with the public ministry of Christ and ended seven years later when St. Peter by divine revelation opened the door of the Catholic Church to the gentiles. In the middle of this week—*i.e.*, three and one-half years after his baptism—Christ offered up the sacri-

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fice of expiation on the cross. There is a concurrence of ancient testimonies bearing witness that Christ suffered during the consulate of Rubellius and Fusius, the two Gemini—*i.e.*, 782, or A.D. 29. It is quite certain that the month Nisan of this year corresponded nearly with the month of April. It was on the 14th or the 15th of Nisan—we are inclined to think it was the 15th—that Jesus suffered. It would be very desirable if it could be determined by astronomical calculations precisely on what day of the month and week according to the Roman calendar the 14th of Nisan was determined by the Jewish authorities, for the year of our Lord 29. This seems to be impossible. It is probable, however, that Friday in the Passover week of A.D. 29 was the 15th of April.

We could wish that both the Abbé Fouard and the Abbé Le Camus, in future editions, would discuss these questions more minutely and completely than they have done. A careful general index to the work of the Abbé Le Camus is also a desideratum.

BEN-HUR. A Tale of the Christ. By Lew. Wallace, author of *The Fair God*. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is rather late to notice a book published more than three years ago, or would be if the ordinary motive of book-notices, the reception of a copy from the publishers, had existed in this case. It is not too late, however, to do a service to those of our readers who have not read *Ben-Hur* by recommending it to them as a genuine and rare gem of literature. It has been read by a great number of very different sorts of persons, young and old, and has been very highly appreciated by many readers who are competent judges. Though a mere "tale" in name and form, the persons and incidents of which are for the most part imaginary, and a most pleasing story, considered merely as a story, its real scope and purpose are very serious, and it is intended to teach the most important of all religious truths—the divine character and mission of Jesus Christ. We have reason to believe that it has done a great deal of good in that way. It contains an admirable argument for the divinity of our Blessed Saviour, in which an irresistible logic is presented under the attractive and impressive form and drapery given to it by the author's fine imagination. Like many others, when we read *Ben-Hur*, without any previous knowledge of its character, we were surprised to find such a production coming from the pen of the gallant soldier and distinguished statesman who is our present ambassador at the Sublime Porte, and felt curious to know the reason of it. The explanation is given in the following extract from some newspaper, what one we know not, as it was sent to us in the form of a clipping enclosed in a letter from a friend:

"WHY GENERAL WALLACE WROTE 'BEN-HUR.'

"An intimate friend of General Lew. Wallace contributes this bit of gossip, telling how *Ben-Hur* came to be written: 'Before and some time after the war General Wallace was inclined to be sceptical on religious matters, particularly as to the divinity of Christ. Chance one day, while travelling on a railroad, threw him in company with Colonel Ingersoll, the infidel. Their conversation turned on religious topics, and in the course of their discussion Ingersoll presented his views. Wallace listened and was much impressed, but finally remarked that he was not yet prepared to agree with Ingersoll on certain very extreme propositions relative to the non divinity of Christ. Ingersoll urged Wallace to give the matter the careful study and research

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that he had, expressing his confidence that Wallace would, after so doing, fully acquiesce in the Ingersoll view. After parting Wallace turned the matter over in his mind and determined to give it the most thorough investigation. For six years he thought, studied, and searched. At the end of that time *Ben-Hur* was produced. I met Wallace at a hotel in Indianapolis not long after the book had been published. The book was naturally the topic of our conversation. After having told me the story I have just given, Wallace turned to me and said: "The result of my long study was the absolute conviction that Jesus of Nazareth was not only a Christ and the Christ, but that he was also my Christ, my Saviour, and my Redeemer. That fact settled in my own mind, I wrote *Ben-Hur*."'"

That nuisance Robert Ingersoll has thus been indirectly and unintentionally the cause of some good to counterbalance his own mischief and that of other vile books like his own.

Perhaps it is because of the genuine and clear Christian ideas and the deep religious sentiments embodied in *Ben-Hur* that its merits as a work of literary art have not been more distinctly recognized. Had it been written after the manner of Renan it would have won for itself and its author the highest praises of the literary critics, and would have become famous at once. But having been written in accordance with the truth of the Gospel, it could only await a reception of cold indifference from all except those who believe in that truth or at least feel no positive dislike of it. Even with these it is very likely that the deeply religious impressions which it conveys to their minds and hearts have caused them to forget the consideration of its literary excellence.

Ben-Hur is, in our opinion, a fine work of art. Mr. Wallace's first historical romance, *The Fair God*, published many years ago, is a production of no small merit, and gave promise of something better to come, if the author chose to continue his literary efforts. But this second work is far beyond what we expected to find when we began to read it. It was a bold and hazardous undertaking to compose a historical romance into which such sacred persons and events should be introduced. It was especially daring, and might seem even profane, to attempt a delineation, in a work of that kind, of the person and actions of our Blessed Lord. In such an attempt there is no medium between a great success and a disastrous failure. Mr. Wallace has succeeded in this, the most difficult part of his attempt, both by judiciously refraining from attempting too much and by doing well what he has attempted. The person of our Lord is introduced but seldom, and then only in a transient manner, until the last scene of the divine tragedy is reached. In the description of scenes which are taken from the Gospels the accessories furnished by the author's invention are managed with good taste and skill. One scene which is purely imaginary, the interview between Ben-Hur and Jesus at Nazareth, at the time when our Lord was about seventeen years of age, is simply exquisite, and worthy to be compared to a picture by one of the great masters. Mr. Wallace preserves faithfully the truth of the narrative of the Gospels throughout, and expresses no opinion directly or by implication which is not in accordance with the Catholic doctrine, with one important exception. In his description of the Crucifixion he calls the complaint of Christ, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" "*a cry of despair*"—an expression which is utterly unwarrantable. He adds also to the inimitable narrative of the Passion in the Gospel a finishing touch from his own pen entirely out of harmony with its subdued and divine pathos: "A

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tremor shook the tortured body; *there was a scream of fiercest anguish*, and the mission and the earthly life were over at once."

The story of *Ben-Hur*, as a whole, has many characters and scenes which are admirably depicted. We will not call it faultless, and in our opinion, although in parts it reaches the excellence of the highest form of art, the author's exuberant imagination generally inclines him to overdraw and to color too highly. The young Prince Ben-Hur is too heroic and too much resembling a mythical demi-god, and the scene of the sixteenth chapter in the palace of Ildernee borders too closely on the marvellous. These defects do not, however, detract from the fascinating charm of the story, and for young readers they doubtless add to it. We have heard the wish expressed that a similar book to *Ben-Hur* might be written, presenting apostolic Christianity in the same clear light in which Mr. Wallace presents the divine mission of its Author. Such a work could only be achieved in a manner which would equal that of Mr. Wallace in truthfulness, by a Catholic, and one minutely acquainted with the history and the environments of the early age of the church. We are thankful to Mr. Wallace for what he has done, and done so well. There are few books which we have read of late years with so much pleasure, and we advise every one who has not read it to do so at the earliest opportunity, feeling certain that those who follow our advice will thank us for having called their attention to *The Life of Ben-Hur*.

THE ETERNAL PRIESTHOOD. By Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

This is not a dogmatic and doctrinal but a spiritual and practical treatise, written for the benefit of priests. Its basis is, nevertheless, dogmatic and doctrinal, and it is laid upon two fundamental ideas. One is the essential identity of the sacerdotal character in all who have received it, whether they are only in the grade of the presbyterate or have been elevated to the highest grade of priesthood by episcopal consecration. The second idea, which is derived from the first by a natural genesis, is that the obligation to sanctity and perfection which springs essentially from the character and dignity of priesthood in bishops, exists also in priests in virtue of their sacerdotal state. The reason, quality, motives, and means of sanctification in the priestly state and office are thus derived from the excellence, dignity, and privileges belonging to the sacerdotal character, which is possessed in common by all priests, although in its fullest extension and plenitude it exists in bishops alone. The cardinal says: "Excepting this alone [*i.e.* plenitude of the priesthood in the one and limitation in the other], the priesthood in the bishop and the priesthood in the priest are one and the same. . . . It is of faith that the episcopate is the state of perfection instituted by Jesus Christ. It is certain also that the priesthood is included in that state. Whatsoever is true of the priesthood in itself is true both of bishop and of priest" (pp. 2, 3).

In consonance with this doctrine, after a brief but clear exposition, derived from the Scripture and the great doctors of the church, of the nature and dignity of the priesthood in Jesus Christ and in his human ministers, the cardinal proceeds to his principal theme, the obligation to sanctity by which priests are bound:

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"It is theologically certain that interior spiritual perfection is a prerequisite condition to receiving sacred orders. St. Alphonsus declares that this is the judgment of all Fathers and doctors with one voice" (p. 34). In developing this thesis the cardinal puts his finger upon one false maxim, too common and most detrimental in its influence—viz., that perfection is something which appertains only to the state of a bishop, or of a person who is under religious vows.

"The notion of obligation has been so identified with laws, canons, *vows*, and contracts that if these cannot be shown to exist no obligation is supposed to exist. It is true that all laws, canons, *vows*, and contracts lay obligations upon those who are subject to them. But all obligations are not by laws, nor by canons, *nor by vows*, nor by contracts. There are obligations distinct from and anterior to all these bonds. . . . These bonds of Jesus Christ are upon all his disciples, and emphatically upon his priests. . . . If these things do not demand of men aspiring to be priests interior spiritual perfection before their hands are anointed for the Holy Sacrifice, and the yoke of the Lord laid upon their shoulder, what has God ever ordained or the heart of man ever conceived to bind men to perfection?" (pp. 49, 50).

We have italicized the word "vows," in order to call attention to the sanction which the cardinal's words imply of a sentiment very forcibly inculcated by Bishop Vaughan in his introduction to the *Life of St. John Baptist de Rossi*. It is that the ordinary and principal medium for promoting Christian faith and virtue is the body of the clergy, employed in active pastoral or missionary work; irrespective of any varieties in mode of living and discipline, organization under special rules, or consecration to different kinds of activity by voluntary agreement or by vows in an institute or order. Such a view promotes that spirit of fraternity and harmony which ought to subsist among all classes of priests. It brings out prominently the primary importance of the intellectual and spiritual education of that clergy which, with and under the bishops, has that chief and most essential office and work to do, both pastoral and apostolic, to which all others, however excellent and important, are auxiliary.

It is matter of congratulation that such solid and useful doctrine should be presented to the priesthood of the English-speaking world, and to the young ecclesiastics who are aspiring to the priesthood, by one who is both an archbishop and a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, and who is in his own person an illustrious example of sacerdotal learning, virtue, and zeal. It is to be hoped that Cardinal Manning's book will be read by all those to whom it is addressed, and that its results will equal its intrinsic excellence.

GROUNDWORK OF ECONOMICS. By C. F. Devas. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1883.

On taking up a book treating of political economy we confess to a feeling of aversion. This volume, however, has agreeably disappointed us. We read with interest every page of it. The style is clear, it is written in plain English, and the terms used are not hard to understand.

Mr. Devas has given to the public no ordinary book. It displays originality without eccentricity. He consults the best authorities, at the same time does not fail to do his own thinking. We should classify him among

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honest thinkers and sincere lovers of their brethren of the human race—a radical conservative. The work is eminently judicious.

Its author not only thinks, but observes too, and gathers facts from all quarters, quoting authorities with equal facility, whether ancient, mediæval, or modern. He is evidently familiar with the literature of his subject. He has convictions—convictions of an earnest, clever, broad thinker. We admire his courage and esteem his book as attractive. There is need just now of pens like his to treat the topics of his book and in the way he does. Such pens should not be idle.

We have been promised a review of the work by a competent writer, and look forward to the accomplishment of this purpose.

ORDO DIVINI OFFICII RECITANDI MISSÆQUE CELEBRANDÆ PRO ANNO BISSEXTILI 1884. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

This *Ordo* is a great improvement on the one hitherto in use in its beauty of print and general appearance; it also has in addition to the common office the Roman one. This necessarily makes it somewhat more bulky. Still, it has only one hundred and twenty pages to the nearly one hundred of the old one; and the pages are hardly perceptibly larger. It omits some points given in the other, principally the list of deceased bishops and clergy, and the anniversaries of consecration, etc., of the bishops. It is by no means free from mistakes and misprints, the most important of which, and perhaps all the really serious ones, are corrected in the preface. We would, however, suggest the omission of "Sec. Rubr. Gen." before each day; also the words "Pro Clero Rom." seem hardly necessary, as the red type sufficiently indicates the Roman office. Other criticisms might be made; but it is easier to criticise any book, and especially an ordo, than to make a better one, and this is such an encouraging departure that it is to be hoped further improvement will come of itself.

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MICHAEL ANGELO. A Dramatic Poem. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated. Imperial 8vo, pp. ix.–184. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

This handsome volume is worthy of the taste and resources of its publishers, no less than of the dead poet whose final work it contains. The poem had been written ten years before, but Longfellow had kept it by him for revision, and after his death it appeared for the first time in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Now, in conformity to Longfellow's wish, the Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have given us the work in this elegant form, with thirty-seven illustrations in the highest style of our new school of designers and wood-engravers.

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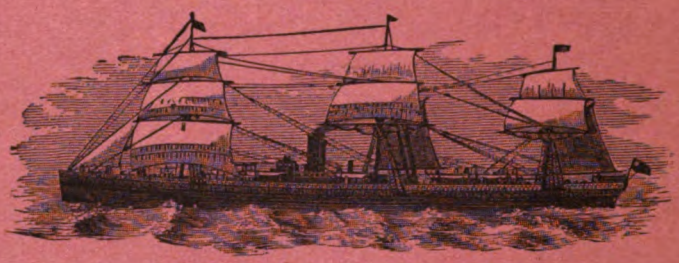

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXVIII. FEBRUARY, 1884. NO. 227.

THE SUPPOSED ISSUE BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

NO one can look much at the current literature of the day without frequently seeing something about the opposition between religion and modern science. Sometimes this opposition, this combat, is merely alluded to as a well-known and obvious fact; sometimes it is discussed at length and its causes explained. But, however this may be, it cannot escape notice that since the bias of those who treat of it, little as they know in many cases of either religion or science, is generally against the former, they are inclined to regard the religious party as playing a losing game, as getting the worst of the battle, and as being obliged to retreat inch by inch before its foe. While admiring the power of religion and the great influence which it still holds over the minds of men, and giving it credit for great good which it has done in its time, they consider that its time is coming to an end, that the age of faith is passing away, and that of reason, as they say, coming in.

These critics do not, however, all think that the religious element is going to entirely depart from the world. Some may, indeed, cherish this hope, but even they hardly regard it as one to be realized except in the remote future. Nay, more, it is generally admitted that the cause of religion is strengthened in a certain way by the assaults which are made upon it, on account of the natural forgetfulness and sinking of minor differ-

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ences and dissensions at the approach of the common enemy. In this view the religious world is forming itself for the present, and perhaps for ever, into a more solid phalanx to resist the charge of its scientific assailants.

And what is the nature of the resistance which it is going to make? Is it one of reason or argument? No, not in the opinion of the wisdom of our day. It is rather an appeal to something higher than argument—to something which is not only above reason in the minds which it possesses, but quite disconnected from it. The last refuge of religion is to be in those faculties from which it has always sprung—that is, in the imagination and sentiments; and as there have always been, and probably always will be, imaginative and sentimental people—people who prefer fancy and feeling to reason—religion will always have its adherents; but all those who will not sacrifice reason for sentiment will ultimately desert it, as so many are doing now, and will join the camp of science, where intellect reigns supreme.

The opposition, then, between the believer in religion and the unbeliever is then represented in this modern school of thought to be not so much in the conclusions reached as in the way of reaching them. The difference between the two is not so much one of actual tenets as of mental constitution. For this reason religion is commonly considered to be more congenial to the feminine mind, as something good and quite natural for women and children, who, forsooth, are incapable of anything more lofty and sublime. Also it finds its proper votaries in poets and artists; music and painting make common cause with it. But that a scientific man can be profoundly religious is something which this modern theory can hardly admit. You may be scientific or religious, either one of the two, but surely not both, unless you have altogether lost your mental balance and proprieties. Nowadays it is not the undevout but the devout astronomer who is mad.

The prevalence of this idea becomes painfully evident when one who has hitherto enjoyed a reputation simply for common sense embraces the Catholic religion—the only one professed among us which is by the world in general considered as a religion in the true sense of the name. "What was it," his friends innocently ask, "that led you to be a Catholic? Was it the music or the ceremonial? I always thought you did not care much about such things." You see they think it must have been fancy or sentiment that took hold of their friend and ran away with him and with what reasoning powers he had. The idea

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that logic could have entered into the process of his conversion does not seem once to occur to their minds.

The view of the modern world, or at least of a great part of it, is, then, that the religious believer—the man, that is to say, who has a real creed and not a mere set of speculative opinions about religion—believes for no sound and solid reason, but simply because he wants to believe; because he is of a believing or credulous disposition, either by nature or education; because reasoning, with its perplexities and its failures in these matters in which he is so much interested, wearies and disappoints him, and faith is a short cut through all difficulties. Or it may be that he believes merely because the object of his faith seems to him beautiful or sublime. His act of faith, at any rate, is one which will not bear examination, and he does not examine it. He blindly takes some system which is presented to him and which seems to him attractive and consoling, and bids reason good-by, either entirely or partially, at least in matters relating to it.

This more developed notion about faith, as well as the vaguer one before mentioned, often comes out quite strongly and is expressed quite clearly to converts. "Well, then," it is said, "you have made up your mind to stop thinking for yourself and get some one to do your thinking for you. Perhaps you are right. It must be a great happiness to be able to rest one's weary head on the bosom of holy mother church, and to put down all doubts by the force of her infallible authority. I think sometimes that I should like to follow your example, but reason is too strong for me. Are you sure that you yourself can always turn a deaf ear to its protests?" Now, this is very irritating to one who has used his reason far more in matters of religion than the one addressing him, and who now, having used it in the right direction, and obtained at last by means of it, aided by God's grace, solid ground to stand on and certain truths to work with, sees opening before him fields hitherto undreamed of for its further successful use.

But though the convert knows that he has been true to reason, and that he has arrived at the truth by being so, he probably fails to convince his friends of this. He is secretly regarded as either cowardly or weak-minded. On the other hand, the unbeliever, who perhaps has never given five minutes' serious consideration to the evidences which he knows religion claims, is represented as the one who is loyal to his rational nature; as courageously refusing to avail himself of the consola-

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tion and peace which he might find by sacrificing it to the requirements of some creed. He is a sort of martyr to sincerity and truth; he takes nothing on trust, but waits till it is proved to his satisfaction. He and those like him are said to be the only thoroughly reasonable men; they are the elect of the human race, the leaders of civilization, the vanguard of progress.

The issue, then, between science and religion is made out by the world to be that between scientific and unscientific thought, between well-grounded knowledge and blind confidence, between reason and imagination. This mistaken view is calmly and continually assumed to be the obviously correct one; even Catholics, who ought to know better, are somewhat influenced by it. It is, then, perhaps worth while to inquire what the true view of the issue is; for surely there must be one somewhere. There could not be so much dust raised about nothing.

In spite, however, of this seeming probability, the fact is that between true religion and true science there is no issue or quarrel at all. The true religion is scientific, and is no more out of harmony with any of the sciences, so far as they have been perfected, than any one of them is with any other. The science obtained by faith in revelation does not contradict science arrived at in other legitimate ways. And not only are the results of faith and any other true science in accordance, but the methods of procedure in constructing both are similar. True religion rests on reason to start with, and is developed and perfected by it, just as is the case with other sciences. Of course the same cannot be said of every wild speculation which may take the name of religion; and it is to the scandal, so to speak, given to religion by the visionary theories formed by Protestants that the issue supposed to exist is largely due. The Catholic Church is supposed by many to start with arbitrary assumptions like those made by the sects, only to differ from them in, and to having some power of, maintaining these assumptions unchanged and of forcing them on millions of subjects, which other bodies have as yet failed to secure.

First, then, in its actual results, the science obtained by faith is in accordance with every other true science. In far the greater part of it there is no danger or possibility of contradiction, for its principal subject-matter is one with which other sciences have no concern. Still, there are points in which they might be conceived as coming into collision with it. If, for instance, it were scientifically demonstrated that the existing

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human race had not sprung from a common human stock, but that it had been gradually developed from some lower orders of being in different parts of the world and under different circumstances, this would certainly be contrary to the plain teaching of Scripture and the dogmas of faith. Or if creation could be disproved by science—if it could be shown that matter had existed from all eternity, and by its own necessary inherent forces had brought itself to its present condition—this, again, would be against the very first point of our creed. The enemies of faith and religion are of course well aware of this, and spare no pains to establish such conclusions as these on scientific grounds. Of course, if any one believes that any such have been scientifically established, there is for him at once a fatal issue between religion and science. He must deny rational evidence, reject science which rests on it, and put religion on some other ground, or he must conclude that there is some mistake about religion, unless he adopts the absurd idea that two truths may contradict each other. But there is no need for any one to be forced to such an alternative, if he is willing to go behind the dicta of certain pseudo-scientists, who do not hesitate to state as certain what they merely hope to prove. If one will only examine the original documents on which the theory of evolution, for instance, is based, he will find that they are far from being sufficient to establish it, and that even the advocates of this theory, if they have really studied it, are obliged frequently to confess that such is the case. There are monstrous gaps in the evidence, link upon link wanting from the chain of reasoning; they "venture to predict" that these will soon be supplied—that is all. Of course they are not to be blamed, if without the light of revelation, for trying to supply them; they have some probability in their favor, and other hypotheses, to which there have seemed to be great objections, have ultimately come out triumphant. But they are to be blamed for trying to give the impression that the verdict of nature has been already substantially rendered in their favor, and that the removal of the objections to their view is merely and simply a matter of time and labor. Their real results leave religion quite unharmed; it is of the highest importance that we should understand this; and we are very foolish if we allow our opponents to deceive us into exchanging the treasure of knowledge which we possess for an empty bubble which we have reason to know will burst in due time, if they will only be so good as to continue to play with it. They may be excusable for interesting themselves in it; perhaps they know no better;

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but we might as well listen to some one who should try to revive the Ptolemaic system of astronomy as to them.

The same may be said, and we may be equally at ease, with regard to geology and any other natural science which may seem to conflict with religion. Everywhere it is not fact, as they would have us believe, but assumption which contradicts us. Facts never interfere with us, nor conclusions legitimately following from them; it is only jumping at conclusions which we have to dread and avoid, and other scientific men, though not possessed of our information, would act wisely by following the same course. Undue prejudice for or against any system, even a righteous indignation against what is imagined to be superstition and priestcraft, is likely to be injurious to the attainment of truth. But perhaps it is not truth that some who claim to be scientific men really desire.

To show, however, the complete harmony, or, more strictly, the entire absence of discordance, between the Catholic religion and the genuine results of scientific research would be a task requiring one or more volumes; and such works have already been written. But of course they can never be final and conclusive to their readers, unless these readers are profoundly versed in genuine science and able to distinguish between conjectures and ascertained truths; for the simple reason that so much is advanced in popular scientific works of the present day as certain which scientific men themselves know and confess to each other is not so. Still, they have their value. Our present purpose, however, is not to write such a work, but merely to say that all the defence we need to make to any one who accuses us of opposing science is to defy any scientist to prove by legitimate argument, such as is admitted as thoroughly satisfactory even in the most prejudiced scientific circles, a single conclusion which is contradictory to any point whatever of the faith of Catholics.

So much, then, for the question of results. But we have said that not only are the results of faith and science accordant, but also their methods are similar. The true religion is as thoroughly reasonable in its foundations and in its entire structure as any of the sciences which the human intellect has formed, and our belief in it is as completely rational as any scientific conviction. Of course this belief of ours is something more than reasonable, for it is aided and confirmed by a special divine gift, which is continually needed by those who have not the time or ability to investigate its reasons, and which, at least at times, is indispensable to every believer on account of the temptations

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which come to obscure our minds, arising from the restraints on passion which religion imposes. But we will set for the present this gift of faith aside from the discussion; the real point is that our religion, considered simply in its human aspect, is a thoroughly scientific system in its formation and merits rational credence.

To appreciate this fully of course requires a study of it such as can only in general be made by those whose lives are specially consecrated to the work of teaching and defending it. The same is the case with other sciences. It is only the professional astronomer who knows how beautiful and perfect astronomy is. But if any one really wishes to see the proofs of the assertion that the Catholic religion is a scientific system, he has only to follow the same course that he would to assure himself similarly with regard to chemistry, optics, botany, or any other department of our systematized knowledge. He has only to read books in which our science is explained; he can find them of all grades, from the children's catechisms up to the works of St. Thomas, Suarez, and the other great theologians of former times and of our own day. He will find, certainly, some matters still open to doubt, as he would in any other science; but he will find—and this is the mark of genuine scientific progress in all departments—that the field open to doubt is always diminishing, and knowledge always advancing. He will see—and here is another mark of true science—that we are not continually pulling to pieces and building up again, like the religious bunglers who recently commemorated the anniversary of their distinguished founder and model; that we are not ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth, but that what is once settled thenceforth remains.

And our inquirer will see that in all the immense, profound, and orderly system of Catholic theology—which would be the amazement of these modern pretenders who claim in the name of science a monopoly of the intellect of the world, if they knew anything about it—there is nothing unreasonable, nothing absurd, no part inconsistent with any other; though it is quite true that in the original deposit of faith, and therefore, of course, in the conclusions drawn from it, there are truths which cannot be evolved out of our own interior consciousness, which reason cannot obtain from itself alone.

What, then, is the foundation, the evidence, for these truths? How can it be a purely rational act to accept them?

If any one makes this difficulty against the reasonableness of

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religion, it can be made against all science which deals with matters outside of our own personality as well. In the natural sciences, we may ask, does reason get along by itself? Does it not need facts and observations with which to start? Does it not want help from outside, and that not merely to begin with, but even continually?

It will be urged that natural science only asks us to trust the evidence of our own senses. But that is not true. A scientific man does not, in point of fact, construct his theories or arrive at his results by means of observations which he himself alone has made. He rightly considers that this is by no means necessary; that the data furnished by other trustworthy observers may be taken and used with as much confidence as if we had personally obtained them by our own labor. The orbit of a comet may be calculated as well by one who has never seen it as by one who has; one may compute the mechanical equivalent of heat or the atomic weights of the chemical elements without ever having touched a piece of apparatus or made a single experiment. It has often happened that great reasoners in science have had little experience in, and little aptitude for, observation.

Natural science, then, rests on testimony, and does not violate the laws of reason by doing so. We have an equal right to claim as much for religion. It may be said that you can repeat the experiments and observations of science if you please, and satisfy yourself of their accuracy by your own senses, so as not to depend on the testimony of others. It is true that this can be done in many cases, though not always; but the real point is not whether it *can* be done, but whether each scientist requires that it *shall* be done by himself before he gives in his adhesion to the resulting conclusions; and to this there can be but one answer.

We have, then, a right to rest religion on testimony, if we can find any strong enough for its base. Now, what is the testimony which we use, in these matters beyond the natural powers, inaccessible to the natural senses of mankind?

It must be, of course, that of some one who stands in some way above the level to which man's natural faculties raise him; either by belonging to a higher order of being, or, if a man like ourselves, by being exalted for a time into a state in which he can see and give evidence about what is to our ordinary senses the invisible and unknowable. In other words, God himself, or an angel, or a prophet, or the equivalent of one of these two, must be the author, for us, of anything that can be properly called religion; must testify to us the otherwise unattainable truths

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that go to make it up. For religion is not a theory about what may be, but a science about what is; it must have its facts to rest on, and these can only be furnished by testimony of this kind.

If there be such testimony in existence, it, and it only, is the necessary and sufficient basis of a religious creed; if there be not, there is no basis for a creed, and no sensible man will try to construct one.

Is there, then, any testimony or evidence of this sort to be had? The question is purely one of fact; there is no fancy or sentiment about it. It is simply an important scientific inquiry which is proposed to us—namely, "Is there any information to be had about certain matters which the bodily senses and natural sagacity of man fail to get at?" It is just the same as if we should ask: "Is there any way of getting information about what is on the other side of the moon? Can anybody tell us anything about it?" If inhabitants should ever be discovered on this side of our satellite, and we could communicate with them, no doubt we should request them to show us a map of the other side; and photographs of this map would be received gladly by all the learned societies, and considered as a most valuable acquisition to science.

As, however, there is no probability of such an event as this, the geography—or selenography—of the other side of the moon is not a practical department of scientific inquiry. But there are other matters, equally beyond the reach of our senses, about which a wide-spread impression prevails that information has been communicated to us. With regard to these, then—that is to say, the matters with which religion is concerned—the question is a practical and sensible one.

Furthermore, these matters are of such vast importance that the faintest rumor of information concerning them would be better worth examining than any of the most certain facts with which other sciences are concerned.

Now, those men who are religious in the true sense of the word are simply those who have determined to pursue this supremely important branch of scientific research; to find out if this very desirable evidence, on which it is necessarily based, exists, and, if so, to determine exactly what it is; then to put it together into a shape which shall make it useful to us; to make a system of it, in short, just as meteorology, for instance, is now being formed as far as possible into a system. If there be a future life, as no one can deny there may be, and if eternal dan-

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gers threaten us in it which may by our present action be avoided—and this also all must admit as possible—the science regarding it must be considered as entitled to take rank, to say the very least, with that which enables us to avoid a cyclone at sea.

The Catholic Church claims to be in possession of evidence sufficient to form such a system, and to have such a system actually formed. But she does not wish that we should accept the evidence or swallow the system blindly; she does not wish that we should put our reason to death, or even to sleep. She courts the fullest examination, both of her teaching and of her evidence for it. She wishes that we should learn from her, just as chemists, botanists, zoölogists, wish that we should learn from them. Neither she nor they wish that we should observe or reason wildly and to no purpose; but neither do she or they wish us to dispense with reason. Use your reason, but use it reasonably; that is the demand of all true scientific teachers to their pupils.

With regard to the nature and satisfactory character of the supernatural testimony which forms the basis of the Catholic system, the testimony of the great Founder of Christianity, whom the world, unwilling though it may be, has always been obliged to acknowledge as its central and greatest figure, it would be out of place to speak here. Out of place, for to discuss the evidences of his claims to teach, to discuss his miracles and especially his resurrection from the dead, which are the seals of his authority, is a work far exceeding the scope of magazine articles. The same is to be said regarding the powers and claims of his apostles, and of the church which he established. Such discussions are easily to be found; if any one is at a loss how to get at them, let him see a clergyman, just as he would see an astronomer if he wanted the evidence of the Copernican system. Every truly scientific man delights to give the proofs of his science; the priest is no exception to the rule. There is not a single point in the whole edifice of Catholic faith which we do not undertake to rest on the rock of reasonable evidence to begin with, and to support by corroborative proofs through all these eighteen centuries.

If it is thought that our evidence is insufficient or our methods not strictly scientific, let these faults be shown; but let it not be falsely alleged that we are opposed to the principles of science, when we claim to follow them closely. Our principle is not wrong, unless that of the historian and that of the court of

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justice is so. The only point open to attack is our manner of applying it; if a fault can be found there we have a right to know what it is. Truth and fairness always pay better in the long run in every quarrel, however much of a deceiver you may think your opponent to be.

But, in point of fact, in this case the quarrel is all on one side. We have no complaint against scientific men truly so called, though many of them are, from ignorance or prejudice, opposed to us. We honor their labors, and, as far as more important duties will permit, we join with them in their investigations. The church encourages scientific pursuits; she rejoices in the search for, and in the attainment of, truth, though it be of an inferior order to her own, for she knows that no truth can ever contradict any other one. We open our ears and eyes and minds to all evidence on any subject, and from whatever quarter it may come. The observation of natural phenomena, the unbiassed use of them for the formation of science, are most excellent and legitimate and have our heartiest sympathy; and we have a strong interest in all their real results.

But when we claim that there are truths which we have discovered by a process just as legitimate as that of the scientists, and quite similar to it, we find them shutting their ears to reason, and refusing to admit evidence. We are met by a cry of "Superstition! Fancy! Weak-mindedness! Religion, indeed! An excellent thing for children and sentimental women, but none of it for us, if you please. We believe what is made plain to our senses and reason, and nothing else." What they really mean is: "We believe what we choose to believe."

If any one will look at the subject dispassionately he will see that the influence of fancy and imagination, and of blind and unreasoning prepossession, really exists in this matter, and is the cause of the apparent issue between religion and science at the present day; but that the imagination and blind confidence are on the side of the scientists, not on ours. It is not fancy to adhere to solidly-established conclusions, carefully drawn from thoroughly-sifted evidence, which the objections of eighteen centuries have failed to weaken or explain away; but it is the height of blind confidence to assume, merely because one hates religion and wishes to destroy it, that every crude theory which would, if established, be contrary to it must necessarily be true. And that is really the animus of the pseudo-scientists of this age, who disgrace the fair and glorious name of the profession to which they belong. They want to prove that man sprang from a mon-

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key or developed from an oyster; and so they consider it proved. They are like the half-fledged geometricians we occasionally meet with, who, having determined, either from ignorance or arrogance, that the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter is still wrapped in mystery, attempt a solution of the problem *de novo;* but it is to be feared that there is more malice than ignorance in most of them.

But if there are some who, like most of the circle-squarers, are really ignorant of the solidity of the fortress which they are attempting to assail, we have only to wait patiently and hope that some happy fortune may lead them to take a look at it, to listen to reason, and to desist from their foolish undertaking. We can only lament that intellects capable of something better should have been led into such unprofitable paths, and to try, if only for the more rapid advance of the science which we honor, to persuade others not to follow their example.

The issue, then, between the Catholic religion and science, as far as there is any at the present time, can be simply stated in a very few words. It is the issue between a true science well formed and thoroughly elaborated through many centuries, and certain theories put forward, indeed, by scientific men, but with a confidence which is strangely in contrast with their usual deliberation and caution. It is they, and not we, who believe because they wish to believe; it is they, and not we, who sacrifice reason to imagination. For our part, let us cling to reason and never lose sight of it, for without fidelity to it error is unavoidable.

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THE TRUE BEATRICE CENCI.*

IN the Barberini Palace at Rome hangs the famous original of that picture which, in print or color, is familiar to all the world. The story of Beatrice Cenci is still of such absorbing and tragical interest that while a few artists and amateurs may linger to study the portraits of Raphael Sanzio and the Fornarina which hang in that gallery, the crowd is always to be found before the picture of this too celebrated patrician—a crowd as full of sympathy to-day as nearly three centuries ago on the day of her execution before the Castle of St. Angelo.

Since her death Beatrice has not lacked advocates to urge her innocence and to charge injustice upon the sentence which condemned her. Both poet and painter have been inspired by her tragic death, and they have endeavored to place the double crown of virginity and martyrdom on the brow of the illustrious patrician. But the natural result of idealizing this heroine has been the shameful calumniation of the great pontiff who at that time ruled Rome and the world, and the accusation that the treasury coveted the immense wealth of the Cenci family. Nearly three centuries have passed, and the truth of this matter would be still to discover were it not for Signor A. Bertolotti, who in 1879 published the second edition of his studies of Francesco Cenci and his family. This book is a collection of irrefutable documents which, when they are analyzed with the skill of an archivist, are more than sufficient to convince the most incredulous and to place this tragic history on its true basis.

The practical, one might almost say the materialistic, mind of the historical writers of to-day has led to a search through a mass of unpublished and hitherto private documents. Signor Bertolotti, by his untiring examination of the archives of the Apostolic Chamber, the Treasury, the criminal courts, and the Roman Notary's Office, and by patient investigation of the private correspondence of embassy attachés of that period—in fact, of everything bearing on the subject—has been able to give us the true history of the Cenci. In defending the truth he becomes, without intending it, the defender of the papal government; for he proves not only that Beatrice was guilty and that

* By Bertolotti, Archivist in Rome. From the French of Abbé Ferina published in the *Journal de Rome.*

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she deserved her punishment, but that Clement VIII. showed the greatest possible kindness towards her.

Francesco Cenci, son of Beatrice Arias and Cristoforo Cenci, was born in 1549. His father left him immense wealth, accumulated in the most fraudulent and illegal manner during his management of the general treasury of the Apostolic Chamber. Francesco had, besides this, inherited the great fortune of two of his uncles, so that he thus became one of the wealthiest men of his time. Very precocious by nature, he was emancipated in 1561, at the age of twelve, a few days only after the death of his father. Besides inheriting the riches he inherited all the vices also of his father, and, as he fell under the bad example which had surrounded him from the cradle, avarice, lust, and anger were constantly a part of his life. Yet he was not quite so bad as the worshippers of his daughter would fain make him to have been. Cenci's vices and eccentricities have been exaggerated solely to exonerate her from the crime which brought her to the scaffold. While young he attracted attention by some scandalous adventures, and his mother, therefore, decided to have him marry. October 24, 1563, he espoused Ersilia Santa Croce. It was not long before he had trouble with the tribunals. To prevent all dispute of his inheritance he paid, in the very year of his father's death, thirty thousand crowns to different public offices that had been held by his father, among others three thousand eight hundred to the chapter of St. Peter, which had most reason to complain of his father's misconduct. Later, under the reign of Sixtus V., for the same reason he had to make another sacrifice of twenty-five thousand crowns. These figures give us of the present day but a feeble idea of the colossal wealth of the Cenci. Francesco was licentious, quarrelsome, and hot-tempered. These qualities, the last particularly, cost him many lawsuits and consequently many fines and even imprisonments. In 1567 an action for assault and battery opens the series of judicial troubles. He was then eighteen. Though found guilty, the lesson was of no use to him. Other prosecutions follow, to be settled by further imprisonment, fine, and banishment. Later on he reappears before the courts for frequent offences against public morals. He again escapes, but only by paying a fine of one hundred thousand crowns. His debaucheries cost him dear, and at the moment when death surprised him he had not yet paid the debt which he had contracted to raise the amount of this last fine. But under the brief pontificates of Urban VII., Gre-

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gory XIV., and Innocent IX., believing his personal liberty and his fortune to be more secure, he gave himself up to a career of libertinism and disorder, only to undergo another period of judicial prosecution.

Still, although corrupt and violent, he was neither the unnatural father nor the impious impenitent he has been represented to have been. In a will made in 1586 he declares his wish to be buried in the church of San Tomaso à Cenci, over which his family exercised a right of patronage. In this will Baron Cenci shows himself to have some piety and much attachment to his family, with the exception of his son Giacopo, who had alienated his father's affections by his unnatural conduct. He left many legacies for the endowment of hospitals and poor young girls, which does not indicate that incurable perversity which has been attributed to him. As a husband he had no contest with the courts. The accusation of having poisoned his wife, like many other accusations, had no foundation. We have a right even to believe that these accusations were not made until after his death; for if these reports had circulated during his life, doubtless the public treasury, which had compelled him to pay very dearly for assaults on his vassals and creditors, would have given them some attention. It may be said that as long as his wife Ersilia lived the opulent baron was under some restraint. Her salutary influence over her family was considerable, and her death, which happened in 1584, after twenty-one years of marriage, was sincerely mourned by her husband. She bore him twelve children, seven of whom lived. Their names in order were Giacopo, Cristoforo, Rocca, Antonina, Beatrice, Bernardo, and Paolo.

After losing his wife Baron Cenci remained a widower nine years, and it is during this period that the greatest disorders were manifested in his family. Giacopo, his eldest son, had received his entire confidence, but he abused it in many ways, marrying against the baron's will a woman of inferior position and of no fortune, and soon contracting debts which his father was obliged to pay. His father persecuting him, he appeals to the pope for protection. In revenge the baron disinherits him "from just and reasonable motives which compel such action." Giacopo retorts by a plot to kill his father. He is denounced to the latter, who becomes convinced of the truth of the charge. Dragged before the tribunals, he is acquitted through the testimony of his brothers and of other false witnesses. But the baron, who knew the perversity of his son, remains no less convinced of his guilt. His fears and his presentiments decide him to re-

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move as far as possible from his son, to quit Rome and to go to the castle of Rocca di Petrella, in the Abruzzi.

Cristoforo was sent in company with his brother Rocca to the University of Padua, but a series of scandalous and outrageous adventures obliged them to return to Rome before the completion of their studies. At Rome their conduct was no wiser. After many prosecutions they both perished in duels.

Bernardo, scarcely thirteen years old, testified against his father in some scandalous suit. In the judgment which followed the murder of his father, Bernardo's lawyers, to save him, represented him as imbecile. But he was far from being so, if we may judge from the letters which he afterward wrote from the prison of Civita Vecchia.

As to Paolo, the last son of this sad family, he was always ill, and died when fourteen, between the time of his father's death and the imprisonment of his family. Antonina, the oldest of the Cenci daughters, was the only one who had not to appear before the tribunals, and who inherited the virtues of her mother. She married in 1595 a Signor Savelli, and died before her father, without children.

We now come to Beatrice. She is the one of all the members of this wretched family who excites the most interest, on account of her misfortunes and of the imaginary halo with which popular tradition has crowned her. The truth in regard to this parricidal heroine has been so distorted that it has ended in making her an angel of beauty, innocence, and candor, a martyr, a young girl clothed with every virtue, above all very rich, and a victim of the injustice and rapacity of the venerable octogenarian who then filled the office of Vicar of Him who pardoned his executioners. It is important to be very accurate as to the date of Beatrice's birth. The archives of the basilica of San Lorenzo in Damaso show that she was born the 12th of February, 1577. This date is of value in proving once more how much the legend has been embellished. One understands this by the care which certain historians, De Angelis among others, have taken to remove all dates from the story. She mounted the scaffold the 10th of September, 1599. She was, therefore, twenty-one when her father died, and twenty-two when her head fell under the axe of the executioner. We are some way from the fifteen and sixteen years of the legend! We need not infer that Beatrice was less dazzlingly beautiful than represented because, notwithstanding her dowry of twenty thousand crowns, she did not marry. Family motives and the unsociable nature of her

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father might have had their effect, but the rest of the story will give us another reason more than sufficient in itself.

Such, then, was the family of the Baron Cenci. Nine years a widower, he afterward married Lucrezia Petroni, whose weak character gave her little influence in so lawless a family. This second marriage, increasing years, and the conviction of his attempted assassination by his eldest son contributed to sober this once too ardent spirit and to influence him to a change of life. The patrician, looking about him, examining each one of his children in turn, sees what? The most sordid vices invading his domestic hearth, and his financial affairs in total confusion. This old man, whom they paint as a monster incapable of all feeling, began to fear and tremble for the future. Energetically, but too late, he undertook thorough reformation in his family. The strict surveillance he soon attempted to exercise over every member was naturally resented by his children, unaccustomed to any discipline; but resistance only increased his determination, and, seeing his life menaced at Rome and the turbulent living of a capital unfavorable to his plans, he announced to his family their departure for the country, for the castle of Rocca di Petrella. Forthwith he, his wife Lucrezia, and the three children, Bernardo, Paolo, and Beatrice, depart for the country.

The children, deciding very quickly on their course, had formed this conspiracy before starting: A dozen bandits were posted in the forests which surrounded the castle, who were to fall on the baron on his arrival, carry him off, and hold him as hostage till his ransom should arrive. Feigning inability to raise the sum exacted, the children were to allow the moment fixed for its payment to pass and thus oblige the bandits to put their prisoner to death. But the baron was prudent: scouts had preceded him and discovered the bandits. For all this, he did not renounce his enterprise, and, when all danger was over, started again for Rocca. It is probable that he already had well-founded suspicions of his daughter, for after this he never would partake of any food without her first tasting it.

Of the four children who remained to the baron, Paolo alone appears to have taken no part in the parricide. As we have seen, he died before the imprisonment of his brothers, his sister, and his stepmother. Of the others, Giacopo, the eldest, who remained at Rome, and Bernardo, who, escaped with Paolo from Rocca di Petrella, had taken refuge near their brother, were implicated in the murder of their father.

But Beatrice appears as the heroine of this horrible tragedy.

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It is she who, by her emissaries, finds assassins to undertake the business; it is she who introduces by night, through underground passages of the castle, the wretches to murder her father; it is she who, aided by her stepmother, Lucrezia, cunningly administers to the victim a powerful opiate; it is she who, while Francesco Cenci sleeps the sleep of the drugged, introduces the assassins into his chamber. Even they recoil in presence of this sleeping victim. Beatrice, this timid young girl, by threat and invective succeeds in quelling their fear and shame, and forces them to consummate the crime rather than see herself use the sword which she brandishes over the head of her father. The crime accomplished, the two murderers flee, leaving to the two new Eumenides the task of finishing their work. Then—horrible thing!—the young girl and her mother seize this still bleeding body by the feet, drag it through chambers and corridors to a window opening on the garden, and hurl it on to an enormous elder-tree, on the branches of which the corpse lies hanging till the following morning. This was the night of September 8, 1598.

Some weeks after we find the whole family at Rome again, shut up in their apartments, shrouded in mourning, and affecting the profoundest grief for the blow that had fallen on them.

But human justice was not slow in discovering the secret of Baron Cenci's death. The report of his death soon reached Naples, for Rocca di Petrella was on Neapolitan territory. An inquest was ordered, at the close of which all the baron's servants, vassals, and tenants were carried in chains to Naples. The body of Francesco Cenci was exhumed, his violent death proved, and the crime denounced at the court of Rome. However, in spite of special effort at Rome, months elapsed before the Cenci family was arrested. In the meantime Olympio and Marzio, Beatrice's two assassins, paid dearly for their criminal complicity. The first was basely assassinated, that his secret might be buried with him; the second fell into the hands of the Neapolitan police, who sought him as the instigator of some notorious robbery. His confessions attracted the attention of the judges. There was no longer any doubt concerning the murder at Rocca di Petrella, and it was on the strength of these revelations that the guilty were arrested.

The prosecution proceeded with wise moderation. They had recourse, it is true, to torture to compel the accused to confess their crime. This has been made a great reproach to the papal government. But it must be remembered that at that epoch,

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though less at Rome than elsewhere, many of the customs of the dark ages were still in full force. Besides, other depositions and a thousand other proofs established the falseness of the prisoners' defence. Beatrice even longer than the others persisted in denying everything. According to De Angelis, a chronicler of that period, she never would have acknowledged her guilt. The chronicler goes further and accuses the prosecution of availing themselves of the secrets of the murderer Olympio's confession, and "this against all rights, against a constitution of Paul III., against the dignity of the sacrament." And it was to such means that Pope Clement VIII., at the end of his resources, must resort! Truly, calumny could not be more audacious.

Asking pardon of Signor Felice Venosta, who has not scrupled to publish three editions of the De Angelis memoirs, these memoirs are simply a tissue of falsehood and calumny. And why? Because De Angelis was the advocate of the Cenci; and, further, he was the friend and business agent of another branch of the Cenci family, who, interested in its honor, brought odium on justice justly severe to their relatives, by circulating those false reports to which we owe the imaginary Beatrice of the legend—the victim of the brutality and violence of her father and of the avarice of a pope.

All the accused had made their confessions, with the exception of Beatrice, who, in spite of torture, persisted in absolute denial. Neither menaces nor prayers could move her. At last her mother approached the rope by which she was suspended, and which tore the flesh from her wrists and dislocated the bones of her arms. Her persuasions prove more effectual.

"My poor child," says she, "let us not be uselessly tortured. The sin was committed; nothing remains but to do penance to save our souls and to accept with courage the death we deserve." "Death is nothing," replied Beatrice, casting a look of ineffable disdain on her mother. "I would have submitted to that without flinching, were not the honor of my house involved; but, since you all combine against me, I surrender." Then turning toward the tribunal, "Have me unbound, and submit me to another examination."

Her admissions were full, and agreed perfectly with the confessions of her accomplices, the depositions of witnesses, and the proofs and accusations of the prosecution. The result was the crushing, horrible truth. Never was parricide perpetrated under more atrocious circumstances. Five months passed before

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advocates could be found to defend the accused, but all legal formalities were scrupulously adhered to. The defence was confided to three of the best Roman lawyers, among them the distinguished Farinacci. He alone has transmitted to us the ungarbled report of the case. All the advocates were enthusiastic in their cause and left nothing undone to secure the acquittal of their clients. To justify the daughter nothing was too horrible to impute to the baron, her father. According to them the father wished to become the corrupter of his own children, and Beatrice, to save her honor and virtue, was obliged to imbrue her hands in the blood of her father.

We have reached the point of departure from the legend. De Angelis, who calls himself one of the advocates in this suit—although it does not appear that he was so—takes good care to conceal the testimony, in order to leave a free field for his pretended chronicle. Suppressing all that would contradict his assertions, and determining at any price to gain his cause before less enlightened judges, De Angelis says of his memoir: "This history is the only true one of the Cenci parricide; the love of truth, the honor of the Cenci, have forced me to write for posterity only." This is comprehensible; for if this memoir had appeared in that famous day, doubtless Mgr. Tavenni, the governor of Rome, would have sent De Angelis, although so well informed, to investigate the dungeons of the Castle of St. Angelo. According to De Angelis there is no doubt of the baron's brutality. Holding nothing sacred, he hesitated at nothing which could gratify his infamous passions. The rigorous seclusion to which he subjects his daughter Beatrice, and his harsh treatment of her, have no other end. This proceeding was not without precedent. His daughter Antonina, De Angelis says—and many others have repeated it after him—an object of the same persecutions, had succeeded in forwarding to Pope Clement VIII. a petition in which she did not spare her father. His Holiness took her under his protection and married her to a Roman gentleman named Savelli, after obliging her father to furnish her a dower of twenty thousand crowns.

Without dwelling on the absurdity of this assertion, and the contradiction involved between the condescension and the rapacity of the same pontiff, let us say that this is only a very harmless illusion. The registrar Savelli, whom Signor Bertolotti cites, shows us that the marriage was brought about in a very different manner; that the deliberations which preceded, and the letters which were exchanged, prove the consent of the hus-

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band, and, above all, of the baron, her father. And this is why Beatrice, seeing the success of her sister's venture, would have imitated it, but was prevented by her father, whose vigilance was redoubled at the suspicion of a second revolt. Another self-styled historian of the Cenci, although more conscientious, Dal Bono (Naples, 1864), would claim to be still better informed. According to him Beatrice succeeds in eluding the surveillance of the baron, and forwards a petition to the Holy Father; but this petition was lost in some one of the various offices through which it has to pass; this is why, doubtless, no trace of it has ever been found! What is most singular is that neither De Angelis nor Dal Bono has placed it, as they have so many other documents, in the appendix of their books as proof of their assertions.

But the document has never been found, and is still to find. Let us even admit the fact and the document. How happened it, then, that on the denunciation by the two daughters of the infamous proposals of their father the matter should have stopped there? How was it that the public treasury, whose eyes were always open to the slightest vagaries of the baron, and who always made him pay dearly for his fancies and his libertinism, did not avail itself of the terrible accusation at least to withdraw the children from the paternal authority? It is because at this period the accusation had never been made; it is because the inventive imagination of Farinacci even did not dream of this ignoble expedient to save his client from the hands of the executioner.

Another point which the advocates of Beatrice have been very careful to feign ignorance of, and which would have ruined all their pleading, is that this sweet and heroic Beatrice had given most damaging testimony concerning her own innocence and purity. Once her obstinate silence was overcome, the defiant bearing which had held in check all insidious questions of her judges yielded to a wise resignation. She confessed everything. Her depositions and those of her domestics at the castle of Rocca di Petrella rent the veil of mystery which concealed her infamous relations with Olympio Calvetti, the murderer of her father. These depositions give us the clue to the whole tragedy. This Olympio Calvetti, at one time intendant of Rocca di Petrella, was driven away by the baron on account of the too familiar relations existing between him and his daughter Beatrice. Unfortunately the separation was too late, and Beatrice gladly submitted to a seclusion, enforced by her father, which enabled her at the same time to conceal from the public the too evident

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proofs of her weakness. Such was the heroic virtue of a young girl who, to shield herself, did not fear to imbrue her hands in the blood of her father. A remnant of modesty prevented further disclosures. But her will, and, above all, a last codicil dictated *in extremis*, which was not to be opened till some time after her death, will give us the great and terrible secret of her life. Here is an extract from this testament:

"*Item*, I leave to Catharine de Sanctis, widow, who lives at present near one dame Margaret Sarocchi, three hundred crowns, which are to be invested in an annuity and devoted to the sort of charity I have indicated."

Beatrice had already slept thirty-five years under the marbles of San Pietro in Montorio when the fiscal procurator of that venerable church, Giulio Lanciono, goes to the notary Colonna, tells him that he is informed of the existence of a codicil made by Beatrice Cenci September 8, 1599, three days before her execution, and that the codicil ought to be found among his deeds. The paper was found, and, after the necessary formalities, the triple seal broken. Then we read:

". . . I leave by title of legacy, or any other better title, to the dame Marguerite Sarocchi-Birago five hundred crowns, asking her prayers for the repose of my soul; but she will enjoy only the income of this sum, without power to alienate the capital, which the said dame, dying, shall deliver to Catharine de Sanctis, or other persons designated by the said Dame de Sanctis, with the obligations specified hereafter."

We grasp the great secret:

"I leave by the same deed to the dame Catharine de Sanctis, who lives at present near the dame Marguerite Sarocchi, five hundred crowns, with the obligation of placing it at interest for the education of the poor child of whom I have spoken confidentially to her; and as long as this child lives she shall be held responsible for its maintenance by the help of this income, etc. . . ."

Here we have, in all her sad reality, the immaculate idol on whom poets, historians, novelists have wasted their admiration, artists their inspirations; whom they have saluted as virgin, martyr, angel of beauty and innocence, and whom they have personified under the name of the Angel of Parricide. This is the heroine, meriting so much of her country, to whom in 1879 they wished to raise a monument at the Capitol!

Beatrice has slept the sleep of pardon for three centuries, but the halo which has surrounded her so long was acquired at the expense of the dignity and honor of the Sovereign Pontiff who, from motives of justice alone, signed her death-warrant. This is

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why the learned archivist who has published these documents may justly congratulate himself on having corrected a page of history. Moreover, the penitence, tears, and last prayer of Beatrice on the scaffold touch our hearts and awaken our sympathies.

Her advocates pleaded her cause with energy, soliciting and obtaining an audience of the pope, hoping to gain, if not their cause, at least a pardon. Cardinal Baronius, who was the almost inseparable companion of this pope, in some lines on this lugubrious history shows us the struggle which took place in the mind of the aged pontiff between his sense of duty and love of mercy. The tribunal had already pronounced sentence, but the pope still temporizes, in the hope that some way of escape may offer itself to the guilty. He listens four long hours to the pleading. Hesitation gives courage to the defenders of such a cause. The struggle still goes on in the heart of this pope, so constantly misrepresented, so daringly styled "indementissime," till, one after another, reports of further crimes reach his ears. This great soul, whose portrait Baronius has drawn with such ineffable tenderness, this old man sinking under the burden of years, broken with continual infirmities, finds himself confronted with a terrible duty imposed upon him as pope and king. After tidings of a fratricide committed, during the imprisonment of the Cenci, in a patrician family of the city, the governor of Rome received from Civita Vecchia the further intelligence of a murder of a sexagenarian in her bed by her own son. This matricide was in a family related to the Cenci, which, strange to say, neither De Angelis, Guerazzi, nor other commentators have noticed. In face of such atrocities clemency could be only weakness, and pardon give a blow to family security. The spirit of the age, inimical to the papacy, would not have failed to declare that the Cenci had once more bought the popes and their judges. An example, then, was necessary to avenge public morality and to intimidate from further crime. Clement VIII. must give this example, and he gives it. His Holiness summons the governor of Rome and says to him: "I place in your hands the cause of the Cenci, that you may execute prompt and sure justice."

The next day Clement VIII. visited Santa Maria degli Angeli to consecrate the Cardinal Peter Stams, Bishop of Olni. Every one could see in his noble countenance, pale and careworn, marks of the struggle he had been through. By an extraordinary grace, a thing unheard of, in the Roman courts at least, the tribunal revised the sentence. It was unanimously approved.

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Giacopo, Lucrezia, and Beatrice were condemned to death; Bernardo to the galleys for life, and to be carried on the car with his accomplices to the usual place of execution, in order to be present at their death. All their wealth was confiscated. Never was sentence more just. But Clement VIII. found a way to soften this sentence. He allowed all the condemned to make their wills and thus to dispose of their share of the paternal estate. The privilege was embraced by all. News spread very quickly in the city, and the excitement was intense. The 11th of September was the day fixed for the execution. On this day from early dawn an immense crowd filled the streets and avenues leading to the Castle of St. Angelo, and the roofs of the surrounding buildings were covered with spectators. The funeral cars which bore the condemned with difficulty made their way.

The last moments of Beatrice were most touching. She rose, dried her eyes, and pronounced with firm and full voice her last prayer:

"O Christ, my Master! thou callest me, and I flee to thee with all my heart. Do not refuse me thy forgiveness for the great sin that I have committed. Since thou, innocent, didst suffer so many torments, and even an ignominious death, why should I, a sinner, hesitate to throw myself into the arms of death, and a too easy death when my sins are remembered? I am about to depart with a firm hope of going to dwell near thee in thy paradise, or at least in a place of purification and deliverance."

Cardinal Baronius relates that on the day of the execution of Beatrice, her mother and brother, Pope Clement left Rome. Three discharges of cannon announced to him the moment these three heads were about to fall under the sword of justice. The condemned knew that at this moment the pontiff would raise his hand and bestow on them the apostolic indulgence for the dying. This act of paternal charity accomplished, the "hard-hearted and cruel" Clement VIII. fell senseless in the arms of the prelates of his court.

Beatrice, according to her worshippers, must lose the last vestige of innocence remaining to her. She must die in impenitence, blasphemy and execration on her lips. "Pope Aldobrandini, . . . when thou also shalt appear in the presence of God, mayest thou find that pity which, always cruel, thou hast never shown to others! . . . You shall say to Clement VIII. and my judges that I await them on high in heaven." These words are found in the *Rivista Contemporanea* of 1855, in a drama called the history of *Alcide Olcari*. The cruelty of Clement VIII. could not have been pushed further, according to Henri Beyle, who,

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under the pseudonym of Stendahl, published at Paris in 1855 his *Chroniques et Nouvelles.*

"The pope," he dares to write, "knowing Beatrice to have been unjustly condemned, and fearing for the salvation of her soul should she die unresigned, sent her his benediction in *articulo mortis* just as the cannon of St. Angelo had indicated the moment of execution. Hence the delay at this cruel moment which the chronicler alludes to."

The *Crimes Célèbres* say something better still:

"To render this expiation more meritorious Clement VIII. withheld his benediction five minutes while his victims' heads lay on the block awaiting the stroke."

These words would imply that the pope watched the execution from the windows of the Vatican, while in fact, leaving his palace of the Quirinal at a very early hour, he had celebrated the Holy Sacrifice at St. John Lateran and then gone to the Campagna.

None of the detractors of the papacy in this sad question had ever in their hands a single document possessing accuracy or any intrinsic value. A chronicle, asserted to be contemporary, found in the library of the Minerva, but which the learned archivist who has thrown so much light on this matter attributes to the beginning of the eighteenth century, seems to have been not only the foundation of most of the tragedies and histories written on this subject, but the source whence De Angelis, Stendahl, and others have drawn their inspirations. To popular tradition—always to be suspected when transmitted in furtherance of private interests—to endless poems, and to the hiding and burying of documents too compromising may be attributed most of the calumnies with which the histories of the Cenci abound. But we shall see that in course of time the legend acquired a political character. This may explain some of the statements of the historian Muratori and of the encyclopædist Moroni, who certainly cannot be suspected of unfriendliness to the papacy, and who have merely narrated the unnatural acts as they received them. According to the first the sentence was horrible—the more horrible that it was arbitrary and pronounced by the head of the church. Then, his heart relenting a little at the severity of the words which the deeds he supposed proved obliged him to use, he adds, to acquit his conscience: "This history is full of mystery; who will ever be able to draw the sinister veil that envelops it?" Further on he says: "Who knows but at some time those we now believe guilty will be proved innocent?"

The truth had already found valiant defenders before Signor

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Bertolotti, especially in Mgr. Philippi Scolari, who published a book and two pamphlets against Guerazzi. But, for want of sufficient documents to confound the calumnies of his adversary, principally those relative to the accusations of avarice and cupidity launched against Clement VIII., he contents himself with denying the confiscation, and cites from the jurisconsults of his time in aid of his thesis. For the rest, had he obtained the most irrefutable documents, he would have no better convinced his adversary, who was intrenched, not behind the truth, but behind the political end he meant to attain at any price. His last word was always a new insult, a new calumny, directed toward the papacy. He was not ashamed to write these words: "Now I have asserted, and I maintain, that these massacres were committed by Ippolito Aldobrandini, Roman pontiff, to satisfy his frightful lust for the wealth of others; he was a thief and an assassin, and I prove it!" This is why, one day, in fear lest the truth should convict him and his hand waver in writing these pages quivering with hate of the papacy, he refuses the generous offer made by the notary Venuti of documents on the Cenci contained in his archives, saying that those he already had were sufficient. It is precisely in the archives of this notary that Signor Bertolotti discovers the documents which prove the falseness of these calumnies.

But no matter; a great end is to be gained, and to accomplish this it is necessary to throw contempt on the papacy, to root it out, to tear from the heart of Italy this sore which has done it so much harm, in order to give place to the revolution which must regenerate the people, enslaved and crushed under the rule of the popes. Others had made this attempt before, but their stories lacked spirit and color, above all reality. Guerazzi, with his Tuscan tongue, ardent imagination, implacable hate, and "sense of duty," is a good patriot, who knows how to give a political aspect to a historical legend. To overthrow and exterminate a government and an institution under the patronage of which, he says, are committed all imaginable abominations, the romancer, impelled by political hate and too weak to struggle in face of the truth, like other detractors of the papacy has recourse to that most vile and shameful weapon, calumny.

Now that the Italian brothers are within the walls of Rome and have attained their end, it would seem that the political legend of Beatrice Cenci and the historical romance of Guerazzi had served their purpose. But if it be difficult to certain writers to be fair on account of preconceived ideas, it is harder

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still to take away from a people a tradition, even innocent, transmitted from generation to generation, and maintained by the press; it is next to impossible to do away with a legend quickened and nourished by political hate. The great patriot Guerazzi, hoping to restore the memory of this beautiful innocent, proposed and composed an inscription to be placed on a commemorative marble at the Capitol in honor of this celebrated sinner. But happily the Italian youth of to-day are no longer that of 1848. Years pass and literary tastes change, and this book of Guerazzi's has no other attraction now than that of typographical illustration. Yet though time has done justice to the book, the legend still remains.

The imprisonment of the Cenci was far from being so rigorous as represented. Under the present régime of liberty one can hardly conceive that it could have been allowed to criminals of this sort to have their servants and domestics about them and their table served from without, as was permitted to the Cenci. Many honest people would be content with such arrangements.

The government has very little interest in these revelations, and woe to him who makes them! Truth is a crime when used in the service of the papacy. After the publication of his books on Benvenuto Cellini, and Francesco Cenci and his family, Signor Bertolotti, archivist of the Italian government, was transferred from Rome to Mantua. Several journals, in rather severe terms, have accused the government of taking vengeance on Bertolotti for the impartiality with which he has published documents favorable to the popes by placing this conscientious lover of the truth where it will be impossible for him to continue his researches.

Certainly our thanks are due Signor Bertolotti, who has sacrificed his own interests in giving to the public documents which must establish beyond question in the minds of the candid and truth-seeking the guilt of the Cenci and the merciful justice of Pope Clement VIII.

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SOME ASPECTS OF THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

WE hear a great deal on the burning questions of the day. Numerous are they, indeed, and worthy of serious thought. Among them stands pre-eminently the school question; again, there is divorce, and then the matter of mixed marriages. In every way are these great questions propounded, sifted, discussed. Hardly a magazine or periodical of any kind which has not an article on some one of these leading topics. It is rarely, however, that from Catholic sources we hear a word on the "negro problem." We seem to ignore it, as though it were possible to do so. An occasional glimmer, however, like the stray streaks of sunlight through a London fog, inspires a hope that "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands to God." In a recent number of the *Catholic Universe* the worthy bishop of Cleveland, zealous for every good work, called upon priests and nuns to devote themselves to the colored as well as the Indian missions. This step on the part of one of the suffragan bishops tallies with the encouragement of the Provincial Synod of Cincinnati, which also in its pastoral told the clergy and laity of the great field round about their doors ready for the harvest and awaiting the coming of workmen. In THE CATHOLIC WORLD of June last was a long article, a plea for the colored race, which showed how the church, and she alone, can fully answer the wants of the freedmen. The Josephite Fathers in Baltimore are issuing a small quarterly paper with the purpose of spreading a knowledge of the colored mission. In the last place we put the most important, the appeal of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore in behalf of the colored race's salvation. It is a meagre list.

Can the great church of the United States afford to ignore the negro problem? That is a serious question. Certainly, when we remember that this people are of the same stock as ourselves, children with us of a common father on earth—Adam—as also of a common Creator in heaven, we must be alive to their earthly needs or else repudiate our common manhood. We must also be alive to their spiritual needs or relinquish our claim of being Christians. God is the common creator of all men, but is not the common father of all men. He, however, freely offers

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this privilege of divine filiation to all men through the grace of his only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ. Christ became man and died for all mankind of every tongue and tribe, people and nation, under the sun. This is what Christianity means. For the African race as well as for us Christ became man and ascended the tree of the cross; the same sacraments apply the Most Precious Blood to their souls as to ours; they enjoy as good a right to be members of Christ's mystical body as we. Holy church has adorned with the aureole the children of this despised race, as she has those of the favored. It is scarcely fifty years since Gregory XVI. beatified Blessed Martin of Porres, a colored lay brother of the Dominican Order and a native of Peru. To-day in her college in Rome are seen the black sons of Adam as well as the white. No doubt, then, abstracting from any consideration of the country's well-being, the colored man has a claim and a right on the church's care and attention. The Second Council of Baltimore tells us:

"Since it is the duty of pastors to care for the whole flock entrusted to them, in a special way should they watch over those who either are exposed to greater danger, or, possessing less virtue, can with more difficulty resist the wiles of Satan. For 'we that are stronger ought to bear the infirmities of the weak,' and, as far as in us lies, to extend the blessing of redemption to all, for whom Christ shed his blood."

The council declares that it freely accepts the tenor of the instruction from the Propaganda on this point. That great centre of missionary enterprise was then in accord with its customary instructions. In the *Monita ad Missionarios*, printed under its authority, the missionaries are told to follow the steps of their divine Master in attending to the sheep of the fold before looking after those beyond it. Now, the sheep are of many hues and sizes, and "ubi lex non distinguit nec nos debemus distinguere." According to this, indeed, a Catholic colored man has a greater claim upon us than a Protestant white, inasmuch as the former is of the fold, while the latter is not. The professedly Catholic among the colored people are very few, perhaps one hundred thousand, while the apostates are plentiful. It is still within the memory of living men when the easterly portion of Baltimore, known as Fell's Point, had an entirely Catholic colored population. The same is said of "French Town" in St. Louis, where there are many colored people. A resident of New Orleans during thirty-eight years told the writer that there Protestantism was almost unknown among the colored, free or slaves, until after the late war. And it is not so many years since the

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Methodists ventured among the colored in some parts of the lower counties of Maryland. We have been losing ground among the emancipated, owing in great measure to the lack of priests, who would instruct and look after these unfortunate Catholics. The political status of the old masters, seemingly as a matter of course, had a great deal to do with the backsliding. The newly freed, in their necessarily confined notions, identified the masters' religion with their political views. Now, as Catholic slaves as a rule had Catholic masters, who were all of one shade of opinion upon public questions, we need not wonder that the untutored and ignorant children of Cham united the church with the political enemy, neglecting, or, what is worse, forsaking the one while hating the other. It is a known fact that the schools built by the Freedman's Bureau passed over into the hands of the Methodists, who turned them nearly all into places for their religious worship. A Jesuit father of long experience among the colored told the writer that into some of these so-called Christian churches Catholic colored men were brought, and there made to take an oath never to return to the old faith. Surely such wandering sheep should excite our pity. When the divine Master was enlightening his apostles on the nature of their calling he showed them the value of a soul in the parable of the lost sheep, for which the shepherd, leaving the ninety-and-nine, sought till he found. No particular sheep was specified; no shade nor age nor sex was excluded. Any and every lost sheep, then, demands the apostolic solicitude. Truly, indeed, the wandering Catholics, so frail yet so neglected, among the colored, may well be eagerly sought out and returned to the bosom of their holy mother, that "there may be joy before the angels of God." There is no doubt—there can be no doubt—but that as Christ's redeemed the colored race have a right to our labors. There can be no justification for bringing within the hallowed precincts of holy faith the petty prejudices and dislikes nurtured in the human breast. Because men despise the negro is rather a reason why the church should embrace him, in this resembling her crucified Founder, as well as in her own sorrowing life, persecuted and hated as she is by the sons of men. There are antipathies between the Irish and English, the Germans and Dutch, the Austrians and Italians, but in no way do these ill feelings militate against either of the opponents being spiritually cared for. Why, then, should the black skin of some Christians be a bar against them to even the essential provisions of salvation?

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There are, besides our common humanity and the common purpose of Christianity, other grounds upon which the church in the United States cannot wisely afford to ignore the colored race. Let us look at the future of the African in our country. There is no gainsaying the utter seriousness of this question: Will the colored people be a benefit to the land? Or will they be a curse, like those nations who were left in the Land of Promise to be a continual thorn in the side of Israel? Years ago we were being constantly told that, like the Indian, the negro would die out; but the last census has given a startling contradiction to this would-be prophecy. Dying out? Why, the rate of increase among them is surprisingly greater than among the whites: thirty-five per cent. in their favor as against twenty-nine per cent. for the others. Without great risk of error we may allow nine per cent. of the increase among the whites to immigration; we thus have the unusually strange figures that in ten years the whites have increased twenty per cent., while the freedmen foot up thirty-five per cent. Remember there is no colored immigration. Cast now a glance at the old Southern States. In 1880 their population was twelve million whites and six million blacks, who almost altogether live in the South. Thus the whites are to the blacks as two to one, while the rate of increase is thirty-five blacks to twenty whites, or as seven to four. It becomes now but a matter of figures to say when the former will outnumber the latter in the "Sunny South."

The following table from the *Popular Science Monthly* for February, 1883, is here apropos:

"The white population, increasing at the rate of twenty per cent. every ten years, or two per cent. per annum, doubles itself every thirty-five years. The blacks, increasing at the rate of thirty-five per cent. every ten years, or three and a half per cent. per annum, doubles itself every twenty years. Hence we find:

Southern whites in 1880	12,000,000.
" " " 1915	24,000,000.
" " " 1950	48,000,000.
Blacks in Southern States in 1880	6,000,000.
" " " 1900	12,000,000.
" " " 1920	24,000,000.
" " " 1940	48,000,000.

Within seventy years the colored will at least equal in numbers the whites in the South. In regard to this result the only disturbing element seems to be immigration, of which, at present, scarcely any is taking a southerly direction. Nor is there

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much likelihood of many immigrants crossing the Potomac or the Ohio. The Southern climate, with its low malarial region, is not attractive, while not less so is the problem of its ebony children's tenacious possession. Besides, the tide of immigration sooner or later must lessen, if not cease entirely. Let us pause and reflect.

The part of our country which in some seventy years will be at least half-full of colored people is included in the dioceses of the Southern States, in number about twenty, in clergy scanty, and in resources deficient; for during the past twenty years the chastening hand has laid heavily upon them.

Nearly, then, the whole of the provinces of Baltimore and New Orleans, with a large part of the provinces of Cincinnati and St. Louis, will be affected by this inevitable result. What practically can it mean for them and their dioceses? An increase of congregations, or a decrease? More Catholics, or less? A numerous clergy, or a scanty? Means of support, or hardships? With this future rivalry in population is connected the well-evidenced fact that the two races will never amalgamate. A writer in the New York *Sun*, under the *nom de plume* "Ogelthorpe," showed that the mulattoes are but eight per cent. of the whole colored race, which percentage, we think, will decrease as the family and social life develop among them.

See, on the other hand, how soon the foreign elements mix up with and disappear amid the population. Immigrants from Europe lose their nationalities on obtaining their naturalization papers, and in a generation or so become as purely American as the rest of the country's inhabitants. They mingle freely in the various walks of life; their standing, their progress, their everything among us, depend on the individual. In all grades of American life, then, we see descendants of many races; in the political arena, at the counting-desk, in the rostrum, in social life—in short, everywhere it is the same. German, Irish, English, Scotch, French names, and those of other nationalities, appear in every stratum of society in all of the many phases of American life. But the negro will never disappear in this way. The leaven will never reach him—he will not amalgamate. Hence if he advance it will be as an independent element. We shall thus have the two races advancing side by side. Under the same government, particularly under one built up on popular elections, such parallel tracks of two entirely distinct races cannot produce healthy results—nay, are too apt to end in disturbance. The fear of this may be the real reason, though pre-

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judice is the apparent, why the whites everywhere endeavor to confine the colored to hard labor, keeping them for ever hewers of wood and drawers of water. The trades as a rule are denied them. In ante-bellum days, over most of the South, the slaves were the mechanics; to-day, wherever possible, colored tradesmen are scouted. No trades-union will receive them. Now, this silent, passive, and steady resolve to keep them within a certain groove cannot but tend to, and be provocative of, evil. Such a course will always be remembered.

They are striving hard, however, to drink deeper of the well of knowledge. In 1880 there were one hundred and sixty-nine colored youths in seventy-nine Northern colleges, of whom not even one was a Catholic, and over fourteen thousand in higher schools of their own, from the normal to the school of medicine and theology—"rari natantes in gurgite vasto."

The tendency, moreover, among them is to acquire land. Trained from their earliest years to the workings of the plantation or farm, inured to labor, and familiar with hardships, what wonder is it if the land is gradually slipping from the hands of the old masters or their children and passing into the hands of the quondam slaves or their offspring? In North Carolina, for instance, the colored people own a vast amount of land. There, at the State fair of 1882, a colored planter secured the prize of five tons of guano for the best cotton. In that State the colored actually have their own fair, at which are seen the leading citizens, irrespective of color. In South Carolina the same changing of hands is noticed. The leading newspaper of Charleston, so the writer was told by very responsible authority, sent a reporter to examine the land records in the offices of the various counties which make up South Carolina. His report on the amount of land owned by colored men caused a great consternation among the Palmetto chivalry. In Georgia, according to the writer of the *Negro Race in America*, the colored people in 1879 owned 541,199 acres of land—an increase over 1878 of 39,309 acres. The value of this land was $1,548,758—an increase over the previous year's value of $57,523. Besides the land they owned in horses, hogs, etc., $1,704,230, and in city and town property $1,094,435. These sums, with some others, such as household goods and the like, make an aggregate value of over five millions, upon which the tax was over one hundred thousand dollars. And this is but one State. Considering the drawbacks under which the colored race have been laboring, such results are marvellous. In Florida some of the largest orange groves

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belong to colored men. The plantation of Jefferson Davis, extending for miles along the Mississippi, belongs to a colored family named Montgomery.

Many believe that the South will eventually be the property of its former slaves. The way in which they are acquiring land, the tenacity with which they hold on to it, their industry, and the steadily increasing knowledge of how to save, all point to the same conclusion: that the lands of the masters are fast becoming the property of the slaves. Such is, in human language, the bitter irony of fate; but, as a Christian would say it, such the providence of God, who pulleth down the mighty and exalteth the humble.

Returning now to the queries just propounded, who will deny that their solution will depend in great measure on the state, in worldly as well as in spiritual matters, of the colored race? Who can confidently claim that our clergy, in the future as in the past, will have before them in the churches of the South the white face; that the ebony countenance will not be darkening the doors in seeking admission? Or, if it presents not itself, who will say there will be a congregation at all? Now, it is claimed by Catholic writers that the preservation of our country will be mainly the work of the church. It is even conceded by many ministers and thinking men that she will be a mighty power on the side of order; for, they admit, she is resolutely upholding the bulwarks of society in denouncing divorce, in insisting on the moral training of the young, and in holding the right course in other vital matters. Do not all these questions affect the colored race? Is, then, holy church in her labors to ignore one race among our citizens? Where will the six millions of to-day be, in their fruitful and numerous offspring, amid the struggle to preserve the country—aliens to, or children of, the church?

We are used to hearing the power of the colored race belittled, but millions of human beings cannot be passed over so lightly. Sooner or later they will make themselves felt. They already did so during the period of reconstruction by voting into office men of their own race. This need be no wonder, for it is mere race-instinct. "What," asks the writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* already quoted, "will the upshot be when the blacks numerically will so far exceed the whites as to overcome the vantage that the superior wealth and intelligence of the latter now give them? . . . Whatever civic capability the blacks may have, it is now in germ; whatever governing aptitude the race may possess, it is at present dormant. In the history of nations

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it has nowhere as yet been exhibited." To keep this race on the side of order will require a mighty conservative force—no less, truly, than the church. She is claimed, indeed, as the essential preserver of all men; if so, then of the colored people specially.

The pulpit in the Methodist and Baptist churches is too often a mere organ to advocate the cause of the political party at present in power. Only a few days ago was a minister summoned before the authorized committee of his congregation on the charge of advocating the election of a certain candidate to the mayoralty of Baltimore. It is dreadful to think whither shouting and immersing will lead these unfortunate followers of the modern vagaries of Protestantism.

But, alas! too, so many among them are of no religion. In a work called *Our Brother in Black*, written by a Methodist minister, the communicants of the Methodist and Baptist churches among the colored are put at a little over one million three hundred thousand. A communicant, the writer was told by a friend who inquired for him from a Methodist clergyman, is usually one who has reached the use of reason. We are not going below the mark, we presume, in allowing as many children under seven as human beings beyond that age. Assuming this, we have the communicants and non-communicants among these two sects in numbers somewhat more than two million six hundred thousand. To these figures add the few hundred thousand colored Catholics, Episcopalians, and members of various sects besides, we have the number of Christians among them less than three millions. Or, to look at it in another way, over three millions of the colored race have no religion. What this means for them fancy may paint; the more so as the popular means of progress held up to them are so baneful—wealth and education, in their popular meaning. They are taught that with wealth and such education as pleases the admirer of secularism their advancement and upward march are certain. To stake a race's or a nation's progress on its wealth is a blunder. It is giving the lie to all history. Temporal prosperity only led the Israelites into idolatry. When in easy circumstances they forgot the God of Abraham. When Rome, mistress of the world, became under the Cæsars wealthy and magnificent, then began her decline. The same was seen in the monasteries of old. Amidst wealth they became lax and the nurseries of many abuses and endless scandals. Since the late war, which seems to have allowed among us a free course to an unholy thirst and greed for gain,

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there is a great danger in our own land of a downward movement. Public and private morality stands too seldom at a high mark. No; wealth was never intended as the sign of true progress, otherwise the life of the Saviour, our divine Model, would be a deception, and the Jews to whom his life was a scandal, and the gentiles to whom it seemed foolishness, would be correct in their judgments against him.

Knowledge, indeed, is a true means to advance. But the public-school system is not a healthy propagator of it; for, aiming only at secular education—being, in intent, godless—this system is defective. Yet the public schools reach not all colored children. From the statistics of education for 1879 we learn that the entire colored school population is over one million six hundred thousand, of whom but a trifle less than seven hundred thousand are enrolled—that is, hardly forty-two per cent. This is a great number for the newly emancipated. Besides the public schools, the attendance in other places of instruction, from the university, so-called, to the A B C primary, foots up the entire number attending school to a trifle over seven hundred thousand. Nearly one million colored children never crossed the threshold of the school-room. Such neglect is worthy of the greatest censure, while we venture not to place it at any one's doors. Among whites there is also much negligence in sending children to school. But there are many other influences working on these little ones: the traditions of decency remaining with the parents, the frown of the well-behaved, some semblance of religion, and such like checks—these protect in some measure unfortunate white children. But among the colored little ones we shall look in vain for such helps. The race have started fresh from slavery with very much to unlearn and nearly everything going to make up a Christian nation to learn. Their unfortunate children, growing up without knowledge of any kind, will be poor shifts for their race to depend upon. They will be of no benefit. Will they not rather be a dangerous element—dangerous not only in injuring their own and bringing them into contempt, but specially in menacing the well-being of society? The true means of elevating the colored people is the same as will advance the whites—the influence and power of the Catholic Church. For she, by her priests and nuns, her churches and schools, her orphanages and hospitals, her asylums of all kinds, and her care in life and respect in death, will answer fully the wants of the bodies and souls of her colored children. In her bosom alone will they find elevation, dignity, and perfect joy. Where are the

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priests, the nuns, the churches, the schools, the many other institutions?

On the score, then, of our common humanity, in the interests of divine truth, and in behalf of patriotism, our contention has been, and our conclusion is, that we cannot afford to neglect our colored brethren.

THE YOUTH OF PEDRO DE RIBADENEYRA.

WHEN Cardinal Alexander Farnese returned to Rome in the year 1539 from his mission of condolence to Charles V. on the death of the Empress Isabella, he brought with him a young Spanish page. The boy had first attracted his attention in the palace of the papal legate at Toledo, where, led by curiosity to see so great a celebrity, he had joined himself to the pages of the household in hopes of being able to offer some dish to the illustrious envoy of the pope. Alexander was struck with the frank, bold bearing of the youth, with his quick, vivacious look and speech, and he charged the legate to obtain the consent of his mother to his departure for Rome. This boy was Pedro de Ribadeneyra, the only son of Pedro Gonzalez-Cedillo and Catarina Villalobos. His mother was a woman of more than ordinary virtue and piety. His father died when young Pedro seemed most in need of him to direct the conflicting elements which began early to struggle for mastery in his character. But Catarina was equal to the difficult task which lay before her. Descended from an ancient and noble race, she had inherited from her ancestors a no mean share of that generous-hearted chivalry which entered so largely into the fervor of Spanish piety of her times. Already the mother of three daughters, she had promised, if a son should be born to her, that she would dedicate him to the service of the altar and the Blessed Mother of God. Mindful of her vow as soon as Pedro saw the light, all her thoughts were bent on making the first dawnings of his intelligence familiar with images of devotion; and the holy names were the first he was taught to lisp. Later on his education was confided to two professors known for their virtue and learning, and no pains were spared to foster in him the sentiments which Catarina had undertaken to inculcate. Naturally impetuous and passionate, he threw himself with ardor into his studies, and these were still unfinished when Cardinal Farnese arrived at Toledo. Pedro was then in

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his thirteenth year. Catarina was little moved by the prospect of advancement and honors for her son; she had not promised him to the world, but to God, and all her ambition lay in the accomplishment of that vow.

But in Rome the desire to become a priest might be kindled in him; he would be surrounded by ecclesiastics and by every object likely to appeal to the boy's quick sympathies, and she resolved to make the sacrifice of separating herself from him. Pedro, on his part, was little occupied with grave thoughts. Adventures, the novelties of a strange country, pleasures as yet only dreamed of, wonderful pageants succeeding each other in great variety, all enchanted his imagination and softened to him, as was natural, the parting with his mother. To him the future was a garden of delights, while the mother's faith looked beyond the glowing sky-line and discerned the stern, sad way of the cross. That path alone she coveted for Pedro.

The novel and strange sights of the journey were succeeded by all the splendor with which the splendor-loving Farnesi were able to surround themselves in Rome. The luxury and magnificence of Pedro's new life surpassed even his dreams. The cardinal's house might have been a royal palace, and the members of his household the courtiers of a great king, so careful was Alexander of the dignity of his position, so mindful of his illustrious birth and his near relationship to the Sovereign Pontiff. All that surrounded him must bear the impress of his own greatness. Thus his pages were carefully instructed in letters, in the arts of fencing and dancing, and in every accomplishment that should distinguish them among their fellows and contribute to the brilliancy of the entertainments which attracted the great Roman nobles, foreigners, and the princes of the church to his palace.

A boy of Ribadeneyra's temperament could scarcely pass unscathed through such a fiery ordeal as this. He became proud and petulant and somewhat quarrelsome. The boldness which had at first pleased the cardinal began to look like arrogance, but he was still too great a favorite to be reprimanded for even the following unprecedented piece of coolness. On Candlemas day in the year 1540 Paul III. was, according to custom, distributing blessed candles to the cardinals and their suites assembled in his private chapel. All advanced respectfully to receive their candles and to kiss the feet of the Vicar of Christ. When Pedro's turn came he walked up to the altar all unabashed, with head erect, took his candle, and kissed the pope's *hands*. Paul

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III. seems to have been more amused than displeased at the boy's independent conduct, and asked who and what he was. On another occasion he was the cause of a disturbance which might have been fatal to his brilliant prospects had he not been treated with almost unexampled indulgence by all. During a magnificent and sumptuous entertainment given by the pope to the members of the Farnese family Ribadeneyra was in attendance on the cardinal, his master. But, not wholly absorbed in his capacity of torch-bearer, he found time to look about him and take offence at what he considered the insolence of another page, a Spaniard like himself, who, by his mien, appeared to express contempt for Cardinal Alexander and his attendant. With one bound Pedro sprang forward, dealt a sounding blow, and upset his lighted torch on the offender's head. A scene of confusion and tumult ensued that turned the festivities into a broil which not even the respect due to the presence of the pope was able to quell. But these and other indiscretions of a like kind were allowed to pass without any serious reprimand, and if Pedro's faults went unpunished they also unfortunately remained uncorrected.

Soon he began to be impatient of even the wide limits allowed him—he would have no limits at all to his independence. He longed for something that should outshine the court of his almost royal master with all its lustre, and when he had been about fifteen months in Rome he began to cast about for means to satisfy this craving.

At that time the city of Rome was emerging from a period of fiery trial. It had been visited by judgment after judgment; a prey to foreign soldiery, it had been sacked, its churches desecrated and spoiled, its public buildings defaced, its inhabitants outraged and murdered. All this and more had come upon it for its innumerable sins. There had been a time in which, according to the words of a Catholic historian, "it seemed as if our Lord had been asleep in Peter's boat." But Savonarola had denounced, and not in vain, the sins perpetrated in high places, covering with a hideous slime the fair face of the divine Spouse. From Florence the crusade had gone out; the denunciations of the pulpit were followed by the public burning of profane books, statues, and pictures, and the purifying fires there lighted were not long in kindling the like at Rome. Paul III. was essentially a reforming pope, and, although heresy had begun to lift up its head and walk abroad in the noonday as it had never flourished before, the church, containing within herself the principle of life,

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was rising like a phœnix from the ashes of her humiliation. If heresy had produced a Luther and a Calvin, the Catholic Church was the nursing-mother of greater than these, and the so-called Reformers were to be no match for the gentle St. Philip Neri, the apostle of Rome, for St. Ignatius of Loyola and his valiant company. In the year 1540 St. Ignatius was in Rome awaiting the canonical erection of his order by the pope. Pedro Ortiz, a native of Toledo, to whom the saint had given the *Spiritual Exercises*, had become his devoted disciple, and having been charged by his sovereign to represent the cause of the unfortunate Queen Catherine, wife of Henry VIII., at the papal court, was there when Ribadeneyra arrived with Cardinal Farnese. To him Catarina Villalobos had recommended her boy, and when Ortiz was about to leave the Eternal City he took care, in his solicitude for Ribadeneyra's welfare, to charge another to watch over him in his place. That other was St. Ignatius himself. But Pedro was not disposed to listen to wise counsels, and perhaps was not sorry to be rid of Ortiz. The house where St. Ignatius lived had been pointed out to him, but he was in no hurry to make himself acquainted with another grave Mentor.

Providence brought about their meeting through the boy's very determination to be his own master and do as he pleased. One day Cardinal Farnese announced his intention of going into the country. It was Pedro's duty to accompany him; but the chance of a whole day's freedom to wander at will through the streets was not to be thrown away, and at the last moment he contrived to absent himself unobserved from the cardinal's train. At first the pleasure he had imagined appeared to be realized. He wandered from monument to monument. Everywhere his intelligent mind found some object to captivate it: here some recently-discovered antiquity of the old pagan city, there splendid palaces rising up by the side of the ruins, covering ground which had hitherto been the abode of desolation—on all sides life, movement, and variety. Thus the hours slipped by, but toward evening growing disquiet began to trouble Ribadeneyra's conscience. How return to his master after this act of insubordination? Would he be forgiven this last fault also? How would the cardinal receive him, and would he not be condemned to some punishment at last? Pursued by these thoughts, he wandered restlessly through the now rapidly darkening city. The pleasure of the morning was gone; it was time to return home, but he could not make up his mind to do so. There seemed no purpose in his irresolute wanderings; now he hastened towards

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the Farnese palace, and now, hesitating, began again to thread the lanes and narrow streets near the Tiber. He was going he knew not whither, but the hand of God was leading him. At last he found himself in front of a small house in a quiet street. It was the house of Ignatius of Loyola. At sight of it a light dawned upon him: he would go in now and ask the advice of the holy priest; this was a tangible difficulty, and perhaps his fellow-countryman would intercede for him with the cardinal, or, if not, give him a refuge so that he might escape the punishment which he felt he had heaped up for himself by a long list of misdeeds. He hesitated still, with his hand on the door, but there seemed no other way for him; it was already dark and the streets no longer safe. So, making the sign of the cross, he knocked. The door was opened at once by a priest of serene and dignified appearance, with a smile of such heavenly benignity that poor Pedro found no difficulty in pouring out his whole heart to him immediately—all his perplexities, faults, desires, and longings. When he had finished his story St. Ignatius—for it was he—folded him in his arms with fatherly tenderness, consoled and encouraged him, and offered him a shelter for the night. The next day he went to the cardinal, to whom he was well known, and pleaded the cause of his guest. But, as often before, in spite of Ribadeneyra's apprehensions, his master only laughed at this new piece of mischief and invited his runaway page to return to his service. Meantime the truant was occupied with other thoughts. He had been longing for complete liberty, for pleasures beyond those within his reach. What if it were all a dream, and happiness lay within the small circle of a yet nameless society, in a life of self-denial, of hardship, of obedience? What if he became a disciple of this grave man with the strangely winning smile? Given the boy's ardent, impulsive nature, extremes were likely to meet, and it was perhaps no more than natural that the thought which had captivated him should soon become a wish, and the wish a resolve. Human sympathy is not seldom a large factor in the initiative paths of superhuman virtue; but if it makes smooth and pleasant the first steps of the road to perfection, the harder, perhaps, appear the stones and rocks of a higher level, the desolate crags which must be passed before the summit is reached. There, as in the borderland of death, no human grasp, however strong and tender, is able to encompass the soul; all but the supernatural falls away; and if the divine hand lead not, ruin is inevitable. This trial was not spared to Ribadeneyra, as we shall see later on.

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He lost no time in communicating his resolve to several learned people whom he knew in Rome, more, it would seem, as a first step towards leaving the world than as if seeking their advice on the subject. Some treated it as a child's caprice; others earnestly besought him to wait, at least until he was older; all tried to dissuade him from his purpose. But, nothing moved by the reasoning of his friends, he determined to apply at once to St. Ignatius for admittance into his society. There is something strikingly characteristic of Ribadeneyra in the audacity with which he, a boy of fourteen, utterly ignorant of the obligations of a religious life, who had been hitherto rebellious, impatient of all restraint, coolly demanded admittance into an order composed of men inured to every kind of mortification, practised in the spiritual life, whose sanctity was already before the world. But St. Ignatius had discerned at a glance the stuff of which the boy's character was made, looking beyond its actual unsuitability to what it was capable of being formed into, and on the 18th of September, 1540, received him into his society, nine days before it had a canonical existence. From that day Ribadeneyra took his place among the ten or twelve novices whom St. Ignatius was himself training in the religious life, others having been sent some time before to the University of Paris. Radiant with happiness, the new novice wrote to tell his mother of the step he had taken, the result of her prayers; and from what we know of Catarina we may well imagine how she shared her boy's enthusiasm and returned thanks to God. The change from a life of ease to one of extreme poverty, from a magnificent palace to a house falling into ruins, from delicate viands to the very poorest food, from rich clothes to the coarsest garments—all this was not able to damp Ribadeneyra's high spirits. He admits, it is true, in his account of this part of his life, that he sometimes thought with regret of the amusements of the court he had quitted, but declares that the loving charity and patience of St. Ignatius had more attraction for him than anything he had left behind. And the test was no doubt a strong one; for St. Ignatius, with all his gentleness, was bent on forming his disciples into men crucified to the world, who, having divested themselves of the old Adam, should "put on Jesus Christ"—into men of labor, of penance, of zeal, and of ardent charity. Like the stones for the temple of Solomon, they must be hewn, then carved and polished, in order to fit them for the high place they were to occupy in the church of God. At Christmas Pedro, having made a general confession of his whole life, received his First Commu-

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nion from the hands of St. Ignatius, and immediately afterwards was clothed in the religious habit. His determination not to disgrace it was sincere, and the devices he invented to correct the natural thoughtlessness of his character are amusing. The noise he made in running and jumping about the stairs and passages resounded through the house, and when he had been several times reproved for breaking the silence in this way, without remembering any better to walk soberly, he at last hit upon the plan of tying his legs together, so that he could walk, but not run or jump. But, in spite of his good-will, his petulance, mischievousness, and want of steadiness were such that the fathers began to grow weary of always reproving him, and tried to persuade St. Ignatius it were better to send him away than to try to form such a character to a state for which it seemed not to be made; the community, they said, would be well rid of him. But the saint replied to these complaints by assuring them that Pedro had already done more by his efforts to overcome his turbulent character than two novices whom he named, and who seemed to be patterns to all the others by their mildness and amenable dispositions. With great forbearance he encouraged the fathers to wait till religion and experience should have done their work, when they would see the fruits of the patience they had exercised. But while St. Ignatius defended Ribadeneyra against the attacks he was constantly provoking, he took care, when occasion required, to treat him with great severity; and sometimes the punishment he received would even seem disproportionate to his delinquency. Thus, for a slight misdemeanor at table his dinner was limited to a little soup and dry bread for two months, and he was condemned to eat this frugal meal at the door of the refectory. Each member of the community took his turn in the work of the house and kitchen, and it happened one day that it was Ribadeneyra's turn to be cook, when St. Ignatius, having to receive and entertain a guest of some distinction, was desirous of making the best of the poor food at their disposal. He was accordingly ordered to prepare an egg pasty in honor of the occasion, and did his best. But the result was little better than a mass of burnt pie-crust, with which, however, he was so well satisfied that, thinking to get some praise for his success, he determined to serve it at table himself. St. Ignatius, penetrating his thoughts, reproved him severely for his presumption and ordered him to leave the room. The young cook, it is related, disappeared less satisfied with his work and his culinary abilities in general.

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On another occasion St. Ignatius said to him: "Pedro, do you know what it is to be a secretary?"

"To be a secretary," he answered promptly, "is to be faithful in keeping secrets."

"If this is your definition of it," said St. Ignatius, "you shall be my secretary"; and from that time he gave him all the letters and documents that needed copying, and thus afforded him another opportunity of correcting his faults and of bearing blame. Soon he became so engrossed in his new work that he would eat his breakfast often without ceasing to write. This zeal would perhaps not have displeased St. Ignatius but for the breaking of a rule which forbade any meal being taken except in the refectory; and as Pedro was apt to disregard rules in general, he deprived him of his breakfast for two months.

But for all this Ribadeneyra was dear to the heart of the saint, and there soon grew up a complete understanding between the two. Very graceful to contemplate is the picture of the two friends—St. Ignatius in all the perfection at which he had arrived, clothed, as it were, in a halo of serene and gentle gravity; and the boy, earnest, impetuous, opening his heart to the other with an ingenuous frankness which was his most winning characteristic. Together they would wander about the Roman Campagna, or visit the sanctuaries of the Eternal City, or its hospitals and prisons; and as they walked St. Ignatius would relate some interesting event in history, or give him fatherly advice and confide to him the fruits of his long experience. Ribadeneyra often accompanied him when he catechised or preached in the churches, and one day, in his naïve, straightforward manner, remarked to the saint that he feared his rough, unpolished language, instead of converting people, might rather weary them, and advised him to spend a little time in studying Italian oratory, that his words might have more charm for his audience. Ribadeneyra in his *Life of St. Ignatius*, goes on to relate how, with his accustomed humility, the saint replied:

"You say well, Pedro. Remark, I pray you, for the future, all the mistakes I make in preaching in Italian, and tell me them faithfully, that I may have an opportunity of correcting them."

The next day the fastidious novice began to write down all the foreign and awkward expressions that St. Ignatius used in his sermon; but soon he was obliged to lay aside his pen, for in a hundred words there were scarcely two that were good Italian ones, so that it was impossible to keep up with them. When asked for a list of the mistakes he was obliged to confess how

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he had failed to enumerate one-hundredth part of the number. With a smile St. Ignatius replied that as it had not pleased Almighty God to endow him with gifts of languages and oratory, it was for him to take care that his servant's poor words produced their desired effect, and that he would use the little he had received in the service of God, just as if he were the most eloquent man in the world. Ribadeneyra's taste was more difficult to satisfy than that of the public, but he has borne testimony to the preacher's inspired eloquence, more fruitful than any gift of mere oratory.

"For although his language was inelegant," says his biographer, "his words were uttered with such devout fervor that they had the power to move the most hardened sinners to great repentance; and at the end of his discourses they would throw themselves at the feet of our confessors to unburden their consciences amid floods of tears."

Nevertheless it was no part of St. Ignatius' plan to deprive the zeal of his children of the resources of science and literature. On the contrary, it was his intention that at the end of their novitiate they should enter upon a course of study and do their utmost to go through it successfully. And so earnestly did he desire this that, before the society possessed colleges in which the young religious could devote themselves in common to literary studies, he used to send them for that purpose distances of four or five hundred leagues to the most celebrated universities of Europe. The time had now arrived for Ribadeneyra to enter upon this part of his career. Hitherto the lessons of his two masters at Toledo, and those which he had shared with the other pages of the household of Cardinal Farnese, had been the only instruction he had received. In the school of St. Ignatius he had scarcely studied any science but virtue; and although he had not made any remarkable progress therein, he had nevertheless begun to understand something of religious life and to wish to imitate the sanctity of the holy men with whom he lived.

And now he was to leave Rome and his beloved father together with six others, among whom was Father Anthony Criminale, the first of the Society of Jesus to shed his blood for the faith. Five of them were bound for the University of Coimbra in Portugal; two, Ribadeneyra and Stephen Diaz, for the University of Paris. In those days, even for the rich, a long journey was fraught with some danger and difficulty, but under such conditions as these six scholastics set out it was an exceedingly painful undertaking, demanding the greatest self-denial and cou-

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rage. They were to go on foot, to live on what alms they could collect on the road, to preach in the public places of the great towns through which they passed, to visit the hospitals, and to exhort all whom they encountered to live good lives, frequent the sacraments, and flee from occasions of sin. The weakest was to lead the way, so that a day's journey was limited to the measure of his strength. They carried with them a small sum of money, allowing them to spend three half-pence a day each; but they were ordered to husband even that pittance, in case of any of the little band falling sick on the road. Ribadeneyra's fellow-travellers, fearing that he might not be able to bear the fatigues of such a journey as they were about to undertake, besought St. Ignatius that he, at least, might be permitted to have a horse or a mule, on account of his tender years. The saint answered: "Pedro shall make this journey as he likes, but if he is really my son he will go on foot." This was enough for Ribadeneyra's generosity. Compared with his grief of parting from St. Ignatius, the fatigues of the route shrank into insignificance, and even the farewells were softened by his willing obedience.

The little band set out from Rome on the 28th of April, 1542, having received orders to travel together as far as Avignon, at which place they were to separate into two parties for their respective destinations. The first day they were obliged to make a halt at Viterbo on Ribadeneyra's account, his feet having become so swollen after walking for some hours that he was unable to proceed further. They were charitably taken in at the hospital of this town, but scarcely had Ribadeneyra's feet been dressed when, instead of resting them, as he ought to have done, he began running about the different parts of the hospital, inquiring curiously into all its arrangements. At last he came to the church, where he remained a long time examining the various chapels, altars, etc. The pulpit then attracted his curiosity, and, the church being empty at that moment, he thought he should like to judge how it would be to preach from it. The sacristan, seeing him in the pulpit, either from stupidity or pleasantry thought the preacher was expecting an audience, and began to ring the bells with all his might, whereupon a stream of people flowed into the church. In a moment the unsuspecting Pedro found himself facing a congregation evidently assembled to hear a sermon. Somewhat abashed, he ran quickly down the steps to make room for the preacher; but the sacristan declared that the people had come to hear none other then Pedro himself, and that, whether he

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would or no, he must preach to them. For an instant disconcerted, he soon regained his wonted coolness and was able to recall to mind a discourse he had held a few days before on the Blessed Sacrament in the refectory at Rome, such as it was the custom of the novices to compose and deliver. This practice now stood him in good stead. After recollecting himself for a few moments he preached this little sermon, and spoke with such animation and fervor that his hearers were greatly moved by it. When he had returned to his cell after this pious escapade an old man came to the door, requesting an audience of the youthful preacher.

"Sir," he said, "I have absented myself from the sacraments for years, having sworn to avenge myself of my enemy, but your sermon has filled me with terror and contrition. I wish to make my confession and obtain pardon for the crime I before meditated."

With great joy Pedro led him to a priest, at whose feet the penitent laid down his vengeance for ever. This was Ribadeneyra's first introduction to apostolic labors.

Before the travellers arrived at Avignon Ribadeneyra became seriously ill. His malady threatened to be a long and dangerous one; but the devout prayers of the little company having obtained for him a complete cure, they were able to proceed on their way. When at Avignon the five students destined for Coimbra left them, Diaz and his companion pressed on to the north; but they were now travelling in a country with whose language they were unfamiliar, and whose inhabitants were anything but friendly towards Spanish subjects, making it extremely dangerous for them to be recognized as such. The difficulties of proceeding were at one moment so great that Diaz was for rejoining the others and going with them into Portugal instead. But Ribadeneyra declared that he would obey St. Ignatius to the letter, come what might; Diaz could go in search of their companions, if he liked. This decided the irresolution of Diaz, and with renewed courage they tramped steadily forward and arrived at Paris after a journey of two months, footsore and weary. But scarcely had they been a month in Paris, studying with fourteen other scholastics at the college of St. Barbara, under the guidance of Father Domenech, than war broke out between France and Spain, and orders were issued by the king that all subjects of Charles V. should leave the realm within three days under pain of death. In vain the University of Paris protested that in the interest of science and letters, for its own

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honor and the honor of the country, its students should be exempt from the order. Francis was inexorable, and Father Domenech was obliged to escape in all haste into Flanders with his sixteen scholastics. They went to Brussels and thence to the University of Louvain. Here, as in Paris, they assiduously attended the public lectures, which they afterwards repeated and discussed in private, and exercised themselves also in original Greek and Latin compositions. History relates that these young scholastics were patterns of industry for all the other students of the university, while their piety was no less edifying and attracted universal admiration. Such was their extreme poverty that nearly every day they had to beg their food from door to door, and in their attire they were only distinguished from their fellow-students by the exceeding shabbiness of their clothes. The particular kind of suffering to which they were now exposed was harder for Ribadeneyra than anything he had borne hitherto. He fell into a state of such melancholy that he would often leave his companions, to weep in solitude for hours. Father Domenech, suspecting the cause of his grief, though unable to elicit any explanation from him, treated him with the most fatherly tenderness, but in vain. From time to time he would get the better of his profound sadness, but, without any apparent cause, relapsed into the same melancholy condition as before. About this time Father Domenech was recalled to Rome, and, thinking that perhaps the sight of St. Ignatius would remove the cloud which had settled on Ribadeneyra's mind and heart, proposed that he should accompany him. The mere mention of St. Ignatius was like a bright ray of sun bursting through and dispersing a thunder-cloud. Pedro opened his heart to joy once more and seemed to bask in the thought of St. Ignatius and Rome. They set out at the beginning of Lent, 1543, and accomplished the journey in spite of almost incredible perils, hairbreadth escapes in the snow among the mountains of Tyrol, being nearly frozen and starved to death at another stage. Finally Father Domenech succumbed to the prolonged sufferings of so many weeks and fell dangerously ill at Ravenna. Without money to buy food and the necessary remedies, or to procure a suitable lodging, their position was a critical one. In this strait it was determined that Pedro should go on to Rome alone and send help. Fearing that if he begged his way he would be a long time on the road and Father Domenech might die before he reached Rome, he sold his mantle in the marketplace of Ravenna for a trifling sum, and then proceeded with all

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speed, walking day and night till the remainder of the journey was accomplished. St. Ignatius was already vested for Mass when he arrived, but Pedro ran straight to where he stood and threw himself at his feet, and the saint, raising him up, pressed him tenderly to his heart.

And now followed the palmiest days of Pedro's young life. He soon forgot his recent melancholy and gave himself up to the joy of St. Ignatius' presence and companionship. The tranquillity he enjoyed was no result of victory obtained over self, but rather the transitory satisfaction of having gained what he wished for, and therefore, of its nature, an insecure peace. Some progress he had made by the poverty he had so generously practised, by his faithful obedience, by the hardships he had endured in his weary wanderings, but he had scarcely won his vocation yet. The higher level was reached at last; but would he be able to go on and tread the steep mountain-path alone?

All at once there came a cloud across the calm of those bright days in Rome—a cloud which settled on Pedro's brow and changed the sunshine into gloom. The society of his companions became insufferable to him, and even his affection for St. Ignatius was changed. In view of all that lay before him and all that lay behind—the pleasures of the world on the one hand, and the penances and daily mortifications of a religious life on the other—he shrank back in dismay. He asked himself how, young as he was, he would be able to bear such a burdensome yoke to the end of his life. His natural frankness and generosity gave place to suspicion and reserve, and instead of opening his heart to St. Ignatius he avoided him carefully or ran away from him with horror. In this frame of mind he brooded over the past and found in everything some cause for complaint and discontent. He blamed St. Ignatius for all he had gone through, for the very affection which had inspired him to travel four hundred leagues in order to see him again; and in the midst of all this bitterness he resolved to leave the society. Perhaps he would enter the order of St. Dominic or St. Francis, but he would no longer stay where he was. At first he concealed this resolution carefully from St. Ignatius; then one day, as if making an effort to be once more open and frank, he went to him and abruptly signified his intention of leaving the society. St. Ignatius listened to him in silence, without evincing any surprise or emotion, and, when he had finished, merely answered coldly that it was a matter which required reflection, that it was necessary to think it well over before taking any decisive step. Ribade-

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neyra said nothing to this, and retired somewhat relieved at having unburdened his conscience of its secret, but still more irritated at the indifference which St. Ignatius had manifested. Nevertheless the saint continued to treat him in every respect as before; he sought him out as often as possible, and tried every means in his power to melt the icy coldness in which Ribadeneyra had enveloped himself. But fearing lest he should have been misunderstood, Ribadeneyra lost no time in again announcing his resolve to St. Ignatius, and this time expressed himself in terms of unmistakable disgust, in order to provoke an angry refusal or a hasty consent; for as things remained he was puzzled how to act. But all in vain: St. Ignatius was not to be moved from his calm self-possession. While he poured out his soul in prayer before God, with streams of tears, for this child of his heart, he knew that, in Ribadeneyra's actual mood, nothing but an *appearance* of indifference would avail. So to this fresh outburst he replied with the greatest tranquillity that he in no way opposed Pedro's decision, but that before acting upon it he ought to write to his relations, who would look upon him as an escaped monk, or worse, if he suddenly appeared in Spain without having announced his arrival. This obliged the unwilling novice to remain at least for two months, but he agreed to the reasonableness of the argument and resigned himself to wait. All would perhaps have been well before the end of that time had not Pedro encountered an evil genius in the person of a member of the community, a man who concealed a nature full of pride and unmortified passions under the outward appearance of the severest virtue. This man soon gained an ascendency over Ribadeneyra's conscience and constituted himself his director, while he encouraged and inflamed his animosity towards St. Ignatius till it amounted to absolute hatred. He signified to Ribadeneyra that a vessel was about to leave Genoa for Spain, and advised him to sail in it. Ribadeneyra would perhaps have followed this counsel had not the time arrived, in God's good providence, for putting an end to his time of trial. He fell ill, and while his malady was at its height his false director, throwing away his mask, left the society and gave himself up to a vagabond existence. The shock which this conduct caused to Ribadeneyra, and the indignation he felt, had a salutary effect upon him, and, being freed from the baneful influence which had enthralled him, his heart became somewhat softened, and when St. Ignatius proposed to him on his recovery to make the Spiritual Exercises, he consented after some hesitation. For eight days he

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meditated on the end of man, on the consequences of sin, on the life of our Lord, on the sufferings of the Passion, and made a general confession of all his sins. St. Ignatius, finding him in good dispositions, refrained from making a long exhortation, but in deeply solemn accents he said: "I pray you, my child, be not thankless to God for all the graces he has given you." This was enough; after protesting to our Lord at Holy Communion that he would never leave his society, Ribadeneyra renewed the same promise at the feet of St. Ignatius. Nevertheless he was not admitted for two years to the three vows of religion, and these were passed chiefly in great physical suffering and in the exercise of the most exemplary patience under it. The victory was a complete one, and Ribadeneyra's affection for St. Ignatius only gained by changing its nature. Henceforth the saint was not only a tender, loving father and an indulgent superior in his eyes, but the servant of God and the instrument of his salvation. A coal of living fire had touched Pedro's heart and set it all aglow with the love of Jesus Christ. On the 30th of September, 1545, he pronounced his vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience in the ancient basilica of St. Paul, the same wherein four years before St. Ignatius, with his six first companions, had made his solemn profession.

So sincere and entire was Ribadeneyra's sacrifice that henceforth he desired to give up all further study, in order to serve God as a lay brother in the humblest condition. He had long been disgusted with the vanities of the world, and his pilgrimages from one end of Europe to the other had taken away his love of adventures; then the friend in whom he had placed all confidence had proved unworthy, showing him the worthlessness of mere human sympathy; his interior trials and struggles had taught him to be on his guard against himself and temptations from within, while one grave malady after another had made him, as it were, familiar with death.

But in spite of his wish to make the practice of humility his one study, St. Ignatius decided otherwise. When Ribadeneyra was hurrying to Rome to procure help for Father Domenech lying sick at Ravenna, he met at Sinigaglia Father Christopher Mendoza on his way to found a college at Padua, the first belonging to the society in Italy. It was only fairly organized when Ribadeneyra received the order to proceed thither and pursue his interrupted studies. At Padua, therefore, he passed the next four years of his life in the study of ancient languages, literature, and finally theology, outstripping all his companions

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in the progress he made in each. St. Ignatius, to whom an exact account was rendered of the studious disposition and conduct of each one of his children, wrote in a letter to Father Peter Le Fevre: "As for Pedro de Ribadeneyra, who is studying at Padua, I think, if he lives, he will be a true and thorough servant of God."

The estimation in which the saint held his beloved Pedro, the boy whom he had trained with such pains, for whom he had pleaded before God with such streams of tears, was not destined to be again disappointed. In the year 1549, conceiving a high opinion of his merits and abilities, he sent him to Palermo, there to occupy the chair of rhetoric in the new college founded by Father Domenech. Here his success surpassed all expectation, so that at the end of three years St. Ignatius considered him capable of filling a still more important place, and recalled him to Rome. He then appointed him professor of rhetoric and prefect of studies at the German College—one of those magnificent institutions with which St. Ignatius endowed and enriched the church.

And now the time had come when Ribadeneyra should put on the dignity of the priesthood. He resisted, in his humility, till obedience required him to hold out no longer, when, throwing himself at the feet of his beloved and revered father, he besought him to give him with his blessing the strength and the courage necessary for the responsibilities to which he called him. With arms extended and eyes raised to heaven the saint called down God's blessing upon him, and then, bending down, gave him his hand to kiss—a favor which he never accorded to any other. On the 8th of December, 1553, Pedro de Ribadeneyra received Holy Orders at the age of twenty-six, and offered his first Mass at the church of Santa Maria Maggiore on Christmas night, in the Chapel of the Crib.

And thus Pedro redeemed the promise his mother had made to the Blessed Virgin before he was born. It is no part of our present purpose to follow Ribadeneyra through his apostolic labors. He has embraced the cross; it would take us too far were we to tell how he won his crown. Cardinal Farnese had judged well that he might grace an earthly court; St. Ignatius, more ambitious, had trained him for a heavenly one, and meanwhile he became one of the most distinguished members of the Society of Jesus.

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A HAUNT OF PAINTERS.

"What little town by river or sea shore."
—KEATS' "ODE TO A GRECIAN URN."

VILLERVILLE is—or was, alas!—only a little nest of fishermen's cottages, perched upon the clay cliffs facing Havre, and looking down upon the Seine Gulf. The memory of man, so far as that memory is recorded in the knowledge of the present writer, runs not back to the time when men of Gallic race, addicted to the use of net and hook and line, supporting their bodies and nourishing, all unaware, their brains upon a fishy diet, did not dwell upon this charming spot and dare from it the dangers of the open sea. Tradition has it that a stately forest once waved in primitive luxuriance for at least a quarter of a mile further seaward than the present cliffs, though the hungry tide long since devoured it. Tradition, however, vouchsafing as usual no satisfactory data for calculation, is contented with an affirmation and a confirmatory gesture toward the yet unsated waves, which still thunder ominously at the foot of the old town and have made the construction of a sea-wall, itself in need of yearly repairs, a necessary precaution for the builders of the new one. And, spite of that precaution, the old people shake their grizzled heads as they look up at the great houses stretching along the cliff, and predict a day when they, too, will obey the summons of the winter waves.

Perhaps the town cannot boast an antiquity like that of Honfleur, less than six miles further up the Seine, which every now and then unearths a relic of old Roman camps, and, on the strength of them, would have you believe it saw great Cæsar when he came to Gaul. And yet the difference may very possibly lie solely in the fact that Honfleur found a tongue, though an uncertain one, because its eyes rested from time to time on forms great enough to cause an exclamation and stimulate memory. Men live and propagate their kind, and die and leave no trace, in spots like this. Certain it is that this left bank of the Seine must have been well-nigh as populous as now eight centuries ago, and ancestors of the simple folk who dwell in Villerville to-day doubtless formed part of the rank and file who went with William the Conqueror to establish Norman rule in En-

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gland. The ruins of one of his castles, where they still show you, for half a franc, the yawning darkness of the *oubliette* and the grim dungeon in which *Robert le Diable* is said to have spent seven years of his unhappy life, are within easy walking distance of the town. Down below you as you lean against the crumbling walls of the gray tower which rose above those dismal prisons, and look over the stretch of fertile country which William left behind him, the grassy moat, filling up with trees and sparkling in the spring sunshine with the ineffable beauty of innumerable patches of pale primroses, speaks to you of the nothingness of man's life, the futility of its strength, even at its greatest, when measured against the eternal youth of nature. And yet what almost elemental force there was in the men who built these towers, whose massiveness, even in decay, strikes so keenly the imagination—the men who planned those hideous pits and thrust into them their own flesh and blood, and were not afraid or ashamed to carouse and make merry almost within hearing of their groans!

Then, too, within a distance of nine kilometres, coming this way from Honfleur, one passes three or four old Norman churches, still massive and strong, and witnessing yet the daily Christian Sacrifice, which are said to owe their erection to that fit of pious enthusiasm which swept through Europe after the dreaded year 1000 had passed in peace, and the world, opening eyes which it had feared would be closed for ever by the smoke and flame of the final burning, saw that the dawn of the eleventh century was good and took heart of grace for thankful church-building. This of St. Roch in Villerville, placed sentinel-like at the highest part of the town, was originally, like the others, only a nave and bell-tower, but has since put out side-chapels to adapt itself to growing needs. But even in its first estate it must have been nearly large enough to meet the requirements of a population as great as the town ever knew up to the very recent period from which dates its modern development. It has no architectural beauty beyond that air of rugged strength which the men of that age and race knew how to impress on all their work in stone, both here and beyond the Channel. It stands the mute but sufficient witness of silent generations who lived here in the faith of Christ and died in the hope of immortality, having had in life little chance of other blessedness than such as may flow from obedience to the apostolic injunction: "Having food and raiment, learn therewith to be content." Yet surely, if the rule holds good for places as for

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persons, that they are happiest who have no history, this little town, what with the paucity of its records and the abundant charm of its environment, ought to be accounted fortunate. For all the external loveliness which helps to endear their native soil to men is here in the full glory of perfection—the blue sea stretching to the horizon or limited by the rosy gray of headlands and the purple of distant shores; the swell of sunny uplands; the spread of flowery meadows; the shadow of graceful trees; the generous fields from which the peasants further inland draw the fruits and grains which supplement a never-failing harvest from the deep; over all the wide-arching, gray blueness of the Norman sky.

Here, then, it slept in peace for centuries, and here it might have slept unknown to-day, despite its close proximity to Trouville, had not modern French landscape art, concreting itself for the purpose some thirty years ago in the person of Daubigny *père*, come hither and decreed its change. To Charles François Daubigny belongs the honor of its discovery; at his door lies the responsibility for all the villas, all the new hotels, the modest casino and the bathing-cabins, and the yearly increasing influx of Parisians and Londoners and New-Yorkers who have changed the aspect of the cliffs and carried Villerville almost to Cricquebœuf. "If he had come here to-day," says a painter at one's elbow, "he wouldn't have discovered it." Probably not, for he loved Nature in her simplicity and thought that fashionable people might be put to their most profitable artistic uses elsewhere than in close outdoor proximity. But even when he saw it last he was probably unaware of the full extent of the disaster. For although the painters have been coming here in increasing numbers ever since the date of his happy "find," and French journalists and romancers followed them, attracted by the lovely surroundings, the primitive facilities for bathing, and the unsophisticated scale of prices once in vogue among the fishermen, it was not until well after the close of the Franco-Prussian war that the necessity for hotels became apparent, and fashion, following in the wake of art, suggested to speculators the profitableness of villa-building. Most of the villas, indeed, have gone up within the last half-dozen years. Even the old stone cottages, unchanged else, have put on new headgear since the war, when the fishermen tore down the thatch and the ridge-poles crowned with waving iris, fearing lest Prussian fire might lodge in those tindery shelters. How great a sacrifice that was to make to fear—happily unfounded fear, for the Prussians never came this

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way—who can tell who has not walked along a Normandy road at morning and beheld the sun turning into sparks of fire every tip of broken straw peeping through these rich brown roofs, and deepening into emerald their patches of dewy, thickest moss?

But, changed as it is in architectural aspect and in expensiveness, it is still the resort of painters. Year after year Guillemet and Duez, Butin, Dantan, and a lengthening train of men less known or still altogether unknown, find here a perennial source of inspiration. Sketching-umbrellas begin to dot the beach, and easels get into position near the washing-fountains, public and private, or in the leafy shelter of the charming lanes, so soon as summer fairly opens, and linger until autumn is well over. And even then they come too late and go too early for what is really most characteristic and most beautiful in the landscape of this and the surrounding region. French painters, however, know little of that demarcation between landscape and figure which has been emphasized more sharply in America than elsewhere, and there, no doubt, chiefly because figures were really rare where scenery was most beautiful, or jarred upon the artistic sense by want of harmony with their surroundings. Here all is congruous—occupation, costume, attitude; nay, as one leaves the precincts of the town and strolls through lane or byway, even the houses and steep-roofed barns fit into the landscape as naturally and harmoniously as the trees, the influence of whose graceful forms seems, indeed, to have sunk into the souls of their rustic architects.

Naturally, however, in a fishing village, the beach is the great source of picturesque suggestion. One might say that all the work as well as all the play of the town goes on there, and goes on simultaneously, both for the natives and for the visitors drawn hither by whatever reason. The bathing season proper lasts only through July and August; that of the painters overlaps it at either end, and is itself enclosed between the mussel-gathering, the crevette-fishing, and the excursions of the fishing-smacks, which begin as soon as the spring gales lose their force and end only with the coming storms of winter. Early in May permission is granted at the prefecture for the opening of the mussel season—the great industry of the women, the source of most of their gains, and, one might add, of their most serious losses. It is over the present mussel-bed, lying directly in front of the old town, that the tradition already alluded to locates the site of the ancient forest. The "creeping, crawling tide," eradi

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cating its last vestige, has made compensation after its kind to this portion of the shore by bedding it thickly with these succulent bivalves. So soon as the law permits the work begins, and the mussels are shipped off by wagon-loads to Caen and elsewhere. Yet they are really unfit for eating before June, and a government which is as paternal as if it were not called republican might, one would say, very wisely prohibit the gathering until then. They bring a price, however, though a small one—a bushel may be had in May for twenty-five or thirty sous—and the thrifty fishwives lose no time in earning it. One sees the picturesque groups of from fifty to a hundred at a time at every low tide between May and November, except when pouring rain or holy day breaks in upon their labor. It is peculiarly the business of the women, the men rarely taking any part beyond that of managing the great wagons which stand waiting for their load behind the heavy, unkempt Normandy horses. As a rule, too, it is chiefly the elder women who are found there—mothers, perhaps, not caring to risk the health of their daughters, nor young wives their own, by exposure to the wet and cold which lay the foundation of the lung diseases which combine with disasters at sea to carry off most of those who do not attain extreme old age. The climate is so mild, the air so invigorating, that despite bad drainage the place is healthy, and but for undue exposure by sea and land one would say no one need die here before the limit of man's natural term. Consumption, however, carries off many of the younger women, and if one pities the elder ones, and feels sure that aching winters of rheumatism must needs follow these summers on the mussel-bed, it must be admitted that there is a good deal of natural affection, and even of heroism, in this division of necessary labor. The painters grumble at it now and then, without too great show of reason, since, young or old, nothing could well be more picturesque in grouping, attitude, and costume than most of these stooping figures. Take them on a fair but breezy day, the wind blowing fresh enough to send the waves tumbling and foaming on the outer limit of the beach and to keep the women's skirts and the tassels of their conical white caps in incessant play, and one's eye demands no more from sea or sky, from outline or from color. Here goes one who differs from most of her sisters both in the nature of her occupation, for she has crevette-poles and net over her shoulder instead of mussel-panniers, and in her dress, for poverty and shiftlessness combined have sent her out bare-legged and without sabots. As she scuds before a sudden blast

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her wild hair streams out, her ragged skirt clings close about her and sends a toss of drapery in front, and behold a swift incarnation of the gale. Usually, though, one gets nothing so dramatic. These old women with their heavy woollen hose, their clumsy sabots, their short skirts over which hangs from the waist behind a single breadth of linen, tied a second time just above the knees to keep them modestly in place, the swift motion of their hands, their painful attitude, speak only of patient poverty, the persistent struggle for life's bare necessities. Still, poverty, like dirt, is picturesque, as who should doubt who sees yonder figure bending forward, the play of her strong muscles showing through her close-fitting tricot, her white cap level with her knees, her sturdy ankles framed between her curving arms; or this one, who presents only a broad, heavy curve, draped in tawny gray, a little breeze ruffling the loosened upper breadth into short wrinkles, motion, color, and shape all combining for one instant to give a suggestion less human than elephantine?

Then, too, when "the season" has fairly opened, what with the bathing at high tide and the abounding good-nature of some of the summer visitors, whose fondness for crevettes, or love of air-baths, or hankering after picturesque effect leads them to contribute to it at whatever personal cost, one gets some still prettier variations of the theme. Here comes a young woman across the shingle from her solitary struggle with a shrimping-net. She eludes observation as ingeniously and as effectively as the ostrich in the now exploded ornithological fable. That is to say, her head and face are well shaded under a broad-leafed hat, while her trousers—or would Lady Harberton call this a "divided skirt?"(she is skirtless else)—come only a hand's breadth below her knees, her shapely legs are stockingless, and her gay jersey leaves her round, white arms uncovered to the shoulder. Presently she takes a short cloak from her bathing-cabin, throws it about her, and walks leisurely up the embankment and through the village to her hotel. One wonders what these sober, decently-clad old fishwives think about her. But let us not moralize when our business is observation. The sermons that are in stones may be left to preach themselves to whoever stumbles over them. The real crevetter, who is mostly a man, really needs no adventitious aids to make him and his calling picturesque, and has so much good sense as inclines him to guard himself so far as may be against exposure. If you watch one of the tall, muscular fellows striding off against the sky, his pink

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shirt shining in the sun, his feet in sabots, his brown leggings up above his knees, his poles and net slung across his right shoulder, and his left arm stretching across the basket he carries on his hip, you will see him make his way out into shallow water just beyond the limit of the outgoing tide. He is too far away to make out his preliminary motions, but presently he spreads a pair of great wings above his head and looks like some gigantic waterfowl. It is his replenished net, which he is emptying of its wriggling, spidery load. Down it sinks then with a sweeping curve, then an interval in which the man is only a black spot at the water's edge, and then again the expanded wings, until the basket is full or the tide drives the crevetter in.

Let us stroll off this afternoon along the sands in the direction of the old pottery, beloved of painters, whom one may sometimes find in trios or quartettes, studying the aggregation of its roofs, its happy position on the cliff, its soft color, and its wreaths of curling smoke. To-day we will not climb the little path and penetrate its picturesque interior, but go on further, toward those twin grassy tussocks which edge the sea limit of the field in which stand the crumbling walls, fast gathering moss and ivy, of what truth insists on calling a deserted beet-sugar factory, though fancy and Mark Fisher have painted it as a deserted château. There, where the shingle piles up white against the sky, look at those sombre, ghostly figures peering out to sea. Are they crows, do you think, or are they the spirits of such old sailors' widows as we see at early morning, shut in from the daylight world by those great black capotes they draw so close over head and shoulders, stealing into church to pray for the repose of the men for whom they watched so long in vain? Crows or haunting spirits, there they go, circling in upper air and then plunging down to disappear upon the outer beach. The tide is just beginning to come in, but far away yet—too far to ruffle the blue, translucent pool beyond the wrecked boat whose mossy, broken ribs and slowly lessening outlines we want to paint; too far away, too, to ruffle the repose of this little maid, with her gipsyish shock of hair, who sits waiting for her father near the empty donkey-cart which carried a load of one knows not what to one knows not whither, and watching the patient Neddy turned out to graze awhile in the field where these sleek red cows lie turning their meditative glances seaward. What a struggle she has with him later, when time and tide will wait no longer, even for hungry donkeys, and the tall figure coming across the sands, with the lapping waves in close pursuit, warns her that

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his meal must be interrupted! She tugs him by the bridle, but his head only draws out from between immovable shoulders as if it were made of rubber, and his stubborn feet oppose a passive resistance to her strenuous pulls, until at last his native good sense gets the better of obstinacy and appetite, and he yields the slow concession of good-natured strength to persuasive weakness. We, too, must get together our portable property and betake ourselves to the high-road, along this water-lane which we cross on the single plank which bridges it where it pours into the shingle. Tall rushes fringe it, and lovely wild flowers yield their rosy beauty to eye and hand, but baffle the inquisitive desires of ignoramuses whose botany was never anything but "Latin names," and who long ago acted on Tom Tulliver's famous precedent by forgetting even those. Away up yonder, green against the surrounding green of hillside trees, its squareness outlining itself in some indefinable way and vanishing again the instant one thinks less of form than color, is the old ivy-clad church of Cricquebœuf, behind which we shall presently emerge when once we can tear ourselves from this charming meadow, to which some fine red weed growing amid the uncut grass lends the glow of buckwheat. Over there, on the line between this and the adjoining field, a row of trees bends over to the east with a curious Japanesy exaggeration of the landward slope of all seaside growths. It would be worth a painter's while to come here at daybreak and catch them all salaaming to the rising sun and getting his early benediction on their topmost branches.

There is another water-lane still further up the sands, prettier even than this, which carries to the sea the stream that turns the mill of Cricquebœuf. A water-lane, by the way, is the name given hereabouts to the narrow, shallow brooks, flowing over pebbly bottoms, which, after doing service to the millers, are used as natural roads, through which teams are driven, while pedestrians avail themselves of the narrow footpaths beside their edges. One makes his way from the sands to the mill of Pennedepie along such a lane, overhung by trees, gay with wild flowers, fragrant in July with the scent of new-mown hay, past one secluded farm-house where ducks paddle in the stream and hens cluck in the dooryard, and where a rustic bridge with a hand-rail spans the vista between tall poplars through which gleams the shadowy blue of distant hills. Then, turning to the left, he strikes through an opening in the hedge into a field where the cows stand now knee-deep in grass, but which in January is white with nodding snowdrops, and follows the sound of the plashing wheel to

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a moss-grown mill embowered in trees. Standing on a bridge close by, the chime and motion of the stream beneath his feet, the mellow, monotonous, silvery dashing calling to eye and ear, the miller's daughter up there in the darkening window-space lifting to heaven a strain of plaintive song and then dropping into silence, one lapses into idyllic reverie and enters the land of poetry and dream. What wonder, in scenes like these, where Nature stretches both her hands and invites the soul to follow her into regions where all is fair like her skies, all peaceful like her opaline summer sea?

In August the days grow hotter. There is no sultriness of heat such as the New-Yorker knows and dreads, for cool nights temper the ardor of the days, and light breezes shake the surface of the bay. The circle of the world grows narrower in this high latitude. The sun comes up early in the northeast and sets late and far in the northwest. While yet the day is young you stand where the garden of the Hôtel de la Mer touches the gray embankment wall, and look out to sea. Nay, there is no sea. This is the celestial country, and there is no more sea there, said he who saw it from Patmos island. A veil of luminous haze melts water and sky into a oneness broken here and there by a shining sail whose place on the far horizon knowledge alone determines. It seems to float in upper air. Havre headland has faded out of sight. Midway between the zenith and the place where once it flushed rosy in the dawning light, pale clouds rest motionless, and all above them is tenderest azure; but below, the mussel-bed is the apparent limit of the globe. Those bending figures are white against the sky. The flags high up on the beach poles flaunt their vivid scarlet on a misty, silvery heaven. Down below you on the beach two or three diligent and temerarious painter men have hoisted their white umbrellas and engaged in an unequal struggle with that for ever youthful, for ever ancient beauty that sits in the heavens and laughs at their puny efforts. One feels them fuming in their hearts and maligning pigments. Across the shingle, across the sand, across these patches of dark brown seaweed and these lovely stretches of green, mossy rocks, skirting with wary feet the pools left by the receded tide, you gain the outer limit of the shore and turn to look at the other half of this round world. The point of Vasouy, far to the left, has melted into cloudy gray, yet kept, somehow, its outline. Closer by the pottery on Cricquebœuf cliff stands out with more distinctness. A semicircle of swelling hills, too low, too near for the eye to lose the feathery outlines of the trees that crown them,

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even through this soft haze, rounds back and upward against the sky, and then slopes gently to the water, as far to the right at Hennequeville as Vasouy is to the left. The sandy shore, convex though it is, seems from this point, so far have the waves retired, to stretch like a chord subtending the arc begun at either cape. The grain-fields, the shorn meadows, lie placid in the morning light. Nature is fruitful and maternal now, accustomed to the ardors of the sun, greeting him with no flush of vernal color, no glint of gay attire. Serene and fair, she lies smiling on the hillside, and "Come," she seems to say to her returning lord —"come, watch our children with me! Regard the swelling grapes clustering on the vines, the reddening pears grown heavy on their stems, the apples globing with the ripening juice. Hasten their sweet maturity, and yet look with pity on those our youngest born toiling on yonder shore. Scorch them not with too ardent greetings, poor little ones, who have exchanged for labor and hard fatigue the repose and brooding peace they shared with us in Eden!"

Close under the cliff, or in the shadow of the platform raised for the bathing-cabins, the visitors gather in these hot days. The ladies busy themselves with hideous crewel-work while they chaperon the young folks playing croquet and lawn-tennis; the babies toddle in the sand; the children dig canals and build islands of pebbles for the tide to climb and to submerge, and tan their fair Norman legs and feet into a true southern brown. When the tide is in, surging beneath the platform-piles, breaking in spray against the wall, grinding the pebbles into a rough accompaniment to its own mellow swashing, they go indoors to eat mussels, and pick crevettes out of their pink shells, and drink sour wine and water. But when the afternoon is well along they come out again, not only to bathe, but to walk along the shore before the tide is full, in scanty bathing costumes, covered from head to foot with ample peignoirs of white Russia towelling. Some of them carry nets or little baskets, as if bent on shrimps or mussels at their proper cost, but that is mostly a fond pretence. What they really seek is the pleasure of feeling the summer air on bodies freed from the accustomed tight-fitting harness. The spectator's share of that pleasure is a variable one, dependent on constantly differing conditions of proportion and rotundity in the good-natured people who afford it gratis. Yet sometimes a figure goes with a large, slow gait along the shore, white draperies clinging close or falling in stately folds about her, as sculpturesque, as indifferent, as insensible as if she were

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Agrippina newly risen from her chair in the Capitoline Museum. The day deepens while we watch her. The sea faints into a pale, ineffable, ghostly blue under the gaze of the sun; the near pools glow with pink and salmon tints; Havre still hides behind a veil of haze, through which, as twilight closes, the twin electric lights of Cape La Hève shine faintly; the Dipper lies flat over on its handle and glitters large in the northwestern sky. The August day is over.

Faithful to the tradition of them that "go down unto the sea in ships," the fishermen of Villerville remain as yet unspotted by the current irreverence of the age. As Saturday evening closes in the fishing-smacks draw up along the beach and lie there on their beam-ends, their painted hulls looming large and their masts drawing fine lines against the sky, until the last high tide on Sunday. Sometimes at twilight, watching the phosphorescent waves breaking in cold blue flame against the beach, one sees a boat put off from some outstanding vessel, and the home-coming men, pushing in as close as the tide permits, step over the side and splash through the water to the shore; or perhaps one or two, bare half-way to the thigh, take the others on their shoulders and land them dry-shod where sweethearts and wives and little ones await them. Sometimes the women are too impatient even for that, and wade out to help drag the boat out of reach of the tide, and to get and give those resounding kisses which come to the ear of the sympathetic onlooker. Then comes the exchange of burdens. To the women fall the oars and the baskets full of fish, while the men shoulder the babies and lend a finger or a fold of their breeches to the toddling little ones who toil joyfully beside them up the embankment. To-morrow you will see them all in church. You will hear their lusty voices intoning the *Gloria in Excelsis* and the *Credo;* you will admire, as they troop out when Mass is over, their jaunty Sunday rig of tight gray trousers and black or blue jerseys, their shining shoes, their clean-shaven chins, and their voluminous silk scarfs. The women, too, will have laid aside for the most part the conical caps of the mussel-bed and donned others of less picturesque shape, but frilled, or edged with lace, or ornamented with coquettish knots of ribbon. Their neat black sabots shine; their short skirts hang in heavy folds; gay little shawls or shoulder-capes cross in front and are pinned down to the waist behind. If it is a *fête* day, a First Communion, or St. Roch's day, or, best of all, Corpus Christi—which is kept here as a high festival on the first fair Sunday following the feast—the town itself will be in gala

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dress. All the available white linen of the town drapes the house-fronts; the streets are lined with rushes and tall grass, above which flowers are strewn in wild profusion; all the town turns out to accompany and do reverence to the Sacred Host. In 1881 M. Dantan painted this Villerville procession as it was in the act of descending the embankment to receive benediction at the altar raised on the sands. His picture, bought by the French government, hangs now in the Luxembourg.

And then, as night draws on and the men must be off again about their perilous tasks, the farewell groups begin to gather on the shore. You see the baskets of bread and the breakers of fresh water carried by careful, willing hands, and the men, once more in leggings and heavy woollens, hugging the little ones close in lingering arms as they trudge slowly through the sands. You watch the last embraces; you, too, stay to catch the last glimpses of the vanishing boats; you follow with sympathetic eyes the women and children straying back in broken groups to their empty, perhaps never again to be aught but empty, homes. What would life be to these people without their consoling faith in the good God?

French devotion, however, even when most sincere, has nothing harsh nor puritanical about it. Not every Sunday is spent so uneventfully between home and church, with occasional interludes at the *café* and the pleasures of neighborly intercourse. Four or five times, perhaps, during "the season" the boats lie over until Monday, and a fishermen's dance takes place on Sunday evening on the bathing-platform at the same time that "the Parisians," as the villagers call all their strange guests, are enjoying another in the long, low shed reared between the bathing-cabins and the billiard-room. The sound of their tinkling old piano and the glimmer of their colored lanterns mingles with the moonlight and the cheery tones of the fisher lads and lasses at the further end of the platform, as they dance hand-in-hand to the music of their own voices, chanting the quaint old songs, unknown to literature, which have been handed down from former generations of young lovers, to airs which, like the words, must be caught, if caught at all, from the lips of the singers. No one in the town has a copy, written or printed, of their songs. They tell you they are very old; they learned them from their forebears; they have a "*très grande antiquité*"—that is all they know about them. Imagine such a scene on a mild September night, the full moon riding midway in the northeastern heaven and pouring a flood of silver on the bay; the waves break-

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ing in a soft rush beneath the platform; the faces of the dancers now in light, now in shadow, as they tread their round between sea and sky, accentuating the time often with a sharp stamp or accelerating it into a quick run, but no horse-play, nothing indecorous to mar the harmony of the surroundings. Here is a specimen, one of the simplest and prettiest, of their rhymes:

"J'ai fait construire un navire,
Tout en or et en argent,
Les voiles sont de dentelle,
Les cordages en rubans blancs.
La plume s'envole, vole, vole,
La plume s'envole au vent.

"Les voiles sont de dentelle,
Les cordages en rubans blancs,
L'équipage de ce navire
Est tout jeunes filles de quinze ans.
La plume, etc.

"La plus jeune en a quatorze,
Elle en est le commandant;
J'aperçois une brunette
Qui pleurait dans les haubans.
La plume, etc.

"'Qu'avez-vous donc, la belle?
Qu'avez-vous à pleurer tout?'
'Je pleure mon anneau d'or,
Qu'est parti dans les haubans.'
La plume, etc.

"'Ne pleurez pas tout, la belle,
Il reviendra dans un an;
Il est parti vent d'arrière,
Il reviendra vent d'avant.'
La plume, etc."

"I have builded me a boat,
All of gold and silver bright;
The sails are made of lace,
The shrouds of ribbons white.
The feather flies, it flies, it flies,
The feather flies in the wind.

"The sails are lace, the shrouds
Ribbons of whitest sheen;
The crew of this gay boat
Are young maidens of fifteen.

"The captain of the band
Counts only fourteen years;
I see there in the shrouds
A dark-haired girl in tears.

"'Why do you weep so, beauty?
Why are you so forlorn?'
"'Tis for my plighted lover,
Who went in the shrouds, I mourn.'

"'Don't weep so sore, then, beauty;
In a year he will return.
He will come back with the wind ahead,
He went with the wind astern.'"

September closes "the season." The summer butterflies flutter back to town; the villas are deserted; the hotels dismiss their waiters and close their empty rooms. The painters linger for yet another month or two, and then they, too, vanish. Trade in the little town grows dull. November gales begin to blow, and the anxious women stand out on the cliff at the end of the fishermen's quarter, searching the unquiet sea with telescopes for the first familiar lines of the expected boats. Out on the still green hillside the lame old shepherd pastures his gentle flock, leading them by his voice, not driving them before him, as English shepherds do. You may see him often on late after-

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noons, silhouetted against the darkening sky, halting between crutch and staff, the collar of his frieze cloak standing high and stiff about his crown, his dogs cocking up their ears beside him, his sheep coming toward him from all quarters of the field.

Then winter comes. A damp cold penetrates one's bones, and the sea thunders hoarse and loud against the shore, carrying away the platform railings, submerging the road between the cliff and the bathing-cabins, swallowing great mouthfuls of the path that skirts the fields between here and Cricqueboeuf. The fishermen have left their boats in Honfleur basin and sit at home smoking their pipes and watching their womenkind staggering under heavy faggots along the road, or knitting leggings, or weaving nets for the men, who do up all their own work on the sea and take their ease when on the land. "It is not their custom," the mild-eyed women will tell you when you ask why their husbands or their sons are not seeking the faggots in the woods or bearing them homeward on their backs. Here, as elsewhere, "man's work is but from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done." It is winter, but the marshy fields are white with snowdrops; the primrose opens its lovely eyes along the roadside; the trees have thrown off their too luxuriant summer robe, but they are more beautiful than ever in that delicate tracery of rosy brown and purple which their branches draw against the silvery sky. Fair as she is in every season, yet it is only now, when all her professional admirers have departed, that Nature on this Norman coast throws off all her disguises, reveals her enchanting outlines, yet well-nigh drives her lover to despair.

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UNCLE GEORGE'S EXPERIMENTS.

I.

THE house was a pretty though plain frame building, standing upon the brow of a hill which swept from the front door down to the county road. When the present century was yet an infant, and while the untutored savage yet crept with stealthy step through the underbrush or sent his light canoe spinning over the shallow waters of the Big Miami, the father of the present owner, having reached Cincinnati by descending the river on a raft, had built a log-house, still standing, further down the road, and lived there while he cleared his land and prepared it for cultivation. Later he built this residence and removed to it, and here his family of two sons and two daughters had grown up.

Sturdy oaks and ash, beeches and walnut-trees, relics of the "forest primeval," shaded the lawn in front, while back of the house, rearing their sable branches stiff and dark against the sky, loomed several pines, old as the rest and regarded with peculiar interest as the only ones left in the neighborhood. As the owner of the house stood on his front piazza he could catch glimpses through the trees of the Miami sluggishly wandering in a slender stream over its sandy bed just the other side of the road, while beyond stretched field after field of waving grain and uprising corn, all of which called him master. But old age was creeping upon him, and, being a bachelor, George Graham felt doubly lonesome in his retirement, having outlived all his contemporaries in the neighborhood. His only surviving sister resided in Cincinnati and had a family of two daughters and one son, the latter living in Arizona, whither he had gone some six years before to seek his fortune. Jane was what would be called a "notable" woman by New-Englanders. She imagined that if everybody would leave his or her affairs to her management everything would proceed much more smoothly. In this idea her brother George did not share, and so they, by mutual consent, kept apart. Still, Jane did not by any means intend to allow the family acres to slip away from her girls, if by flattery and cajolery the old gentleman could be propitiated.

James Graham, the younger brother, had been wild and wayward in his youth, and, after involving his father by reckless

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squandering of twice his portion, had disappeared. Then George put his shoulder to the wheel, and, by dint of hard work and careful watching, not only redeemed the mortgaged home, but added year by year to an originally small bank account until he was considered the wealthiest man in his county.

The idea that James was dead was dispelled after long years by a letter, written on his death-bed, petitioning his injured parent for his wife and child, soon to be left unprotected to the pitiless charity of the world. When this letter reached the Homestead the father was past being influenced by it—he slept in the little family God's acre on the hillside towards the setting sun. George wrote in reply a simple statement of the fact and enclosed a draft for two hundred dollars. That was eight years ago.

On this June evening, 1872, he stands at his front door and reads a letter which has just reached him. Let us peep over his shoulder and read with him. The writer is Jane. The italics are hers:

"DEAR BROTHER GEORGE: I enclose you a *very remarkable* letter just received. The impertinent forwardness of some people is really *disgusting!* Does the girl suppose that I keep a foundling hospital?" ["Heaven help the foundlings," is the reader's comment, "if you did!"] "Why, if the '*good ladies* of the Sacred Heart'—what new species are they?—are so devoted to her, don't she stay with them? She can't be so poor as she represents herself, or these 'ladies' would not be so fond; for of all people who have an eye to the main chance commend me to nuns and priests!

"However, I send you the letter, as you might at some future time reproach me for not doing so. As for any assistance from me, that is impossible! With my scant income I have my hands full to keep my Jane and Caroline properly presentable for the station a kind Providence has appointed them to fill. They send much *love* to *dear* uncle and hope to see him *very soon!* May God bless you, my dear brother, is the prayer of your affectionate sister, JANE.

"P.S. The doctor says Carrie *ought* to go to the mountains for a couple of weeks, but *how can I send her?*"

"I am sure I don't know, if you don't!" was the muttered comment upon this P.S.

Then he opened the enclosure and found a short note written in a style of chirography decidedly French, although the wording was idiomatically English, as follows:

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"MY AUNT: It is not without a withdrawing that I write this. My dear mamma, who is dead since two years, did tell me so to do if all beside did fail. So it has happened but now. I did teach for a year in a family who have sailed away to Europe, and since six months I have made my endeavors to obtain another situation, but cannot. My home is with the dear good ladies of the Sacred Heart, where I was so long as a pupil, but I do not desire to impose myself upon them longer. They are very kind and say to me, 'Stay!' But my sense and my heart say, 'No, it is not right, because they are not of my blood, and I must work to live.' So, my aunt, I send this little letter to you, in thinking that may be you could offer me some suggestions. Have you not some young daughters of your own that I could instruct? Your niece in sorrow,

"CONSTANCE DIEU-DONNÉE GRAHAM.

"NEW ORLEANS, June 3, 1872."

The old gentleman used his handkerchief vigorously after reading this, and then folded the note up carefully and placed it in the breast-pocket of his coat. On turning his sister's letter over to put it in the envelope he came upon another P.S. which had escaped him:

"'Dieu-donnée'!—was there ever such an outlandish name? It only sufficed to fill the measure of James' iniquity that he should marry a Romanist and bring an idolatrous papist into the family. Dieu-donnée indeed! Much 'Dieu' has to do with it; d— something else would be the better word."

On reading this Mr. Graham was seized with a fit of laughter so violent that he was obliged to sit down upon one of the benches which furnished the piazza, and he laughed till he cried.

II.

"Well, George is a trump! Just look here, girls—a check for three hundred dollars! Now you can both go to the mountains." So said Mrs. Dinsdale to her daughters just after the matutinal visit of the postman. Then she read the letter and her face fell slightly:

"DEAR SISTER JANE: Your thoughtfulness in sending me our niece's letter is fully appreciated. As I do not wish one of our name and blood to be suffering for the necessaries of life, or to be dependent for them upon strangers, I think she had better

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come North; and as I am not situated to receive her, I shall have to ask you to be my proxy. In a household so well regulated as yours she will doubtless learn many valuable lessons in domestic economy. And, subjected to the discipline of your righteous judgment, she will imbibe a strong morality. Animated by your Christian example, she will become a model of patience, meekness, and all the necessary virtues. As for her religion, 'tis a pity, that; but I am very sure you will be able to convince her of the superior claims of your special form of protestation against the errors in which she has been raised. Altogether I congratulate you upon the wide field of usefulness open to you. Enclosed you will find a check for three hundred dollars. One-third of it is on account of board (including washing and all extras) for two months; the remainder is to be sent to Constance to enable her to repay the friends she is leaving for any expense to which she may have subjected them, and to pay her expenses in the journey, which I wish her to take *by rail*, as the river is low at this season, and a boat (although the cheaper mode) might be delayed. If, when she comes, she should express a wish to see me, bring her out here. Now we'll see whether she is 'God-given' or 'devil-sent.' *I'm* not afraid to write the word, if *you* are! Your brother, GEORGE.

"THE HOMESTEAD, BUTLER CO., OHIO, June 8, 1872."

"What is the matter, ma?" queried Jane, the older daughter, a reflection of her mother in every minutia. Mrs. Dinsdale had read the letter to herself, and her face, as she proceeded down the page, was a study; the smile which had lighted it up gradually died away, the corners of her mouth dipped down towards her chin, and her nostrils expanded even as the war-horses' in Job are supposed to have done.

"Can't we go to Cresson, after all, ma?" asked Carrie, seeing that Jane's question elicited no reply. "What does he send the check for?"

"Oh! yes," returned Mrs. Dinsdale, "you can go to Cresson; make yourselves easy about that. But your uncle must have had a severe attack of spleen when he wrote this!"

"Can't we see it?" the young women asked simultaneously.

"No, you cannot!" replied the mother, with unusual asperity. "He orders me to receive your Uncle James' child, and this check is for her benefit. I am to send two—a portion of it"—she amended her sentence—"for travelling expenses, and retain a part on account of board for two months."

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Mrs. Dinsdale had her reasons for not being more explicit with her daughters. She had already formed a plan in her own mind which she felt she could best carry out alone.

Accordingly in a week's time Jane and Carrie departed upon a two weeks' visit to Cresson Springs, while a check, just sufficient to pay the barest expenses of the journey, was sent to the poor little anxious Dieu-donnée. The letter accompanying it is too rich to be omitted in this truthful chronicle:

"MY DEAR CHILD: Your letter made my heart ache for you! And I am so glad that a good Providence has blessed me with a comfortable home and means sufficient to enable me to share it with you, at least temporarily. I send you a check to the amount I learn will be necessary to pay your way. It will not allow of a sleeper, but you are young and will not mind passing the nights on the benches of the ordinary car. By turning two seats facing each other a very comfortable bed can be arranged. As the meals at the stations are high-priced, you had better pack a lunch-basket sufficient to last you the four days, so you will not have to leave the car. Your cousins are all impatience to see you. May God bless you and keep you safely is the prayer of your affectionate AUNT JANE.

"CINCINNATI, June 12, 1872."

One evening George Graham sat upon his front piazza reading the previous day's paper, in which was a list of departures for the summer vacations; he found the following among them:

"The Misses Dinsdale are at Cresson Springs, Pa., for a short visit. Their numerous friends wish them a pleasant sojourn."

Whereupon he chuckled to himself. Later his mail was brought to him, and he found a letter from his sister telling him that she had written to Constance and sent the money as he had directed; adding that she supposed she might look for her new inmate in the course of two weeks. Not a word was said about the girls' departure for Cresson.

III.

It is midsummer. The river has shrunk to a slender thread, which winds down one side of the broad, sandy bed, as if, knowing its delinquency, it is endeavoring to hide its face. The pee-wees, which have built year after year under the shelter of the front porch, have a nest full of young just ready to take flight.

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The rye and barley are waving their yellow plumes in the air, and the young corn gives good promise. As the sun sinks behind the pines a group of four is seated on the front piazza of the Homestead—viz., Jane's two daughters, Jennie and Carrie, and their attendant swains, who have by invitation followed them here to "view the landscape o'er," and revel in anticipation of what will one time be theirs, if their present matrimonial ideas are carried out.

The girls had enjoyed their visit to the Springs exceedingly, and only regretted its limited extent. A short two weeks after their return they had received an invitation from their uncle to visit him, and, much against their inclination, urged on by their mother, had accepted.

The day after their arrival two young men made their appearance at the little village of Venice, about two miles away from the Homestead. These were "Jack" and "Tom," the swains aforesaid. Their frequent presence was tolerated at his house by their aged host, and he even gave them a cordial invitation to remain to any meal the time of serving which agreed with their "happening in." In fact, George Graham's courtesy was of the old-fashioned kind, and a guest beneath his roof was sacred; and for that reason his nieces had nothing to complain of in his treatment of them, however much he may have understood the game they were playing. But he always grew very deaf while they remained.

Sitting on the piazza, the young folks chatted gaily among themselves, while just at the front window of the parlor was their uncle, seemingly absorbed in his paper.

"When I am mistress here," said Jane, looking up at the eaves, "I shall add a story. I never could abide a cottage house; the upper rooms are so close and warm with the sloping roof!"

"If *I* am left the part of the farm that the house stands on I shall let the main part be, but tear down the old kitchen and dining-room, and cut down those horrid pines that make such a moaning noise when the wind blows. Then just over there I'll build a new house, making the entrance beyond, so that this part will be kitchen and dining-room." So spoke Carrie.

"But, my dear Carrie, I don't think you will be left this part. Uncle knows that *I* like this sloping lawn and the old trees," replied Jane.

"You had better not speak so loud, girls; your uncle will hear you!" cautioned Tom.

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"Oh! no, he won't; he's as deaf as a post!" replied Carrie.

"And suppose he leaves it to Constance?" suggested Jack, with a twinkle of fun in his eye.

"To Constance!" exclaimed both the girls at once.

"What an idea, Jack Thurston!" cried Jane. "Why, he don't care anything about her! I don't know what made him take it into his head to ask mamma to send for her, but when the letter came from those nuns saying she was too ill to travel he didn't seem to care a bit. He just let the matter drop."

Nor did he ask his sister to return the money he had sent her. But of this the young men knew nothing.

"Have you heard from your cousin since?" asked Tom.

"No; ma didn't write again. She supposes that when the girl is ready she will come."

They chattered on, never noticing that their uncle had risen and left the parlor. Presently he returned to the window and called out:

"Jane! Caroline! I have told Abe to get up the carriage; I am going into Venice. Will one of you go with me?"

Jane responded promptly:

"Yes, uncle, I'll go with pleasure." Then to Jack: "You need not go. I'll be back before very long."

"All right," replied Mr. Graham; "get ready."

An hour or so later Jane had resumed her seat upon the porch, holding the hat she had worn in her drive in her hands. Mr. Graham had also resumed his seat at the window, but it was too dark to read.

"He stopped at the post-office and wouldn't let me get out; went in himself, and I saw him at the telegraph-desk."

"Whom could he be wiring in such haste?" mused Tom.

"'Wiring?' Oh! telegraphing, you mean," exclaimed Carrie. "Well, no one knows but himself and the operator. I bet I can make her tell."

But when, the next morning, Miss Carrie and Mr. Tom walked over to the village in pursuit of knowledge, they were checkmated by the indignant refusal of the operator to reveal state secrets.

At dinner, of which meal the young men were also partakers, Mr. Graham proposed that the girls and their friends should drive over to a Shaker settlement in the neighborhood which was well worth a visit. He declined to accompany them, and told "Abe," the man-of-all-work, to put the tongue to the carriage, as two horses would be required. Of course the girls were de-

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lighted, for it was by a drive through the loveliest of lovely country scenery that they would reach their destination.

The gay party had not been gone half an hour when a phaeton was driven up to the gate by a lively-looking little lady of apparently about fifty years of age. Mr. Graham went out to receive her bare-headed.

"Well, George! you see I am here. I received your telegram, and you may be sure I was surprised!"

"I knew I could rely upon you, Annie, and so I have cleared the coast. They are off to the Whitewater to visit the Shakers."

"What is it that requires so much circumlocution?" she asked, as she walked up the path towards the house, the carriage-road leading up to the back entrance.

Thereupon Mr. Graham made his request, which caused the lady to stand still and look at him as if she thought him crazy. But by the time he explained matters she was full of interest and ready to fall in with any plan of his.

The Dinsdales returned from their drive in glad good-humor and during tea kept up a laughing description of their visit. A day or two after they returned to their mother's house and filled her anxious ears with accounts of how kind Uncle George had been to them, each fancying herself the favorite.

"But it is a pity he is so deaf!" said Jane.

"Deaf!" exclaimed the mother. "Then he has suddenly become so, for when he was down at Christmas he heard as well as I do."

"Yes; but he told us he had caught a heavy cold after that visit, and had been deaf ever since."

"Oh! well. He's over sixty, and it's time," was the rejoinder.

IV.

The "Annie" of the mysterious interview recorded in the last chapter was the widow of a cousin of the Grahams. She had lost her husband early in life, and had resided in the county town, Hamilton, ever since. There never had existed any particular friendship between her husband and his cousin, Jane Dinsdale, and after her marriage an open rupture occurred between the ladies which Mrs. Annie Graham had never sought to heal. So it happened that for years there had been no intercourse, and Mrs. Dinsdale had probably forgotten the very existence of the other.

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We must now read another letter, in order to carry the thread of our story:

"THE HOMESTEAD, August 1, 1872.

"DEAR JANE: As your maternal heart is doubtless anxious about the fate of our young niece, left so cruelly to those wolves in sheep's clothing—the nuns—I am happy to be able to tell you that she is rescued from their clutches and the danger of yellow fever in New Orleans, and is under the kind protection of a relative of ours. If you still desire to befriend the orphan let me know, and she will be sent to you. When the girls feel like making me another visit I shall be most happy to receive them.

"Your brother,

"GEORGE."

About the time that letter was written there were other visitors on the piazza of the Graham homestead. This time it is Mrs. Annie Graham and a young girl—the Dieu-donnée.

George Graham sits with them and is telling them of the young days of the father and brother. For, with all his faults and wild escapades, her father's was a lovable nature, and much would have been forgiven him had he but returned to claim the grace. Constance is like him, and the old man's hand rests tremblingly on her head, and his eyes are dim as he looks at her.

Weeks pass in calm contentment, the company of his Dieu-donnée, as he is fond of calling her, becoming more and more necessary to the old man. He is never tired of telling, and she of hearing, of the early times when the Indians were all around them, professedly friendly, still to be watched and guarded against. He told her of the visits of the venerable Bishop Fenwick, the first Catholic bishop of Cincinnati, whose diocese included all Ohio and Indiana and a part of Kentucky. In making his diocesan visitations he often sought the hospitality of the elder Graham's roof, and had on one of his visits baptized George, who was then a very little child.

"Then you are a Catholic, my uncle?" exclaimed Constance, clasping her hands in delighted surprise.

"No!" replied Mr. Graham; "my parents were Swedenborgians, and I was brought up in that belief. But I am really a member of no church. A civilized heathen I suppose I must call myself." Then, seeing the look of disappointment which settled over the sweet face, he laughingly added: "But one day the present archbishop, then a young man of thirty-five or six, met me in Hamilton at the house of a common friend, and

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when the fact of my baptism by his predecessor was mentioned he asked me the same question you did. Of course I told him no. 'Ah! well,' he replied, 'all in good time. You know the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, my good sir? At the eleventh hour—at the eleventh hour!' And so it may be—if that is any comfort to you, my child."

Mrs. Dinsdale did not reply to her brother's last letter for some time. To tell the truth, the lady was sick with chagrin. It was too terrible to think of that papistical vixen really near him—she supposed with Annie Graham in Hamilton. At last she recovered enough to insist upon the girls accepting the invitation, given in said letter, for a week. Knowing that a week will soon pass, they devote themselves to the sacrifice, and arrive to find the stranger domiciled in the old home! Mrs. Annie had gone back to Hamilton.

As they are, neither of them, unaware of the precarious nature of their hold upon their uncle's affections, this circumstance is ominous and their spirits fall accordingly. But they preserve a calm exterior, and it is only in their own room and in the letters to their mother that they express themselves freely.

As "Uncle George" has grown deaf again—strangely deaf, Constance thinks—Jane and Caroline have no idea of the temporary recovery he experienced before this visit. Again on the piazza they are gathered with their cousin, and again Mr. Graham is busy with his paper at the window.

"Has uncle said anything to you about his will, Constance?" asked Jane abruptly.

"His will? *Comment?*" the girl returned, not understanding.

"Yes, his will—how he intends to leave his property when he dies?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the child, and she shuddered as if she had been hurt.

"Why, you needn't be so easily shocked. He's an old man, and you know he is very rich."

"N-o," she replied. "I had not considered it. Is it so?"

"That is a good joke!" both the Dinsdales exclaimed. "Don't pretend to us that you don't know all about it."

"But it is not pretence; I know not—not anything about it."

"Well, one thing you can tell us: how did he come to invite you to come here?"

"He tell Cousin Annie to come to New Orleans. I was sick, very. And she come. Then when I get well she bring me here. Besides, papa had told me how good Uncle George had been

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when—when—" But here the tears came and choked her utterance, and just then Uncle George called her and sent her with a message to the woman who kept house for him.

That night in their own room the sisters expressed themselves unrestrainedly, and such a tirade of abuse as the uncle and niece received would have astonished Jack and Tom had they been there to hear. But the ladies did not know that the room which they supposed was a lumber-room, and which communicated with their own by a door, was now occupied by their uncle, the change having been made lately. He had gone to his chamber early, and now sat at his window in quiet darkness while the storm raged.

V.

It was about at this stage of affairs that Knowles, coming into my room one day, found me lying upon the floor in a dead faint. He lifted me up on to the bed, and realized as he did so that I was in a high fever. Jack Knowles and I had been at Yale together, after which he had been graduated in medicine in Germany while I was making the "grand tour." Later, when I returned to Cincinnati, I found him already established, and we resumed our friendship, while I, with a sudden furor, devoted myself to the study of law. And as I was in the habit of doing what I undertook to do with all my might, the result was that, in this case, I overdid matters.

"What though your father was born in New Haven and your mother in Bangor! The human brain can stand just so much and no more, and the filling inside your skull is no whit harder than the rest of humanity's."

So spoke Knowles, my guide, philosopher, and friend—likewise physician—when I had recovered enough to listen to him. He furthermore insisted that I must rest—go into a state of perfect inaction amid new scenes and quiet surroundings.

In this emergency the remembrance of my Aunt Annie's lovely home in the suburbs of Hamilton arose, and a longing came over me to be with her. Accordingly I wrote to her, and by return of mail received a loving invitation to come and stay as long as I pleased. Oh! the delight of having nothing to do and doing it with all one's might; to employ the mind only sufficiently to realize that it was idle—this state with me went far and away beyond the much-quoted Italian condition, as far beyond as the New England active, sharp intellect is beyond the slow, dreamy Italian mind.

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I did not know until later that my aunt, on receiving my letter, had ridden out to old Mr. Graham's and told him of her expected guest, and also gave him a true and faithful account of said guest's faults, failings, and virtues, likewise of his possessions and expectations. The old gentleman was kind enough to express himself interested, and told her to bring me out to the Homestead as often as she wished.

The natural consequences followed, as my aunt, and probably Mr. Graham, expected or foresaw. The beauty of Dieudonnée attracted me, her quaint, old-fashioned shyness fascinated me, while her formal, slow, exact English delighted me. When she discovered that I could talk to her in French her surprise and pleasure were unbounded; and in the gay, bright flood of words she poured forth in her native tongue she proved herself a veritable chatterbox in whom I hardly recognized the demure, quiet little maiden who, on the first visit I had paid, had looked up at me with such large, beseeching, black-blue eyes, as if deprecating any unkind judgment I might have formed of her.

The weeks of my prescribed idleness flew by all too rapidly. When I returned to my books they no longer claimed, as they had done, my whole attention. There not being any necessity for exertion on my part in order to earn my daily bread, and the previous undertaking to study law being only *pour passez le temps*, I gradually grew relax and found many other matters of more interest to engage me.

VI.

Of course much of what I record was not known to me personally; I gathered it up afterwards from the lips of the various actors in the drama, and have thrown the disconnected accounts into continuous shape according to the best of my ability.

At this time Mrs. Dinsdale was about as unhappy a woman as lived. From having decided in her own mind that it was the proper thing to do, she arrived, by a mental process known only to herself, at the certainty that her brother would make one of her girls, or both, his heiress. When she found that his interest in, and kindness to, Constance threatened to interfere with this plan of hers, her hatred of the girl grew apace.

It had been the custom each year for "Uncle George" to eat his Christmas dinner as his sister's guest. This winter the Christmas party would of course include Constance, and as the time drew near Mrs. Dinsdale grew strangely nervous and ex-

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citable. Her daughters were alarmed about her, and wrote, unknown to her, to their brother, begging him, if possible, to return and spend a few weeks with them. Accordingly on Christmas eve George made his appearance and was shocked to find his mother so peculiarly affected. Her greeting of him was hysterical, and the suddenness of his coming produced a singular state of mind. She was glad beyond expression, and yet there appeared something back, as if his presence had changed some plan or project. All day she was, to the anxious eyes who watched her, more like an insane person than anything else. But the night brought a change, and by the morning she was able to greet her guests with her usual composure.

I was not of the party, but I heard afterwards that George was very devoted to his young cousin. But all his softly-spoken speeches, all his *petits soins*, were wasted, and I had not the least reason to be jealous of him. I had a word-painting of the family group assembled after dinner in the drawing-room, from Knowles, for whom (he having accompanied me in several of my visits to the Homestead while staying with me at Aunt Annie's) Mr. Graham had sent, wishing to consult with him upon some point of mutual interest. An introduction to the family followed, and a few moments' chat with Constance.

George's fancy for his cousin caused him to delay his return to Arizona, and was no secret from his mother, who regarded it with unconcealed delight. She urged Dieu-donnée to visit her during January, and, Mr. Graham approving, my little girl was domiciled under her aunt's roof for two or three weeks. Knowles and I were her frequent visitors, and I began to fear that I had a rival in him; for I had not told her of my love for her, though I think her woman's wit guessed its existence. I made no secret of my preference for her society. Then as spring advanced George suddenly discovered that he was very fond of visiting "Uncle George," and Uncle George was very kind to him and welcomed him always cordially. He would send the two on convenient errands into Venice, a longer ride or drive into Hamilton, and threw them together in every way.

At length, during a visit which Dieu-donnée was making to his mother in the month of March, George decided to put his fortune to the test, and lost. He did not tell his mother what he had done, but quietly made his preparations for returning to Arizona, and announced his determination at the breakfast-table when all was ready. Mrs. Dinsdale heard the announcement with dismay, and one glance at her niece's tell-tale face told her

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only too quickly the true reason for it. She was strangely quiet all day and the day after, the next but one being fixed for George's departure.

VII.

Constance was very anxious to return to the Homestead, but her aunt pressed her to remain, and she did so. The day after George left she was taken sick—a headache, only a passing indisposition, I was told when I called in the evening. Mrs. Dinsdale was with her, Carrie said, and presently the lady entered the parlor. She returned my greeting, but did not sit down. On the contrary, she seemed to be looking for something, by the way she wandered from one receptacle of bric-à-brac to the other, from table to mantel. At last Carrie asked her if she had lost anything, and I, having remained standing since her entrance, perceived that a handkerchief was lying rather concealed by the portière of the door by which she had entered.

"Is this what you miss, Mrs. Dinsdale?" I asked, going over and picking it up. As I held it in my hand I noticed a peculiar odor about it, like bitter almonds. She came forward hastily, snatched rather than took the article from me, with a peculiar look into my face, and said with an evident effort to speak calmly:

"Yes, yes! Give it to me instantly!"

I complied and bowed, and she swept past me out of the room. Jane had entered by another door, and I saw the two girls exchange glances, and Carrie sighed deeply. My visit was not prolonged, as my two entertainers were evidently *distrait*, and Mrs. Dinsdale did not reappear.

Just as I was getting into my overcoat in the hall a servant rushed down-stairs and into the parlor, excitedly crying:

"O Miss Jane! Miss Carrie! Miss Constance is dying! Come quick!"

The two rushed past me and up-stairs, while the servant was about to follow, when I checked her.

"How dare you say so!" I asked, hardly knowing what I said or did, for the girl told me afterwards that I shook her.

"Because I knows it—she's all drawd back, her head—and—and—oh! please go for a doctor, Mr. Torbett, and don't lose no time."

"Very well," I replied. "I will bring Dr. Knowles in a very few moments, and do you come the moment you hear the bell!"

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She promised, and I hurried to Knowles' office and found him just returned from a visit. In another moment we were in a cab rattling over the stones to the Dinsdales' house.

My feelings as I waited in the parlor may be imagined; presently a note came down by the same maid who had given the alarm. In it I was directed to get certain prescriptions which were enclosed filled, and, while waiting for them, to hurry to an address he gave, and bring a nurse, who lived there, with me. The woman *must* come, he said, and would come if I told her Dr. Knowles could not leave the patient until she did.

In as little time as possible I returned, having been successful in finding the nurse, and, having received a message from my friend to wait till he joined me, I took up my solitary vigil in the parlor. It was a couple of hours before he came down, having, he said, left Constance comfortable and safe in the care of Mrs. Comstock.

"What did you mean by 'safe'?" I asked, as we left the house, having bade Miss Jane good-night, she being the only one of the family who came down-stairs when Knowles was leaving.

Knowles walked on a few steps in silence. We had turned out of Pike Street, and were passing a dead-wall which bounded the yard of the corner house on the south side of Fourth. Then he turned and laid his hand on my arm.

"Torbett, you are going to ask that little waif to be your wife, are you not?"

"I am," I replied quietly.

"Then get her away, up to her uncle's or cousin's, as quickly as you can!"

"Why, what is the matter, Jack? You don't mean—you don't—" I stopped. Like a flash came the odor of bitter almonds to my nostrils, almost as plainly as if I again held the handkerchief. "My God!" I staggered against the wall.

"Come! come!" said Jack, catching me by the arm. "The danger is over now. Mrs. Comstock is with her and will not leave her; she will be able to take the ride to Hamilton the day after to-morrow."

"Are you sure?" I asked with lips that trembled so I could hardly form the words.

"Perfectly sure. Don't give yourself the least uneasiness. But tell me why you were so affected? What did you suspect?"

Then I told him of the handkerchief episode, and he exclaimed:

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"Yes, but it was an over-dose, thank God! Mrs. Dinsdale is a tyro in the Borgian art."

We walked slowly on, talking over the affair in quiet undertones, and, as we sought on all sides for motives and reasons, we soon recollected enough to put us on the right track. But we decided that the matter must be kept a profound secret. Only Aunt Annie Graham must be informed, and Knowles intended to have an interview with Mrs. Dinsdale in the morning. Before I went to my room I wired my aunt to come down without fail the next day.

VIII.

The next day, at an early hour, Aunt Annie appeared at my rooms, and by appointment we adjourned to Knowles' office, where the case was laid before her. My readers can understand how shocked she was. The result of our conference was that she remained in the city until the next day, when Knowles would bring Constance to her, and together they could return to Hamilton.

When Knowles, after visiting his patient that morning, inquired for Mrs. Dinsdale, he was informed that she had left for Louisville—having received a letter from Mr. Dinsdale's sister residing there, requesting her to come down about some business connected with the estate of her late father-in-law—and that she had taken Jane with her. Whether the business was a very opportune opportunity or only a trumped-up excuse we could not tell, but Knowles was rather glad that his unpleasant duty was postponed. Carrie was very kindly interested in Constance's state, and was, of course, perfectly ignorant of what had been attempted.

When Mrs. Graham informed "Uncle George" of Dieudonnée's refusal of his nephew's proposals the old gentleman was very angry. That he had had any wishes or plans in the matter was until then unknown to all of us. But it appeared that, on seeing as much of George as he had done in his frequent visits, he had, with an old man's whim, taken a great fancy to the marriage of the cousins, intending that George, whose full name was George Graham Dinsdale, should drop the last and be known as his heir and namesake, George Graham. He was angry at Constance, and in his anger said some things which Aunt Annie resented and replied to with asperity. The result of the talk was that my aunt left the room with a "wooden

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damn"—as Charles Lamb said of the slamming of the door—and the house, with the polite request of her cousin that neither she nor her protegée would enter it again. So poor little Dieu-donnée's fortunes seemed wrecked by an old man and woman's ill-timed jangling. I must add that in all her anger Aunt Annie did not divulge the secret we had confided to her. Perhaps it would have saved some heartaches if she had, but she had promised. Nor did Mr. Graham ever know.

Well, she told Constance of the result of her interview with Mr. Graham, and consoled the poor child as best she could. But Constance was very much troubled, and her tender conscience reproached her with ingratitude. As soon as I heard from Aunt Annie of her rupture with Mr. Graham I allowed no time to elapse before I was in Hamilton and in her parlor, where, as good fortune would have it, Constance was sitting alone. She had been trying to read, but was crying instead, and as I entered rose hastily, somewhat taken aback by being caught with tears streaming down her cheeks, and would have run away; but with two strides I reached her side, and, taking her in my arms, whispered a few words which brought back the smiles and dispelled all desire to escape.

We were quietly married in two weeks' time, Knowles being my best man. Uncle George was invited to the ceremony, which took place in Aunt Annie's parlor (as I was not a Catholic, we could not be married in church), but he declined in a short note and made the bride no wedding gift.

IX.

I fear my little wife suffered many bad quarter-hours during our wedding trip, for it was no easy task to win her thoughts away from what she considered her ingratitude to Uncle George. I kept her away until October, and spent the hottest summer months at Mount Desert and the White Mountains. We have been married ten years now, and I do not think either of us ever regretted our hasty nuptials. One great happiness has been the result of it, proving that, once in a very great while, a "mixed marriage" may not be unmitigated evil. I had never given any thought to Catholicity before, even in my travels through Europe, regarding it with a liberal *laissez-aller* sort of feeling, at the same time confident that the childishness of it and all that could never satisfy *me*. But after two years of church-going with Dieu-donnée and hearing sermons, good, bad, and indiffer-

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ent, but all instinct with one *motif*, I began to see that there was something more in it all than I had imagined, and the result was my reception into the true fold. Since then I have realized how much more perfect the marriage-tie is when both parties kneel at the same altar, and have experienced a higher and holier happiness than I knew before.

Poor Uncle George spent a very unhappy summer at the Homestead. He would not leave home, as he had been accustomed to do every few years, nor did he extend an invitation to his niece, to visit him. Neither would he hold out the olive-branch to Aunt Annie, who on her part seemed equally indifferent.

Knowles had called to see Mrs. Dinsdale several times after her return from Louisville, but was denied an interview. Then he wrote her a note, which she returned opened, so evidently read, without comment or response; but he felt satisfied that she was warned of his knowledge of her guilty attempt. Her behavior for a few years was singular, but she gave no overt evidence of aberration of mind, and the girls were proportionately relieved.

At last, towards the autumn, Uncle George wrote to his sister, inviting either Carrie or Jane to come to him. Whichever came, he wrote, he would consider his adopted daughter, if she would promise to live in his house unmarried as long as he should survive. Here was a thunderbolt fallen from a serene sky, for the girls were arranging for their weddings on the same day, to come off in the month of January. Which one should be the sacrifice? It was hard to determine, and yet it was a great deal to give up. The prospective husbands were consulted, and they cut the Gordian knot by deciding that they would not relinquish their prior claims. But Jane was very unwilling to give up so fair a heritage, and, gloomy as the prospect was of entire isolation from society and dear Jack, yet Uncle George was nearing the allotted term of man's life, and so it might not be so very, very long! Money in one scale and Jack in the other—which would bring down the beam? At length Jack found a way out of the difficulty, which was duly communicated to Jane and immediately carried out. Jane took a walk one fine October morning, met Jack at an appointed place, and when she returned to her mother's house she was Mrs. Jack, unknown to any one but the necessary witnesses.

But, strange to say, when Mr. Graham received a dutiful letter from Jane, telling him that she had decided to devote her-

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self to him for the rest of his life, he chuckled as if highly amused. He sat for a while with the letter in his hand, lost in thought; then put it away, and the next day did what he had not done since Christmas: he drove into Hamilton, and in an hour more was in Cincinnati.

He paid Knowles a visit, ostensibly to ask him some question as to an indisposition which had shown itself intermittently lately, and then requested my friend to consider himself his medical adviser, and begged that if he sent for him suddenly he would not delay or save expense in reaching him. On leaving the office he casually asked how Mr. and Mrs. Torbett were getting on, but made no comment upon Knowles' enthusiastic account of our matrimonial happiness. Then he rode up to the city buildings, and, knowing the clerk who had the matter in charge, found no difficulty in obtaining permission to look over the marriage licenses. The day after he quietly returned home and awaited his niece's coming.

As soon as she did come she assumed all the airs of the mistress of the house and gradually ousted her uncle from control. He yielded more quietly than she had hoped, and so she wrote her mother. However, she was unconscious of the grim humor with which he watched her proceedings. But she had undertaken a more difficult task than she had imagined in Jack, who insisted upon coming up to see her; and the first visit, made openly, aroused such a storm of indignation from her uncle that the subsequent ones were made *sub rosâ*. *Sub rosâ*, but not, as she fondly hoped, unknown to Uncle George.

X.

So the winter passed, and in the spring one day, to Jane's great amazement, Mr. Graham proposed inviting Cousin Annie and Constance and her husband to make them a visit. But to this Jane would not listen, and the expression of her ideas on the subject lost nothing from want of force in the language which conveyed them. The summer passed without any break in its monotonous quiet, except a visit from Carrie and Tom. Jane spent a week in town with her mother in the autumn, and then returned to resume the dull routine of country life. By the next spring the old gentleman grew feeble and failed very suddenly. Knowles paid him several visits. Jane now thought her reward was coming, sooner even than she had

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hoped, and, her uncle being confined to his room, openly received Jack below stairs. The servants, not being supposed to know anything about the original arrangement, and not having been with her long (she had dismissed her uncle's old ones), did not consider it of any consequence to report to the "old man." Then Mr. Graham grew so feeble that he was obliged to have a special man-servant, and in the choice of this valet he asserted his right to act for himself in such a way that Jane concluded she had better let well enough alone. Knowles was sent for, and arrived with a man in whom he had every confidence as to efficiency and honesty.

Tim O'Leary proved himself all that my friend had said of him. But this last arrangement distressed my poor little Dieudonnée (of course Knowles kept us fully informed of the state of affairs at the Homestead) not a little. She had so longed for a reconciliation with her uncle before he died, and as yet he had made no sign.

As I said before, Tim proved himself an excellent nurse and by no means a fool; with all the simplicity of his native land he had also the keen insight into character, the quick appreciation of a situation, and the ready wit to get out of a difficulty, belonging to his race. He understood Mlle. Jane very soon, and also comprehended the tactics of the uncle in as short a time. As Uncle George grew weaker Jane grew stronger in her position and gradually neglected all precautions. Her uncle seldom saw her, and, if it had not been for O'Leary, would have wanted for the very necessaries of life while the table groaned with country fare of the best. Carrie and her husband and Jack paid her a visit, and with them Mrs. Dinsdale was prevailed upon to come, the first time for many, many years that she had set foot in her father's house.

When, on her arrival, she found the state of affairs, to do her justice it must be told of her that she reproved Jane severely for her treatment of her uncle, and during her stay would have devoted herself to her brother, if he would have allowed her. But he rejected her overtures and said that Tim was equal to all his requirements. Carrie paid him one visit in his room, but was not encouraged to repeat it. All this was fun for Tim, and so great was his enjoyment of the situation that he was obliged to go away, off among the trees out of sight of the house, to laugh his laugh out unrestrained. Doubled up in the enjoyment of these cachinatory exercises, he was surprised one day by the Lady Jane herself, when the preternatural seriousness with which

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he assured her that he was hunting for hickory-nuts, although the trees all around were oaks, was astonishing.

The visit of mother and sister drew to a close, and one day, during one of her regular interviews with him, Mr. Graham suggested to his sister that Jane should return with her for a change. Of course the subject was referred to Jane, and she declined to go, upon the pretext that he would not be comfortable if she deserted her post. This objection the old man overruled, and it was accordingly decided that "sister Jane" and her daughters should leave in three days. Jane made, as she thought, all necessary arrangements with the servants for an absence of two days, which was the longest she could allow herself, and after a touching good-by to the invalid they were driven into Hamilton in time for the mid-day train.

No sooner were they gone than Mr. Graham surprised the cook and chambermaid by a sudden descent upon their quarters, and as sudden a rout. When the carriage returned it brought Mrs. Annie Graham, and her interview with her cousin must have been a rich one. He informed her that, as people would not be happy in *his* way, he was at last contented that they should follow their own; only he would like to be a spectator of the happiness of those who he knew had a small corner in their hearts for him personally, and not an all-absorbing worship of his money-bags.

The consequence of this interview was a letter to me from Aunt Annie preparing me for a visit from Tim with a request from Mr. Graham that I would bring Dieu-donnée to see him. This visit (Tim's) was made the day after her letter reached me, and was the sequel to one he had paid Jane as the bearer of a letter from her uncle. The sudden appearance of O'Leary, looking as solemn as if attending a funeral, startled her, and she did not notice how his eyes danced.

The letter he brought from her uncle informed her that, as she had not kept to the letter of the bargain, he did not feel obliged to do so either, and he had accordingly made other arrangements. Her trunks and belongings would be sent down to her and he hoped the remainder of her *married life* would be as happy as the beginning had been. A check for one thousand dollars accompanied this epistle. Small need to say how the mother raged; for a while it seemed as if reason tottered again upon her throne. But it was done and could not be undone, and Jack paid the penalty.

How glad Mr. Graham was to get his Dieu-donnée back again, and how Aunt Annie and I rejoiced in the happiness of

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the reunited uncle and niece! And this happiness was increased by the verification of the venerable archbishop's prophecy. Mr. Graham responded to the grace of baptism and was confirmed, and openly proclaimed himself a Catholic. When Uncle George died, some two years after, a codicil to his will, dated the summer of Constance's first coming, revoked the previous allotment of all his property to his sister, save a small annuity to James' child, and endowed that child and her heirs for ever with every penny. An envelope addressed to Mrs. Dinsdale contained only the letter she wrote to Constance, sending her a small sum to pay her expenses to Cincinnati. Another to Carrie contained only the lines: "Don't readily trust appearances; old people are not always 'as deaf as a post.'"

We have not changed the old place in the least, and the house is kept ready for us at any time we choose to go to it. And it is a relief sometimes to find ourselves isolated there from the rush and crush of the world. The Homestead is singularly retired in this day of telegraph and railroad. Looking out over the broad Miami valley, neither the posts of the one nor the rails of the other are to be seen. On all sides stretch fields and woodlands, dotted here and there by farm-houses and their necessary out-buildings; but beyond this one might almost expect to see a birch-bark canoe, propelled by its red owner, glide down the shallow river, or be greeted by the guttural "Ugh!" of some painted and moccasined son of the forest approaching over the mat of fallen leaves and tangled grass from among the old trees.

Verily is it a spot in which to enjoy to the fullest the prescription to which I am indebted, under Knowles, for my present happiness.

"To-day I cannot choose but share
The indolence of earth and air,
In listless languor lying.
I see, like thistle flowers that sail
Adown some hazed autumnal gale,
The hours to Lethe flying.

"The hour-glass glistens in the sun;
Unchanged its ceaseless course is run,
In ever-changing weathers.
"Time flies," its motto—'tis no crime,
I think, to pluck the wings of Time
And sleep upon the feathers!"

And when we return to the city, after a few weeks spent in this idyllic idleness, we feel as if we were veritable Rip Van Winkles.

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WHAT SHALL OUR YOUNG MEN DO?

BY "*our* young men" we do not mean exclusively those who are Catholics, nor inclusively all the young men of our entire republic. We mean to include the young men born or brought up in our older, and especially in our Northern, States. Many of these have their life-career sufficiently determined by their own choice in conjunction with opportunity, or by some circumstances which are more or less near to a necessity. Our inquiry and the answer to it are irrelevant to the case of such as these. But they are pertinent to the case of a great number who are, on the one hand, not content with the calling and the wages of unskilled labor, and, on the other hand, not in the way of entering with a fair prospect of success into the career of professional or commercial business. It is an anxious and perplexing question for their parents and friends, for themselves as soon as they are able and compelled to deliberate on the matter, and for all who take an enlightened and philanthropic interest in the welfare of the rising generation, what these young men shall do. The number of those who must find some place to fill is very great in proportion to the number of places which must be filled. Shall they emigrate to distant parts where there is more unoccupied space? Many of them may do this, and many will do it. But so many will remain, who either cannot prudently emigrate or who do not choose to try the experiment, that the necessity of turning to the best account all honest ways of making a livelihood still remains. Not only so, it becomes increasingly imperative every year. The population of our country has doubled during the past quarter of a century. The increase may not continue at the same rate for a long period of time, yet even if it should come down to the average of the general increase throughout the civilized world our population would be doubled in less than a century; and such an increase, or even a greater one, is by no means improbable. The practical inference we wish to draw from these premises is: that the best and most available employments for the class of young men we have in view are to be found in the cultivation of every acre of land in our older States which can be brought under agriculture, and in all the various branches of skilled labor. Let them betake themselves to farming, to the mechanical trades, and to those branches of

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decorative work which are between the profession of the artist and the trade of the artisan. Let parents seek to place their boys, due regard being had to the reason of the case in each individual instance, where they can get the kind of schooling and apprenticeship which will fit them for their future calling as farmers or artisans.

Many causes have been at work for a long time tending to produce a very general physical and moral inaptitude for every sort of hard, bodily labor—a disinclination and disesteem of every mode of life which requires it. A remarkably attentive and intelligent observer of the people and their manner of life in New England a hundred years ago has left on record some very curious remarks on this head. This was the Abbé Robin, a chaplain in the army of M. de Rochambeau. He came to Boston with the French troops in 1781, and from thence went to the camp in Rhode Island, accompanied his division in its march through Connecticut to New York and thence to Yorktown, where he witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis. After his return to France he fell a victim, we have been told, to the proscription of the Reign of Terror. A series of most interesting letters written by M. Robin during his campaign was published in Philadelphia and Paris in 1783.* These letters were translated into English and published at Boston in the same year, and we have seen one copy of this edition at Hartford—a great rarity, we believe, at present. The abbé writes with the most friendly and favorable sentiments for our cause, our country, and our people, and as one who made the best possible use of his limited time and opportunities for studying all their characteristic features. All his remarks are those of a keen and kind observer, and in them are photographed some views of that time which seems to us, with our brief history, so ancient, of rare fidelity and curious interest. Some part of that which we are about to quote does not relate to "our young men" directly, but to the fair sex; yet the young men will doubtless read it with more avidity than if it referred to themselves, and it throws light on our general subject, which includes something common to both sexes.

After having described the assiduous resort of all classes of persons to the places of public worship, the abbé goes on to say:

* *Nouveau Voyage dans l'Amérique Septentrionale en l'année* 1781, *et Campagne de l'Armée de M. Le Comte de Rochambeau.* Par M. L'Abbé Robin. A Philadelphie, et se trouve à Paris: Chez Montard, Imprimeur-Libraire de la Reine. 1783.

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"Piety, nevertheless, is not the only motive which brings American ladies in crowds to the temple. As they have no play to visit, and no public promenades, this is the only theatre where they can go to display their nascent elegance. Here they exhibit themselves dressed in stuffs of silk, and sometimes adorned with superb plumes. They wear their hair raised upon supports similar to those which were in fashion among French ladies a few years ago. Instead of powdering their tresses they wash them in soap and water, which is not always productive of an unbecoming effect, as they are frequently of an agreeable blond. The most fashionable begin, however, to adopt the European manner. The women are tall, well proportioned, with regular features, and of a very fair complexion, without color. They have fewer accomplishments and less ease of manner than Frenchwomen, but more dignity; I have even fancied that I could perceive something of that nobility of mien which characterizes the masterpieces of the ancient artists which have been preserved to our own time. The men are also tall and well made, slender in figure and somewhat pale of complexion, and, although they are less careful than the women to dress with elegance, they are very neat. At the age of twenty the women begin to lose their youthful bloom; at thirty-five or forty they are wrinkled and fall into the feebleness of age. The men are almost equally premature in decay. I inferred from this that they must be comparatively short-lived. And after having examined all the cemeteries of Boston, where it is customary to place a stone over every grave, bearing the name and age of the deceased, I have found that in fact the majority of persons of the male sex had scarcely reached the age of fifty, very few that of sixty, scarcely any of seventy, and I saw no record of any who had died at a more advanced age. Since then I have examined all the cemeteries which lay on our route from Boston to Williamsburg, and have found the same results."

After leaving Boston, and during the marches and encampments of his division, the abbé continues his observations on the manners and customs of the people of Rhode Island and Connecticut, who, he says, crowded around the tents of the French soldiers by the thousand, "officers, soldiers, American men and American women, conversing and dancing together, keeping the Feast of Equality, the harbinger of that alliance which will in future bind the two nations together."

"I scarcely expected to find vestiges of French fashions even in the midst of the forests of America. Yet even here the *coiffures* of all the women, except the Quakers, are high, voluminous, and adorned with our light, transparent gauzes. One loses himself in reflections on finding through the whole province of Connecticut such a lively taste for adornment, I would even say so much ostentation, with manners so pure, so simple, and so much like those of the ancient patriarchs. Vegetables, maize-corn, milk, curds, and cheese form their ordinary diet. They take a great deal of tea. The use of this insipid beverage constitutes their chief indulgence. There is not an inhabitant who does not drink it from porcelain cups, and it is the greatest mark of politeness to offer it to visitors.

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In countries where men live upon aliments and beverages which are very substantial it may be beneficial to health; but I think it is injurious in those whose diet is chiefly composed of vegetables and milk, and especially where the products of the soil, still too much covered with forests, are less nourishing; and perhaps this is one of the causes why the inhabitants of this country, in spite of their naturally good constitutions and the easy conditions of their life, are less long-lived than others. The decay of their teeth is also ascribed to the use of tea. The women, who are generally very handsome, are often deprived of this precious ornament at the age of eighteen or twenty years; but I presume that this is more probably the effect of eating hot bread, as the English, Flemish, and Dutch preserve their teeth a very long time. The inhabitants of Connecticut, although they harvest excellent wheat, are nevertheless ignorant of the precious art of making bread more digestible and nutritive by kneading and fermentation of the flour. Whenever they have any need of bread they make a cake which they half-bake on an iron griddle. Our French soldiers could never get used to this food, and they taught their American hosts to make it a little better. At taverns passably good bread can be found, though much inferior to that of our army. The people who are a little removed from the common roads keep always their old ways.

"Dispersed in their forests, they have scarcely any mutual intercourse except on the days when they go to their temples. Their houses are roomy, neat, well aired, and built of wood, having at least one storey. They are comfortably furnished, and I have found in all marks of their industrious and inventive genius. All know how to read, and nearly all have the newspaper which is printed in their village, which they often call a city. I never entered a house without finding in it a Bible, which they read in the family circle of evenings and on Sundays. Their temperament is cold, slow, and mild. They are not very laborious. The soil furnishes them always much more than they need; they go to and return from their fields on horseback, and in all this region one never meets anybody journeying on foot. Their mildness of character is due as much to the climate as to moral causes, for even the animals have a similar temperament. The horses, although excellent and able to travel easily sixty miles in a day, are all docile, and you never find one who is restive or skittish. The dogs are caressing and timid, never molesting strangers. I have even observed that their bark is feeble and muffled, and the crowing of the cocks likewise. The virtue of the females surpasses what we read of the young Lacedemonian women. Such is the confidence which is placed in the common respect for morality that I have met women, and even those who were young, travelling alone on horseback or in a gig through the woods towards nightfall.

"The father of a family finds his happiness and his consideration increase with the number of his children; he is not tormented by an anxious desire to place them in a station where they may blush to acknowledge him as their father. Raised under his eyes, formed by his example, they will not cover his old age with dishonor; they will not bring upon him disappointments and cares to make his pathway to the grave more sorrowful. Neither does he fear that poverty will one day overtake them to distress his paternal sensibilities and make his tender spouse lament her

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over-fruitfulness. Like him, they will restrict their labors, their pleasures, and their ambition to the nurture and increase of their flocks, the cultivation and enlargement of their fields and orchards.

"These farmers, while more simple than our peasants, are better instructed and have not their rusticity and rudeness, their obsequiousness or their dissimulation. They are less acquainted with artificial means and less laborious, but at the same time less attached to their ancient customs and more adroit in inventing and perfecting whatever can increase their comforts."

M. Robin refers again, in a very singular connection, to the peculiar and passive temperament which he ascribes to Americans. He is describing Washington's army and speaking of the very severe discipline which prevailed in it, especially in regard to flogging for every small offence.

"I was by chance a witness," he writes, "in company with some French officers, of a case of this rigorous punishment. The culprit is fastened to a wheel of a gun-carriage, with his shoulders bare and his arms extended forward so as to give more tension to the muscles. Every soldier of his company in turn gives him a certain number of blows with a large rod, and he is very soon covered with blood. What astonished us the most, and kept our attention riveted to the painful spectacle, was that two unfortunate men whom we saw suffering this punishment did not utter a single moan or sigh, or show the least sign of quivering. Was this courage? Or *is the physical sensibility less in a people whose fibres are extremely relaxed by the air of their forests and the continual use of tea and milk?*"

Another Frenchman, M. Bayard, in an account which he gives of a tour in some parts of the country ten years later,* makes some remarks on certain other characteristics and incipient tendencies which he observed at that early period, which we think are worth quoting. The bearing of these apparently random quotations will be shown by and by:

"Dr. Price says, in his Remarks on the importance of the American Revolution, that if the passion for foreign articles of merchandise increases 'the Americans will lose that simplicity of character, that masculine and firm spirit, that disdain of tinsel, in which true dignity consists.' This sinister prediction has unhappily been fulfilled in all the maritime cities, in which there are now to be found only a few patriots groaning over the degradation of their fellow-citizens.

"A portraiture of the manners and opinions of the Philadelphians will suffice to enable my readers to judge of the truth of my assertion and of the moral condition of the inhabitants of the other cities in commercial relation with Europe."

The picture which M. Bayard draws is unflattering. We have space only for the quotation of a few paragraphs:

* *Voyage dans l'Intérieur des Etats-Unis, etc., pendant l'Été de* 1791. Par Ferdinand M. Bayard. A Paris: Chez Cocheris. Au cinquième de la République (1797 vieux style).

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"The population of the cities, divided into classes by difference of fortune and prejudices of a monarchical origin, is united in a common pursuit of luxury. In vain the citizen Livingston of venerable memory recalled his beautiful countrywomen to their spinning-wheels, and to that simplicity which is the means of preserving both morals and fortune; for he was not listened to, and his writings which have survived him are not read. . . . The passion for luxury is so excessive that the wife of a mechanic wishes to equal in dress the merchant's wife, who in her turn is not willing to fall behind the most opulent European ladies. If this rage for extravagance only brought about the ruin of its victims and of the imbecile husbands who encourage or tolerate it from vanity, I would close my mouth in silent disdain. But who can behold with a stupid indifference factitious needs multiplying every day, and wealth with its liveries usurping the respect which is due to genius and virtue? . . . Franklin has said: 'Among us the cultivator of the soil and the artisan are honored because they are useful. The people are wont to say: God himself is the greatest of all artificers, and more worthy of respect and admiration for the variety, the art, and the utility of his works than for the antiquity of his origin. A negro once made the following amusing remark while he was observing the laziness of a pig: "The white man," said the African, "makes the negro, the horse, the ox, and every other animal work, except the pig. As for him, he does nothing but eat, drink, walk about, and sleep whenever he likes; he lives like a *gentleman*." Americans are better pleased with a genealogist who proves their descent from laborers, farriers, shoemakers, and such like, than with one who should give them idle ancestors, born to consume the fruits of other men's labors, and themselves good for nothing' (*Advice to Europeans who wish to settle in the United States*). This picture seems to have been made two centuries ago, and by a man who had never had any intercourse with the inhabitants of the maritime cities or the farmers in their neighborhood. Nevertheless I am certain that the state of public opinion was such as he describes it when he resided as ambassador at Paris and wrote his pamphlet."

In these observations of two intelligent foreigners we perceive the fact that a century ago certain incipient causes could be noticed, whose effects are seen in certain social phenomena of the present time. One of these causes was a change wrought in the physical constitution of a certain portion of the descendants of European colonists. Another cause was a general tendency toward the acquisition of wealth and a more artificial and luxurious way of living. The change which has taken place within the past century, but more strikingly within the past half-century, is indeed a stupendous one in respect to its extent and its rapidity. We cannot enlarge on this topic, nor is it necessary to do so. It suffices for our present purpose to note, what all will admit, that there is, among a great number of our young men, a constitutional disinclination to hard, bodily labor, a certain disposition to effeminacy and indolence; also, that there is a strong

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general tendency to strive after what is considered to be the most genteel, comfortable, and pleasurable way of living, and the easiest and speediest methods of making the utmost possible amount of money, for the sake of ostentation and enjoyment.

Not to speak of the more tragical consequences which too often follow from these and similar causes, there is one which we specially take note of as belonging to the object of our present remarks. It is that a considerable number of half-grown boys and young men are at a loss for that kind of employment which suits their inclination and holds out a promise of giving them that position which they desire and their parents wish them to obtain. Some of them, through their indolence, or because they are discouraged by the difficulties in their way, or from both causes together, become shiftless and drift into a state in which they become miserable themselves and a cause of misery to all those whose happiness is in any way involved in their well-doing and well-being.

Several years ago the writer of this article was inquiring of a respectable elderly gentleman about his children. In answer to one of these inquiries: "And how is Jack?" he replied sententiously: "*Jack is shiftless.*" Long afterward, when the old gentleman was dead and his other children all honorably and prosperously settled in life, we were informed by one of them that shiftless Jack had finished his mortal career, his last business having been selling peanuts on the streets of one of our large towns. At least, as one of his relatives remarked, Jack kept a peanut-stand, which was something, and better than being a complete idler and living on the bounty or the labor of others. In this respect he was honorably distinguished from many others belonging to the class of the shiftless, and we may spare a tear of sympathy for the poor fellow, whose early death was probably hastened by the sense of his utter failure and disgrace.

Besides those who from weakness or vice go to ruin and die in misery, or else drag out an ignoble life in dependence on the means of subsistence furnished by the charity or the industry of others, there are many who do try energetically to help themselves, and yet are scarcely able to do more than just keep their heads above water. They have contrived to get into a profession, perhaps, where they cannot force their way beyond the outside rows of the crowd of competitors. They have, it may be, gone into business in a small way, or gained some position in a counting-house, or else obtained one of the numerous and various offices under the managers of public or private affairs,

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which afford a moderate salary. Of course those who cannot do better may well be content with being as well off as they are. Yet the precarious nature of many of these employments, and the difficulty, often equal to an impossibility, of being ever able to gain more than a scanty and narrow subsistence, at the cost of severe and continuous labor, during one's whole lifetime, are well known to all those who have any practical knowledge of such matters.

And here the question arises whether many young men would not do better, if they may choose between some employment of this kind and farming, or a trade, to embrace the latter alternative. It cannot admit of a doubt that agriculture and the various departments of skilled labor offer the best available resource to those young men who do not see their way open into a profession or into business. Indeed, what other resource have they, except in some sort of makeshift or in the drudgery of unskilled labor?

Looked at with the eyes of common sense, the life of a farmer or of a mechanic is not so uninviting, and so much inferior to that of the common walks of professional and business life, as it seems to be to many youth, who see life through a mist of illusions. The hard, bodily labor to which an industrious farmer or mechanic is subjected is healthful and invigorating. It becomes easy and pleasant with custom. The other employments with which these avocations are contrasted require a great deal of labor of another kind, which is often more continuous and fatiguing, and in the long run is frequently exhausting and enfeebling instead of being invigorating. Besides, the condition of those who are employed by others and receive a salary is one of dependence and is precarious, the chances of promotion and increase of salary being also for the greater number precarious and limited. One who owns a farm or is a master mechanic is to a great extent independent and has dominion over the means of a constant improvement in his condition. Even those who depend on employment in some branch of skilled labor, as things now are, except in times of financial crisis, can command certain employment and high wages, because that kind of labor is in great demand.

Some remarks which we have found in the New York *Tribune* of October 27 or 28 of last year are so much in point that we will here quote them, and give to our own opinion the support of that authority which one of our great newspapers has in practical matters over the minds of the generality of readers:

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"BOYS AND TRADES.

"An article on silk manufactures printed in another column deals with a stumbling-block to American industry which the *Tribune* has before taken occasion to discuss. The writer finds that the manufacturers are obliged to bring from Europe skilled workmen at high wages because a large proportion of Americans refuse to give two years to learning a trade at which they are sure of earning a comfortable livelihood for the rest of their lives.

"It is to the general decay of the apprenticeship system that we have to attribute much that is dangerous and extravagant in social tendencies and trade management. American boys too seldom choose to take up a respectable trade in the thorough manner that makes both the occupation and themselves honorable. They propose, without consideration of ability, to enter the professions or to become immediately rich men—to be, in short, 'as good as anybody.' They pass through the public schools, and are apt to emerge half-taught, shallow, and inefficient, with no preparation for the practical work of life.

"Those who have the sound sense to see how much better is a good trade than a precarious scramble for bread find too often that the unions stand in the way. Meanwhile the foreigner who has thoroughly studied his work steps into factory and shop, takes the remunerative places, and thrives as industry and knowledge always thrive. The American presently, perhaps, yields his ambitions and shambles through sham work in a trade for which he has had no proper training, and in which for him there is little possibility of rising from workman to master. The most cheerful optimist cannot but perceive and lament the growing spirit of contempt for good manual labor, and the ignorant assumption, cheap 'smartness,' and dishonesty that are the inevitable outcome of that spirit."

The writer of this article was once present, by invitation, at the exercises which closed the examination of the graduating class on board the school-ship *St. Mary's*. Everything which I saw on that occasion was very creditable to all who took part in the performances, and the whole scene was a very pleasing one. I was particularly impressed with the good sense and practical truth of one of the addresses made to the boys by a gentleman holding an official position in the management of the school. The pith of the address consisted in the idea, which the speaker presented in forcible language to the group of bright and manly young seamen before him, that their special mode of education gave them a practical advantage over the pupils of other public schools. While, namely, the graduates of these schools had received an education only, without having learned an art, so that they had yet to seek out and learn a business, the graduates of the school-ship had acquired an honorable profession with their schooling, which would secure to them immediately a good berth as sea-officers.

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This idea has an application much wider than the one directly intended by the speaker. It applies to those excellent and useful institutions, the agricultural colleges, and to all the schools of mining, engineering, architecture, etc., which are attached to some of our universities.

The New York *Sun* of October 29, 1883, gave an interesting account of a school existing for a few years past in the city of New York in which trades are taught to the pupils. Here it is:

"TRADES TAUGHT IN SCHOOL.

"A PLAN TO MAKE SKILLED WORKMEN WITHOUT APPRENTICESHIPS—MR. AUCHMUTY'S IDEA OF ENABLING YOUNG MEN TO LEARN PLUMBING, BRICKLAYING, AND OTHER TRADES WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME—THE SCOPE AND COST OF THE SCHOOLS HE ESTABLISHED.

"The New York Trade-Schools, which are to be reopened for pupils on November 5, at First Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, for the third winter session, appear to have supplied a pressing want which has long been felt wherever trades-unions are plentiful and the division of labor is extensive. This want is the opportunity to learn a mechanical trade. It is a fact well known to poor boys who desire to learn trades that it is only with the greatest difficulty that an apprenticeship can be obtained in most trades. The rules of the trades-unions regarding apprentices are very strict, and only a certain specified number is allowed in proportion to the number of journeymen employed. Not unfrequently a young man is unable to learn the trade of his father for lack of an opportunity to get an apprenticeship.

"Another consideration has been that the method of learning a trade by apprenticeship is very slow, because so much of the time must be spent in mere drudgery, and the cupidity of the employer postpones the day when the apprentice shall have mastered his trade.

"Several years ago Mr. R. T. Auchmuty, of this city, resolved to start a trade-school to give deserving young men an opportunity to learn trades. He did not intend it as a charity or as a money-making institution. He was content to advance the capital and risk its loss for the purpose of giving a trial to his pet idea. Thus far he has invested about forty thousand dollars in land and buildings located in First Avenue, and extending along the whole block from Sixty-seventh to Sixty-eighth Streets, running back about seventy-one feet on the two streets. The place is within view of the old Schermerhorn mansion, adjoining the Pastime Pleasure Club grounds, the birthplace of the wife of Mr. Auchmuty.

"The buildings are plain, low, brick structures, with ample room for several hundred scholars engaged in learning the trades of plumbing, bricklaying, fresco-painting, stone-cutting, plastering, scroll-sawing, pattern-making for moulders and machinists, and turning. When the buildings are completed there will be ample accommodations for teaching all these trades, with the best of tools and instructors.

"Thus far about two hundred young men have availed themselves of this opportunity for education in the trades of plumbing, bricklaying,

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fresco-painting, and pattern-making. The work done by some of these young men is now on exhibition at the fair of the American Institute, and constitutes one of the most interesting features of that show. The plumbing shows some rare skill in the manipulation of tools and the use of materials. The examples of lead joints, wiping joints, sand-bends, lead safes, bath and basin fittings, sinks, wash-tubs, and so on, show that the young men have made good use of their time. It may seem almost incredible that such proficiency could be attained in the short time of five months. This is accounted for, first, by the fact that the whole of the five months was devoted to the actual learning of the trade under the teaching of a competent instructor. Another explanation is the fact that the learners were not only earnest seekers after knowledge, but also, in most cases, already skilled in the use of tools. To such young men it is comparatively easy to substitute one trade for another. The ordinary restrictions of trades-unions put great obstacles in the way of changing from one trade to another. But the trade-school offers an opportunity to a young man who has, unfortunately, learned an unremunerative trade to learn another which will be more congenial or profitable. The cost to the learners of plumbing is three dollars per month, or ten dollars for the course. The instruction in this department is limited to young men between sixteen and twenty-five.

"Some opposition from the trades-unions has kept young men from availing themselves of the advantages of the institution. The rules of the trades-unions forbid the election of a member who has not served an apprenticeship, and the trades-union leaders, in some cases, announced that they would not permit graduates of the schools to work in the shops with them. Several of the graduates from the bricklaying school have been compelled to go to work with non-union men because they could not get into the unions. Yet the fact that these young men were competent workmen is proved by the building which they erected to be occupied as a bricklaying school this winter at First Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street. The pupils worked under the supervision of their instructor, and were paid by Mr. Auchmuty at the same rate at which journeymen bricklayers belonging to the unions are paid. The teaching is done in a building fifty by seventy, where there is a good supply of bricks and mortar. The pupils use the same bricks over and over again. For instruction in bricklaying the terms are three dollars a month, or twelve dollars for the course, and the class is reserved for young men between seventeen and twenty-five years of age. There will be a class in laying face-brick and in cutting brick arches twice a week for three months, commencing December 10, provided sufficient applications are made by December 4.

"For the class in pattern-making from drawings, and preparing models for moulding, the terms are three dollars a month, or ten dollars for the course. For the class in plastering the terms are five dollars per month, or twelve dollars for the course. Instruction in fresco-painting is given for two dollars and fifty cents per month, or ten dollars for the course. The new class in stone-cutting begins work this season, the terms being three dollars per month, or ten dollars for the course. The terms for the class in turning, scroll-sawing, and so on are the same.

"Thus far the fees have covered but a tithe of the expenses, but the

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founder is well pleased with the results achieved, and hopes, by the character of the work turned out, to convince the trades-unions that there is no injustice to them in this effort to educate skilled workmen on a new plan."

We do not affect to be competent to pass a judgment on the question whether a school of this kind is a perfect substitute for apprenticeship. Industrial schools, both for boys and girls, seem to have a great deal to recommend them in respect to practical utility. We leave it to others, however, to handle this topic more thoroughly and minutely.

There are practical difficulties, no doubt, in the way of agriculture in some of our older States, especially those of New England. One of these is the need of capital to make a start with. Another is the inferior quality of a great part of the soil. Still another objection which we have seen urged with a good deal of earnestness by persons writing in the columns of newspapers, is the disadvantage under which those who work at farming are placed in respect to the cultivation of their minds. Are these difficulties so great as to nullify the force of our remarks on the importance and necessity of making the most of all the land which is now neglected or only superficially cultivated? Are they incapable of being surmounted or very much diminished? We are not convinced that they are. Probably the necessity of the case will one day compel attention to these matters and enforce their serious consideration, in view of finding a practical solution of all these difficulties. There are some men, and very competent ones, who do give their attention now to these topics. The utmost we aspire to is to awaken more attention to them, and to urge upon all who are in a position to exert influence and give sound advice more zeal and greater effort in this direction for the good of our young men and of our country.

We will only add some reflections upon the moral bearings of the question, which are within our own proper line. There is an attractive aspect to that primitive and simple state of society which the Abbé Robin describes, and which we find depicted in the histories and biographies of events and persons during our colonial existence and the period which immediately followed. That state of society was necessarily transitory. It had to pass away, and it has passed away, for good and all. It is idle to lament for it or wish to restore it, just as it is idle to lament for the mediæval state of Christendom and to sigh for its return. The changes wrought by the inexorable logic of events have

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swept away here and elsewhere much good and have swept in much that is evil. Moreover, society is not now stationary and at rest. The work of change is going on, and speculation on its tendency varies very much, according to the different views which different minds take of the present and the future. There are optimists and pessimists, and people of various intermediate theories. Passing over all those who look for continual, never-ending progress by some way which shall supersede Christianity, and those who profess Schopenhauer's philosophy of atheistical despair, there are those who prognosticate, from a Christian point of view, in the coming age some kind of dawning millennium either with or without a second personal descent of Christ to the earth, while others forebode a reign of Antichrist, to be ended by the coming of the Lord to judgment. We do not mean to say that all who profess to believe in Christianity adopt one or other of these distinct theories, or to give a complete enumeration of the various speculations on the future which have been put forth with some speciousness and ingenuity. We may broadly distinguish them all, however, as hopeful views or gloomy ones, theories which are optimistic in respect to a future prevalence of Christian religion and civilization in this world, or pessimistic in respect to this prospect of a good to be realized before the end.

No doubt it is easy to make, without exaggerating or inventing, an estimate of evils and dangers actually existing in most if not all the principal parts of the nominally Christian and civilized world, which may seem to justify a pessimistic view. Very able writers can give reasons, which to many appear conclusive, for expecting the coming of Antichrist, and point out signs of his approach. Without presuming absolutely to contradict, or pretending to be able to confute positively, the opinions and arguments of the advocates of such a view, we simply take the attitude of one who is unconvinced. As a matter of private opinion, we think there are reasons to hope that the kingdom of Antichrist is passing away, and the kingdom of Christ is coming and will come on the earth before the time of his eternal kingdom in the heavens. In saying this no approbation of any millennial theory is intended. This only is meant in the hope expressed of a drawing near of the reign of Christ on earth, an amelioration of the actual state of Christian nations, a general diffusion of the Christian religion through the world, and the enjoyment by mankind at large of spiritual and temporal blessings through Christianity and Christian civilization. We believe with Lacordaire that the good is always predominant over the evil in every nation until

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it begins to go down the inclined plane which leads toward destruction. Are the civilized nations of the world, is our own republic, now going down that declivity? There are immoral forces pushing them in a fatal direction, but have they overcome the initial velocity which God gave to propel them on the right path? Are there no other counteracting forces, stronger than the forces of deviation? To speak more literally, can we or can we not hope for an improvement in our modern civilization, for its purification from its bad elements, for wholesome social reformations and renovations which will bring the ideal end of national, social, and individual aims more in accordance with the maxims of the Gospel? May we hope that, to use a favorite expression with some writers of our time, "those things which make for righteousness," the righteousness of a nation, of a social order, of individuals, will get the mastery and rule the course of human development?

To come back to our topic. There is in our society a false ideal in respect to the constituents of an honorable and happy life. There are false maxims in vogue, and, in consequence, false aims, efforts in a false direction, leading to dishonor and misery. By these many of our youth are lured away from the right road, or at least from that which is the safest and most direct. That the false ideal of life can be shattered, and replaced by the true ideal, through mere reasonings, persuasions, and motives derived from temporal, self-interested considerations, it would be idle to expect. Only the genuine Christian principles and practical maxims are powerful enough to effect such a result. Even these need something more than argument and persuasion to give them penetrating and controlling power. It is necessary that the providence of God should concur, through the logic of events, through a certain compulsory force working by natural laws which enforce conformity in a manner similar to the action of the law of gravitation. That society is everywhere gravitating toward certain new positions, and moving away from the relative place it formerly occupied; that a progress of some sort and in some direction is necessary and unavoidable, we may perhaps assume without proof or explanation which we cannot now take time to proffer. It may easily be understood that we have in mind especially the interests, the condition, and the welfare of the classes whose life is the most dependent on labor. Certain causes of this nature, we think and hope, are bringing to bear a strong impulse upon a certain number of our young men, drawing them in the direction we have indicated in this article.

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We trust that these few and rather desultory observations will at least encourage some of these to follow with patience and perseverance that rather rugged but honorable road on which they are entering.

AN ANSWER TO NEAL DOW.

"PORTLAND, September 27, 1883.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

"SIR: On behalf of the temperance men and women of this country I wish to thank you for your admirable article, 'The Church and Prohibition,' in your number for September of this year. It must have the effect to call the attention of a great many influential people to the agitation now going on, among all English-speaking people the world over, to obtain protection to society from the tremendous evils coming, directly and inevitably, from the traffic in intoxicating drinks, without which there can be no intemperance, 'which inflicts upon the people year by year and every year greater evils than come from war, pestilence, and famine combined, those great scourges of mankind.' The London *Times* said that, and Mr. Gladstone repeated it on the floor of the House of Commons.

"I do not think, as you seem to suppose, that prohibition is generally or largely 'advocated as a dogma rather than as a policy.' So far as I know, it is generally advocated on the ground that the liquor-traffic is inconsistent with the general good, and therefore it has no reason to be. It is believed to wage deadly war upon every interest of nation, state, and people. It is believed to live only by scattering poverty, pauperism, suffering, degradation, and crime through the land. It changes good citizens, husbands, wives, sons into bad ones. Its existence is inseparable from all these evils and many others. No corresponding good comes from it; indeed, no good whatever comes from it; while the evils caused by it are more and greater than come from all other sources of evil combined.

"It is not possible to regulate it by any process of law so as to diminish to any appreciable extent the results which I have mentioned, and a great many more that I have not alluded to. It is for these reasons that we seek to protect our homes by the prohibition and suppression of this great public and social mischief. NEAL DOW."

Governor Dow represents more than any temperance reformer the policy of constitutional prohibition. We have been asked by the editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to make such a reply to the above letter as the earnest character and prominent position of the writer, as well as the grave nature of the subject,

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require. The article in the September number is not only judicious and discriminating, but has the true ring of earnest moral feeling. The subject, however, is a vast one, and there is more to be said.

If Mr. Dow does not misapprehend the distinction intended between a *dogma* and a *policy*, at least he singularly fails to define his own position in regard to that distinction. A dogma is a settled doctrine which calls for no further argument, but when rightly stated must needs be accepted. The term is also employed to signify any statement of a necessary truth or principle which is true in itself independently of all circumstances. Circumstances neither make it nor can any change of circumstances change it. Policy, on the other hand, is practical prudence or wisdom in the administration of a government or the management of other affairs. It is free to consider all the circumstances of the case, and give its due and proportionate weight to each. The author of the article on "The Church and Prohibition" in the September number of this review said:

"Prohibition has been advocated too much as a dogma rather than as a policy. Its loudest if not its most numerous advocates indulge in the sweeping condemnation of every use of alcoholic drink in any form or quantity except in medicinal doses and for only such purposes as medicinal poisons are used; and it is *from such convictions* that for the most part the prohibition sentiment seems to spring. It is thus made a theological question. To be sure, every practical matter of the kind is based on some theological principles [has a religious side, is what the writer probably meant to say], and we may agree with prohibitionists that drinking may be an occasion of sin. But we cannot agree that it is a proximate occasion of sin to everybody. Not only would they force us to admit that, but also that it is always a sinful act to drink alcoholic beverages except as one takes a dose of strychnine or arsenic at the prescription of the physician."

The distinction here made between dogma and policy is distinctly enough intimated if not defined. And yet where does Mr. Dow stand? After reading his letter carefully we confess that we do not yet know whether he holds the drinking of alcoholic stimulus to be a sin *per se* or not; whether the sale of it is a sin *per se* or not. He says, indeed, that prohibition is generally advocated on the ground that the liquor-traffic is inconsistent with the general good, and therefore has no reason to be. Does he mean that in its practical working as we see it around us, *hic et nunc*, it shows itself in this way? Or does he mean that always and by its very nature it is so, no matter how restrained, how much limited in its extent, to what hands confined, or what may be the character of the population in which it is found or

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the social circumstances which surround it? He says that no good whatever comes from it. Is this striking a balance with its evil effects; or does he mean that, were the evil effects removed, and were it used only in moderation, it still could do no good? Is moderate drinking in all cases an useless thing, and in every respect? Is it even an evil thing, and always so?

It is a pity that Mr. Dow has not explained himself more clearly on these points. We should be glad to claim him as standing thus far on the same platform with the generality of Catholics, and with by far the largest class of American citizens who like himself detest intemperance. He would then have the confidence of a multitude of good men who are now shy of him; and they would be proud of so strong an ally in a great cause. There are many of us who think that the moderate drinking of stimulants, for those who are capable of moderation, is not an evil thing. We hold it to be often a very useful thing. We acknowledge, however, that even when innocently used it is attended by *some* danger, and always requires to be used with precaution. There are some who cannot use it in moderation. To use the language prevalent among Catholics, it is for such persons a *proximate occasion* of sin—that is, a danger which cannot be braved with any reasonable hope of victory; and, in accordance with an established principle of morals, they are bound in such case for safety's sake to abstain entirely. For this reason pledging is so common amongst us. For this reason our priests often insist that a man shall accept the pledge. For this reason also we have our total-abstinence societies, and even encourage to join them, for example's sake, sober men for whom the danger, if it exists at all, is only a *remote* one.

Here we invite particular attention to the following point. Amongst us total-abstinence is not a principle, but a practice; not an obligation, but rather a *counsel of perfection*. Those who speak of "total-abstinence principles" speak loosely and incautiously. Total-abstinence societies are deservedly in great favor amongst us, and can show the strongest testimonials under the sign-manual of sovereign pontiffs, councils, and bishops. But they act by persuasion, and persuade only the willing. Considered as material of war, the guns they carry are too small for so great a conflict. We cannot expect to suppress a vice which attacks the many by preaching a counsel of perfection which addresses itself only to the fervor of the few. A good broom was Mrs. Partington's, but measured with the broad Atlantic it proved ineffectual. No entire population can ever be led will-

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ingly to the practice of total abstinence. This much, however, can be done, and done by compulsion: a dangerous trade can be forced by the public will to submit to such limitations as are necessary to the public good. For this the strong arm of the law is required; and, that strong arm being extended, it is the duty of all good Christians and all loyal citizens to obey it and to aid in enforcing obedience. Here we march side by side with Mr. Dow, and we are right glad of it. His is a friendly voice, and we love to agree with it where we can. The earnest and sincere advocates of sobriety, good order, and happiness in society must unite wherever they can. We cannot afford to treat each other as foes, and thus play into the hands of the common enemy.

This great question in New York State is fast approaching to a crisis. Late events have done much to reveal the animus and tyranny of the liquor-trade. It is munificent in its bribes, unbounded in its exactions, and in its domination as merciless as Fate.

> "The patient Dæmon sits
> With roses and a shroud;
> He has his way, and deals his gifts—
> But ours is not allowed."

Never before were its janissaries so bold and unscrupulous, and never before did its slaves so feel the lash. But its dominion must soon come to a close. The commonwealth is awaking to the danger. The cause is not now a cause of temperance societies. The people feel a fatal drain which flutters the common heart. They demand that something shall be done; and they demand a something that shall be effectual. What shall it be?

This question is a political one, but not in any sense of party politics. It is not a question of religion, though it has a religious side on which men must face their consciences and square themselves with the eternal principles of morality. Men of all religious denominations, and men who belong to none, can join heartily in combined effort to procure good laws for the suppression of intemperance. Special variances do exist amongst sincere and earnest men in their methods of dealing with questions of reform. It is, therefore, important to look for some common ground upon which we can all meet, and freely enlist in a general movement to advance sobriety and diminish social disorder by force of law.

Most Catholics, I think, share the reluctance felt by so many others to a total prohibition of the sale. A restraint upon natu-

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ral liberty so absolute and unsparing, although not beyond the *altum dominium* which pertains to the state, cannot be wise until its necessity as a last resort becomes evident. When we are made to understand that every other reasonable expedient has been tried and failed; when we come to feel that we needs must choose between this demon of riot and destruction which now desolates the land and the sacrifice of all right to stimulating beverages, even in their most innocent use, then we may fairly be called upon to adopt the extreme expedient of prohibition. Expedients less trenchant are not yet all exhausted.

Whatever measure may be adopted, it may be made secure and permanent in its fundamental policy by a constitutional provision. Experience shows that any code provided by one legislature is soon rescinded or fatally mutilated by another. In New York State this is certain. The great body of the people are engaged in their own private affairs, and cannot be aroused to action every year on questions affecting the general welfare.

> "'Tis the day of the chattel,
> Web to weave, and corn to grind;
> Things are in the saddle,
> And ride mankind."

The liquor-dealers, however, when grinding their own corn, are always face to face with this question. Their private interest is always at stake. Whatever diminishes drinking diminishes their gains and commands their constant attention. They are banded together in a league which sits continually, deliberates secretly, acts quickly, ostracizes mercilessly. Those in the trade (and such there are) who would willingly reconcile it with their consciences, who would gladly see it restricted to fewer and more respectable hands, are made to play their part in the ring under the vigilance of eyes whose jealousy they dare not awaken. It holds its whip over legislators, magistrates, commissioners of excise, and policemen. We saw in the late New York election how long it remembered and pursued with its vengeance a candidate for Secretary of State who when in the legislature had failed to vote in its interest. It marks tradesmen with a ban and forbids to trade with them. It has a common purse, which can be drawn upon at short notice and used secretly where money is stronger than argument.

Such being the case, it is easy to understand how readily this trade can undo in a single session what the people, rising in their might, had decreed and meant to establish for ever. Their

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work of undoing is effected so silently and so quickly that the attention of the public is gained only in time to look upon the ruins of a law. In this way the New York excise laws of 1857, a most admirable code as first framed, has been reduced to a thing of shreds and patches to please the liquor-dealers, who now point to it in derision to show the folly of making laws to restrain them. Is it wonderful that so many call for a constitutional provision? Of course the same power which makes the provision can recall it. But that power is the deliberate power of the people. It requires a slower process. It cannot be concerted secretly, nor carried into execution suddenly, nor effected by the same work of corruption. It cannot be set and sprung like a trap upon an unheeding public.

If, however, the community should conclude to protect itself against drunkenness by a constitutional provision, it by no means follows that a provision absolutely prohibitory is the only one to be thought of. The constitution might declare the sale of liquors unlawful except under license, and fix the minimum of license very high—say five hundred dollars. This grand and effective point being secured, all other needful provisions, to regulate the manufacture, etc., could be left to legislative action. The legislature might equalize the effect of such a constitutional provision by graduating the number of licenses allowed in each district to the number of the population. Of course all this would leave only a few in the trade. But what of that? The fewer the better, so long as the trade continues to furnish all that is really needed. Sober citizens would not feel driven to violate the law. The retailers crowded out would be the vilest of the class. The manufacturers and wholesale dealers most cramped would be the most unscrupulous, such as sell the vilest concoctions and make for themselves a *clientèle* of customers by setting up in business and giving long credit to the lowest of the low. The great reduction of the trade would be followed by a proportionate reduction of drunkenness. The great point would be gained of breaking up the *resorts* where drunkenness is chiefly learned. Of course the evil will not be entirely extinguished. No; certainly not. That dream we leave for the law-makers of the millennium. In the meantime we must not look to the civil law to do all the work. Other forces, moral and religious, must carry the reformation farther, appealing to the reason, faith, and conscience of those exposed to danger.

The idea of "local option" as a reform measure has, in our opinion, nothing to recommend it. It is simply an expedient to

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get rid of the real question at issue. It means the making of law with the end and aim of the law left out. It means to allow certain rural districts where the trade is already comparatively powerless to reduce that power still more. But it leaves the front gates of hell open. It abandons New York City and Brooklyn, and all the large cities, to the tender mercies of the great moral monster. Ay, it does more than this. It exposes the whole community to a reaction whereby the little gained is soon lost. The wholesale dealers of the cities maintain their trade by travelling agents, who circulate through the country, presenting bills and soliciting business, and with opportunities to do a great deal more. The heart of this mischief is in the city, but its arteries extend everywhere and its veins lead back to the heart. When the whole head is faint and the whole heart is sick we cannot cure the body corporate by plastering the extremities.

In fine, to return to Mr. Dow. There are some of us that do not see our way to adopt the extreme measures recommended by him and by so many other worthy gentlemen. Experience shows how often

> "Vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself,
> And fall o' the other side."

Yet it would grieve us to be looked upon as less earnest and sincere than they. Our hearts are enlisted in this reform. We are ready to advance it even at the cost, if necessary, of personal interests and the sympathies of private friendship. But we are not radicals. We are conservative and hate radicalism. We would not fire the corn-crib as a short way to dispose of the rats. On the other hand, we do not feel like trifling with a great evil, or enduring it. We would not persist in setting the old traps long after it is evident that the rats only laugh at them. Neither do we propose to abandon both corn and crib to rat rule.

We cannot believe that a wide-spread intemperance is inseparable from the sale of alcoholic drinks. The evil arises from circumstances which have perverted an innocent trade into a fearful occasion of sin. Our conviction is that these circumstances can be changed. Yet not easily nor at once. Personal, private effort, appeals from the pulpit, and the example of societies can do something to save individuals; but on this vast and bloated trade, as it exists in our day, these influences fall like a dust of *confetti* thrown from the windows on a riotous carnival below. It calls for the giant power of the state. And the state

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is bound to protect us. Weighed side by side with this intolerable evil, the commercial interests of liquor-makers and liquor-venders swing like a feather in the scale. The trade must be so dealt with that it shall no longer exist as an ubiquitous man-trap. It must be so constricted that dealers who would be conscientious can follow it without sin. And since in this country the law-making power is vested in the people, with the consequent responsibility, let every citizen take his conscience in his hand when he goes to the polls. Let him ask himself if this cause does not lift itself high above every question of party politics. Let him see that he helps put into office no hireling of the trade, nor any one that cannot be counted on to sustain wholesome laws restraining it. And, finally, let not the friends of sobriety lose courage from past failures or mistakes. To use the old rhyme which Sir Walter Scott so delighted in:

"If it isna weel bobbit,
Weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
If it isna weel bobbit,
We'll bob it again."

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ARMINE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE next person who came to D'Antignac full of the *affaire* Duchesne was Egerton. He made his appearance greatly improved in looks and spirits, and after relating substantially the same facts that M. de Marigny had already related, asked if D'Antignac did not think that it was his duty to lay these facts before Armine.

"You will understand," he said, "that I am not at all anxious to do so—for I have not forgotten how Mlle. Duchesne received my former communication—but when I remember her father's dying charge to me I do not feel as if I could relieve myself from responsibility in the matter."

"It is a natural feeling," said D'Antignac; "but are you not aware that M. de Marigny intends to lay before Armine the full details of all that you have learned in Brittany, and to give her an exact statement of the case as it stands?"

"Yes," answered Egerton, "I know that is his intention. But M. de Marigny is one person, and I am another—I mean that we stand in different positions toward Mlle. Duchesne. *I* have received a trust from her father—"

"Which I thought you had fulfilled?" said D'Antignac.

Something in his tone made Egerton for the first time feel as if he was not comprehended with that intuitive sympathy—understood at the half-word, as the French say—to which he was accustomed from D'Antignac, but that he had to explain and make good his position, which it is always a little difficult to do. After a moment's hesitation he answered:

"I fulfilled it in part, but there were some things which Mlle. Duchesne gave me no opportunity to say. And, whether I like it or not, I feel bound to deliver the message in its entirety."

D'Antignac looked at the speaker with a quick, keen glance. "Is there," he said, "any reason of importance why you should deliver this message?"

"Would it not be a sufficient reason of importance that it was given to me?" Egerton answered. "But—yes, there is more than that. Duchesne charged me to convey to his

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daughter his wishes with regard to the use she should make of this inheritance."

"Ah!" said D'Antignac. It was a sound indicating thorough comprehension. So, he said to himself, Armine was right—her father *had* desired and endeavored to fetter her in the disposition of property which must either pass into her hands or remain in those of the Vicomte de Marigny. It was unquestionably an attempt to exercise that posthumous tyranny which Hélène had from the first predicted, yet the pathos of it touched the man whose soul was so accessible to pity, as he knew that it would touch Armine. Dying, struck down in the power and prime of life, Duchesne had, as it were, stretched out his hand in a last appeal to the daughter so widely separated from him in belief, to use for his ends the inheritance that might be hers. And to that appeal it was simply impossible for the daughter to respond. The sadness and the pity of it—the pity that even in death the conflicts and discords of life could not find an end—made D'Antignac at last say to Egerton:

"I comprehend your feeling that you should deliver a message which you alone can deliver. But let me ask if you think any good end is to be gained by delivering it? On the contrary, are you not sure that it will be merely the cause of useless pain to Armine, who has already suffered so much?"

Egerton looked at him with the expression of one who is forced into an unpleasant position, yet is prepared to face its unpleasantness.

"Even if it were so," he said, "have I a right to withhold the message?"

Then there was another pause. Thus confronted with the issue, D'Antignac could not but feel that it was one thing to remonstrate, and another thing to deliberately advise the suppression of what was virtually a man's last will and testament. Every honorable instinct of human nature shrinks from the last, however unavailing, however fruitful even for harm, such a will may be. For is it not the last, the only means by which the helpless dead have power to communicate their wishes to those who yet move among the accustomed things of earth?

"No," he said at length slowly, "you have no right to withhold any message with which you are charged; but I am sorry, for poor Armine's sake, that you could not have

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delivered it in its entirety when you saw her before. She has suffered so much—she has been so torn in a struggle of which you know little—that I should be glad if it were possible for her to be spared now."

"And is it I whom you think likely to renew the struggle?" said Egerton, flushing a little. "I assure you that no one could less desire to do so. And I assure you, also, that it is no fault of mine that I did not deliver the whole of my message to Mlle. Duchesne. She simply refused to hear it; and, considering the state she was in at that time, I could not insist."

"Nevertheless," said D'Antignac, "she has a very clear idea of what you wished to tell her. Only yesterday, in speaking of this possible inheritance, she said that she was certain her father did not intend her to use it for her own ends, but for others—others for which she could not use it."

"She is right," said Egerton. "I shall never forget Duchesne's tone when he spoke of the 'fatal influences' under which she had fallen, and said that he had meant to take her far away from them, to show her the 'great work' to which he was pledged, and, when her eyes were opened, to tell her of this inheritance and say, 'Here is something which you must use, not for yourself, but for Humanity.' And then he added—it rings in my ears yet!—'I shall never say it now, but *you* will say it for me.' Could I fail to say it, after that?" asked the young man quickly.

D'Antignac shook his head. "No," he answered. "You could not fail to say it, after that. And fortunately she is not unprepared. She knew him so well that she divined his wishes. And it is that which makes her most resolute to refuse the inheritance which he desired her to claim."

"And she does still refuse?"

"Positively, and I think unalterably."

Egerton was silent, but something in the expression of his face filled D'Antignac with a sudden sense of uneasiness and made him ask:

"Is there anything else involved in your message—anything likely to affect her resolution or to disturb her?"

"Nothing likely to affect her resolution," replied Egerton; "but yes, I fear it may disturb her. Indeed"—he paused, hesitated, then went on desperately—"I am sure that it will disturb her, in one way if not in another. And it is something which I can hardly bring myself to repeat—something

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which it seems gross presumption in me to utter, even though I merely speak her father's words."

"For Heaven's sake," said D'Antignac, lifting himself as he spoke, "what other injunction has he left to be a fetter upon her?"

"I cannot see that there is any reason why I should not tell you," said Egerton. "It has been—it *is*—a dreadful weight on my mind, and I am wholly at a loss how to proceed. To suppress the message—well, we have agreed *that* is impossible. Yet to deliver it—I fear I have not courage for that either!"

"But what is it?' asked D'Antignac, full of anxiety which the other's tone was not calculated to allay.

"It is simply this," answered Egerton: "Duchesne seemed to fear that M. de Marigny might desire to marry his daughter, and he left a positive command and injunction that she should under no circumstances make such a marriage."

D'Antignac lay back on his pillows and for a moment said nothing. Then he turned his glance on Egerton and asked quietly:

"Did M. Duchesne tell you what reason he had for anticipating such a thing—I should say for conceiving it to be within the limit of possibility?"

"No," Egerton replied. "But it was very plain that he thought M. de Marigny would gladly snatch at such a means of retaining his inheritance."

D'Antignac smiled with a faint disdain. "He knew little of a Breton noble," he said. "It was natural that he *should* know little; that he, whose political creed rests broadly and simply on envy—however much high-sounding phrases may disguise the fact—should have been unable to imagine the feeling that holds worldly possessions as infinitely unimportant beside the honor of a *gentilhomme*."

"In other words," said Egerton, "he was blinded by class hatred and individual bitterness; for unless he had been so blinded I really believe that no man was more capable of comprehending nobleness. It is strange," he added, "but I do not think it is imagination which makes me recognize some traits in common between himself and the Vicomte de Marigny. The foundation of the character—the power of strong devotion to impersonal ends—strikes me as much the same in both."

"It is not strange," said D'Antignac. "The characteristics

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of an old race become very strongly marked. And Brittany breeds no triflers. The Bretons are a grave, a noble, and an earnest people. Those qualities Duchesne, no doubt, carried even into the wild errors that led away his judgment. But in the Vicomte de Marigny you see the type in its best and highest development."

"M. de Marigny has been a revelation to me," said Egerton. "Before I knew him I fancied that those who possess a vivid faith in this age of the world could be divided into three classes—first, the ignorant, who know nothing and feel nothing of what the Germans call the Zeitgeist; second, recluses in cloisters, or—"

"Or in prisons like this," said D'Antignac, indicating his couch by a slight gesture and with a slight smile as the other hesitated. "I understand. Go on."

"No," said Egerton, coloring, "you do not understand, if you fancy that I believe this to be in any sense a prison for your mind. I only meant that those who do not come into contact with the strong breath of the world can hardly realize its power."

"Nay, do not apologize," said D'Antignac. "In a measure you are right. And your third class?"

"My third class is composed of those who maintain their faith in the face of the Zeitgeist, but whose mental attitude is one of protest, of warfare, and often of apology. The high, tranquil spirit of undoubting faith which we speak of as the mediæval spirit I fancied gone as utterly as the genius of mediæval times is gone."

"And M. de Marigny has taught you better than this?"

"Yes; for in M. de Marigny I see a man with the serene faith of a Crusader united to a thorough intellectual apprehension of every phase of modern thought. In worldly knowledge and accomplishment he is a man of the world—the world of this nineteenth-century France—yet his faith is as high and as ardent as if he belonged to the France of St. Louis."

"You do him only justice," said D'Antignac. "And the church of which you know so little—for you must pardon me if I say that your generalizations are based on very narrow knowledge—has many sons like him. But your words confirm what I have always believed, that we have special need at this time of men of the world, who to wide culture and knowledge shall unite strong faith and the ability to defend

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that faith. The spirit of the age, of which you speak, despises devout ignorance and has no respect for halting apology; but when confronted with courage and knowledge it shrinks and turns aside. For the basis of logic on which the Catholic Church stands is simply and absolutely unanswerable; and if the Zeitgeist is to be slain, it must be with the sword of logic as well as the lance of prayer."

"M. de Marigny is armed with the sword," said Egerton. "Again in that he reminded me of Duchesne. The same lucid and forcible manner of unfolding a proposition or series of propositions, which I found in the one, I have observed also in the other. Grant M. de Marigny's premise, and you have no escape—short of stultifying reason—from his ultimate conclusion."

D'Antignac smiled. "You have, then, come into contact with two typical examples—one of the logic which would destroy, the other of the logic which will save, France," he said. "For as Voltaire was the last apostle of the movement which Luther began, so no nation has given to Christendom such soldiers of faith, such apostles, and such thinkers as the France of these latter times."

"I am aware of it," said Egerton. But as he spoke his mind returned to the pressing personal question which absorbed him. He was silent for a minute, and then he looked at D'Antignac with all the doubt and trouble in his eyes again.

"What am I to say to her?" he asked.

"To Armine?" said D'Antignac. "I think, if you will allow me to advise, that at present you will say nothing of the last command of her father. It would pain her beyond measure; it would revive bitter memories of unjust suspicion, and render more difficult such intercourse as she must hold with the Vicomte de Marigny. If there were any probability of that which Duchesne feared, the matter would be different; but there is not the least probability of it."

"Is there not?" said Egerton. He rose from his chair and walked to the window, where he stood for a moment looking out absently on the flashing river, the noble quays and bridges, the gay, beautiful city. D'Antignac, who could observe his face in profile, saw plainly that he was thinking of nothing that lay before him, and a suspicion that had entered his mind before returned to it. Had the fascination which drew the young man to Duchesne, after all, lain in Armine rather than in her father? He had always somewhat suspected this to be the

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case, and now he felt almost certain, when Egerton turned and came back to the side of the couch.

"You will be surprised," he said abruptly, "but I do not agree with you: I think that there *is* such a probability. And, in that case, the longer I waited to tell this thing, the worse."

"But what reason have you for such a belief?" asked D'Antignac, startled by his tone and manner.

"It is not a belief: it is only an opinion," he answered. "As for my reason, I suppose I can hardly be said to have a reason. I simply derive my opinion from some things—trifles, indeed, yet significant—which I have observed in M. de Marigny. You know we were together in Brittany for some time, and now and then when he spoke of Mlle. Duchesne there was a tone, an expression—one cannot define these things, but one feels them—which made me believe that he cares for her. I will not say that he is in love—that phrase conveys more than I mean, and more than it is likely he feels. But he has been interested and touched by what he has seen of her—who could fail to be interested and touched?—and now that he knows her to be the daughter, not of a nameless Socialist, but of his own forefathers, and the heiress, perhaps, of Marigny, what should be more natural than that which Duchesne feared?"

The young man paused, a little breathless—for he had spoken quickly—but again D'Antignac did not reply at once. He put up his hand to his eyes and so lay for a moment silent. It was true—he knew it to be true. Interested and touched most certainly M. de Marigny had been by the nature which like a breath of perfume moved sensitive souls even in its passing. He remembered that the vicomte had frankly spoken of this attraction, and that he himself had even uttered a word of warning. "There can hardly be two people in the world farther apart than you and the daughter of Duchesne the Socialist," he had said; and now, by a strange turn of events, no one was nearer the head of the house of Marigny than the girl who might claim the best part of its inheritance! He lay lost in wonder, thinking that surely it had been no chance which had brought these two together and allowed them to know each other before the truth was revealed. And it was possible that that of which Egerton spoke might have come to pass—that they might have united their lives and their interests—but for this prohibition from the grave, this dead hand stretched out to forbid. That rendered it impossible. He knew Armine so well, he felt sure that only where a higher

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law intervened would she disobey the father she had so passionately loved. He lifted his hand from his eyes and looked at Egerton.

"What are we to do?" he said simply.

It was Egerton's question echoed back, but to the young man there was almost comfort in the fact that some one shared his perplexity. It was unusual for D'Antignac not to go to the root of a difficulty and solve it by a few direct words; but, recognizing that his personal interest was too great to allow of his doing so in this instance, Egerton sat down to discuss the matter in all its bearings.

"I am glad that you put your question in the plural form," he said. "It is a relief not to ask, 'What am I to do?' Yet, after all, it must come to that in my case, for I, unfortunately, was the companion of poor Duchesne and received the charge which my conscience, or whatever inherited instinct does the duty for conscience, will not allow me to disregard."

Even in the midst of his anxiety D'Antignac smiled.

"Does it occur to you," he said, "that this is a penalty for playing with edged tools? If you had not gone with Duchesne you would not now be charged with this most unpleasant duty."

"But in that case Mlle. Armine—I cannot call her Mlle. Duchesne any longer; the name always seemed absurdly unsuited to her, with its *bourgeois* sound and revolutionary association!—would never have known that she was the heiress of Marigny."

"Which she will neither claim nor accept."

"True; so, as far as that is concerned, the knowledge might have gone down with her father to his grave. But if the thing of which we have spoken should ever come to pass, it can only come to pass in the light of that knowledge."

D'Antignac bowed his head; this was true. "But it will never come to pass," he said, "if Armine hears of her father's prohibition."

"Do you think that she would be bound by duty to obey that prohibition?"

"Not at all; for what is it save tyranny? And tyranny based on no reason except unprovoked hatred. But I think that she *will* obey it, though she is not bound."

The two men looked at each other. If it were only possible not to tell her! That was the thought in the mind of both. And yet both knew that it was impossible.

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"I am the more sorry for this," said Egerton, rising again, and beginning to move to and fro, "because since I have known M. de Marigny it seems to me that a marriage between himself and Mlle. Armine would be an ideal union as well as a most desirable arrangement, under the circumstances. I would do much to bring it about. Yet see! by the irony of fate I am appointed the instrument to prevent it."

D'Antignac looked at him keenly for a moment. Then he said: "Either you are very generous or *I* am very mistaken. I have been fancying you in love with Armine yourself."

"I!" said Egerton. He paused in his movement and stood facing the other, while a quick flush dyed his countenance. Then he smiled; and there was always something irresistible in the flashing brightness of his smile.

"I have been somewhat inclined to fancy the same thing," he said; "but I fear it was only a fancy, and, honestly"—the smile died away—"I do not think I am capable of anything else. Mlle. Armine has touched some chords of my nature more exquisitely than any one ever touched them before, and I owe—I shall always owe—her much. But the interest which she has excited in me bears no likeness to what is conventionally known as love. For one thing, she stands on a spiritual plane as far above me as—as the heavens are above the earth. I have always felt that the atmosphere of her soul is like that which surrounds some stainless Alpine peak, while mine—ah!" cried the young man, with genuine humility, "it needs no words to tell that mine is like the plain where all lowering vapors of the world abide."

D'Antignac regarded him kindly. "Unhappy is the man who loves a woman whom he does not feel to be in any degree above him," he said.

"Yes," answered Egerton, "but for such love *some* sense of equality must exist; the distance must not be too wide, the height too great for hope to scale. But the hope would be wild presumption which in my case should think to climb the height where this nature stands—a nature so ideal that I would not have believed any man could be worthy of it had I not met the Vicomte de Marigny."

D'Antignac smiled as a girl might at praise of her lover. "You pay him a high tribute," he said, "but he deserves it. I, who know him well, know that. As far as we can judge, a marriage between Armine and himself would indeed be an ideal union. And yet—"

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"And yet it may be prevented by this prohibition!" said Egerton. "It seems intolerable! To be able to suppress it I would sacrifice anything but my solemn word to the dead. I cannot sacrifice that."

"No one could wish you to do so," said D'Antignac. "But in my opinion there is no need for you to discharge the unpleasant duty at once. What you have to tell would not only wound Armine deeply—as another proof of the narrow hatred of her father—but it would make her even more averse than she is at present to holding any intercourse with M. de Marigny. Yet, in the position in which they both stand, it is absolutely necessary that such intercourse should take place. Wait, then, at least until he has, officially as it were—in his capacity as head of the house—laid before her the nature and extent of her claim on Marigny."

"Personally it can only be a relief to me to wait," said Egerton. "But the doubt in my mind is this: may not delay make the matter worse?"

"Not the delay which I counsel," answered D'Antignac. "I can only advise; but if you trust my judgment—"

"I do," the young man interposed quickly. "I not only trust it thoroughly, but it is a greater relief than I can express to have other shoulders on which to throw the weight of responsibility that has proved too heavy for my own."

CHAPTER XXXV.

HAVING yielded and given her promise that she would see M. de Marigny, Armine made no farther demur on the subject, and when, a day or two later, Hélène came to her, saying that he was in the *salon* awaiting her, she rose at once, though her reluctance was evident in the paling of her face and the slight trembling of the hands which closed the book she had been reading. Touched by these significant signs, Mlle. d'Antignac put her arms round the slender figure and pressed with her lips the soft cheek. "God direct thee, *petite!*" she said gently. Armine looked at her with something very wistful in her clear glance, but she did not answer save by returning the caress. Then she turned and passed into the *salon*.

The recollection of how and where she had seen M. de Marigny last was so strongly present in her mind that, as he came forward to meet her, she almost felt as if she were back

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in the churchyard of Marigny, with its quiet graves on which the sunlight fell, and its stone Calvary dominating the scene. She stopped short: was there not indeed a grave between them? Had not death alone made this meeting possible?

The thought was like a dagger to her heart, and in its sharpness she involuntarily clasped her hands together and so stood, gazing at him with the pathetic eyes he so well remembered. It would have been an awkward moment had he not been a man endowed with great quickness of intuitive sympathy. But to him also the memory of the meeting under the old church porch of Marigny came; and not only the memory of the meeting, but of all that followed it. Those slight fingers clasped so nervously together had sent the warning which might have saved his life, and the golden eyes, which he had thought so beautiful and expressive when he saw them last, had now the sadness that comes of many tears and settled grief. He would fain have put out his hand and taken hers in token of sympathy with the grief; but he, too, remembered the shadow between them, so he said:

"I hope, mademoiselle, that I have not made too great a demand upon you in asking this interview."

The exquisite courtesy and consideration of his tone touched her and made her realize the apparent ungraciousness of her own attitude. She unclasped her hands and came forward.

"No, M. le Vicomte," she answered quietly, "you have not made too great a demand upon *me*, but upon yourself I fear that you have. I know that you have come from a sense of duty, on an errand which must be unpleasant to you, and which, so far as I am concerned, is altogether unnecessary. I bade M. d'Antignac to tell you this."

"I hope to make you understand why I could not accept your answer from M. d'Antignac," he said.

Then he moved a chair slightly forward for her, and, as she sat down, seated himself in front of her. Their eyes met, and again Armine felt the sense of confidence of which, even in their brief intercourse, she had been conscious before. That glance, so penetrating yet so gentle and kind, inspired her with a trust which, save in the case of D'Antignac, was new to her experience. For hers had not been one of those lives which know the certainty of sympathy and reliance upon strength. In her own strength she had long been forced to stand alone, and if she felt now that under other circumstances she might safely have yielded to the guidance of such a nature as that

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which was revealed in the face before her, she also knew with instinctive certainty that the luxury of such guidance was not for her—that as she had been forced to rely upon herself during her father's lifetime, so she must rely upon herself and her own judgment still.

As she did not answer his last words, save by a glance that seemed to say, "Speak, then!" M. de Marigny after a moment went on:

"You are right in saying that it is a duty which has brought me here, but you are wrong in believing it an unpleasant one. On the contrary, few things could give me more pleasure than to be permitted to repair an injustice." He paused a moment, then went on: "I know that you have heard the story of the marriage of your great-grandparents, so I need not repeat it. When such a story was told to me it became at once my duty to verify it. I come now to tell you that I have done so and that it is true. The marriage took place exactly as you have heard, and the house of Marigny has gained another daughter."

There was a charming grace as well as cordiality in the tone of the last sentence which it would have been impossible for Armine not to have felt. Her eyes thanked him even before she said:

"You are very kind; but if my wishes had been regarded you would never have heard the story of which you speak."

"You must pardon those who disregarded your wishes," he answered. "It was right that I should hear it—I, who am now your kinsman, with a kinsman's right to protect your interest."

She looked at him for a moment in apparent surprise.

"And yet," she said, "my interest—if I have one—is opposed to yours. In other words, my gain must be your loss."

"What does that matter?" he asked. "The question is simply one of justice, not of individual gain or loss. And loss is a relative term. I can lose nothing that I should regret."

"You will lose nothing—nothing at all—through me," she said. "I have only consented to speak of the subject in order that I might tell you this. Whether the marriage in question ever took place or not is a matter of indifference to me and cannot influence my life."

"It is not in our power, except in a very limited sense, to say what shall or shall not influence our lives," said M. de Marigny. "The event which you declare cannot influence

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yours is influencing it at this moment, else why are we talking here?"

"That is true," she answered. "But we are talking in order that I may tell you that the influence shall go no farther. And I should be glad if you would believe this without more words."

He shook his head, smiling a little at her tone. "I am sorry to force on you anything which is disagreeable," he said, "but I cannot accept such a decision without more words. I will promise, however, that they shall be as brief as possible. You have heard from M. d'Antignac, no doubt, that I went down into Brittany and examined all the records, as well as heard the testimony of the sole witness in the matter. Then—for you will understand that I am not acting in my individual capacity, but as the guardian of interests which are only mine for a time—I laid the case before an eminent lawyer, and have here his written opinion, at which I must beg you to look."

He produced as he spoke a folded paper, which he offered her. She hesitated—evidently averse to taking it—and said with an appealing glance:

"It can serve no purpose—I assure you that it can serve no purpose. Is there any *necessity* that I should look at it?"

"Yes," he answered gravely, "there is necessity. I could not accept any decision which you made in ignorance of the exact nature and extent of your claim."

"Then," she said quickly, "you will accept my decision when I am no longer in ignorance?"

"I shall have no alternative but to do so," he replied, "though you must allow me to reserve the right to remonstrate."

She did not answer, but, extending her hand, took the paper and opened it. It was of considerable length, and after a moment she rose and moved away to the window to read it.

M. de Marigny—sitting still, with that perfect quietude which is one of the most striking signs of high breeding—watched the slender figure as it stood against the light, the graceful, well-set head and the delicate outlines of the profile, with its soft southern tints and the dark, outward-curling lashes of the down-cast eyes. There was no physical sign of race lacking; and when, as in a vision, he saw that presence on the terrace or moving through the rooms of the old château, he said to himself that no one could think it had found an unfitting mistress.

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Presently Armine turned and came back toward him. He rose as she approached, and when she held out the paper he saw to his surprise that she was smiling.

"This is better than I had hoped," she said simply. "It seems that there is no certainty that I would be able to claim anything, if I wished to do so. I am glad of that. I need not feel now that I am disregarding my father's wishes."

Her relief was evidently so genuine that he was also forced to smile.

"I am sorry to lessen your pleasure," he said, "but I think you misunderstand the opinion a little. Remember, in the first place, that it is given to me—the person in possession—and naturally presents the case in as favorable a light as possible for my interest. This lawyer says in substance: 'It is not *certain* that a marriage which occurred so long ago could be satisfactorily established, according to the rigid requirements of French law with regard to marriages; but the case is strong against you, and you need not be surprised at an unfavorable result.' Now, that is putting the matter very strongly, for you."

He paused; but as Armine, whose face had fallen somewhat, looked at him with mute interrogation, after a moment he went on:

"After giving the opinion the lawyer was kind enough to advise an amicable arrangement with the claimant, if it were possible, rather than the expense and tedious delay of a lawsuit. And that amicable arrangement is what I have come to make, if you will permit me, mademoiselle."

"But I have told you that I am no claimant," she said, with the first shade of haughtiness which he had ever perceived in her manner.

"Nevertheless," he answered, "though you will not claim them, you have rights which neither you nor I can ignore."

"It may be proper that *you* should not ignore them," she said. "But there is nothing which forbids my doing so—nothing."

"Are you sure of that?" he asked quietly. "It seems to me that there may be something. There may be a sense of duty."

"To whom? to what?" she asked. "No, M. de Marigny; I have been over all this ground, and I have asked counsel of those who are wise enough to give it. There is no duty which requires me to assume a rank to which I was not born." She

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paused a moment, as if collecting her thoughts, then went on: "And it seems to me that you forget one thing: if it is doubtful whether I have any legal claim, whatever I should accept from you—were I capable of accepting anything—would be simply a gift of your generosity."

"No," he said quickly. "It would be an act of justice, not of generosity. I should have no right to be generous with the inheritance of those who are to come after me. It might be possible that the law would not recognize this marriage; but you must be aware that one may have a moral certainty of a fact which one may not be able to prove, and that there are moral rights which are not legal rights."

"That may be," she said, "and it is a noble view of the case; but I, who would not accept a legal right—no, not if it were absolutely indisputable—will certainly never accept one based on a moral claim. Of that you may be sure."

She lifted her head as she spoke, and a light shone for a moment in the deep, gentle eyes which gave emphasis to her words and made M. de Marigny say to himself that further insistance seemed, indeed, useless. He felt instinctively the strength of her resolution, and he also felt that it was not based upon mere obstinacy, but upon reasons that were neither fanciful nor vague. D'Antignac had warned him of this result, and he was therefore not surprised, but even more reluctant than he had anticipated to abide by the decision so steadily announced—to let all things be as if that marriage had never taken place between the Breton noble and the peasant girl who saved him.

"Mademoiselle," he said at length, "I must beg you to consider, to take time to reflect. You are very young to decide so positively upon so important a matter."

"I have had time, and I have not decided without reflection," she answered. "As for my youth—well, it is true I am young, but even in youth one may know what one desires of life. I desire neither rank nor wealth, for what should I do with either?"

Then, as a last argument, he said: "I am told that it was your father's wish that you should claim all that was yours."

He was sorry for the words almost as he uttered them when he saw the pained look that came into her eyes. But she answered very quietly:

"It was my misfortune to differ with my father on many points, but I understood him thoroughly, and I am sure he

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did not wish me to claim or to take anything for myself, but only as a trust for his ends. You know what these were; you can judge whether or not you would like any part of the revenues of Marigny devoted to such ends. Yet only in that way could I fulfil his desire."

What could M. de Marigny answer to this? He thought of representing, as D'Antignac had done, that her father's wishes had no binding force upon her; but since he had just urged one desire as an argument, it was difficult to declare another of no force. And, moreover, he felt that no words could change her resolution. The expression of the pale, steadfast face assured him of that. After a pause of considerable reflection he said:

"I perceive that it is useless to urge you farther. I wish that it were otherwise; I wish that I could induce you to accept whatever is justly yours. But at least I trust that you will not refuse to take your position as an acknowledged daughter of the house of Marigny?"

She regarded him with a faint, sweet smile.

"You are worthy to be Sieur of Marigny, M. le Vicomte," she said. "It is noble that you, the head and representative of such a house, should come and desire to acknowledge as belonging to it the daughter of one who was a foe not only of your order but of yourself, and whose only claim to admittance into your house is through a *mésalliance* which you must regard as a blot upon your line. It proves that you think more of justice than even of the honor of a noble name; but I, the descendant of that peasant girl whom your kinsman married in secret and never acknowledged, and the daughter of the Socialist who was yesterday your enemy, can no more accept your justice than your generosity. The house of Marigny and I have nothing in common; and while I appreciate your recognition and thank you for the kindness of your desires, you must receive my positive assurance that what I have been from my birth I shall remain to my death. And," she added, "the Christian and the Socialist are alike agreed that it matters little what name we bear during the brief space of our pilgrimage here."

"Unless we absolutely renounce the world, it matters more than you think, perhaps," answered the vicomte. "But you make it impossible for me to say more. I am sorry that I have failed so utterly, and I wish that I had been able to command more arguments with which to convince you—"

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"No arguments would have had any effect," she interposed.

"Then," he said, "it only remains for me to hope that, though you decline to receive me as a kinsman, you will not refuse to consider me a friend, who feels he has a peculiar right to serve you."

She grew a shade paler, and, half-unconsciously as it were, drew slightly back.

"You are very kind," she said. "I understand and appreciate; but between you and me, M. de Marigny, there can be little question of intercourse or service. If it is friendship, however, to desire that all blessings may fall upon you, and that you may serve a noble cause as well in the future as in the past, then, believe me, I am your friend."

"And believe that I am grateful for your friendship," he said, touched by her tone and look. "I will trouble you no more at present with the subject we have been discussing; but I am glad that I need not lose sight of you, that you are here with the best of my friends. Whether you allow it or not, I have a right to feel interest in your welfare, and more than that—"

He paused. He was about to add, "I have a debt to pay." But his finer instinct forbade the words. Something, too, in Armine's face restrained him. It seemed to him that he read some fear of such an allusion in the clear, golden eyes. Instead of finishing the sentence he took from a table by which he stood the lawyer's opinion that he had laid on it.

"This," he said, "has, after all, proved useless. Yet—who knows?—perhaps nothing in the world proves useless. It has served to make us better known to each other, and I hope that you do not regard this as an evil. To me it is a great pleasure.".

"I certainly could not regard it as an evil," she answered after an instant's hesitation; "but—forgive me if I repeat that you and I have nothing in common."

The words would have seemed very ungracious had not the wistful appeal of her glance softened them—that glance which had often before said more to him than her lips uttered. Did it not say to him now, "Do not press me; do not urge upon me an association and friendship which is forbidden by loyalty to the dead"? There was no doubt that it said this, and no doubt also that he understood the message, for he answered gently:

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"Pardon me if I disagree with you. I think that we have much in common—our friendship, our faith, and a lineage of which you would be proud if you knew more of it. Cannot these things drive the past from your memory—that unhappy past in which I declare to you that there was never the faintest feeling of personal animosity on my part?"

"Do you suppose I imagine that there was?" she said quickly. "No, M. le Vicomte, I have no doubt that all animosity was on—the other side. But do you not see—do you not feel—that this makes it harder to forget?"

"And do you not see," he said, "that you are thus perpetuating the animosity which I am sure you would have ended, if you could? Let us end it now!" He held out his hand as he spoke. "Let us bury all memory of it in the grave over which you mourn, and believe that you can do the dead no better service than to forget all that was unworthy of honor in his life. Do not hesitate!"—she stood looking at him, but did not extend her hand to meet his. "The only existence which the hatred you regret has now is in its influence on your conduct. For your father's sake, then, as well as for your own, let me beg you to end that influence at once."

The thought was new to her; he saw that in the eyes that slowly filled with tears as she gave him her hand. Then, when the crystal drops began to fall, she turned and silently left the room.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"HAS it occurred to you, Sibyl," said Miss Dorrance, "that there is a great change in Mr. Egerton?"

The two young ladies were standing together at the window of Mrs. Dorrance's apartment on the Champs Elysées, gazing down at the broad avenue filled with all the world streaming toward the Bois; for it was Sunday afternoon, and the great thoroughfare was filled from side to side with its accustomed Sunday throng. Mrs. Bertram and her daughter had taken breakfast with the Dorrances, and the two elder ladies were now talking gently together, while the younger ones had strolled to the window to regard the *beau-monde*.

Sibyl did not answer for a moment; then she said indifferently: "I have seen very little of Mr. Egerton of late—

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too little to form an opinion. What kind of a change do you mean?"

"Well, not a change for the better," answered Laura. "He is not half so agreeable as he used to be. I think the Socialists have spoiled him. He gives me the idea of a man who is absorbed in something. He was here a few days ago, but I thought him very *distrait* and altogether mysterious about a journey he had just made."

"You cannot call a man mysterious because he does not take all the world into his confidence about his private affairs," said Miss Bertram. "What had you to do with his journey?"

"Nothing, of course; but you know that, unless there *is* some mystery, a man naturally speaks of where he has been and what he has done. However, that is a trifle. The change I speak of is really in himself. I am surprised that you have not observed it."

"I have not seen enough of him to observe anything," repeated Miss Bertram carelessly. "And if he has changed —well, does that matter? We all change more or less as time goes on."

"But he has changed rapidly."

"Has he? I suppose under a strong influence one *can* change rapidly."

She uttered the last words meditatively, and then, as if the subject did not interest her in comparison with the equipages and toilettes passing below, leaned a little farther forward to look down at the brilliant, crowded street. As she did so a mail phaeton suddenly drew up before their door, and a gentleman, throwing the reins to his groom, stepped down to the pavement. Miss Bertram drew back a little, and Laura said: "Ah! there is Cousin Duke. No doubt he has come to take us to the Bois."

"To take *you*, very probably," said her friend.

The other laughed. "He is not in the habit of troubling himself about me," she said. "But I told him last night that you would be here to-day. *Et voilà!*"

Miss Bertram vouchsafed no reply, but stood quite still, looking out, until the bell of the apartment sounded; and when the door of the *salon* opened she turned—to see two gentlemen enter.

One was Talford, the other Egerton; and as Laura went forward with an exclamation of surprise, they explained that

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they had met under the *porte-cochère.* "I was just turning in as Talford drove up," said Egerton.

"And I consider the conjuncture very lucky," said Talford, "for now we can form a charming *partie carrée* for the Bois. I called to see if these ladies would not like a drive. The afternoon is beautiful and all the world is out in force."

"I think it would be delightful," said Laura. "What do you say, Sibyl?"

Miss Bertram shook her head. "I am sorry," she said, "but I never felt less inclined for the Bois. I must beg Mr. Talford to excuse me."

Talford, at whom she looked as she uttered the last words, said: "I should prefer to change your mind, if that were possible. If you do not care for the Bois we will go anywhere else. A drive to St. Cloud will be pleasant."

"You are very kind, but I do not care to drive at all," she answered. "Indeed, frankly, I have another plan for the afternoon, and—partially an engagement."

Talford glanced suspiciously at Egerton. "In that case," he said a little stiffly, "I cannot, of course, press the matter."

"But how disagreeable of you, Sibyl!" cried Laura. "What is your engagement?"

"One in which I fear that I cannot tempt you and Mr. Talford to join me," Sibyl replied, with a smile. "I half-promised Mlle. d'Antignac to meet her in Notre Dame this afternoon."

"In Notre Dame!" repeated Miss Dorrance in a disgusted tone. "Why, it is *miles* away; and on this beautiful afternoon to go and bury yourself in that dark old cathedral, when you might be enjoying all the sunshine and life of the Bois—what an idea!"

"No doubt it seems to you dreadful," said Sibyl calmly, "but you must allow for differences of taste. And I have seen the Bois very often, while I have never heard the great preacher who is to preach in Notre Dame this afternoon."

"I move," said Egerton, "that we all go to Notre Dame, if Miss Bertram will allow us to do so."

"I should have no right to forbid your doing so," she answered, looking at him with a friendly glance.

But Talford shrugged his shoulders. "I can imagine nothing more unamusing," he said, "than to sit for two or three hours in that great stone vault, listening to religious platitudes fit only for the childhood of the human mind."

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"Have you ever heard them?" asked Egerton. "It might be well to do so before declaring what they are. For myself I can only say that I have never heard elsewhere such logic and such eloquence as I have heard from the pulpit of Notre Dame. And men who, like yourself, Talford, talk of religious truths as 'fit only for the childhood of the human mind,' simply prove their ignorance of the great philosophy on which those truths rest."

"A Saul among the prophets!" said Talford, with a slight, scornful laugh. "You have transferred your allegiance, then, from Socialism to the philosophy of the pulpit of Notre Dame? My dear Egerton, suffer me to offer you this advice: it is well to determine what you believe before you proceed to preach it."

"I grant that it is well," said Egerton, flushing a little; "only in that case a man might think more of himself—of his character for consistency—than of truth. But I do not wish to preach anything. I only affirm what I know to be a fact."

"And if it be—what then?" asked the other carelessly. "Would the verifying such a fact repay me for losing an hour of sunshine and pleasure? I do not think so; and I should be glad if I could persuade Miss Bertram to be of my opinion—to resign Notre Dame for the Bois."

"It would be a poor exchange, Mr. Talford," said Sibyl gravely; and as these two regarded each other, Egerton could not resist the impression that there was more than met the ear in their words. "I have promised to go to Notre Dame, and I should disappoint myself as well as Mlle. d'Antignac if I failed in my appointment."

Mr. Talford bowed with grace. "Then it is I who must resign myself to disappointment," he said. "I am sorry that the attractions which I offer are so much less than those of Notre Dame; but there only remains for me to hope that you will enjoy the logic and eloquence of which Egerton speaks. Now, Laura, can I tempt *you?*"

"Well, do you know, Cousin Duke," answered Laura, "I do not think that, although we *are* cousins, I can very well drive alone with you in the Bois, and I am very sure that Sibyl cannot go alone with Mr. Egerton down to Notre Dame, so I suppose I must go with her. After all, no doubt one ought to go to church on Sunday—even if one is in Paris."

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"It is impossible not to admire your devout frame of mind," said Mr. Talford, with a liberal infusion of sarcasm in his tone.

"My dear Laura," said Miss Bertram, "there is not the least necessity for such a sacrifice. Mr. Egerton had no part in my plans for the afternoon. I meant to drive home with mamma, then take my maid and go down to the cathedral, where I shall meet Mlle. d'Antignac. This is what I still purpose to do. I beg, therefore, that you will not let me interfere with your pleasure, since you can easily find some one to propitiate the proprieties by accompanying you."

"Oh! yes, I know half a dozen people within a stone's throw who would be delighted to join us," said Laura, looking at her cousin.

He assented, though not with a very good grace; for there was only one person whom he wished to join them, and her refusal was a revelation as well as a disappointment to him. In his vexation he discovered that Sibyl Bertram was more of a necessity to him than he had imagined, and that her power to move him was greater than he liked.

The matter ended, however, in his driving off with Laura in search of some of the friends living within a stone's throw, while Miss Bertram and Egerton, standing together at the window, watched their departure. Then the latter said somewhat diffidently:

"I understood, of course, that I *had* no part in your plans for the afternoon, but may I not have a part? May I not accompany you to Notre Dame? It seems to me that it is very absurd if you and I—who are neither French people nor moving in French society—cannot go there alone."

"I certainly see no reason why we should not," Sibyl answered frankly. "It is very different from going to the Bois, and it would save me the journey home for Marie. Let us ask mamma."

Mrs. Bertram demurred a little, but finally yielded to a common-sense view of the matter, and also, no doubt, to her liking for Egerton, and agreed that *les convenances* should be outraged in the manner proposed, "since you will not be likely to meet any one who knows you," she said to Sibyl.

That young lady laughed. "Most of our acquaintances certainly do not frequent Notre Dame," she said. "And those whom I shall meet will not be shocked. That I promise you."

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So, according to the familiar proverb, it was the unexpected which came to pass; for certainly Egerton, when he idly turned in under the Dorrance *porte-cochère*, had little thought of issuing from it with Sibyl Bertram for a companion. As they stepped out on the broad pavement he said:

"The afternoon is so beautiful that, if you do not object to a little exercise, I can suggest a pleasanter way of reaching the Ile de la Cité than by a carriage. It is only a short walk from here to the river, where we can take one of the boats that ply up and down it. It is rather a *bourgeois* mode of travel, but it has its advantages and pleasures. To one born on the Mississippi the Seine does not commend itself as a very imposing stream; yet I like to journey on it."

"Strangely enough, I never have done so," said Sibyl. "By all means let us take the boat. Here is a street that will lead us straight to the river."

It brought them out on the Cours de la Reine, than which there is no more charming spot in Paris. On the fresh green foliage of the trees the spring sunshine streamed, and the river, foaming by between its beautiful quays and under its stately bridges, wore the color of the sky. Every bench along the *allées* was filled with orderly, well-dressed groups wearing that air of happiness and content with simple pleasures which is so marked a feature of French life, and makes one wonder afresh at the fierce storms of social discontent with which this nation has convulsed the world.

As Egerton and his companion walked toward the Pont d'Alma he pointed to one of the small steamboats that touch at the different quays and on Sunday are crowded with passengers. "Yonder is the craft on which I proposed we should embark," he said; "but after all I am doubtful: I remember that you have a horror of contact with your fellow-creatures who do not wear satin and brocade."

Miss Bertram smiled. "I suppose one should not encourage such fastidiousness," she said. "And there is a novelty about this that I like, since the contact is in the open air and will not be for very long."

"Oh! no, a few minutes will land us on the Ile de la Cité," said Egerton as they descended the quay to the landing-place of the boat.

After she was on its deck Sibyl felt that she was repaid for democratic contact with the *bourgeoisie* around her by the pleasure of motion, the enchanting softness and brightness of

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the day—which now for the first time she seemed fully to feel—and the beautiful view of Paris which this noble river-way through its midst affords. Egerton thought that he had never seen her so simply and heartily pleased as when she presently turned her eyes on him.

"Why, it is charming!" she said. "I do not think I have ever felt the outward beauty of Paris more strongly. I always knew that the borders of the river were lovely, but never appreciated how lovely before. Has any other river in the world such splendid promenades along its banks, such wealth of foliage, such magnificent buildings? See, here is the Palais Bourbon, and yonder the great front of the Louvre! I think I must echo what I heard a French governess say once with enthusiasm: '*J'aime les bords de la Seine!*'"

Egerton smiled. "One would not think you had lived in Paris until its beauty was familiar to you," he said.

"But beautiful things do not lose their beauty by familiarity, else we might even cease to enjoy the sunshine." She paused a moment, then with a swift glance over their companions said: "Of course you have read *Un Philosophe sous les toits;* do you remember the chapter called 'La Compensation,' the description of the journey to Sèvres of two poor working-girls? Our fellow-passengers remind me of it. How much more real their enjoyment is than that of the *beau-monde* whom we left streaming out to the Bois! The philosopher of the attic is right: 'La jouissance est seulement dans ce qu'on sent, et les hommes blasés ne sentent plus; la satiété a ôté à leur âme l'appétit, tandis que la privation conserve ce premier des dons humains, *la facilité du bonheur.*'"

"Yes," said Egerton, "that is very true." Then he glanced up at the window of a tall house on the Quai Voltaire which they were passing at that moment. "Yonder is an attic philosopher," he said, "who would agree with you."

"Ah!" said Sibyl. She, too, looked up at the window, and a shade of sadness fell over her face. "To think that there he lies—prisoned and in pain, with no possible hope of release save by death—while all this tide of life sweeps by! It is a better sermon than any we are likely to hear at Notre Dame, Mr. Egerton."

Egerton did not deny this. "It is a wonderful sermon," he said. "Speaking for myself, I am sure that I never come within his influence and leave it quite the same. But perhaps one might say that in lesser degree of every one; for there

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are few people who do not, for the length of time that we are in contact with them, exercise some slight influence on our thoughts and feelings. Even if they only irritate or disgust, *that* is an influence."

Sibyl laughed. "A very common one," she said. "But it is frightful to consider that we are influencing one another in some degree all the time. Have you not come in contact with people whom you did not know, and who might not utter a word, yet whose very presence could turn your thoughts higher or lower? And there are others whose society is like a stifling moral atmosphere. One feels insensibly everything lowered and dwindling—one's conceptions of life, one's belief in goodness, one's standards for action—when one is with them. I can imagine nothing more horrible, more degrading to the whole moral nature, than such companionship, if one were unable to escape from it. But," she added, speaking as if to herself, "one can escape."

"I think," said Egerton, with a smile, "that we have escaped to-day."

She did not contradict him, and now they were drawing near the sharp point of that boat-shaped island which, being the cradle of Paris, was blazoned as a ship on the city's ancient arms. Above the mass of buildings the graceful spire of the Sainte Chapelle rose, bearing its *fleurs de lys* toward heaven; while beyond—dark, massive, magnificent—the towers of Notre Dame stood against the sky.

"They built for eternity—those architects of the middle ages," said Sibyl, looking at the great symphony of stone.

Landing at the Pont Neuf, they had but a short distance to walk to the cathedral, and it was when they were entering the open space before the noble façade that Egerton said: "I fear that it will be rather hopeless to attempt to find Mlle. d'Antignac, unless you have some special place of meeting appointed."

"There was a place," Sibyl answered. "Not

> "the third confessional
> Between the pillar and the wall,"

but, if Vespers had not commenced, the Chapelle de Notre Dame."

Vespers had not commenced. The immense interior, with its twilight atmosphere and those vast, soaring arches where

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birds dwelt as in the trees of the forest, held its silence still unbroken by the organ's rolling thunder and the choristers' silver tones. But there were some signs of preparation. A steady stream of people were pouring into the nave, and as Egerton and Miss Bertram passed down the aisle to the choir they looked along the vaulted passage, lighted by stained glass, which led to the sacristy, and saw the marshalling of a procession with shining robes and gleaming banners —a glorious effect of color in the dim, rich dusk.

By a fortunate chance they met Hélène and Armine as they passed around the choir, before reaching the chapel. Mlle. d'Antignac smiled, though she also seemed a little surprised at the sight of these two so calmly proceeding together, and said to Sibyl: "I had given you up; but you are just in time. Come, let us take our places."

They moved on together quickly, and so Egerton found himself with Armine. It was their first meeting since he had stood before her with her father's dying message, and the thought of that interview made it difficult for him to speak. It was she who looked up with her soft eyes, and held out her hand.

"I hope that you are well—again, Mr. Egerton," she said.

"Yes, I am very nearly well," he answered. "And you, mademoiselle?"

"There is nothing to say of me," she replied. "I am well and with my friends—that is all."

"That is much," he said. "I have been very glad to know that you were with such friends."

"There could not be better ones," she said in a tone of deep feeling.

They walked on in silence after this, until, as they were passing a certain part of the aisle, Egerton turned and glanced at his companion.

"You may not remember," he said in a low, quick voice, "but I met you here—once. It was owing to you that I was here at all, and it seemed strange to meet you then—as strange as to be here with you now. I do not wish to pain you by any remembrance of the past, but I think you may like to know—and I can never find a better place to tell you —that your influence always stood between me and that which might else have fascinated me, and that it is to you I owe whatever rays of light have come to me."

She paused and stood quite still, looking at him for an

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instant, and he never forgot the expression of her face as he saw it in the light of one of the great stained windows. Was it wonder, pleasure, or pain which he read chiefly in the deep eyes? There was only infinite simplicity in the voice which said presently: "We have much for which to be grateful to God, monsieur."

And then they walked silently on.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GOD AND REASON: Lectures upon the Primary Truths of Natural Religion. By the Rt. Rev. Monsignor T. S. Preston, V.G., LL.D., Domestic Prelate to His Holiness Leo XIII. New York: Robert Coddington, 246 Fourth Avenue. 1884.

In appropriate words Mgr. Preston dedicates his latest work to the Cardinal Archbishop as an offering for the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood, celebrated on the 12th of January. It is easier to provide a marble pulpit than to produce sermons worthy to be preached in it. The Advent Lectures of Mgr. Preston are all worthy of any pulpit and any audience, and this last collection is at least not inferior to its predecessors. There are more works of a high order of merit on the topics of natural theology and on the evidences of Christianity, in the English language, than on any other class of topics belonging to the general branch of theological literature. It is, however, expedient, and even morally necessary, to continually repeat and rewrite the arguments belonging to the Preamble of Faith, even though they remain substantially the old ones; in order to produce due effects on the minds of the present generation. One who has such a treasury of sound learning as even the English language affords, together with the more abundant stores of other languages, modern and ancient, can have no difficulty in respect to his matter. It is the form which demands attention, the art which judiciously selects and arranges, skilfully plans, and felicitously expresses in language the conceptions of the mind. This is more necessary and more difficult when one writes a popular work on such high themes than when he is composing a scholastic treatise. There are several English authors, in recent times, who have written in this style remarkably well upon the topics of natural and rational theology. Great praise and cordial thanks are due to them for their efforts in the noble cause of religion and morality. Monsignor Preston's lectures deserve a high place among these useful works. He has drawn from the best and purest sources. In a small compass, and in a clear, intelligible,

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and pleasing style, he has made accessible to all who are capable of following a rational argument the most important truths respecting God and the soul, the best proofs which make them evident, the most elevated thoughts in respect to these highest objects of reason, which are found in the works of the masters in philosophical and theological science. The first lecture treats of the Existence of God, the second of the Divine Attributes, the third of the Creation of the World, and the fourth of the Immortality of the Soul, each one filling about fifty-five pages 12mo, in large and heavily leaded type. The volume is neatly and correctly printed on good paper, so that it is pleasantly readable in this respect, as well as on account of the matter and the manner of its argument. There is no book of the kind so well adapted, in our judgment, for general circulation and careful reading among intelligent and sincere believers in the fundamental truths of religion, as a means of instruction and confirmation in their rational evidence, and among sincere inquirers as a means of clearing up the doubts and misconceptions with which their minds may be clouded. We give it our hearty recommendation, in the hope that it may be very useful to a very large number of readers.

BAÑES ET MOLINA: Histoire, Doctrines, Critique Métaphysique. Par Le P. Th. De Regnon, S.J. Paris: H. Oudin et Cie. 1883.

Once upon a time, two boys disputing on predestination, one told the other he felt predestined to give him a beating. Father de Regnon, if the theory of Bannes be correct, had a "physical premotion" to give that theory a severe blow; or else he has made vigorous use, by the self-determining power of his will, of "next power." This controversy seemed to have nearly died out, but it is now reviving. The system of "Molinism," which for a long time was very generally and quietly prevailing, has been of late anew the object of severe assaults; and text-books, such as the Theology of Billuart, in which the *soi-disant* "Thomism" of the old Dominican school is taught, have come into vogue in certain seminaries. We must caution our readers not to confound the celebrated Jesuit Molina, the antagonist of Bannes, with that Molinos the Quietist who was condemned at Rome, about whom a considerable amount of trash has been recently written. Naturally, Molina and his system have found new defenders and advocates. The principal new work on this side of the dispute is the one published by Father Schneemann. Father De Regnon, in his recently-issued volume, has in part based his treatment of topics on documents contained in Father Schneemann's book, but he has also taken up the subject argumentatively in an original manner and with great ability. In his historical summary he refutes conclusively the assertions of De Lemos, Serry, and Billuart that Molinism was condemned *in petto* and is a merely tolerated error, which the Holy See let pass uncensured from regard to the Society of Jesus. It is perfectly clear that both theories, that of Bannes and that of Molina, stand on a perfectly equal footing in respect to the doctrinal tribunal of the church. Each individual student of theology must decide for himself which one is most accordant with Scripture, tradition, and reason, if he can. The question has never been so fully cleared up by the great writers on either side that there does not remain an obscurity over it, whichever hypothesis is assumed. Different minds incline

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in different directions, accordingly as the objections which one or the other side makes against its opposite appear to have the greater weight, or as they are biassed by their favorite authors. Respect for the authority of St. Thomas gives to the theory commonly called "Thomism" a great *prestige* in the opinion of the generality of students. We have never, however, for our own part, been able to find any clear evidence that St. Thomas held or taught the doctrine of "physical premotion." The correct interpretation of St. Thomas is a part of the very matter in controversy. It is more correct to call this theory the theory of Bannes, just as its opposite is called the theory of Molina. Then let them stand on their own merits, and let the question be argued on metaphysical grounds, by reasons against reasons. Father De Regnon has argued on his own side just in this way, and we recommend all who are interested in the question at issue to read his volume.

LIFE OF THE VEN. CLEMENT MARIA HOFBAUER, C.SS.R. By F. Haringer, C.SS.R. Translated by Lady Herbert. New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet & Co. 1883.

Cardinal Rauscher, Archbishop of Vienna, has said that "the revival of religion in Austria can only be attributed to Father Clement," meaning Father Hofbauer. The greatness of this achievement can only be appreciated by one who understands how deplorable was the state of religion in Austria and Germany during the epoch of Father Hofbauer's life (1751–1820), and how great is the change which has taken place since the year 1808, when he came to Vienna. The Ven. Father Hofbauer, who will probably in due time be canonized, is certainly the brightest ornament of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, after its illustrious founder, St. Alphonsus de Liguori, and he deserves to be called the founder of the Transalpine Congregation and the Apostle of the North. The history of the life and times of such a man is necessarily full of the most important and interesting events. Father Haringer's brief and succinct narrative awakens the desire for a fuller, more complete, and more minute account of the public life, the associates and disciples, the contemporaneous personages and events, and the posthumous influence of the holy and apostolic man whose personal character and career he has so faithfully described. Lady Herbert has added some particulars about the English province of the Redemptorist congregation. One fact related by her is quite remarkable. The first house of this congregation was established in the former residence of Lord Teignmouth at Clapham, London, where the famous Clapham coterie of evangelicals and the original Bible Society had their headquarters. Here Mass was said on the Feast of St. Alphonsus, August 2, 1848; and since that date the English Redemptorists have received above sixteen thousand Protestants into the Catholic Church. May all the sincere and zealous works of Protestants terminate in a similar manner, and they themselves all find what they are vainly seeking in human sects and societies—truth and grace in the bosom of the true church which their ancestors wickedly and foolishly abandoned!

We regret to be obliged to say that in the publication of the English translation of Father Haringer's *Life of the Ven. Hofbauer* a great number of literary and clerical blunders have been committed. This is too often

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the case with Catholic books in the English language—a fact which does not redound to the honor of the publishers who show such a want of skill or want of care in respect to the correction of proof-sheets.

Another *Life of the Ven. Father Hofbauer*, by Mother Austin, of the Sisters of Mercy, was published by the Catholic Publication Society in 1877. Mother Austin, who is the author of the *Life of Mother Catherine McAuley*, has shown a remarkable talent for writing religious biography. Lady Herbert has had the advantage of translating the latest and most complete Life, by Father Haringer, but the Life written by Mother Austin contains all the essential facts of the history of Hofbauer's apostolic career, and she has given to her narrative the charm of a purely English and elegant style, and a most happy manner of describing characters and relating incidents. The two Lives complete each other, and either one can be read with interest after reading the other. Those who can have only one of them will find the greatest amount of historical information in Lady Herbert's Life, if this is what they seek by preference; but if they wish for the most life-like portrait of Father Clement and his times, we advise them to choose Mother Austin's, which has besides the advantage of having been carefully and correctly edited and published.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES. With symphonies and accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., and Sir Henry Bishop. New edition. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The publishers, in a note prefixed, announce that this edition is complete. It is a reissue of the well-known setting which Stevenson and Bishop made of Moore's songs. The melodies themselves are of course all old, some of them perhaps nearly as old as Ireland's fateful history. They were composed probably by harpers, many of them extemporized perhaps, for Gaelic words. The consonants in Gaelic, formidable as they may look to the uninitiated, are very weak-backed; euphonic rules tip them over, or silence them at least, so often that practically Gaelic is almost a language of vowel sounds. Yet Moore succeeded in most cases in adapting the harsher English to these plaintive or warlike airs. "The Groves of Blarney," to which Moore wrote his "Last Rose of Summer," and which furnished the German composer Flotow the main theme of "Martha," had done duty generations before as a lament or death-song in the clan MacCarthy. It would be curious, by the way, to trace the history and development of Irish airs from their Irish homes, through their emigration to Germany, France, Italy, and England, down to their improved appearance as "operatic gems" or as "old English songs," etc.

NANO NAGLE: Her Life, Her Labors, and their Fruits. By Wm. Hutch, D D., President St. Colman's College, Fermoy. New edition. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper Sackville Street. 1882. (New York: For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

We have before us a very pleasing life of Nano Nagle, the founder of the order of Presentation Nuns. Miss Nagle, a young lady of ancient Irish lineage, having been sent abroad to acquire an education which was de-

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nied her in her own country, entered society in the gay capital of the not over-pious Louis XV. She pleased society, and for a time society pleased her; but, moved to pity at the sight of the down-trodden lower orders of France, she was strongly urged by an interior impulse to abandon the vanities of a fashionable life and to devote herself to the service of the uneducated poor of her own land. She returned home in 1750, being then in her twenty-second year.

Unhappy Ireland was at that time subjected to a penal code which was, as Edmund Burke says, "a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." This model system had not had its beginning yesterday nor the day before: it was time-worn. But, although just then priests were somewhere tolerated, Catholic school-teachers were vigorously proscribed. What wonder that Miss Nagle was almost in despair of overcoming the obstacles which ignorance and sin—the consequences of the code—put in her way, to say nothing of the danger arising from statutes which would make her charity towards the miserable a civil offence?

But she dared not only to establish schools, but, more, to introduce the Ursulines as teachers of them. Finding, however, that these ladies did not entirely satisfy her expectations—as their vocation called them rather to the instruction of the upper and middle classes than to that of the poor—she founded the order of Presentation Nuns to meet the exigency.

The first part of this volume gives an account of Miss Nagle's life and of her efforts in behalf of Christian education, and is of general interest; the remainder is a history of the spreading of her order, together with a number of sketches of some of her more noted daughters, which, while it has a peculiar value for Miss Nagle's spiritual children, is well worthy the perusal of the ordinary reader. The book is neatly bound and well printed, and its matter has been derived from the most trustworthy sources, the author having had access to the archives of various religious houses.

A ROUNDABOUT JOURNEY. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

Mr. Warner is a pleasant travelling companion, in book-form anyhow. Of course, not being a Catholic, he has little reverence for those things which to a Catholic seem venerable. His ignorance, like that of very many highly intelligent Protestants, of matters of even ordinary Christian tradition, is so *naïf* as to amuse. For example, while in Munich he was entertained by the feast of the "Hl. 3. Könige," which he gravely writes down in this form. Evidently this gentleman, the editor of a noted magazine, does not, or did not, know that the feast of the "Three Holy Kings" is what we call Epiphany. He makes a reference or two to monks that might as well have been omitted. But then, Mr. Warner being something of a professional humorist, like all the rest of his craft from time immemorial, has the privilege of shaking his cap and bells where others take off their hats. There are some typographical errors, especially in the Italian words. Outside of these defects *A Roundabout Journey* will be found very pleasant reading. The chapters on Sicily and Malta will especially attract attention.

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THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE FATHER CLAUDE DE LA COLOMBIÈRE, S.J. Abridged from the French life by Eugene Seguin, of the same Society. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

We have here the latest addition and contribution to the now well-known Quarterly Series of the lives of the saints and servants of God which is being edited by English Jesuits.

The life of Father de la Colombière is of general interest on account of his intimate relations with St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, and of the important work he did as the apostle of the devotion of the Sacred Heart. Father de la Colombière was a most beautiful character personally, and the portrayal of his life, his progress to perfection, his heroic virtues, which are shown to us by his letters, his written memoranda, make a very pleasing and edifying life. We confess little sympathy with the "cut-and-dried" lives of the saints advocated by Father Faber, to which his brother Oratorians, in the recent life of St. Philip Neri by Capecelatro, seem to us to have given a manifest refutation. Concerned as the life is with that interesting portion of English ecclesiastical history, the reign of James II., it possesses a special importance from its testimony to the persecutions endured by our forefathers.

THE BEAR-WORSHIPPERS OF YEZO AND THE ISLAND OF KARAFUTO (SAGHALIN); or, The Adventures of the Jewett Family and their friend Oto Nambo. By Edward Greey. One hundred and eighty illustrations by Rinzo and by Ichiske Hamada. Cover designed and drawn by the author. Royal 4to, pp. xviii.–304. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1884.

Mr. Greey, who has written several other books on Japan—a country with which, from long residence and special studies, he is familiar—here treats his boy-readers to an excursion amongst those curious bear-worshipping aborigines of Japan, the Ainos, a well-built, dark-complexioned race of savages, whose immense heads of hair and beards, as well as other features, distinguish them from Mongol and Tartar. The illustrations are excellent.

A LITTLE GIRL AMONG THE OLD MASTERS. With Introduction and Comment. By W. D. Howells. Long 8vo, pp. 65. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

If the sketches here reproduced are really the work of Mr. Howells' little daughter, as there is no reason to doubt, then they are strong arguments to hand for those who believe in a law of inherited genius. For, whatever may be thought of Mr. Howells' way of treating life in his now lengthening list of novels, there can be no disputing his genius. There can be no hesitation in acknowledging the artistic perception and the strength of treatment of ideal subjects shown by his child. Some of the ideas, though, are very ludicrous—for instance, that of the young choristers moving slowly along in procession and an angel "poking them up." The child, in its wanderings through the galleries of Florence, was able to appreciate what was beautiful and to apply in its own way the notions it picked up, without once degenerating into the grotesque. Mr. Howells' running criticism on these sketches is interesting and amusing.

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A NATURAL-HISTORY READER FOR SCHOOL AND HOME. Compiled and arranged by James Johonnot, author of *Principles and Practices of Teaching*, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

Children, boys especially, are fond of animals and fond of reading accounts and stories of them. There are few boys who do not manifest a desire for some scientific knowledge of those animals they have been most familiar with. The *Natural-History Reader* aims to take the place of the literary selections generally known as "Fifth" or "Sixth" readers in the common and parochial schools. Yet there cannot be too much care exercised in the school-books that are placed in children's hands. Children are apt to look upon their teacher and their text-book as infallible, and natural science is one of the pet means of the agnostics for impressing their own doubts as to the supernatural and the spiritual on the minds of the young. Many of the selections which Mr. Johonnot has made are excellent, although many take on the character of those "anecdotes of animals" that are more founded on imagination than fact. An instance of dangerous teaching is the chapter called "Conscience in Animals," which opens with the sentence: "One of the prevailing theories in regard to conscience is that it is the resultant of intelligence combined with the instinct of sociability and the emotion of sympathy, and that its germs may be found in the lower animals" (p. 283). An "affecting spectacle" is to the same writer—G. J. Romanes—proof of "the essential identity of some of the noblest among human emotions with those of the lower animals" (p. 285). If these tendencies were not apparent the book could safely go into a child's hands. The tone of the book is indicated by the extract from Bryant's "Forest Hymn" with which it opens, containing these lines:

> "Ah! why
> Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
> God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
> Only among the crowd, and under roofs
> That our frail hands have raised?"

Not much encouragement for church-going there!

GUENN: A Wave on the Breton Coast. By Blanche Willis Howard, author of *Aunt Serena*, *One Summer*, etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

A most picturesque, delightful story about one of the most Catholic countries in the world—Brittany—but by a Protestant, and therefore containing occasionally passages calculated to cause a smile on the face of a Catholic. For instance (p. 56), two old Breton women are represented as in doubt if Vespers had been said that morning. The action takes place in a fishing village on the coast of Cornouaille, there being two classes of actors, on the one side the fishermen, their wives, and their daughters, on the other a group of foreign artists. The chief of these, whom the author evidently intended for the hero, is anything but that. Though the author refers to him twice as one of that mythical race called "Anglo-Saxon"—a class of men represented in English novels and their imitations as going through the world with invincible fists, knocking down such puny Celts as

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Frenchmen, etc., but unaccountably keeping their fists off that class of Celts known as Irishmen—in spite of the sham athleticism with which the author has surrounded her hero, whom she describes as an artist, the reader is forced to regard him as a disgusting egotist. It is to be hoped that he is not a type of the American artist abroad. Guenn, the Breton fisher-girl, who poses for the American artist, is almost a creation. Thymert, the priest and rector of the parish, seems like an echo from the romance of the war in La Vendée.

AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN. A novel. By Edgar Fawcett, author of *A Gentleman of Leisure, A Hopeless Case*, etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

Of the many pretentious, absolutely bad novels that have appeared in the last year, considering the reputation of the publishers and the respectable mechanical skill bestowed on its appearance, this is about the worst. Were it not, indeed, for the publishers' names on the title-page the book would receive no notice here. There is not an original idea from one end to the other. Such poverty of ideas prevails in the book that the author found himself forced to produce an effect by caricaturing the funerals to Calvary Cemetery while on their way past Green Point, where the story opens. The author condescends to describe to us the life of the poor of New York and its surroundings, as appearing to him in evening dress. But any one familiar with the graphic sketches which the reporters of the New York daily press furnish will see again the pitiful poverty of the author's imagination. To read the book from beginning to end, as the writer of this notice has done, is a dreary task.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION. 1881.

NOTES ON MATTER, FORCE, AND MOTION. By Andrew Leslie. St. Louis. 1882.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. By John Henry Newman. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

THE CITY OF SUCCESS, and other Poems. By Henry Abbey. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1884.

EXERCITIA SPIRITUALIA S. IGNATII DE LOYOLA. Auctore F. X. Weninger, S.J., D.D. Fr. Pustet & Co.

THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS FOR THE SUNDAYS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

THE ENGLISH PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES, May, 1883. By one of the Pilgrims. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

UNITED STATES SALARY LIST AND THE CIVIL-SERVICE LAW. By Henry N. Copp. Washington, D.C. 1883.

THE COMMON SCHOOL QUESTION. A discussion between Rev. Wm. Gleeson and Frank M. Pixley. San Francisco: P. J. Thomas. 1883.

EXHORTATIONS AND SERMONS FOR ALL THE SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS OF THE YEAR. By the Rev. Joseph Morony, S.J. Dublin: James Duffy.

SHORT STORIES ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. A collection of examples illustrating the Catechism. Translated from the French by Miss Mary McMahon. Benziger Brothers. 1884.

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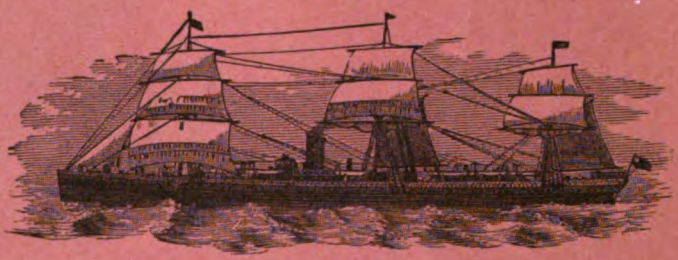

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXVIII. MARCH, 1884. No. 228.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.

LAWYERS too frequently discuss the marriage question on its surface only, without investigation of principles. We have met with some remarks reported in the New York *Daily Tribune* of November 25, 1883, as made by Judge Barrett, of the Supreme Court of New York, which are worthy of attention because they point out the necessity of going below the surface to the root of the matter by the investigation of principles. They are as follows:

"It is necessary to go deeper than the mere question of divorce. We must begin at the bottom, and see to it first that our marriage laws are what they should be. Consider what they now are. Marriage, we say, is a civil contract. Well, nowhere can a minor enter into any other contract that will bind him to the extent of a sixpence. But as soon as a boy and girl have arrived at the age of fourteen years the law allows them to enter into this most important of all contracts, without any restraint or conditions, and makes it perpetually binding upon them. If they discover their mistake, and find that a continuance of their union means perpetual unhappiness, there is no honorable relief for either of them. A statute was passed by the legislature of this State in 1830 making seventeen years the earliest age of marriage. But within three months after it became a law it was repealed, showing that the disposition of the people was against such restraints. But why should the marriages of persons of such immature years be authorized without any limitations? I do not think that persons under twenty-one years of age should be permitted to marry except with the consent of their parents, guardians, or, if they have none, with the consent of a proper tribunal. We might do as is done in France: if young persons under age desire to marry there, and have no parents

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or are unable to obtain their parents' or guardians' consent, they may go before a certain court and state their case, which will be inquired into. They are then sent away for a certain length of time. Upon their return they are again interrogated and again sent away, that opportunity may be given for the parents to deliberate, the parties to become better acquainted, or the facts to be more fully disclosed. Upon their third coming, if no valid objection appears, they are given permission by the court to marry. Thus such young persons are protected against the possible injustice of unreasonable parents and at the same time saved from hasty or foolish marriages. The danger of such marriages is particularly great in this country, where so much freedom is allowed in the communication and social intercourse between the young of the two sexes. The natural result is the forming of early attachments that frequently lead to ill-considered and unfortunate unions. Not that such freedom of intercourse is to be condemned or abridged. It is the natural outgrowth of the institutions of this country, and probably is a healthy indication. At all events, it is a part of the problem which we shall have to work out in America. But we can and should limit and restrict the making of the only contract on the part of minors which our laws allow to be binding upon them.

MARRIAGE WITHOUT CEREMONY OUGHT TO BE ABOLISHED.

"But not only the marriages of those who legally are infants, but all marriages, should be required to be entered into with more formality and solemnity than is necessary at the present time. So far is the idea of the civil contract in marriages carried, under our laws, that no ceremony whatever is essential. A man and woman sitting together in a room, with no witness present, agree to take each other for husband and wife, and afterward they live together and pass before their neighbors as such—that is marriage with us. If the woman should affirm the making of such a marriage-contract, and the man should deny it, it would then be purely a question of fact, and his presenting her to the world as his wife might be sufficient evidence to establish the marriage. I believe that this system of marriage without ceremony should be abolished; marriages, whether of minors or adults, to be valid, should be required to be made before authorized persons, whether priests or magistrates. If proper measures were taken in regard to marriage laws, I believe that the chief difficulties of the divorce question would disappear.

"But marriage and divorce should be considered together and the laws in relation to them made harmonious and homogeneous. The chief trouble heretofore has been that they had been considered as independent problems. I would be in favor of the legislature appointing a commission—either of scientists or such other persons as might seem best—to take the whole subject into careful consideration, with the purpose to reduce our laws to a scientific and homogeneous condition. But one of two positions would have to be taken boldly—either that marriage and divorce laws should be based throughout upon the sacramental idea or should be based throughout upon the civil idea. We call marriage a 'civil contract,' and we permit it to be entered into as informally as any contract that can be named. But when we come to a dissolution of the contract of marriage—divorce—we say that it shall only be for one cause.

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Why? Not because, as a civil contract, it is not just as absolutely violated by other acts, but because, as we say, the law of God has laid down that one cause as the only ground for divorce. In other words, when we are looking at the marriage itself we consider it a civil contract; when we are looking at the dissolution of it we consider it a sacrament. We should be consistent. If the laws are to regard a marriage in the light of religion and as a sacrament, then divorce is properly considered in the same aspect. But if marriage is solely and simply a civil contract in the eye of our law, then we should so regard it when we make laws for its dissolution.

"I do not mean to say that legislation is confessedly based, in the matter of divorce, upon the religious or sacramental idea; but such is undoubtedly its spirit. It is that idea which animates the legislator when he repels any attempt to modify the existing statutes. For example, a man has again and again beaten his wife brutally. Why does not that constitute an infraction of the civil contract of marriage as clearly as though he had committed adultery? The only answer is that which emanates from the church, speaking under the authority of the New Testament—in other words, the answer which treats marriage as a sacrament and not as a civil contract. And so of each of the grounds for divorce *a mensa et thoro* under our present laws. Looking at marriage as a civil contract, every one of these causes for limited divorce might fairly be considered by the legislator when the question is up, What are proper grounds for absolute divorce? At all events, the divorce *a mensa et thoro* should be done away with. What a monstrous system it is! To what immorality must it lead! Take the case of the wife who has been brutally beaten by her husband. She gets a limited divorce, and the man and woman are legally separated, although still husband and wife. Not even the innocent woman can enter into any other marriage, and she is compelled to pass the rest of her life (while her husband lives) without a home, without a husband or a lover's devotion. Or she obtains these only at the cost of becoming a social outcast. Should she err in this direction the guilty husband at once becomes the innocent and injured plaintiff in an action for an absolute divorce. Thus a life of repression, a cheerless, homeless existence, a life without love or natural ties, becomes her continuous punishment under our laws for the original brutality which she received from her husband.

"On the other hand, provisions contained in decrees of divorce forbidding the guilty defendants to marry again are useless, incongruous, and absurd. Such laws and such decrees are always easily evaded. Make the misconduct which resulted in the divorce a criminal offence, if you choose, and punish it as such; but do not enjoin a person whom by your decree you have unmarried from marrying again. However guilty he or she may be, you have dissolved the marriage contract, and when that is dissolved both parties are necessarily single again. That is the logic of the situation, and every attempt to punish by what may be called disfranchisement must, in the nature of things, result in scandalous evasions. You may punish the crime directly, but you cannot repress human nature. Decrees prohibiting marriage by the convicted defendant were just as generally evaded before the recent decisions in the Court of Appeals as since; and such provisions, I regret to say, always will be.

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"THE ANGLO-SAXON IDEA OF HOME.

"But it may be said that I am misrepresenting the position of the legislator and exaggerating the influence of the sacramental idea in divorce legislation; that the legislator enacts laws allowing divorce on the single ground of infidelity, not to carry out a religious or sacramental conception, but as the best means to preserve the social fabric and defend the home—to prevent the destruction of the highest form of social and domestic existence, and to save children from homeless lives passed without the care and nurture of parents. To this I answer that if the legislator's sole care is to preserve the social fabric, then, to be logical and consistent, he must go the whole length and make marriage indissoluble. For if he admits a single ground for divorce he admits the whole question. If it is the home that he is protecting, and not the sacramental idea of divorce, why does he limit the ground for divorce to the single one that religion sanctions? This sentiment in regard to 'home' has become an Anglo-Saxon fetich. Society is to be preserved by keeping each married pair, with their children, enclosed by four walls. Does this enclosure make a home? Or is it not rather the spirit of love and sympathy between husband and wife that pervades the place? And if these are wanting, and in their stead are brutality, bitter hatred, and hopeless suffering, is it helping to sustain society to compel the continuance of this miserable existence?

"And so with regard to the children. It is true that they need the mature and watchful solicitude of loving parents, and God forbid they should be deprived of them! But if they have before their eyes every day the brutal conduct of father toward mother, or hear the continual language of hatred and strife between their parents, is there anything in that 'home' worth preserving for them? Then, too, under the present laws, the home is broken up when divorce is allowed for infidelity, and the children do lose the benefits of domestic and parental training. And, as a matter of fact, the deed which constitutes cause for absolute divorce may not exert nearly so direct or harmful an effect upon the home-life, so far as the children are concerned, as the conduct for which only a separation is permitted. Adultery is likely to be committed secretly and kept from the knowledge of children. But cruelty, hatred, and scorn on the part of parents toward each other are continually present before the children and working direct mischief with them. And so I say that, whether consciously or not, the legislator is guided entirely by the sacramental view of marriage, and not by regard for the welfare of society, in making laws allowing divorce only on the ground of infidelity.

"I do not say that the legislature should necessarily make all the present causes for divorce *a mensa et thoro* grounds for absolute divorce. But I do insist that it should examine the whole question scientifically, philosophically, and logically, and with no other thought than the well-being of society. Then, whatever the result, we should know that the question had fairly been met and the best possible solution of the problem made."

THE STATES SHOULD ACT TOGETHER.

Justice Barrett was asked if he thought that uniformity of the divorce laws of the different States could practically be effected. The judge answered:

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"I do not believe that an amendment to the federal Constitution looking to that end should be attempted. I think that such an amendment would be a dangerous precedent in the direction of centralization. I believe thoroughly in the doctrine of local government carried even to the smallest political subdivisions. And these questions the individual States must settle for themselves. If the domestic relations are to be taken from State control and to become federal questions, why not all other relations? Why not crimes? Why not parent and child? guardian and ward? Why should there not be a uniform murder law? a uniform punishment therefor? If we permit the entering wedge, where is it to end? But let one State like New York take an advanced scientific position. Let it formulate a scientific, harmonious, homogeneous system of marriage and divorce law; and it will not be very long before the other States will be adopting similar systems, much as has been the case with Mr. Field's code, which this State was the first to put into operation. I think, however, that it would be possible, by convention or otherwise, for the legislatures of the various States to act together and co-operate in the matter with very salutary results."

There are several points in this extract which afford a convenient text for comments we wish to make, and observations on the questions raised by the learned jurist whose words we have quoted.

MARRIAGE EITHER A SACRAMENT OR A PURELY CIVIL CONTRACT.

This is the leading postulate of the whole argument. We do not assent to it fully in the form in which it stands. We assent to it, however, to this extent: viz., that, practically, marriage must unavoidably be treated in civil law as a merely civil contract, unless legislation is confessedly and explicitly based, in respect to marriage and divorce, on that religious and sacramental idea which "in the matter of divorce is undoubtedly its spirit."

It is Catholic doctrine that marriage is one of the seven sacraments, and as such committed by the Lord to the custody of the sacerdotal hierarchy in the church. The civil magistracy in the state is totally incompetent in spirituals. When it undertakes to determine what shall be law respecting the marriage-contract, if it does not usurp the functions of a spiritual magistracy, it must confine itself to that which is purely civil in respect to the making and the fulfilling of that contract. That which is sacred and religious in the contract it can only receive and recognize as a law already existing in the social and political order and the common conscience of the community. This moral law, hitherto generally recognized in our own community; and inspiring legislation with "the spirit" which has regulated

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it, except where it has broken away from rule into abusive enactments; requires that marriage should be regarded as a bond uniting one man with one woman, in its nature perpetual, and only by accident dissoluble. The bond is made by a contract, but the state of wedlock itself is an ordinance of nature proceeding from the Author of nature, just as much as the state of relation between the parent and child. This is enough to make the idea of the matrimonial union "religious and sacramental" in a wide sense and in respect to natural religion. This natural religion is all that we have as common and universal, the recognized moral law, the "spirit" which animates our civil law and furnishes the supreme rule by which it is measured. If the common conscience of the community can compel a confession of the sacredness and perpetuity of the bond of wedlock as a moral, religious, and inviolable ordinance of the natural law imposed by the Creator, then all legislation concerning the contract of marriage will be determined by this first and fundamental principle. Otherwise, there being nothing left except the purely civil engagements and obligations connected with the contract which can be regarded as having any legal existence, marriage will be reduced to the condition of a purely civil contract, made by the civil law, and therefore liable to be annulled by the same. In this case expediency can be the only motive inducing law-makers and those who are the ministers of the law to restrict the liberty of individuals in regard to making or rescinding the civil contract of marriage.

Even from this point of view strong and conclusive arguments demonstrate the expediency, and even necessity, of the laws forbidding and punishing polygamy. But, in order really and efficaciously to uphold the law of monogamy, as a civil law, it is necessary to forbid and punish successive as well as simultaneous polygamy. The advantages of the institution of monogamy cannot be secured without this shutting up and locking the door upon legal divorces *a vinculo* and legal remarriages. The evils of polygamy cannot be shut out except by the same means, or even worse evils than those which spring necessarily from a legalized simultaneous polygamy prevented from breaking in upon society.

The conviction of the necessity to public, social, domestic, and private welfare of the law of monogamy is so universal, and the evil of legalized polygamy, whether simultaneous or successive, is so frequently and ably argued, that it is not needful to spend any time in proving the general thesis. We will only adduce one

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testimony in support of it, which is certainly valuable, and may be new to a certain portion of our readers.

Edmondo De Amicis, in his *Constantinople*,* makes the Turkish women one of the principal topics of his observations, from which we will quote somewhat largely, in respect to polygamy as it shows itself in the capital of the Turkish Empire:

HOW POLYGAMY IS REGARDED IN CONSTANTINOPLE, ESPECIALLY BY TURKISH WOMEN.

"There are those who say that the women of the East are satisfied with polygamy and do not understand the injustice of it. To believe this one must be ignorant not only of the East, but of the human soul itself. If it were true, that would not happen which does happen—viz., that *there is scarcely any Turkish girl who, accepting the hand of a man, does not make it a condition that he shall not marry again during her lifetime;* there would not be so many wives returning to their families because their husbands have failed in this promise; and the Turkish proverb would not be in existence which says: A house with four women is like a ship in a tempest. Even if she is adored by her husband the Eastern woman can but curse polygamy, which obliges her to live with the sword of Damocles above her head. . . . It is impossible that she should not feel the injustice of such a law. She knows that when her husband introduces a rival into her home he is but putting in practice the right given to him by the law of the Prophet. But in the bottom of her soul she feels that there is a more ancient and sacred law which condemns his act as traitorous and an abuse of power; that the tie between them is undone; that her life is ruined; that she has the right of rebellion.

"The Turkish women seek to know Frankish women, in order to learn from them something of the splendors and amusements of their world, but it is not only the varied and feverish life of gayety that attracts them; more often it is the domestic life, the little world of a European family, the circle of friends, the table surrounded with children, the honored and beloved old age; that sanctuary full of memories, of confidence and tenderness, that can make the union of two persons good even without the passion of love; to which we turn even after a long life of aberration and faults; in which, even among the tempests of youth and the pangs of the present, the heart finds refuge and comfort, as a promise of peace for later years, the beauty of a serene sunset seen from the depths of some dark valley.

"But there is one great thing to be said for the comfort of those who lament the fate of the Turkish woman: it is that *polygamy is declining from day to day.* It has always been considered by the Turks themselves rather as a tolerated abuse than as a natural right of man. Mahomet said, That man is to be praised who has but one single wife—although he himself had several; and those who wish to set an example of honest and austere manners never in fact marry but one wife. He who has more than one is not openly blamed, but neither is he approved. *The Turks are few who sustain polygamy*, and still fewer those who approve it in their hearts. All

* *Constantinople.* By Edmondo De Amicis. Translated from the seventh Italian edition by Caroline Tilton. Fourth edition. New York: Putnams. (Pp. 206–237.)

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those who are in a social position which imposes a certain respectability and dignity of life have but one wife. The higher officers of the ministry, those of the army, magistrates, and men of religion, all have but one. *Four-fifths of the Turks of Constantinople are against polygamy.* The fact is here: that the transformation of Turkish society is not possible without the redemption of the woman, that this is not practicable without the fall of polygamy, and that polygamy must fall. It is probable that no voice would be raised if a decree of the sultan were to suppress it to-morrow The edifice is rotten and must fall."

Rotten as it is, women and children in Turkey are not cast out without a legal protector, and a fair comparison of polygamy, as it exists among Turks and Mormons, with that system which under the mask and hypocritical semblance of monogamy is breaking in upon us through the door which divorce has opened, will show that licensed successive polygamy is much more rotten. Its deadly contagion must soon corrupt and destroy any community in which it becomes general.

MONOGAMY IMPLIES THE PERPETUITY OF THE MARRIAGE-CONTRACT.

We have said above that, according to the spirit of our laws, marriage is of its essence and nature a perpetual contract. We have added to this: that it is regarded as nevertheless dissoluble *by accident.* By this we do not mean by chance or some sudden mishap, but by some extrinsic cause, and by way of exception to the general rule of stability. All who make any profession of moral principles such as are generally received in Christendom proclaim a great respect for the stability of marriages, and a desire that divorces should be as infrequent as possible. The mere consideration of expediency—that is, of what the self-interest of individuals in general, the welfare of society and of the state, in respect only to temporal good, demands or counsels—is enough to make any one regard the frequency of causes which according to any view justify divorce, and the frequency of divorces and remarriages of divorced persons, as a very great evil. Therefore even those who regard marriage as a purely civil contract, and the law of monogamy as obligatory only by the authority of the civil law, must think it desirable that the laws should be framed, as far as possible, in the interest of the stability and perpetuity of marriage. The present state of things, in which so many persons desire to break the marriage-bond, and do break it in so far as the law can and will permit them to do so, is one which confessedly demands the application of some strong remedies, if there are any.

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REMEDIES PROPOSED IN RESPECT TO THE CONTRACT ITSELF.

The able lawyer whose remarks have been quoted above suggests some remedies of this kind. They are intended to remove or diminish some causes of instability in observing the marriage-contract, which have their root in the haste and levity with which the contract is made in many cases.

One of these remedies is restriction by law of the liberty of minors to make marriage-contracts. Another is making certain public formalities requisite to the legal validity and binding force of the contract. Without doubt it is most desirable that the due authority and influence of parents and guardians in respect to the marriages of young people should be upheld, and at the same time protection be afforded to the young people themselves against a tyrannical abuse of this authority. It is equally evident that clandestine marriages are a great nuisance, that due and lawful formalities and solemn rites ought to be observed when the marriage-contract is made. We go further and say that since "the danger of hasty and foolish marriages is particularly great in this country, where so much freedom is allowed in the communication and social intercourse between the young of the two sexes," "*such* freedom," whose "*natural result* is the forming of early attachments that frequently lead to ill-considered and unfortunate unions," is to be "condemned" in respect to its evil of excess, and ought to be "abridged." We are sure that many of the best and most judicious fathers and mothers of families, and not a few of their sons and daughters, will concur in this opinion, even though they may not belong to the numerous class of sufferers from the miserable results of unfortunate early attachments and ill-considered unions.

But when we come to the question of remedies and their application, especially remedial legislation, we are confronted with as many difficulties as were the French ministers of finance in the reign of Louis XVI.

Other remedies also are felt to be necessary for another evil—viz., inconsistent, unstable, and defective legislation in respect to divorce.

REMEDIES PROPOSED IN RESPECT TO DIVORCE LEGISLATION.

One great defect in divorce legislation marked by Judge Barrett is the lack of homogeneous and harmonious relation between the laws concerning marriage and those concerning divorce. The remedy proposed is the making of the divorce laws

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to conform with the theory of the civil contract on which the marriage laws are based. A part of this proposed alteration is the abolition of the limited divorce *a mensa et thoro.* Such an abrogation of the law which permits and sanctions legal separation of parties remaining under the bond of the marriage-contract presupposes a law respecting absolute divorce—*i.e.*, *a vinculo*—which gives redress in every case of grievous violation of the obligations of that contract. Otherwise it would be insupportable and cruelly unjust.

Another proposed change is the abrogation of the inability to contract a new marriage in the case of the legally guilty party against whom a decree of absolute divorce has been obtained by a law-suit. It is certainly absurd to maintain that a person, however guilty, can be bound by a wedlock which has no other party bound by the same. A husband who has no wife is a contradiction in terms. If, therefore, the *vinculum* can be broken, and one party become free to contract a new marriage, the other party can be regarded as incapable of marrying, only inasmuch as the law deprives him of the right and power to make a valid contract, as a punishment for his crime. For those who think that the civil law can prescribe the conditions of validity in marriage-contracts, the question of the utility of such a punishment is debatable, and we have no wish to meddle with it.

The most fundamental and important part of the proposed alteration is the explicit and consistent adoption of the theory of the civil contract as the ruling principle of divorce legislation. The doctrine of the religious and sacramental nature of marriage being set aside, the law must either grant no divorces at all, from the motive of expediency, or it must grant them in certain cases, from the same motive—*i.e.*, grant or refuse divorces as the public and private good may seem to require, and, if it grants divorce for the one cause admitted in the old statutes, must also grant it for all causes similar and equal to this one. It is very justly argued that the reason of restriction has been derived from the religious idea of marriage, and ceases to exist as soon as that idea is eliminated. The whole question is then changed. Instead of asking, What does the law of God prescribe, forbid, or permit in respect to the making or the dissolving of the marriage-contract? the legislator must only inquire, What laws does human wisdom counsel me to make for the common good? The whole matter is thus brought to a very fair issue by the remarks contained in the extract at the head of our article. Henceforth we leave it entirely out of view, and, without intending any fur-

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ther reference to or interpretation of its statements or suggestions, we will pursue our discussion in an abstract manner.

CAN THE CIVIL LAW FURNISH A REMEDY?

This question is rather vaguely put; but we cannot help it. Neither can we answer it with that precision which might be attained if we were writing a set treatise. Every significant word in the query has a different meaning in different theories concerning the law-making power and concerning marriage and divorce. We take for granted that there are certain difficulties and certain evils by which the stability and security of marriage are affected. A remedy for this disastrous state of things is desirable. Supposing that the absolute indissolubility of marriage were recognized by the civil law, and all the sanctions of the law were applied to enforce observance of common law and statute laws in conformity with this principle, would this be a satisfactory solution of the difficulties and an effectual remedy for the evils which are in question?

Such legislation would be good and useful, if the community governed by it were unanimous in their convictions respecting the whole matter of marriage and divorce, so that the law would only reflect and sanction the dictates of the common conscience. But such an agreement could be produced only by a common and universal belief in one and the same religious doctrine teaching the religious sacredness and indissolubility of marriage by the divine law. On the theory of the civil contract, no reason for making marriage indissoluble by human law can be adduced, except the natural fitness, utility, and expediency of such a law.

A very strong, and in our opinion conclusive, argument on this basis can be constructed. But it will not suffice to produce unanimous or even general assent to its conclusions. The utmost that can be looked for, in this direction, is that the public and common opinion will approve and sustain laws which aim at restricting and confining successive polygamy within limits supposed to be safe and expedient.

This public and common opinion in reality proceeds from a moral and religious sentiment derived from the surviving remnant of Christian belief in the community. The Christian doctrine that marriage is a sacrament and by the divine law indissoluble, which remains in all its purity and strictness as a part of the faith among all Catholics, and in a corrupted form among non-Catholics, is the source of the common law of Christendom con-

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cerning marriage, is the source and origin of all the sound public opinion which exists as a barrier against the inroads of legalized successive polygamy. Let the theory of the civil contract prevail, which implies the prevalence of the wider and more universal doctrine from which it is an inference—viz., Rousseau's doctrine of the social compact—and the entire basis of all the laws which are intended to sustain the perpetuity of the marriage-contract will be swept away.

Let us now inquire whether the civil law can furnish the desired remedy to the existing and increasing evils springing from divorce, by recognizing the sacred and religious character of marriage, and making all legislation homogeneous in a sense contrary to the theory of the civil contract.

Such an alteration of the law would change that part of it which relates to the nuptial contract so as to make it conform to the "spirit of the law," which has heretofore regulated that part of it which relates to divorce. That is to say, it would proceed from the principle that monogamy is of divine institution, that marriage can lawfully subsist between two persons only, who are so united by its bond that only death can sever the union and make either one of the parties capable of making another marriage, except in certain cases in which the divine law is supposed to permit divorce *a vinculo*. If, then, the civil law claims the exclusive right of severing this bond when it judges that the divine law permits divorce, and it seems expedient to grant it, the law can only base a refusal to grant divorces in these cases upon the motive of expediency. In all such cases the marriage remains indissoluble, not by divine but by merely human law. Such a law, however, could not be made in a self-governing community in which the infractions of the moral obligations of marriage are so frequent as to make it necessary. Much less could it be maintained for a long time. The sanction is too weak, the necessary moral support in the common conscience is wanting, the hardship in many individual cases is too severe.

The practical result is the same as in the former supposition, so far as those cases are concerned in which power is claimed to grant divorces in accordance with the divine law. The advocates of the two theories agree in this: that where no divine law or manifest dictate of morality forbids, divorces can be granted, and if they are expedient ought to be granted, for certain grave causes.

Here the question arises: By what rule are law-givers to determine what these grave causes are? How is it known that the

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divine law permits divorce, and in what cases it permits it? How is it determined what are the dictates of morality? Is the New Testament to be regarded as the code of divine legislation in which the precepts of the Almighty concerning matrimony are to be found? If so, who is to interpret the exact meaning of the texts containing these precepts? Is it the rule of reason, moral philosophy, principles of natural religion and ethics, derived by a rational process from primary truths self-evident to the human intellect, by which the whole question respecting marriage and divorce is to be settled and determined? If so, in what manner can this determination be made so as to produce that common agreement and consent of legislators—that is, in this country, of the men who are commissioned to draw up and enact laws, and of the people by whom they are commissioned—which is desired?

Let it be granted that there is a common consent to the primary principle of the religious sacredness of marriage, and a common purpose to secure its stability by laws in which this principle is explicitly recognized and consistently preserved. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder" must be the watchword of all who thus agree together in upholding the sacredness and perpetuity of wedlock. But a number of difficult questions present themselves in respect to the determination of the persons whom God has really joined together—*i.e.*, of all the conditions affecting the validity of the marriage-contract. Then there is another set concerning cases in which the sundering of this bond is to be considered as an act of power usurped by man, or of divine power delegated to human hands.

In a political community where diverse religions divide a multitude of the people, and another multitude has no religion whatever, common consent in regard to these matters is not to be thought of. Where all who do not violate the law of the land stand before it on an equal footing, legislators cannot make the revealed law of God, which is, in the eye of the law of the land, an unknown quantity, explicitly and professedly the rule of their legislation. They must fall back on the natural law. Now, although there is such a science as Natural Theology, although there is a Rational Ethical Science, there is such a thing as natural religion and natural morality, yet this entire rational and practical system of philosophy, even in its best and most perfect form, never has sufficed and never can suffice as the spirit and the life-giving force of the body of human society. Practically and in the concrete, morality subsists by inherence in religion, and religion subsists, not as a mere philosophy, but in

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virtue of a claim to be of divine institution, and as such believed in and reverenced. That common fund of morality, what may be called the universal conscience, which is the vital principle of our social and political organization, the "spirit" of our laws, and in particular of the law of monogamy, is derived from the Christian religion. It is that part of the complete Christian order of old, Catholic Christendom which we have received and inherited, and still possess, from our Christian ancestors. Whatever living warmth and power it still retains come from the religious and Christian beliefs, convictions, sentiments, customs, and practical habits of life which survive in a multitude of individuals sufficiently large to give tone to the general community. This is the traditional element, the principle of continuity and stability, in the social and political body. Civil legislation and statutes are merely a kind of mechanism serving a useful purpose in the living, organic society when they are in harmony with and proportioned to its present, actual intentions and volitions. So far as these common intentions and volitions are regulated by respect for the religious and moral sacredness of marriage, thus far the civil law can give protection to the civil rights and redress to the civil wrongs which arise out of the marriage-contract. It can exert an efficient power to prevent a lawless violation of the monogamic institution by simultaneous or successive polygamy. But if the moral sense of the community sinks its level the law will lose this power in proportion. It has been struggling hard with the Mormon polygamy in one section of the community, at such a disadvantage as to prove the truth of this assertion; though this practical problem is not yet worked out. It has given way to a disastrous extent before the inroads of successive polygamy. A door has been left open, from the beginning of our existence as a republic, by the recognition of the lawfulness of divorce *a vinculo* for one cause, with liberty of second marriage in the case of the party legally innocent. So long as the general morality was at such a high level that divorces for this cause were very infrequent, the community suffered no serious injury and the stability of marriage was in general respected and secured. But the door was open. It cannot be shut and locked. It is idle to expect that legislators will make marriage, according to the theory of a civil contract, absolutely indissoluble, from the motive of expediency. And the doctrine of its absolute indissolubility by a positive, divine law having been given up when the schism was made which separated Protestants from the ancient Christendom, the door cannot

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be shut by religious and moral force. It was shut and locked by our Lord Jesus Christ, in virtue of his sovereign and divine power, by the law of the sacrament of matrimony. This law was given to the apostles and by them promulgated. The religious and moral force of this law shut the door in Christendom, and kept it shut, just so far and so long as it was received and obeyed by the common conscience in Christian nations, and so long as their common and statute law was made to conform to this higher law. Having once been burst open, it cannot be shut again except by the same religious and moral force which shut it at first; and this force does not exist in a community which is composed of heterogeneous religious and moral parts. Whatever religious and moral force exists in our country as the force of the combined whole, together with all the aid that can be got from the power of political and social conservatism in view of expediency and temporal interests, can only aim at guarding the door against the pressing in of the crowd.

PROTESTANTISM CANNOT RESIST THE INROAD OF SUCCESSIVE POLYGAMY.

Setting aside the influence which the Catholic Church may exert in opposition to the evils of divorce, it is in the religious and moral power possessed by the great Protestant denominations, and represented principally by their clergy, that the chief remedy for these evils should be looked for. We do not exclude the synagogue, so far as it will co-operate, or reject any class of men wishing to be called non-sectarians who profess to uphold monogamy on grounds of morality or merely for the sake of human happiness. But these are, in this matter, auxiliaries to the organized societies above specified, whose chief leaders are their clergy. The moral teachers who exert the greatest influence, and who have the best opportunity to gain a general and respectful hearing, are such men as Dr. Woolsey and Dr. Dix. Now, although these gentlemen teach excellent and reasonable things, they cannot preach a doctrine which rises higher than the source and origin from which their religion flows, they cannot go back of their so-called "Reformation" and its authors. Their tradition stops at Luther and Henry VIII.

Luther profaned marriage by violating the solemn vows which he had taken and those of his consort. He used language and set an example which were degrading and corrupting. He formally sanctioned simultaneous polygamy by giving to a German prince a dispensation to have two wives, of which he

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availed himself before the eyes of the world, going to church with one on each arm. The fourth centenary of Luther has given the last blow to his reputation as an apostolic reformer. It must be irksome to men who are well acquainted with history, who have a high moral ideal, and who wish to speak honestly, to find themselves unable to throw him over, and to feel compelled to apologize for him in the best way they can. It is no thanks to Luther that simultaneous as well as successive polygamy was not introduced into Europe by his reformed gospel.

Henry VIII. could not have two wives at once, and therefore abjured his allegiance to the church in order to divorce himself from his lawful wife and attempt a second marriage, thus inaugurating the change of religion in England. Protestantism is responsible for the violation of the indissoluble bond of marriage in Europe, the introduction of divorce *a vinculo*, and with it of successive polygamy in principle. It opened the door which cannot be shut. The restriction of divorce within limits and safeguards sufficient to remedy and prevent the great evils resulting from its facility and frequency is not now within the power of the Protestant clergy. Their moral and religious influence is a considerable barrier to the progress of the evil. Their efforts are commendable, and we wish them all possible success. Yet, so far as law is concerned, the whole matter is in the hands of the men who are the makers and the judges of the law, and ultimately of the tribunal of public opinion. These tribunals will be guided, not by theological and religious considerations, but by those which are secular and, at the highest, come under the category of natural and rational ethics.* Whatever efforts able jurists and statesmen may make, with honest intentions, to frame and put into execution laws regulating marriage and divorce, with a view to remedy existing evils and difficulties, they have a hard task before them. Successive polygamy being admitted in principle, it is likely to prove an unmanageable subject. Difficult as it is to make laws which seem on paper to meet the exigencies of such a mixed community as ours, it is more difficult to execute them after they have been made. Mere external legislation cannot do much, unless the religious and moral convictions, sentiments and habits of the great body of the people stand behind it, support it, and cooperate with it. The moral vitality and health of this body are actually seated in that part of it which is composed of the men and women who are faithful in their belief and practice to the

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true, Christian idea of marriage as a sacred and perpetual union. They are the great and the only strong support and defence of monogamy. It is to be hoped that the teaching of the Catholic clergy, and the example of all who are docile and obedient to it, in proclaiming and respecting the absolute indissolubility of every marriage ratified and consummated under the sacramental law of Christ, have and will have a salutary influence in the community at large. The instruction of other religious and moral teachers, defective as it is, and the belief and practice of the considerable number who adhere to that measure of sound doctrine which it contains, in so far as their influence prevails, are conservative of public and private morality and preservative against demoralization in the great body of the people. Yet that mass of the population who either openly disown or practically disregard any kind of religious teaching, and who are besetting the open door of divorce, is too heady and strong a current to be controlled by the weakening, failing religious force of Protestantism. The tendency of this current is to sweep away marriage altogether, and to substitute for it what the Germans call "wild marriage," such as it exists among gipsies—free love, a temporary union, to be begun and terminated at the pleasure of the parties. Far be it from us to forebode such a result, which supposes a general and disastrous destruction of Christian civilization. Yet it is only a renewal of Christian religion from its fountain-head which can prevent the immoral, destructive tendency from coming to its logical conclusion in this devastating Nihilism. Civilization in Christendom is from Christianity and lives by it, as the body is vivified by the soul. Its disorders cannot be healed and its strength restored by remedies prescribed for symptoms. A man who has been swallowing doses of pounded glass with his meals is not to be cured, like a child with a wind-colic, by giving him drops of the essence of peppermint on lump-sugar. The authors of the Protestant schism mixed the poison with the food which their children have been eating. The Catholic Church alone has the medicine and the food which are the true remedies for every moral evil, and especially for those which spring from the corruption of the genuine doctrine of the sacrament of marriage.

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THE WISDOM AND TRUTH OF WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

PART I.

IN early ages the term "sage" was the title of the poet. Something of a prophetic office was attributed to him; he was regarded not seldom as a revealer of mysteries, and commonly as a teacher of wisdom; nor was it till after the national instinct had developed itself strongly that he was expected to clothe the half-forgotten legend in Epic or Tragic form. In the course of ages poetry has preferred versatility to elevation; and our age is perhaps that in which variety has been most sought after and found. Our modern poets have applied their gifts to ends the most unlike. Thus Shelley has been called by his admirers the poet of liberty, Keats of beauty, Scott of chivalry, Byron of impassioned and eloquent energy. A poet who had written much before three out of those four writers had been heard of was little read until after they had passed away; and it was probably well for him that early fame did not sophisticate the purity or lessen the freedom of his genius. By many thoughtful persons Wordsworth is now regarded as the greatest modern poet; yet if his admirers were called on to name his most characteristic merit the answer would be very various. Some would call him the Poet of Nature, and others the Poet of the Human Ties; but recent times have had many descriptive poets, and many poets of the affections, while yet between them and Wordsworth there is little resemblance. Nature and the Humanities have, indeed, a very special place in Wordsworth's poetry, which, but for what it drew from those sources, could never have existed; but he has himself told us that his paramount aim was to be a philosophic poet; and Coleridge said of him early that if he persevered in that aim he would not only succeed, but be the greatest poet who had ever worn the crown of philosophic verse. He persevered, and he succeeded, though he did not leave behind him, except in a fragmentary form, the great Philosophical Poem of his earlier aspirations. He had found it "more animating," to use his own expression, to embody much of what had been intended for that work in the form of those numerous minor poems which he regarded as

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constituting a whole, but the unity of which is lost on the superficial. He sang, indeed, of Nature and of the Humanities; but, unlike Burns, who sang them also, and whom he loved so well, he was a man of high philosophic thought and high moral purpose. Had he, like the merely didactic poets of the last century, sought his philosophy chiefly from books, he would no more have been a great philosophic poet than Young or Akenside. These accomplished writers produced didactic, not philosophic, poetry; and by so doing they made it, notwithstanding their high merits, more difficult for men to believe in the possibility of philosophic poetry, that is of poetry embodying the highest poetic inspiration in a form wholly genial, and as such contradistinguished from that philosophic verse which but translates prose thoughts into metrical form. Had he, like Lucretius, taken for illustration the materialistic philosophy of Epicurus, no gifts of metre or of diction, nor even that imagination which beautifies the lowest theme, could have expiated the offence of thought without truth and of sentiment without elevation. Happily for him, the love which he bore to Nature and to Humanity had ever been, not instinctive love only, but a reverential love. These are not, indeed, the only teachers; but they are great teachers and they are authentic teachers; and his ear was ever open to the lowest whispers of these Egerian counsellors. When Wordsworth is didactic only he is not himself.

The wheel had gone round, and poetry, which had been everything in turn, reappeared among the Cumberland Mountains in one of its earliest forms, that of "Divine Philosophy." We do not affirm that the whole of that philosophy which poetry can legitimately include in her wide domain was grappled with by Wordsworth's poetry; and we gladly admit that, wholly apart from its philosophy, that poetry has other and extraordinary merits; we only assert that among its merits is pre-eminently that of its Wisdom and its Truth. That Truth is sometimes Truth actual, and sometimes Truth ideal, but it is always Truth; and that Wisdom is the wisdom which stands in contrast with mere knowledge—the seasoned wisdom of a complete intellect and of a well-balanced being; the wisdom which has no pride, no littleness, and no contentiousness, and which is derived at once from experience and from something greater, without which moral experience could never have been formed. Our present theme, then, is that special characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry which may be termed its Wisdom and Truth; and we shall endeavor to illustrate those qualities succes-

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sively in connection with (I.) the moral relations of man; (II.) with their political relations; (III.) with poetry, art, science, and human progress; (IV.) with the exterior universe; and (V.) with a few of those problems which concern the origin and end of man as a spiritual and immortal being. Wordsworth is not understood while he is classed among the pastoral or idyllic poets, even if among these the chief place be conceded to him. He is England's great philosophic, as Shakspere is her great dramatic, and Milton her great epic, poet. In the old days of Greece, besides the inspiration of Apollo and of the Muses, there was that of Pan. He represented that principle of life diffused throughout the universe. The woodland reed-pipe, besides those notes which charmed the shepherds and the nymphs, had its mystic strain.

I. To begin with the Moral Relations. The basis of the Wordsworthian wisdom was laid in a profound moral faith—a faith that man has a higher nature as well as a lower, a "mens melior" as well as a "faculty judging according to sense." These two sections of our twofold being are not by necessity at variance; they have much apparently in common; yet one is from above, and the other from below, and it is for man to elect whether he will live a spiritual life or content himself with its mere animal counterpart. The following short poem strikes the keynote of that philosophy:

"Yes, full surely 'twas the echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to thee, shouting cuckoo!
Giving to thee sound for sound.

"Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like—but oh how different!

"Hears not also mortal life?
Hear not we, unthinking creatures,
Slaves of folly, love, or strife,
Voices of two different natures?

"Have not we, too?—Yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognized intelligence!

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"Such within ourselves we hear
Ofttimes, ours though sent from far;
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God—of God they are!"

But Wordsworth's moral wisdom never hovers long in the region of allegory. It plants its feet on the solid earth. In his magnificent "Ode to Duty" there is, united with the same elevation of thought, a far more definite and imperative tone. The strain is of a maturer order, and the wisdom which comes by experience is wedded to that of spiritual insight. It affirms that between the lower and higher sections of man's nature there commonly exists an antagonism, and that the condition of man's life is a militant condition. A few happier spirits may stand outside the battle, and, led on by an inner law of unconscious goodness, may, at least for an indefinite period, advance along a flower-strewn path of virtue: but even they are insecure; the path of virtue is, for the most part, a rough and thorny path, and the children of men can only find peace while they tread it in obedience to a law challenging them from above. To find true freedom they must subject themselves to a noble bondage:

"Stern daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

"There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not;
Long may the kindly impulse last,
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

"Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

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"I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust.
And oft when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task imposed, from day to day;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

"Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought
Me this unchartered freedom tires,
I feel the weight of chance desires.
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose which ever is the same.

"Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace,
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

"To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee; I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh! let my weakness have an end.
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And, in the light of truth, thy bondsman let me live!"

"He sang of the Commandments great and good"—thus speaks a thoughtful poet, Isaak Williams, of the Psalmist King. No uninspired poet has offered a nobler tribute than this ode to those Commandments which that Psalmist proclaimed to be "exceeding broad"; not even that Greek poet who made his Antigone reply to the tyrant: "This edict never issued forth from Jove, not yet from that sceptred Justice that holds sway among the Shades below." It is not against law but unjust law, and the law that proceeds from no authentic authority, that the spirit of Liberty exalts itself. "When Thou hast set my heart at liberty," then, and not till then, are the highways of Virtue made straight. They are then beset no longer by those innumerable alternatives which are the plague of men who mistake a febrile wilfulness for

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a strong will. In subjection to a righteous law is found man's only freedom from a bondage to passions and caprices. It is a common error to assume that liberty can never exist where an unlimited choice does not exist.* If this assumption were true there could be no freedom of will among the angels; nay, even the Infinite Goodness might then be said not to be free, since no such alternative as that between the Good and the Evil can ever affront His divine choice. The highest liberty does not essentially consist in choice between alternatives (else it would decay in proportion as virtuous habits had given to the spirit an indisputed victory over the sense), but in our doing *willingly* that which we do, and not doing it from a servile compulsion, or from a mechanical necessity. The distinction is all-important. Man must ever venerate Liberty and aspire after it; if, therefore, he mistakes its essential nature, relatively to Law, he will account every demand upon his obedience a degradation, however necessary he may acknowledge it to be in order to avoid anarchy; and, as a consequence, the ennobling principle of loyalty must be banished at once from all human relations, domestic, civil, political, and religious—a loss simply fatal to the higher virtue.

The chief excellence of this poem, in its moral bearings, consists in the absolute spontaneousness of its "good confession" that Duty is the one thing that gives dignity to life. The poet does not speak of the excesses into which human nature falls when apart from such a guide, but of "omissions":

> "I deferred
> The task imposed, from day to day."

It is in the "quietness of thought" that he repudiates the "unchartered freedom" which tires, and demands instead the liberating yoke of that subjection which is at once "victory and law." He looks around him, and from every side the same lesson is borne in upon him. It is because they obey law that the flowers return in their seasons and the stars revolve in their courses; the law of Nature is to inanimate things what Duty is to man. The peasant who had only half learned his lesson in science might imagine that the law of gravitation was but a burden that binds man to the earth. The philosopher knows that amid the boundless fields of the creation it is that which gives to everything its proper place, its motion and its rest.

* This subject is well illustrated in a work by Donoso Cortés, *Catholicism, Liberalism, and Socialism.*

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Close akin to the "Ode to Duty" is the "Happy Warrior." It illustrates by an example the principle which the earlier poem affirms. It regards human life as a militant condition:

"Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That make the path before him ever bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;
. . . . . .
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all;
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, *and sees what he foresaw*;
. . . . . .
'Tis, finally, the man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,

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Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won;
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

It is almost impossible to rate too high poetry such as this. It reminds us of Milton's assertion that the drama might serve, "besides the office of a pulpit," to breed up a commonwealth in virtue and wisdom. The Imagination is so often a corrupting influence that to change it thus into a power ministering to Virtue, by the presentation of a virtuous ideal of Humanity, without for a moment diverting it from its proper avocations, is no mean enterprise. It is in vain to preach sound principles to those whose moral being has been undermined by an essentially false ideal of character. From a heart thus corrupted a mist ascends which colors all things, and through which the beams of reason cannot enter.

There are some striking remarks on this false ideal in the preface to Sir Henry Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde*: "Lord Byron's conception of a hero is an evidence, not only of scanty materials of knowledge from which to construct the ideal of a human being, but also of a want of perception of what is great or noble in our nature. His heroes are creatures abandoned to their passions, and essentially, therefore, weak of mind. . . . When the conduct and feelings attributed to them are reduced into prose, and brought to the test of a rational consideration, they must be perceived to be beings in whom there is no strength except that of their intensely selfish passions—in whom all is vanity, their exertions being for vanity under the name of love or revenge, and their sufferings for vanity under the name of pride. . . . How nobly opposite to Lord Byron's ideal was that conception of an heroical character which took life and immortality from the hand of Shakspere:

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'Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart.' "

Wordsworth's ideal warrior has, despite some superficial resemblance, little in common with the "meaque me virtute involvo" of the pagan poet. His is a character founded on self-sacrifice, not self-assertion, one therefore that presupposes that "liberty of spirit" which can exist alone where, the service of self having been annulled, room is made for a larger service. Though it makes no *direct* reference to Revelation, it is founded in the main on the great Christian Tradition. The happy Warrior has a heart full of that human hope and love which belong but to the restored Humanity; and he evinces a habit of moral faith which, even if it could have existed antecedently to a spiritual faith, could hardly have failed to accept it upon its earliest understood challenge. In many of Wordsworth's later poems the Christianity which here exists implicitly is explicitly affirmed. There is notwithstanding a significant contrast between the concluding expression,

"And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause,"

(although the lines need not mean more than the "Well done, good and faithful servant" of the Gospel), and the touching humility with which a poem published many years later ends—

"The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!"

The same high moral wisdom characterizes Wordsworth's chief poems, even when in other respects most dissimilar. None of his poems are less like each other than "Resolution and Independence" and "Laodamia." The former belongs to the earlier period of his poetry, the latter to one comparatively late. The former is to a large degree descriptive; it is also psychological in character; the latter treats a classic theme with a classic majesty. But in each case the strongest effect left behind on the reader results from the challenge addressed to his moral being by a wisdom which belongs, in the first of these poems, to the visionary region of the imagination, and which in the latter is replete with passion, though passion restrained. Both poems abound in vivid imagery and intense human interest; both address themselves not merely to our understanding but yet more to our sympathies; the lesson taught by the earlier one being that, so long as action is possible, the severest calami-

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ties should but develop our energies more and more; while the second tells us that, when the time for action is irrevocably past, a something greater than all action remains to us in absolute submission to the Divine Will. "Resolution and Independence" is Wordsworth's most signal example of rough and massive strength steadied by the weight of a brooding mind. "Laodamia" proves that his genius might, had he pleased, have embodied itself in forms the opposite of those which he habitually chose for them, while their spirit would still have remained the same. He gave to this poem all the satisfying perfection of shape and all the marmorean stateliness which belongs to antiquity; but he breathed into it a soul which no bard of old Greece could have imparted to it. There are two very different modes of dealing with the antique. The first is that of imitation. The second is that which, while appropriating, re-creates and elevates the classical. To the second class "Laodamia" belongs. Many a recent failure proves that antique form cannot be made to coalesce with the modern spirit; but it willingly subordinates itself, at the call of a great master, to that Moral Truth which is restricted to no age, and to that Spiritual Beauty a gleam from which has fallen upon all ages of song. Protesilaus brings back with him from the abode of the Departed a loftier spirit than any pagan poet attributed to the "Strengthless Heads." He makes no lament either for the lost pride or pleasures of man's life—

> "Earth destroys
> These raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
> Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains."

Laodamia cannot believe that the husband restored to her through the force of her intercession is indeed to tarry with her but three hours' space:

> "The gods to us are merciful, and they
> Yet further may relent; for mightier far
> Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
> Of magic, potent over sun and star,
> Is love, though oft to agony distress'd,
> And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast."

With Protesilaus human love remains, but its weakness belongs to it no more. He had died for his country, and all is well:

> "Love was given,
> Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
> For this the passion to excess was driven—
> That self might be annulled, her bondage prove
> The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

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He tells her

> "Of worlds whose course is equable and pure;
> No fears to beat away, no strife to heal;
> The past unsighed for, and the future sure:
>
> "Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
> In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
> An ampler ether, a diviner air,
> And fields invested with purpureal gleams."

It is in vain; she cannot bring herself to consent to the divine will, and she dies. She has to wear out her penance time

> "Apart from happy ghosts who gather flowers
> Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers."

It is but trifling to say that the high spiritual reason of this poem may be philosophy or religion, but is not poetry; such a remark doubtless applies to many a poem which boasts of a moral "tagged on" at the close, and also to many a dissertation in verse, no part of which has an inspiration. It does not apply to those thoughts which are born of high imagination in union with the spiritual reason. The objector should remember that as love-poetry or patriotic poetry only exists for one who can form the idea of affection or of country, so philosophical poetry expects no response except from those who have some habitual interest in philosophic thought.

II. We will now pass on to the second part of our theme—the Wisdom of Wordsworth's poetry when it treats of man's political relations. In his political opinions a great change took place after early youth; in his aims and aspirations, none. From first to last he was a lover of Liberty, though till taught by experience he did not know how necessary for the interests of Liberty it is to distinguish between Liberty and License. The liberty of the individual, the purity and the peace of the family, and the freedom of faith have never been more ruthlessly sacrificed, or with effects more fatal to morals as well as happiness, than by enthusiasts whose dream was the brotherhood of man. The true meaning of Liberty has been stated in two memorable lines:*

> "What, then, is Freedom? Rightly understood,
> A universal license—to be good."

Wordsworth, like Coleridge and Southey in their youth, was among those who were caught by the promise of the French

* Sonnet by Hartley Coleridge.

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Revolution (to which Walter Scott is said to have owed his Tory principles)—a period of his life commemorated in his "Prelude." Before long he was undeceived by the excesses of those whose best excuse would have been that they had loved liberty "not wisely but too well." With him the delusion could not have been permanent. For him liberty meant the greatness of man's personal being and the dignity of household life; and for these he could have found no substitute in the triumphs of national vanity achieved by a nation which had changed itself into a conscript army, every soldier of which was a willing and a decorated slave. Wordsworth was born a patriot as well as a poet; but his patriotism was of the solid, not the airy, order, and he cared too much for his country's honor and happiness to wish that she should make an idol of vain-glory. In that magnificent series, his "Sonnets to Liberty," the highest merit consists in the power with which they bring home the great truth that Freedom and all other political well-being rest on the basis of the moral law. The first-written of them was the following:

"I grieved for Bonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! for who aspires
To genuine greatness but from just desires,
And knowledge such as *he* could never gain?
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True power doth grow on; and her rights are these."

If it is not through the soldier of fortune that Freedom is to be won, as little is secured by the happiest material conditions:

"Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
The coast of France—the coast of France how near!
Drawn almost into frightful neighborhood.
I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,

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Strength to the brave, and power, and deity,
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
Only the nations shall be great and free."

Here is a sonnet which asserts the immovable faith with which true Freedom is ever believed in by those to whom it has come, not through novel theories or passionate outbreaks in favor of pagan revivals, but as an inheritance from a heroic past, and as the natural reward of Christian virtue, self-respect, and self-restraint:

"It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters unwithstood'—
Road by which all might come and go that would,
And bear out freights of worth to foreign lands;
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish, and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspere spake—the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

Freedom is beset, however, by other dangers besides those which proceed from exaggeration and self-confidence. Hearts corrupted by worldliness are as unfit for it as those of whom Coleridge sang:

"The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion."

In this series of sonnets not a few are protests against that exaggerated industrialism, and undue respect for money, so essentially different from the manly industry and frugality honored in Wordsworth's poetry, and illustrated by it in a degree very rare.

"When I have borne in memory what hath tamed
Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my country!—am I to be blamed?
But when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark of the cause of men;

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And I by my affection was beguiled.
What wonder if a poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child?"

Compare this maturer estimate of Liberty with Wordsworth's youthful aspirations thus illustrated by the lines on the "French Revolution as it appeared to enthusiasts at its commencement":

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven! O times
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,
When most intent on making of herself
A prime enchantress."

The cause of this memorable change in Wordsworth's political convictions is set forth in one of his most nobly conceived and nobly written odes, though one comparatively little known. It is a denunciation of Jacobinism, and begins thus:

"Who rises on the banks of Seine,
And binds her temples with the civic wreath?
What joy to read the promise of her mien!
How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath!"

The golden promise of the Revolution is first illustrated, and next the sudden change, swift as that of the open palm into the closed fist, from universal philanthropy into remorseless ambition:

"Melt, Principalities, before her melt!
Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt.
But she through many a change of form hath gone,
And stands amidst you now, an armèd creature,
Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
But the live scales of a portentous nature,
That, having wrought its way from birth to birth,
Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the earth!"

The two chief modes of Jacobin warfare, now active aggression and now passive resistance, are next emblemed:

"I marked the breathings of her dragon crest;
My soul, a sorrowful interpreter,
In many a midnight vision bowed
Before the ominous aspect of her spear;
Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,
Threatened her foes—or, pompously at rest,
Seemed to bisect her orbèd shield,
As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
Across the setting sun and through the fiery west.'

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After a description of the woes inflicted on the world by this Portent, the poet affirms that a nation can find security from such only when it discards that interior weakness upon which Tyranny invariably establishes its throne:

> "Weak spirits are there, who would ask,
> Upon the pressure of a painful thing,
> The lion's sinews or the eagle's wing,
> Or let their wishes loose, in forest glade,
> Among the lurking powers
> Of herbs and lowly flowers,
> Or seek, from Saints above, miraculous aid;
> That Man may be accomplished for a task
> Which his own nature hath enjoined—and why?
> If, when that interference hath relieved him,
> He must sink down to languish
> In worse than former helplessness—and lie
> Till the caves roar—and, imbecility
> Again engendering anguish,
> The same weak wish returns that had before deceived him.
>
> "But Thou, Supreme Disposer! may'st not speed
> The course of things, and change the creed
> Which hath been held aloft before men's sight
> Since the first framing of societies,
> Whether, as bards have told in ancient song,
> Built up by soft, seducing harmonies,
> Or pressed together by the appetite
> And by the power of wrong."

Wordsworth has been accused of having passed, when his youthful political aspirations were confuted by the event, into a vulgar form of conservatism. The charge derives no sanction from this ode. The reverence it expresses for just authority is founded on the same philosophy which reverences lawful Liberty, the only liberty that is permanent. The Liberty which it denounces is the Liberty founded on crude imaginations, and an entire ignorance of human nature, not upon the conviction —a most true one—that genuine liberty is the strenuous air which the manlier virtues breathe, the necessary condition for the responsible discharge of ethical duties, and the best cure, next to religion, for social frivolity, idleness, and littleness.

The depth of Wordsworth's devotion to true liberty is shown by the large number of his best sonnets devoted to the illustration of events which record her history or vindicate her claims.*

* A few may usefully be named here: "On the extinction of the Venetian Republic,' "To Toussaint L'Ouverture," "O friend, I know not which way I must look," "Milton," "There is a bondage worse, far worse to bear," "These times touch moneyed worldlings with

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In them alone there are a breadth and variety of thought seldom to be found in the whole compass of a poet's works; and yet they are but a few of those in which the genius of Wordsworth offered in mature life its tribute to Liberty. To have mastered but a small part of the ethical lessons they affirm or imply is to be raised for ever above two converse forms of error—the error which assumes that, where the social advantages secured by order exist, there political Liberty may be dispensed with; and the worse error which imagines that Liberty can dispense with judgment and virtue, or with the Spiritual Faith on which these are based, and itself continue to exist. The liberty Wordsworth sings in a strain at once impassioned and profound is a liberty which *cannot* forget its responsibilities, and *cannot* but exult yet more in its duties than in its privileges. When a nation has learned but to conceive such a liberty as this, to possess it becomes one of her duties. Till she has conceived it adequately she cannot possess it long.

The political wisdom of Wordsworth's poetry is not less strikingly shown in his "Dion." This poem may be regarded as a companion poem to "Laodamia," and, like that work, combines an antique majesty with a profound moral pathos. In a few stanzas the substance of Plutarch's narrative is told—the princely nobleness of Dion's character and of his intellect, the highest, as Plato averred, which he had conversed with in any one so young; the deliverance of his native Syracuse from tyranny; the rapture with which the delivered received him; the purity of the conqueror's ambition, which valued neither royal power nor popular applause, and sought its reward only in the happiness of a free people, and the dignity of a state built up on the sage principles of the great Platonic Ideal studied by Dion when the "lunar beam" of the great master's teaching

> "Fell round him in the grove of Academe."

Yet more briefly is told the strange reverse when, at one unhappy moment following the counsels of others, Dion

> "Had stained the robes of civil power with blood
> Unjustly shed, though for the public good."

His triumph is no triumph to him, and amidst the shouts of an

dismay," "England! the time is come when thou shouldst wean," "Another year; another deadly blow," "On a celebrated Event in ancient History," "To Clarkson," "To the King of Sweden," "To Hofer," "To the Men of Kent," "The Land we from our Fathers have in trust," "O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain," "Look now on that adventurer," "Say, what is honor?" "Is there a power," "Yet, yet Biscayans," "The power of armies is a visible thing," "O'erweening statesmen have full long relied."

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applauding city the only voice which he can hear is that of a Conscience that had slept for an hour to forbid him rest for ever. That Conscience takes visible shape, as the old Greek chronicler records:

"He hears an uncouth sound—
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound
A Shape of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect stalking round and round!
A woman's garb the phantom wore,
And fiercely swept the marble floor—
Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try,
Or Boreas when he scours the snow
That skins the plains of Thessaly,
Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops
His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

"So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,
Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—
No pause admitted, no design avowed!

. . . . . .

"Ye gods! though he, that servile instrument,
Obeys a mystical intent!
Your minister would brush away
The spots that to my soul adhere;
But should she labor night and day,
They will not, cannot disappear:
Whence angry perturbations, and that look
Which no philosophy can brook.

The end is tragedy half lost in its own majesty:

"Shudder the walls; the marble city wept;
And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh;
But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept
As he had fallen in magnanimity:
Of spirit too capacious to require
That Destiny her course should change; too just
To his own native justice to require
That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.

. . . . . .

"Released from life and cares of princely state,
He left this moral grafted on his fate:
'Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.'"

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THE ST. GALL PRISCIAN.

THE ancient copy of Priscian, a parchment folio of two hundred and forty pages, at present preserved in the library of the town of St. Gall, in Switzerland, furnished Zeuss with the chief material of his *Grammatica Celtica*. From the abundant glosses accompanying the Latin text, and written in the ancient Irish, the silent German scholar gave to the world an altogether new language, and wrote its grammar with incredible labor and incomparable power of investigation, comparison, and deduction. This work opened up a virgin field to learning and helped philology to many new *rapprochements* of the Latin to the speech of the ancient Celts. A manuscript thus become so intrinsically interesting could not fail to attract much attention; and of this the St. Gall Priscian has become the object. Hertz found it of advantage in his collection of old Latin grammarians, and Chevalier Nigra has published in his *Reliquie Celtiche* the Irish glosses it contains in their entirety. He has also prefixed an admirable and exhaustive account of the codex, and he is loud in its praise. "Among the monuments of the ancient language of Ireland," says he, "this is incontestably the first in antiquity and in the number of its glosses. In the abundance of its noun and verb forms it surpasses the codices of Milan and Wurzburg, as it most certainly excels them altogether in the purity and correctness of its orthography." "Codex eximius, ordinate scriptus," is Haenel's terse eulogy in his *Catalogue of the St. Gall Library*, in which in 1830 he prophesied that the codex would yet become famous throughout Europe: "In Europa sine dubio celebre nomen obtinebit."

The writing, the ink, and the initial letters share the praise of the orthography. The hand of the principal glosser, Nigra tells us, is "neat and legible, chaste and correct." "I cannot," he adds, "pass over in silence the handsome and curious initial letters with which it is adorned." "The clear Irish character, the originality and elegance of the initials," force him to offer some specimens to his readers; while, however, "for the honor of the St. Gall manuscript," he guards them against believing that he is anything but "far from reproducing the purity, the elegance, and the firmness of treatment of the original lines."

The marginal notices are of especial interest, as they preserve

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to us the names of the scribes and identify the portions of the text in the handwriting of each. And these notices, short and scant though they be, not alone reflect the names, but a color also of the views and customs, of their authors. Like solitary streaks of sunshine slanting far into some deep, distant, and secluded valley, the rests of the monkish pens give us back vivid glances into the silent cloisters of Ireland in the ninth age.

We see in them the work of the members sanctified by prayer. The following are a few: "Christ favor us." "Christ bless us." "Supremest glory for ever to the Holy Spirit." "Author of Eternal Light, help us." The saints are not forgotten. Mary, Brigit, Patrick, Diarmait Machoe are invoked for help and blessing. The work is sometimes commenced in the name of some saint. Nay, it does not seem to have suffered intermission even on their festivals, as some of these festivals are noted; though it is probable that on them it was discontinued at an earlier hour. There was on such days a "consolatio cibi"; and the prandium, which Reeves thinks on other days was not generally taken till three in the afternoon, was anticipated on feast-days at midday. That the dinner-hour was welcome—as no wonder it should be to men who had spent part of the night in psalmody and the day in labor—is evident from the entries, "tempus est prandii" and "tertia hora." *Latheirt* is another entry which appears both in ogham and Irish script, and which Nigra equates to "tertia hora," but which Zeuss was doubtful whether he should translate "crapula" or "tertia hora," inclining rather to the former, to which Stokes adheres. But that it was a festival on which ale was distributed appears evident from the passage of the *Book of Rights: lathirt corma tee*—"the lathirt of hot ale"; and its register here confirms the impression. The old festival *Cai*, about which the curious notice occurs in H. ii. 16 that it lasts from the Calends till Inid, or Shrove Tuesday, is mentioned here in ogham: "feria Cai hodie." From Cormac's *Glossary* we learn that the roads had to be cleaned for this festival, "lest they should soil the chariots going (*for coe*) to the 'cai.'" Two approaches (*lamhrota*—hand-roads) were opened up to the dwelling where 'twas celebrated, one from the road on the north, and the other from the south (Cormac's *Glossary*, sub voce "Rot"). The feasts of St. Martin and St. Diarmait; *Min Chasc*, or "Little Easter"—*i.e.*, Low Sunday, says Nigra; *Satharnn Samchasc*, "the Saturday of summer Easter"; and *daman sianach*—uproarious Hallow Eve—also occur. The last Nigra first translated "vulpecula," but corrected it after to a proper name

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"Damianus Felix." The line, however, of the *Felire* of Oengus makes it evident that it is what we have made it, the festival of Samain:

*Soerait Samain Sianaig.**

The loss of the *s* from *samain*, and the presence of the *d* in *daman*, are due to the incorporation of the article with a feminine noun. *Ind samain* is carelessly written *daman*.

The strictness of the monastic silence is testified by the sentence, *tiach didin mad perr lat*—"the book-satchel, if you please." The monk wrote the sentence on the page, and presented it to his fellow-scribe, in preference to breaking the law of silence by asking for the satchel aloud. We learn, too, from this sentence with what care the books were kept—always restored to their satchels when done with, and hung upon the library walls—and are presented with a curious picture in it of an old monastic library. One is reminded of the night when Longarad died, who was niggardly of his books to St. Colmcille in his lifetime, hiding them while St. Colm was his guest—how "the book-satchels of Ireland fell down on that night, or it is the satchels wherein were books of every science, in the cell where Colmcille was, that fell then, and Colmcille and every one in that house marvel, and all are silent at the noisy shaking of the books" (Stokes' *Felire*). Nigra missed the sense of this entry altogether when he made it "I igitur, si tibi melius est"—"Go now, if it seems well to you." *Tiach* is "a satchel" and *didin* "preservation," and the two can make nothing else than a "*book-satchel.*"

That the writing, no less than the books, was the object of the utmost care and liveliest concern is manifest from the entry, . . . *aithas patric 7 briȝ ar maelbrigtac na mba olc a menmna frimm . . . scribund ro scribad in dulso*, which we venture to translate differently from Zeuss and Nigra: "I pray Patrick that Maelbrigit be not displeased at the writing written in this book." We take the word *aithas* to be the first person singular of the preterite of *airhchim*, or *airhighim* (O'R.), "I pray." They equate it to *maithas*, "goodness," and translate, "bonitas Patricii et Brigitæ in Maelbrigtum ne sit malus ejus animus mihi propter scripturam qua scriptum est [hoc opus," Zeuss] [hac vice," Nigra and Ebel]. But, however our renderings differ, the fact is patent from either that the work was sharply looked after by the abbot, whose smile of approbation was of priceless value, and whose censure here is so fervently deprecated by petition to the saints.

* "Ennoble stormy All Saints' Day" (Stokes).

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In some stanzas in which the writer says, "The blackbird was singing a loud lay, which he cannot conceal over the lineation of his booklets," the two last lines run into a prayer which again exhibit this concern:

debrath nom coimmdiu
cain scribaimm for oid . . .

which Nigra translates disjointedly and without venturing to restore the last word: "So may God preserve me. I write well . . ." The last word may have been *oide*, "a foster-father, instructor, master" (O'Reilly). We would then translate, "So may God the Judge, who preserves me, protect me that I write beautifully for my superior." Were there such a derivative as *oidees*, signifying "obedience," we should prefer it, as giving more exactly in the abstract the monastic idea; but for want of it the monk might very well use a personal noun that gave it in the applicate.

The same feeling is again revealed in the blame cast on pens, ink, and parchment. *Gracad*—"screeching"—is an entry, more than once repeated, which registers the monk's displeasure at the squalling pen. *Uit mo chruib*—"Out on you, my paw!"—avows that the hand which was thus complimented had just been the author of some sad piece of mischief. The Latin imperative "*vita*" turned into an Irish exclamation, which survives to the common use of the living speech, is interesting. Some mischief, too, must have elicited the heartfelt exclamation, *Uch mo chliab a noib ingen*—"O my heart, O holy Virgin!"—whilst in the expression, "Sudet qui legat difficilis est ista pagina," a smack of wicked wit gathers a doleful resignation from the prospective suffering the tangle of the writing will inflict on readers.

The parchment is several times complained of: *Is gann in membrum et a scribend*—"The parchment and writing are rough." In another sentence a whole vial of wrath is poured out at once upon it: *Membrum naue, droch, dub, o ni epur na haill*—"Parchment new, black, bad, of which I will say no more." Nigra, however, lightens the heaviness of this sentence on the parchment by taking off two of the adjectives, *droch*, *dub*, and the rest of the sentence with them, to express the badness of the ink. His rendering is, "membrana nova, malum atramentum de quo nihil aliud dico."

But it is not always a tone of blame that displays the anxiety of these laborers for the beauty of their work. What is good comes in for praise at times. *Is tana an dub so*—"This ink is

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thin"—and so makes a delicate stroke, is an appreciative entry; *is maith*—"it is good"—is another pleasing entry, as is "bene est hic."

Perhaps, however, the praise in the line, *ni aermall ro scribadh in letraimso*, is intended rather for the matter of what was after being written than for the manner in which it was set down. We interpret it, "No dull satire this half stave." Nigra and Zeuss, in rendering it, "Non tam lente scriptum est," or "Non adeo tarde scriptum," seem to have viewed *aermall* as an intensitive of *mall*, "sluggish, dull." But in treating it thus they sacrifice the principal word, that gives force to the sentence, which is *aer*, "a satire." The writer so relished the *sal* of some one of the many Latin verses quoted by Priscian that he could not forbear expressing his appreciation. It is a pity Nigra did not particularize the passage to which the remark is appended, as we then might have some gauge of the writer's poetic taste. However, even of this we are not left altogether destitute. The handwriting here is probably that of Dongus, and some of his own verses cast in upon the margin show, so far as we can understand them, in their sweetness and grace, that he, at all events, could fully appreciate poetic chastity and sentiment.

That the manuscript was read over and compared with the original appears from the directions, evidently given by the collator. *Cocart*, "corrige," is repeated four times in ogham; and *a ae ocart inso*, which, though read out of the ogamic text into *cocart inso*—"corrige hoc"—by Nigra and Zeuss, is plainly what we have made it. But though easy enough to spell out of the ogham rune (for the good monks have left us the alphabet they used as a key)—and it is interesting to note that their alphabet is the common one by which scholars have attempted to decipher ogham inscriptions—this sentence does not seem so easy to interpret. The *ocart*, perhaps, is the same as the *cocart* of the other entries, or it may be the word *agairt*, "castiga," a word we shall meet further on; and so *a ae*, perhaps, may mean "O Hugh!"—or, more properly, Aedh, for which the entirely un-Irish Hugh in course of time came to be taken as the equivalent—or "O wise man"; and the whole might be rendered, "O wise man, look after this," or, "O Hugh, correct this."

The scribe turns aside once to register a moral maxim: *Maraith sercc cein mardda aithne, a maellacain*—"Love lives whilst knowledge survives, O Maellacain." Stokes translates *aithne* "knowledge"; but Nigra, not satisfied with this, renders the

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word into "wealth." In doing so he certainly altogether mistook the monastic sentiment regarding wealth, and the import of the maxim, which is evidently an answer to some depreciation of knowledge on the part of a brother scribe. It shows the writer had taken a distinct side in the great struggle between knowledge and love—the head and the heart. Simple love, that wants the heart free and all its time for God, is often jealous of the hungry absorption of both time and energy by the pursuit of knowledge; and some spiritual writers are not stingy of giving expression to this jealousy. More have found a means of reconciling knowledge and love by making one fuel for the other; and we may suppose he who addresses Maellacain in this sentence was one of this class.

Maelpatrick wrote the text as far as page 157. Dongus, whom Nigra identifies as his continuator, it is who gives us the information in the note: "Huc usque Calvus Patricius depinxit." Cobthach and Finguine seem the names of writers of small portions of the text. The word *Follegu* Nigra thought at first might supply the name of another scribe. He afterwards equated it to a direction—"dele," "deline." But it is more probably an expression of concern at some negligence, for it seems no more in reality than the common word *failliuga*, "negligence."

The chief interest, however, of the marginal notices lies in the indication they give of the date at which the book was compiled. That is matter of the highest importance, as the language of the book becomes a gauge by which to measure the age of the language of other early writings that survive. Fortunately, few and slight as are these notices, they are so characteristic that we are enabled by them to go back, with a degree that lacks little of historic certainty, almost to the very year of the compilation of the book; and they also cast some not unimportant reflection on the history of its transmission to St. Gall.

Folio 40 is but a half-leaf. A book of Priscian concluded on its further side left a vacancy in the inner column of that side, which was utilized to relate the following vision in verse, wherein lines of heroic hexameter alternate with lines of double dactylic *penthemimeres*. The composition seems complete so far as the matter of the piece is concerned, though unfinished in form. All the ideas of a complete piece are in it, but the metre wants a mending hand in several parts; and no less than eleven suggested amendments occupy the interspaces under the defective portions of the composition. The poet was satisfied at first with the insertion of the idea he meant to convey, and set it down lest it

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should escape while his ingenuity was at task for the metrical words which would complete the form of his poem. Thus a certain completion about the piece enables us to lay it almost in its entirety before the reader. We may notice that the portion we have enclosed in brackets appears severed from the rest, being inserted at the foot of the margin in the front of the leaf. It is probably an after-thought, as it plainly is the expansion of an idea which occurs in the body of the piece. We have therefore inserted it in the place for which it was intended. Its strict connection with the body of the piece seems to have altogether escaped Nigra.

The writer tells his story as follows:

"While asleep on a cloudy night a golden-locked damsel brighter than the reddening sun appeared before him. Her head touched the heavens, and her feet trod the flowery ground. Upon her elevated forehead she bore those radiant eyes that looked at once upon the ethereal plains and upon the sea; and she carried two paps on her milk-bearing breast, with which she feeds the needy and the ignorant, whom she helps."

The poet goes on to say that "while the damp sweat trickled over his bones, she spoke these words: 'Why, wretched one, art thou afraid? I am not a delusive phantom, but am entrusted to thee with the missives of my Lord.'" Here line and interline are so confusing that the next thing we can catch is that the name of the damsel is Sophia in Greek, and Sapientia at Rome; that she bears a double crest, and is known and esteemed both of Greeks and Latins. She proceeds then to praise wisdom, after which she says: "I call on you to go to the threshold of Gunthar." Another apparently unfinished line occurs here. But if to it we supply the word "name" we may learn from what follows that the name "of Contar is carried to honored Europe by crowds with sweet-sounding praise. You may perceive," is added, "how good he is to those who are his." Contar is then described "as a peace-bearing dignitary, venerable, mild, patient, humble, bountiful, and pious." Distinguished in manner and aspect, and by honor and piety, he, the elected pastor of his Lord, feeds those flocks of his, which are dual, with care nourishing their hearts by dogma, their bodies by food and clothes; and he hath slain by the strife of the mind, God favoring him, the bands which have arisen on the side of the death-bearing flesh. Hence, having prostrated these enemies, he is inwardly secure so as to be at peace with his Lord. For practically two laws urge on man, which fight night and day. [The evil law ruling the members fights by its crimes against the mind; the good law, in the

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citadel of the mind, resists it. They refuse to give over till, victor and vanquished, there can be but the one man and his one law.]

The poem continues:

"The High-throned Gift-Giver lays bare the caves of wisdom to the mind of Contar, law-bearing in its light. The page run over by the zodiac in its sevenfold path is well known to this sophus by the law of the stars. He celebrates harmonious verse, that wins its way by glittering words built in with a play-bearing sense. He hath sung odes wondrous in their measured strains, with sweet voice glorifying his Lord. A bright light to the blind, a step to the lame, to whom he acts as a kind benefactor, a fair descent of race, and of illustrious origin, unvanquished nobility, and the glory of the Frankish race."

Nigra identifies the Gunthar of these verses with Guntharius, archbishop of Cologne in the middle of the ninth age. The conjecture was a happy one. His date for the election of the archbishop to the see of Cologne, 850, is fully seven years too early; for at a synod in Worms in 857 Rembertus tells us that the question of separating Bremen, which had been up to that time a suffragan of Cologne, was discussed. The bishops were anxious to detach Bremen from Cologne and unite it to Hamburg, in order to enable Ansgar, bishop of the latter, to continue the mission he had prosecuted with such remarkable success amongst the Danes, who were still idolaters. Ansgar's diocese consisted only of a few poor parishes, and Bremen would be a great accession. The bishops were very favorable to the measure, but would not venture on decreeing it while the see of Cologne was vacant, as it had been now nearly ten years. Gunthar being shortly after elected, the measure of separation was formally proposed to him. He from the first was opposed to it. However, on greater pressure being brought to bear on him in the following years—the two kings joining with the bishops in requesting his consent—he signified his pleasure, if, he said, only Rome would approve. Rome was at once appealed to, and did approve. Pope Nicholas I. without any delay issued the brief in that very year, 858. Perhaps this rapid action of the pope's may have taken Gunthar by surprise and laid the foundation of that soreness and mortification which found vent not long after in his celebrated quarrel with Nicholas and his successor. To the first years of this quarrel, about 863, Nigra refers the verses. This quarrel ensued upon the action of the archbishop confirming the Emperor Lothaire's repudiation of his lawful wife, Valdrada, in favor of Teutberga. The archbishop had influence enough to

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assemble a council at Metz, which confirmed the divorce, as Nigra tells us. The poem, Nigra says, alludes to some victory gained by Gunthar in the battle-field of religious controversy against his enemies. A scrupulous monk, he continues, who found in this barbarous composition some defect of orthodoxy or some unbecoming allusion, cut away half of the leaf, if, indeed, the author himself, dissatisfied with his composition, had not consigned part of it to oblivion. But, although the chevalier considers that the loss to Latin letters is not great, he tells us that he sincerely regrets it, because these verses might have yielded some argument to determine the origin or vicinity of the manuscript.

By these remarks it is evident that Nigra did not perceive that the verses are so far complete, and that the outer half of the leaf never formed part of the book at all; that at least it was cut away before the Priscian was transcribed, else most certainly part of the Priscian would have disappeared with it. Any one, moreover, can see who reads the vision that it is colorless of any allusion to a theological strife. The warfare of the verses is that of the members with the mind, celebrated by St. Paul. Nor is there any foundation from the verses for believing that the writer would have given birth to an unbecoming allusion. Nigra certainly is not far out in their date. But he is five or six years too late. The evidence the verses furnish of their date fixes it determinedly to the very year of their composition, or at least within a year of it. They cannot be later than 858. They were probably written early in that year, while Bremen was still united to Cologne, and while its pastor still fed a "dual flock." The very words "electus pastor" show Gunthar's election—which, we have seen from Rembertus, took place towards the close of 857 or opening of 858—to have been recent, and that, in fact, he was still unconsecrated, or, as we now say, "bishop-elect." There seems to be more than one allusion in the poem to the duality of the see; the very angel would seem to be the guardian spirit of Cologne, and in his two paps and double crest to represent the two flocks its bishop fed.

These verses, then, give us the first step in retracing backward the career of our book. They establish the fact that it was on the Continent in the year 858. But though the book, filled with Irish names and Irish glosses, must certainly have been produced by Irishmen, Zeuss saw no necessity for attributing it to Ireland. He found in the ninth age several German monasteries filled, or partly so, with Irish monks. The entry, however, of the scribe

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Dongus, *De inis madoc meissi 7 cairbre*—"Of Inis Madoc am I and Cairbre"—decides the point for Ireland and reveals to us the locale of the codex. Zeuss interpreted *Inis Madoc*, "the island of shells," but O'Curry pointed out that it was an island in the Lake of Templeport, in the County Cavan.

On finding that our famous Priscian was written in a sequestered island in a lake district of the County Cavan, we are encountered with the question, How did it make its way to the Continent? And when did it arrive in St. Gall, or was it there when the verses complimenting Archbishop Gunthar were written in it?

Several circumstances tend strongly to demonstrate that an affirmative reply must be given to the last of these questions. There was a Priscian about that very time in the monastic library; for Radpert, after telling us that Grimald, the abbot, and Hartmot, the pro-abbot, were very solicitous to procure books for the monastery during the thirty-and-one years it was under their government, gives us catalogues of the books with which they increased the monastic store, and in them figures a Priscian.

If our Priscian were then in St. Gall, who brought it there? Ekkehard, the next historian of St. Gall after Radpert, tells us a history which suggests the possibility, nay, the probability, of its having gone thither in company of Bishop Marc and his nephew Maengal—two Irish pilgrims to the tomb of St. Peter, who, on their way back to Ireland in the middle of the ninth century, put up at the abbey. Maengal was so taken with the place that he persuaded his uncle to stay altogether. The parting of the bishop and his attendants seems characteristically Irish. Maengal, says Ekkehard, on the day of parting gave his uncle's coined money out through a window to his retainers, lest he should be torn asunder by them, so mad were they at his detaining his uncle. But his books, his gold, and his cloaks he retained for themselves and St. Gall. The bishop called out the names of those who were to have his horses and his mules; then followed much tears on both sides. And so they parted for ever. The express mention of books being brought by the Irish pilgrims, the cataloguing of a Priscian by a contemporary historian of the abbey among the books of St. Gall, and the presence of the venerable codex still in the neighborhood of the monastery are circumstances the mind is tempted to link into infallible connection. But as our history proceeds we gather from internal evidences still other confirmatory circumstances.

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If our book journeyed over the hills and valleys of the Rhineland in the saddle-bags of an Irish bishop, it stayed at St. Gall to preside over the foundation of that famous school which became the light of central Europe in the middle age. This is a new feature of interest in the career of the book. The history of the foundation of the St. Gall school is from Ekkehard, who tells us that Maengal was called Marcellus, after his uncle Marc, by the St. Gallians. "The schools of the cloister," he goes on to say, "with Notker and the other youths in the monastic habit, were delivered over to Marcellus, whilst those of the external world, with Salomon and his companions of the canonical vesture, were delivered to Ison. It is pleasant," he adds, "to recall how great the cell of St. Gall under these auspices began to grow and at length flourished, Hartmot giving encouragement in every possible way."

The mention of canons here is especially worthy of note. Ekkehard had made a previous mention of them when telling us how Salomon, intended for a canonry, was more delicately treated than others of equal birth intended for the monastic state, whereat, he notices, they took offence. Salomon, he adds, was called from the monastery to the chaplainship of King Ludovick through the influence of Grimald, the abbot, who was also archchaplain of the king: "Scholisque ablatus Grimaldo abbate nostro archicapellano ejus adjuvante, capellanus fit Ludovvici regis." Pertz would make the *ejus* of this sentence *eum*, in order to refer it to Salomon. But this was not the drift of the writer, who refers it evidently to *regis*—not *adjuvante eum*, "helping him," but *archicapellano ejus adjuvante*, "his [the king's] archchaplain helping."

We have, then, at St. Gall a special school for canons, and we find its pupils leave the monastery to fill the highest ecclesiastical positions obtainable by young ecclesiastics. The bishops of Germany no doubt were anxious to fill up the vacancies in their chapters by canons educated at the monastery, since birth, learning, and piety would unite the suffrages in their favor; and the young canon who composed the above verses was in all probability a member of the school when the angel Sapientia, in a vision of the night, called him to the house of Gunthar. Everything corresponds. Marcellus himself was a poet. "He introduced his pupils," says Ekkehard, "to the seven liberal arts, but more especially to music." A single notice of Maengal, the pilgrim, remains in the *Four Masters*, and it helps the correspondence; for it represents Maengal as a poet, and preserves

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to us a single specimen of his verse—a stanza he made on the drowning of Niall Caille, monarch of Ireland, in the river Callaina in the year 845. From their being strongly marked with the language of allusion to circumstances in Niall's career which perchance have not survived, the verses of Maengal in the *Four Masters* are difficult of translation. Dr. O'Donovan, however, made an attempt at rendering them. But they established the fact that Maengal was a poet of some celebrity before his departure from Ireland. When, then, a school was committed to his charge, he would no doubt encourage the art poetic among his pupils, and these very verses were likely some of the fruits of his erudition. He may possibly have suggested the idea of their composition. To take a poem to one's patron is a regular Irish idea. The fact of their being written in the Irish Priscian seems to connect them with the Irish pilgrim.

We may now come back to Ireland with our codex. If at all in existence, the book was likely there in 845. Out of a marginal entry which consists of no more than two words Chevalier Nigra has built up a real point of interest in the history of the book. These words are, *Ruadri adest*—"Ruadri is here." There was a British king at the time of this name. He began his reign in 844, at which year the death of his father, Mermin, or Mervyn, is set down in the Welsh annals. That this king was well known in the north of Ireland is apparent from the various entries of his transactions in the *Annals of Ulster:*

"856. Horm, dux Negrorum Gentilium, jugulatus est a Ruaidhri Mac Merminn, rege Britonum.

"877. Ruaidhri mac Murminn, rex Brittonum, venit ad Hiberniam, in refugium ab alienigenis nigris.

"878. Ruadhri mac Muirmenn a Saxonibus interemptus."

If this be the Ruadri who called forth the marginal register of his visit to the monastery, Nigra says, that visit must have been made between 844 and 856. Nothing, however, hinders it being made earlier, in the lifetime of his father, though we have no special reason for believing it was made then. But that it was Ruadri, son of Murminn, that made it receives a character of the highest probability from the circumstance that his father's name seems to have been familiar to the scribes of the monastery, and that it actually appears in the codex and among the marginal entries; and both Stokes and Nigra have gone over and translated the passage, and yet missed the presence of the king in it, and that in a very natural way. The fact is, the king's name

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is a significant one in the Irish; that is to say, both its components are Irish words capable of declension. Occurring in a sentence, no distinction in favor of its character as a proper name would be made between them as components of a proper noun and as ordinary words. Hence they might easily be mistaken for common nouns; and this was the mistake of Stokes and Nigra, who translated them analytically, when they should have treated them to a synthesis. The Irish word for "the sea" is *muir*, whose genitive is *mora* in the old language. *Mora minn* was the genitive of *Muir minn*, the British king's name; and this genitive occurs in a stanza of four lines on the upper margin of page 112. The lines are simple and graceful:

"Is acher ingaith innocht
fufuasna fairggae findfolt
ni ágor reimm mora minn
dond laechraid lainn ðalothlind." *

Nigra, in his *Reliquie Celtiche*, translated the latter half: "I do not fear the passage of the Sea of Minn by the bold warriors of Lothlind." He afterwards, in the *Revue Celtique*, amended his translation of the words *Mora Minn*—to wit, "the Sea of Minn"—to the "open sea," which resembles Stokes' rendering of the British king's name. The sentence with Stokes runs: "The passage of a clear sea is not undertaken by the fierce heroes of Loch lann." The word *ágor* Stokes equates to "*aghar—i.e., innoaighther* 'is advanced'" (*Irish Glosses*, p. 44). He suggests in addition the meaning "non timeo," the one adopted by Nigra. In this both of them soften the *g;* but the word is evidently the word *agar*, "revenge," of O'Reilly, which has the *g* hard—the infinitive of *agraim*, "to challenge, argue, punish, visit, dispute, revenge." The various forms of this word in O'Reilly show its common use, *aigioraim*, *agaraim*, *agradh*, *agart*.

The connection between the first and the latter half of the stanza is stronger than one might at first imagine when he recollects that this was the most terrible of terrible times to Ireland, and specially to the cloisters of the country. Every note that swelled the gale brought up with the image of the sea the memory of the Black Plunderers who made it their highway. One entry of the *Four Masters* just at this period may serve to

* Bitter is the wind to-night
Over the turmoil of the gray-haired sea;
No terror the power of Muir minn
To the stout herodom of Loth lind."

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show the reasonableness of apprehension under which the people of Ireland, and especially the monks, must have labored:

"841. Caemhain, Abbot of Linn Duachaill, killed and burnt by the foreigners. The plundering of Cluain Mic Nois by the foreigners of Linn Duachaille. The plundering of Disert Diarmada by the foreigners of Cael Uisce. The plundering of Birr and Saighir by the foreigners of the Boinn [Boyne]. A fleet of Norsemen on the Boinn at Linn Rois. Another fleet at Linn Sailech [Lough Swilly] in Ulster. Another fleet of them at Linn Duachaill."

Here—and it is only one of many similar passages—are the fierce marauders at all points; whole fleets of them anchored in all the great northern estuaries—the *linns*, as they are called by the *Four Masters*—and in every direction their march is on the abbeys. So that while the peaceful monks were penning our Priscian in their lonely island in the Cavan lake there was a fright in every sound of the echoing gale. And when Dongus described the sea broken into fury under its influence, the association that naturally mingled with the white wrath of the storm was the ferocity, scarce surpassed by it, of the "black" robbers, who, we may be sure, for the hope it afforded of finding their booty loosely guarded and victims taken by surprise, prized its wildness just as much as those of Homer. Some defeat must have been just after infliction on the British king by them when Dongus penned those lines, which crown with the utmost felicity the conjecture of Nigra, add a new feature of interest to the idle strokes of the monkish pens, and carry back the compilation of our manuscript to some year previous to 844.

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TRADITIONS AND FOLK-LORE OF POITOU.

ASCENDING the tongue of land that separates the Clain from the Vienne, we crossed a monotonous plateau only diversified by orchards, copses, and groups of farm-buildings here and there in the fields, and came all at once to an opening where we could look down into a delightful valley kept fresh and luxuriant by the Vienne. A well-built road goes winding down into this valley, and a gray stone bridge spans the river, beyond which long rows of poplars border the path to a village gathered around the base and sides of an abrupt hill on the top of which are the imposing ruins of an old feudal castle, or rather a series of castles, with a church in the midst. This is Chauvigny, one of whose ancient barons, René de Chauvigny, went to the Holy Land, and, like the celebrated Knight of the Couchant Leopard, had a personal encounter with the great Saladin himself. He fought, too, at the side of Philip Augustus and Richard the Lion-hearted with so much impetuosity that his very person seemed multiplied, and the Saracens fled before him, crying out that knights were raining down upon them. It was thus he won the well-known device his descendants have so long and so proudly emblazoned on their shields—*chevaliers pleuvent.*

The castle of Chauvigny was in the middle ages one of the great outposts of the city of Poitiers, and the enormous thickness of the walls, the stately towers pierced with loopholes, the precipitous ascent, the remains of the old ramparts, and the river that surrounds it like a moat show how formidable it must have been. Time, that now only adds to its picturesqueness, once added, age after age, to its strength and historic memories. The original fortalice of the barons is of unknown antiquity, but the foundations are the remains of an old Roman castellum. The black donjon is of the eleventh century. The Gothic arcades of the bishop's château, built after Chauvigny was given to the see of Poitiers, are of the fourteenth. Scars and great breaches in the walls tell of many a desperate siege by the Visigoths, the Normans, the English, and the Huguenots. A page of Froissart seems spread out before you as you look down from the crumbling battlements—a page illuminated beyond the skill of any ancient limner. In yonder meadow, on the other side of the Vienne, the king of France in person encamped one night in

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1356, and crossed the bridge of Chauvigny the next morning with forty thousand men to escape from the English under the Black Prince. The latter, however, succeeded in taking a few prisoners, among whom was the lord of Chauvigny. Then the castle was taken possession of by Sir John Chandos, who afterwards found a grave not far off at Lussac, where you still seem to hear the pathetic lament of his followers over that fallen flower of English knighthood as echoed by the great chronicler. Du Guesclin, his rival in glory, retook the castle.

It was to the castle of Chauvigny a bishop of Poitiers was banished in the eleventh century who deserves a place in the Paradise of Dante beside St. Anselm and Nathan the prophet, who feared not to speak the truth to rulers. This was St. Peter of Poitiers, who boldly reproached William the Troubadour, Duke of Aquitaine, for his scandalous life. The duke was distinguished by his talents, his manly beauty, and his valor, but, as the old chroniclers say, *il courut longtemps le monde pour tromper les dames*, and lived as if he were not amenable to the divine law. He did not, however, neglect the public offices of the church, and while he was in the cathedral one day, surrounded by his followers, the fearless bishop proceeded to excommunicate him publicly. The duke in a fury drew out his sword to smite the bishop. The latter asked for a few moments in which to collect his thoughts in prayer; then, calmly completing the excommunication, said: "Strike; I have finished!" But the duke, thinking better of it, put his sword back into the scabbard, saying: "I do not love you well enough to send you to Paradise," and contented himself with merely banishing the bishop to Chauvigny, where he died in 1115.

The duke, with all his strong passions, cherished in the bottom of his heart the lively faith of the times, and finally went to the Holy War, celebrating his departure with a plaintive song: "Farewell, brilliant tournaments! Farewell, grandeur and magnificence! Farewell, sumptuous castles where the days so joyously flew; forests where I chased the flying deer; green shades where I tasted sweet repose; flowery meads where winds the limpid stream! Farewell to all that is dear to my heart! Nothing can arrest my course. I go to the land where God of old promised the remission of sin. I implore the forgiveness of all I have injured. I offer my repentance to Christ, the Lord of Heaven. To him I address my prayer. Too long have I abandoned myself to the influence of the world. But the voice of the Lord at last has made itself heard. Before his tribunal we

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must appear. I sink under the weight of my iniquities." Where shall we find in this evangelical age a prince going to the wars expressing such penitential sentiments? And this in the darkest period of the middle ages!

Beyond Chauvigny the valley of the Vienne widens, the meadow on one side extending to gentle terraces covered with vines, and bordered on the other by tall cliffs rent into gigantic prisms and stones of monumental aspect draped with rich mosses and lichens. In some of these are caves that were peopled by hermits in a holier age when so many men preferred the sweet presence of God to any other companionship. Beyond this rocky barrier you soon come to a beautiful semi-circular valley shut in by cliffs and venerable oaks, at the extremity of which is the small chapel of the Pas de St. Martin, so called from an indentation in a rock preserved here, made, says popular tradition, by the hoof of St. Martin's horse. Similar marks are to be seen on the tops of the surrounding cliffs. In this wild valley the great saint once stopped to preach, and the spot where he stood fifteen hundred years ago has not been forgotten by the grateful people. And this valley is the very place for an auditory, with its tiers of rocks along the sides, one above another, like the seats in a gallery, overhung by umbrageous oaks. There is a great gathering here at midsummer time, particularly on the Sundays before and after St. John's day. All classes come here, some to accomplish a pilgrimage, but others to seek for laborers and domestics or to procure a place. The devotions of the former and the business of the latter satisfactorily completed, the young people have a gay dance beneath the overshadowing trees. This does not seem at all profane here in the open air, where the birds are carolling in the trees, the sunlight is dancing among the foliage, the leaves are stirring with the instinctive joy of young life, and the very

"Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune."

Meanwhile one of the old peasants will, perchance, tell you a curious legend concerning St. Martin, certainly not to be found in his life—how he was once a mere herdsman at the farm of Charrant, whose gables are to be seen yonder just behind the great oaks, and sometimes led his cattle to pasture in this very valley where he afterwards preached. He was then young, with a great thirst for knowledge, and, leaving his herd busily grazing, he went off every morning to a school at Tours—no short journey, as that city is about sixty miles distant. However,

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there he went day after day, and only returned at nightfall when it was time to drive his cattle back to the fold. At last his absence was noticed and reported to his master, who, wishing to ascertain the truth for himself, went to the pasture the next day, and, finding no one there, cried: "Martin, Martin!" There was no answer. Martin, however, heard him as distinctly at Tours as if through a telephone, and said to his teacher: "The master is calling me: I must go." His teacher, of course, could not credit such a statement, but he placed his foot on Martin's, at the bidding of the latter, and then plainly heard the farmer summoning Martin for the third time. Hardly had the sound died away before Martin appeared in the valley. His master immediately began to reproach him for not watering the cattle. Martin, by way of reply, called to Brichet, his favorite in the herd, and at his command the animal thrust its horns into the ground, and forthwith a cool, delicious fountain sprang up, to which all the cattle hastened to drink. From that time the farmer never interfered with Martin's attending school at Tours.

St. Martin's father, as every one knows, was a tribune in the imperial army, and he himself was compelled in early life to service at arms; but such legends, to be met with throughout central France, show what a deep impression he left on the minds of the people by his subsequent efforts to Christianize them. On the cliffs of Quercy, among the hills of Morvand, and in many other places are pointed out the footprints of St. Martin's horse, showing how far and wide he sowed the good seed of the Divine Word. That he preached in this region there can be no doubt, for the monastery of Ligugé, which he founded in the year 360, stood on the banks of the Clain only a few miles from Poitiers, where you can still see the steep limestone cliffs which his first disciples hollowed out for their cells. And there is a chapel in the vicinity, where, as St. Sulpitius Severus relates, St. Martin raised a catechumen from the dead, with a painted window in it to illustrate the account.

Further up the Vienne is the Gué de la Biche, where Clovis' army passed the night before his decisive victory over Alaric that led to the expulsion of the Goths from Aquitaine. And near by is the Font Chrétien, that flows out of a rock into a deep basin at the foot of a cliff overshadowed by oaks—so called because a great number of his soldiers were baptized here before engaging in battle. It was here, too, at dawn of day, that a white hind of marvellous size—*cerva miræ magnitudinis*, says the old chronicle—came out of the forest, and, after going to and fro in

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search of a favorable place, crossed the river at this spot, as if to show the army where it could be most easily forded, for which reason it has ever since been known as the Gué de la Biche, or Hind's Ford. And if you climb the steep cliff behind the Font Chrétien you can still see the footprints of this miraculous hind on the rocks, as well as those of King Clovis' steed. And mounting a succession of steps beyond, you come to a natural seat in the rock that looks like a rustic throne, where the king sat to survey his army as it crossed the ford, still known as the *Chaise du roi Clovis.*

Other marvellous presages are related of the great victory of Clovis, such as the globe of fire, spoken of in the old chronicles, that rose above the church of St. Hilaire at Poitiers, kindling fresh ardor in the breasts of the soldiers. It was in memory of this miraculous light that the king afterwards bestowed on the canons of that church the field where the victory took place, a portion of which is still known as the Champagné de St. Hilaire.

A short distance from the Hind's Ford you come to the sad funereal plain of Civaux, which makes a profound impression on the mind. It is the field of the dead, the very place to

"Talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs."

It lies along the left bank of the Vienne, and was once encompassed by an arm of the river, whence its former name of the Ile de la Vallée. This place must have been consecrated to the burial of the dead from the very introduction of Christianity, if not from the Roman occupation. Seven thousand stone coffins, it is said, have been counted on the plain of Civaux. Some of them, called *bisômes* (*bis homo*), are hewn out so as to contain two bodies. Others could hold even more. On many of them are rudely-carved swords, crosses and double crosses, and sometimes the human form. Everywhere in the village of Civaux you see these sepulchral stones. Coffins serve as boundaries to separate fields and form enclosures, to prop up walls, and even as drinking-troughs for the cattle.

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"

The church, houses, crosses, and walls all stand on graves, and are built of the fragments of tombs. Everywhere these stones are projecting from the ground. You sit on coffins. The very dances in the open air are above the dead. You cannot step without incurring Coleridge's penalty for treading on graves:

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"'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,
And bad luck in the dark."

To put an end to further profanation a great number of these stone coffins have been set up on one end in rows around the modern cemetery, forming a curious enclosure that looks like a large circle of druidical monuments. In the midst is a ruined chapel yawning like a huge sepulchre. This lonely chapel in the midst of the dead, the long rows of stone coffins, the fragments of tombs in every direction half buried in the earth, and the numberless black crosses on the modern graves constitute a most lugubrious picture, especially at night when the shades of darkness gather around to enhance the melancholy scene and the night winds sweep across the valley with a plaintive moan.

The old Romanesque church at Civray harmonizes perfectly with its surroundings. It is of the eleventh century, and contains some curious sculptures, among them the signs of the zodiac, looking like astrological diagrams portending the circle of human destinies. Here, age after age, they have measured out the year to man—a figure, perhaps, of the starry round of festivals celebrated by the church. Wordsworth says:

"As through a zodiac moves the ritual year."

In front of the church is a gray old porch where cripples used to gather on great festivals and draw the attention of the compassionate by the quavering tone in which they sang rude old monorhymes concerning the saints, after the style of the ancient *chansons à geste* that celebrate the lofty exploits of heroes. Some of these have been handed down, such as the "Planch de San Estève," or the Plaint of St. Stephen, which thus begins:

"En aquel temps que Dieus fo nat,
Et fo de mort ressussitat,
Et pueys el cel el fo puiat,
San Estève fo lapidat." *

The villagers here will tell you that in the plain of Civray were buried the dead who fell in the battle between Clovis and Alaric; that the former, fearing a pestilence from the immense number left slain on the field, raised his hands imploringly to heaven, and immediately there rained down thousands of coffins to receive their remains. There are similar fields of the dead at

* "'Twas when our Lord was born,
And raised again one morn,
And was to heaven upborne,
Stephen was stoned with scorn."

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Lussac, St. Pierre-les-Eglises, and other places around Poitiers. And this is not surprising, for this region was the great battle-field of France in the middle ages. It was here Charles Martel vanquished the Saracens, and the English under the Black Prince won the battle of Maupertuis, just east of Poitiers, in which King John was taken prisoner, and, to say nothing of the slaughter of thousands of brave soldiers, a fatal blow was given to the old French nobility by slaying thirteen counts, seventy barons, and two thousand knights, from which time may be dated the increased power of the communes.

It was after crossing this battle-field we made our way to the city of Poitiers. At the right, as you pass through the old faubourg St. Saturnin, stands the famous Pierre Levée on the border of the Clain—a huge dolmen twenty-two feet long and eighteen wide, with only one end set up on a pillar. Rabelais tells how the *escolastres* of the city university used to hold convivial meetings here. Pedlars, too, came to display their wares on the broad stone. But to the people in general this dolmen was an object of veneration from druidical times. Even at a recent period the peasantry would march solemnly around it three times and kiss it with respect. But this might be out of devotion to St. Radegonde, who, according to one legend, bore this enormous stone here on the top of her head, with the pillars in her muslin apron. One of the pillars happening to fall, a demon carried it off, so the saint could only set the monument up at one end, as it remains to this day.

Poitiers stands on an eminence at the junction of the Boivre with the Clain, so it is almost entirely surrounded by water. On every side are bridges giving access to the city. These all had oratories on them in former times, one of which still remains—that on Pont Joubert, originally called Pont St. Angilbert in honor of a saintly abbot of St. Riquier in the eighth century. This is the oldest bridge in the city, and the one by which every bishop of Poitiers used to make his entrance on taking possession of his see. It was formerly guarded by the knights of Poitou in person, one after another, and we are told how the Baron de Morthemer came here with four armed men and kept guard forty days and forty nights in a tower at one end, built by William VII., Count of Poitou.

Near the Pont St. Cyprien is a hole in the ground where the head of St. Simplicien fell when he was martyred. On the feast of St. Spicien, as the people call him, crowds used to come here from all the country around to touch the place with their fore-

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heads, and even thrust their whole heads into the hole, for the cure of the headache and kindred complaints; but this was at last forbidden by the bishops of Poitiers, though it is still practised to some extent. One of the streets in the city bears the name of St. Simplicien. And a great number of others are likewise named for the saints—fifty, if no more. But many have names amusingly suggestive of their narrowness, and windings, and lack of cleanliness, such as the Queue-de-Vache, Corne-de-Bouc, and Truie-qui-file. But they lead to picturesque old houses, interesting monastic buildings, and churches full of historical and legendary associations, and covered with sculptures representing the mysteries of the faith. The Rue Queue-de-Vache, for instance, brought us to the church of St. Peter, founded by Henry II. and Queen Eleanor on the ruins of the oldest church at Poitiers, built by St. Martial himself, the great apostle of Aquitaine. The front is one immense bas-relief. Around one door you see dead rising from their graves, the last judgment, and the separation of the righteous from the wicked. All classes and conditions, not excepting the most sacred, are here treated with impartial justice, some carried off by demons who thrust them into the yawning mouth of a great dragon, and others, defended by St. Michael with a drawn sword, are led up to the Divine Presence enthroned among the angels. Around the central door are the chief events in the life of St. Peter, the titular saint, with a rich shrine modelled after the one of gold and precious stones given this church by John, Duke of Berry, for the relic of St. Peter brought from Rome by St. Hilaire, on which the bishops of Poitiers used to take the oath of office the day of their solemn installation, but now unfortunately lost. Over the third door our Saviour crowns his Mother in heaven, angels floating around with their censers, and a multitude of bishops, monks, hermits, confessors, and virgin saints standing in the attitude of the deepest devotion. In this church is a Chemin de Jérusalem, or labyrinth, in the pavement, representing, according to some, the devious way by which our Lord was led up to Mount Calvary, and by others the narrow road that alone leads to heaven.

Passing through the Rue Truie-qui-file, we came to the church of the Augustinians, now converted into a storehouse, the old pulpit of which is supported by a colossal Samson of carved oak, called by the people the confessor of those who never go to shrift. A man who does not fulfil his religious obligations is called at Poitiers "a penitent of Father Samson's."

The Rue des Carmes owes its name to a convent of Carme-

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lite monks founded in 1367 by Sir John Chandos, then grand seneschal of Poitou, and Lord William Felton, high steward of Aquitaine, in thanksgiving for the great victory of the English at Maupertuis. Chandos himself was so devout to Our Lady that he wore in battle a surcoat on which, says Froissart, was embroidered a Virgin Mary in azure, encompassed with rays argent. Lord Felton was afterwards killed in Spain in an engagement with Du Guesclin.

Everywhere at Poitiers you find traces of the English, even in the ancient abbey of St. Hilaire, where Richard the Lion-hearted, as Count of Poitou, was installed as the lay abbot by the archbishop of Bordeaux and the bishop of Poitiers, who placed in his hands a lance and a standard, perhaps to signify that he should defend the interests of the monastery. This wealthy abbey was immediately dependent on the Holy See, and whenever the bishop of Poitiers entered the church a purple ribbon was thrown around his hands, as if to bind them, reminding him he had no authority here. Here once were the glorious tombs of St. Hilaire and St. Fortunatus. The latter was shamefully profaned at the Revolution. The remains of St. Hilaire had long before been removed to Puy-en-Velay in some of the wars, but only the skull has been preserved to our day.

One of the most interesting churches at Poitiers is that of St. Radegonde, which has one of those gloomy old crypts with tombs of the dead that remind you of the catacombs. You go down into it out of the left transept, and at the foot of the staircase, inserted in the thick walls at the sides, are the tombs of St. Agnes, first abbess of Ste. Croix, and St. Disciole, the favorite companion of St. Radegonde. The tomb of St. Radegonde herself—a black marble sarcophagus given by Anne of Austria—is still in its place of honor, but her remains were torn out by the Huguenots and burned in the nave, with the exception of a few fragments that were borne secretly away and afterwards replaced in the tomb, where they are still venerated, especially in the month of August, when great numbers come here to pray. The rich silver lamps, given by Louis XIV. and other illustrious personages, no longer hang around the tomb, but the faithful piously bring their candles; and as we saw their tremulous light through the gloom of the low arches, we thought of St. Radegonde making tapers for the altar with her own royal hands, that the Real Presence might be surrounded by lights during the darkness of night.

It is said that when John, Duke of Berry, opened her tomb in

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1412 her body was found entire, veiled and crowned, with her hands clasped as if in prayer. On her fingers were two rings, which the duke attempted to draw off, but he was obliged by "a divine and miraculous force" to content himself with one, the saint herself withdrawing the hand on which she wore the ring of her divine espousals.

Many other curious legends are related of St. Radegonde, like that of the winged dragon she saw flying through the air, which, at the sound of her voice, fell like lightning from heaven. A representation of this monster, carved out of wood and painted with horrid effect, was long famous at Poitiers and brought forth in the processions of Rogation week, the people hailing it with loud cries as the *boune veurmine*, and throwing cakes, tartlets, and fruit into its yawning mouth. This was called the Grande Gueule, and by many was regarded as a symbol of the victory over Arianism, against which St. Hilaire wrote so forcibly as to be called by St. Jerome "the Rhone of Latin eloquence."

Another legend of St. Radegonde relates to a divine premonition she received of her death only a short time before it occurred, and the cell in the abbey of Ste. Croix where her dying eyes beheld the vision of our Lord was afterwards converted into a chapel called the Pas de Dieu, from the flagstone whereon she saw him stand, which bears one of those curious indentations so numerous around Poitiers, and popularly ascribed to supernatural agency. This chapel no longer exists, but the stone is still preserved in the church of St. Radegonde, in a deep recess in the wall, protected by a strong iron grating. Lights burn before it, and at the sides are statues of our Lord and the royal saint.

It was in the abbey of Ste. Croix that the grand hymns of the *Vexilla Regis* and the *Pange Lingua*, composed by St. Fortunatus, then bishop of Poitiers, were first sung with all the pomp and circumstance of holy rite at the arrival of a portion of the True Cross, given to St. Radegonde by Justin, Emperor of Constantinople. This sacred relic was placed in a shrine of pure gold set with precious stones, which the abbess of Ste. Croix used to guard with extreme care, and when the clergy came for it to carry in the public processions the highest dignitary, before receiving it from her hands, took a solemn oath to return it intact. And the prebendary who bore it in the procession made bare his feet and lower limbs with oriental reverence, and at his return to the abbey was presented with a pair of black silk stockings by the nuns. This shrine was carried off at the Revolution,

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but the relic itself, of more value than gold or precious stones, was fortunately preserved and is still offered at certain seasons to the veneration of the public.

Of the abbey of Ste. Croix, founded by St. Radegonde, and long governed by princesses of the blood and ladies of the highest rank, only a remnant remains, which is used as the Evêché. In the large garden adjoining is a laurel planted by St. Radegonde herself.

One of the most popular legends at Poitiers is that of St. Loubette. She was a native of Brittany, who, though deformed and short of stature, possessed such remarkable qualities that she was taken into the service of St. Helena and accompanied that empress to the Holy Land. The latter, out of affection to her devoted handmaid, gave her a portion of the true cross and other relics of the Passion, and St. Loubette was on her way back to her native province, when, coming to Poitiers, she stopped in a small square, called the Plan de Celles, to rest beside a well that is now filled up. She hung her mantle and the wallet containing the relics on a willow that grew beside the well, afterwards known as the *seuf* (*sureau*) *de Ste. Loubette*, and, sitting down beneath, she soon fell asleep. When she awoke the tree had grown so tall that her wallet was beyond her reach. Whereupon she went to the bishop to relate what had happened, and the Count of Poitou, hearing of the event, determined to keep the saint and her relics at Poitiers. Seeing that she was lame and so feeble that she could hardly go, he imprudently offered her as much land as she could walk around in one day. Whereupon St. Loubette set forth, and by a divine miracle the land seemed hastening to meet her. Coming to the Clain, the very waters opened before her, so she crossed dry-shod. The count began to be alarmed for his domains, and about the noontide hour told her she ought to be satisfied. St. Loubette, who appears to have been of a reasonable turn of mind, at once desisted. The count bestowed on her all the land she had compassed, which was afterwards known as the Levée de Ste. Loubette. She gave it to the church of St. Pierre Puellier, afterwards attached to a convent founded by Adèle, wife of Ebles Manzer, Duke of Aquitaine, and one of the eight or ten daughters of Edward the Elder of England, who were so skilful at the distaff, at least while unmarried, as to give rise to the title of spinster, once so honorable. She died a nun in the abbey of the Holy Trinity at Poitiers, where a fragment of her tomb is still to be seen.

The *miracle des clés* is also associated with the English, who,

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when it occurred, were besieging the city of Poitiers. A treacherous servant of the mayor had promised to open to them the gates of the city at a certain hour on Easter eve, while all the people would be devoutly keeping vigil in the churches, but, going to look for the keys in their usual place, he could not find them. The English, after vainly waiting for some time before the gates, began to think they were betrayed, and, looking up, beheld Our Lady, attended by St. Hilaire and St. Radegonde, appear above the city, as if covering it with their protection. Struck with terror, they fled. The alarm meanwhile was given. The bells began to ring. The people were roused. They looked for the keys, but only found them after a long search, safe in the hands of the Madonna of Notre Dame la Grande. It was in memory of this deliverance that the canons of Notre Dame were allowed to keep the keys of the city every year from the Monday of Rogation week, at the hour of Vespers, till the same hour on the following Wednesday, with the right of administering justice during that time. In vain did the counts of Poitou and the royal authorities at a later day try to wrest this privilege from the canons. Popular sentiment was too strong for them till modern events broke the thread of tradition.

A great procession was also made on Easter Monday with extraordinary splendor to celebrate the *miracle des clés*. A large sum of money was annually appropriated to adorn the streets, buy trumpets, provide forty pounds of wax for the corona before the Virgin, and purchase a new mantle for her to wear. The latter was borne to the church with great ceremony after Vespers on Easter day, followed by the mayor's wife and the chief ladies of the city, who clothed the Madonna with the new garment. The people called this ceremony *la toilette de la bonne Vierge*. The next morning the municipal authorities went in great pomp to take down the statue to carry it in the procession. The dean gave it to the mayor, and the canons followed, careful never to lose sight of it, as it was borne entirely around the city, from one gate to another, with the flourish of trumpets, and the chanting of prayers and antiphons that are still extant. So attached were the people to this procession that it was kept up even in 1793.

And it was in memory of the same miracle that chapels of Our Lady were placed on every bridge in the city, and her statue, with St. Hilaire and St. Radegonde, placed over the gates and on all the public edifices. These statues have all disappeared except those on the front of Notre Dame la Grande. This favored

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church is said to have been founded by Constantine the Great, and prominent in its elaborate ornamentation was once an equestrian statue of that emperor; but this was destroyed in 1562 by the Huguenots, who, as has been happily remarked, could not be expected to like Constantine, for he erected churches, whereas they only went about destroying them.

Coming out of Poitiers at the southeast, we passed through the public garden of Blossac, larger and far more beautiful than the garden of the Tuileries, and here from the old ramparts took a last look at the picturesque city of Poitiers, and looked off on the valley of the river Clain, which, passing between two sinister landmarks—the spires of St. Benoît, where Rabelais dwelt for a time, and the *cuirasse de Coligny*, a rock where the great Huguenot entrenched himself—goes winding off among fair hills covered with villas and cottages, to seek, like us,

"Fresh woods and pastures new."

TWO NEW NOVELISTS.*

To designate the spirit of the age as pre-eminently money-loving and money-getting is but to state the plainest of admitted facts; and to say that the utilitarianism engendered by such a spirit is directly adverse to artistic growth, individual and national, is equally a truism. If fiction is to be ranked among the fine arts it must be confessed that those who lament its present decadence through such causes have some show of reason on their side when they assert that it has been relegated to a secondary place in intellectual achievement, and that the best minds of the day are devoting their powers to material and practical interests rather than to the higher and more beautiful side of life. And if novel-reading consisted in poring over the inanities which form so large a portion of every bookseller's stock, the pessimistic view of the subject might seem the only one possible. The senseless hoidenism affected by a certain class; the sickly sentimentalism of another; the hideous immorality, thinly veiled by

* *Doctor Claudius.* A True Story. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1883. *Mr. Isaacs.* A Tale of Modern India. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1883. *To Leeward.* By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

But yet a Woman. A Novel. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

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ornate language, of a third; the wearisome sameness of so-called pictures of society, and, last, not least in odiousness, the affectation of that arrogant school which has its appropriate emblem in the stiff ugliness of the sunflower, would indeed appear to argue an extremely depressed condition of literary affairs. It cannot be denied that in all the bewildering array of novels passing continually before the public eye at home and abroad there may be almost counted upon one's fingers the few which will be really valued by the next generation, while fewer still are those which can lay claim to real greatness. Yet it needs no demonstration to prove that neither greatness nor moderate excellence is now the essential condition of success in novel-writing, and the observer can but look with astonishment upon the evident popularity of books scarcely worth the labor of printing. The key to the enigma is not far to seek. The puritanical prejudice, which not so very long ago condemned all fiction as among the works of darkness, and taught that novel-reading was, if not crime, yet something closely allied to it, has given place, by a sort of inevitable rebound, to a liberty which almost amounts to license. Immense as is the supply furnished continually by the story-writers, it seems never very far in excess of the demand, and it is lamentably true that, with certain reservation, any author who can find a publisher is nearly always sure of finding readers also.

This omnivorous appetite, however, like other morbid conditions, affects only a portion of the social system; there are encouraging symptoms that a healthier tone is becoming established in the literary taste of the day, and there is still left ample opportunity for a more cheerful view of the subject. It is by no means necessary that every book given to the world should aim to be the greatest of its kind, and there are good novels by the score constantly put forth fulfilling each its special purpose and conveying a moral or not, as the case may be, without the least pretension to more than average excellence, yet possessing a charm of one sort or another which carries its own brightness into the prosaic region of work-a-day routine. The love of fiction is not a question of culture or the lack of culture; it is an instinct, and, as has been lately said by a brilliant writer, if fairy-tales did not exist in print the children would invent them for themselves. The office of culture is simply to define the standards by which this instinctive love of beauty, inherent in some degree in every mind, is to be governed and restrained.* No amount of fidelity

* To borrow the thought of Longinus, culture in these modern days seems to need the curb rather than the spur: Δεῖ γὰρ αὐτοῖς, ὥς κέντρον πολλάκις, οὕτω δὴ καὶ χαλινοῦ (*De Subl.* ii.)

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to nature, no accuracy of detail or correctness of description, will compensate for the lack of that artistic skill which invests the story with some breath of poetry, lifting it above the level of bald literalism. Yet nothing is more evident than that realism in fiction is now the essential requisite to success. It is demanded of an author that he shall have in his own mind some definite artistic conception for good or evil, and, besides this, that he shall have the creative genius to embody that conception in artistic form. A marble-cutter may be able to produce a figure which shall represent a man, but it requires a sculptor to give it those subtle touches which make it mean anything. The actor who should trust for his effects to a literal presentation in word and gesture of his points, instead of creating by artistic skill the illusion of reality throughout his whole performance, would utterly and deservedly fail. It is not enough that a writer shall draw his characters with correct lines and impart to them what he may consider natural coloring; he must make manifest some purpose, some reason for presenting them, which shall satisfy the mind of the reader, and withal they must so move and act in the development of the story as to make it appear that such action alone is probable in the premises given. And this is not all: there must be a personal interest in one and another of those whose fortunes are to be followed, or the book, however intellectually well constructed, soon loses its hold. Indeed, so many are the elements necessary to a satisfactory novel that it might seem rather to be surprising that the number of such is so large than that there are not more of them.

The healthful tendency which has been mentioned, however, like other hygienic questions of the day, is liable to be carried to an extreme by the enthusiasm of a certain class of adherents, and the tendency in this case is in the direction of hypercriticism, a disposition to pick flaws even where it requires some degree of research to find them. The general reader will call to mind abundant proof of this in the columns of book-reviews, so conspicuous a feature in current literature, and will hardly dispute the assertion that criticism nowadays is in the way of being sadly overdone. The critic of the period is for the most part an inveterate fault-finder, and seems to take blame to himself if by inadvertence he falls into the strain of commendation. One can but fancy the position of such an one if somebody's suggestion should be carried out that no man shall presume to pronounce upon the merits of a novel until he shall have proved his ability to produce one equally good. Yet, after all, perhaps the result would be as

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disastrous to the novelist himself as to the class thereby silenced, for the former is better pleased with the harshest of criticism than with the alternative of non-recognition, as the soldier prefers the forefront of the hottest battle to the being passed by in safe obscurity. To be a good critic it is needful to be a good reader, to place one's self in sympathy with the author for the time being, to view the scenes presented from the same standpoint. Thus only is it possible to judge fairly of the artistic skill displayed, lacking which the book, however full of incident, originality of thought, or literal accuracy, must fall short of excellence, while the presence of that vivifying power will serve to redeem a host of minor imperfections.

That a new claimant for literary honors has written three very successful books, and that he is now bringing out, in serial form, a fourth which bids fair to surpass in popularity both his earlier works, is well known to the reading public. But as to the intrinsic merits of these several productions there are widely differing opinions. On the one hand it is declared that the author is the most original as well as one of the strongest writers of the day, and he is welcomed with a degree of enthusiasm almost effusive, as having opened a new path into the enchanted realm of fiction, where a fresher air is breathed and a broader view of men and things is presented than we have been used to in these latter days. Another class of minds, however, with that perversity which is always ready to decry a new departure of any kind and in any direction whatsoever, refuses to accord him such high praise, or, indeed, to approve of him at all, declaring that there is nothing new in what he says, while in his manner of saying it there is an attempt at originality which often runs into pedantry or affectation. The truth seems to lie between the two, with a leaning towards the first-named judgment. In the case of both *Doctor Claudius* and *Mr. Isaacs* it seems as if the author were trying his powers for greater effort still, rather than as if, having reached his appointed goal, he were willing to stand aside or were content with the laurels already won. Without presumption on the one hand nor timidity on the other, there is about him a superb self-reliance, in itself a guarantee of success, and a frank confidence in the good-will of the reader which is extremely winning. His style is peculiarly his own, and, although not without certain defects, possesses a breezy freshness full of charm, and often carries one along with a sense of exhilarating movement. An air of cheerfulness pervades his stories, although they have their shadows; he is not afraid to give them

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a pleasant ending lest he should be unæsthetic. He does not depend upon the sensational, though he uses it when he sees fit. Neither do his figures pose in "stained-glass" attitudes expressive of mild idiocy; his people are alive, and have bones and muscle sufficient for the demands of life. His scenes, especially in *Doctor Claudius*, are real without being commonplace, and his dialogue is that of every day, but possesses that indescribable finish which removes it from the flat realism affected by so many would-be natural writers. His constructive faculty, while in both his published tales exercised within a somewhat restricted sphere, is above question. In the case of *Doctor Claudius* this is especially true. The ingenuity with which the reader is satisfied as to the lineage of the hero, without gaining a particle of definite information upon the subject, is one of the finest bits of literary workmanship to be met with, and the love-story which is the *raison d'être* of the book is, as a whole, exquisitely presented. An old-fashioned respect for woman, everywhere visible throughout Mr. Crawford's books, is one of their many admirable features, and the world of the affections is, in his thought, never subordinated to the merely intellectual.

The key-note of his books seems to be found in the incompleteness of any life, however noble in purpose or in fulfilment, if not rounded and softened by the sunshine of human sympathies, the interchange of human affections and interests. Both Isaacs and Claudius forcibly illustrate this point, though placed in circumstances as widely diverse as possible. The latter has been from early manhood a student, has sounded the depths of profoundest learning, has followed the windings of human thought through regions of cold speculation and darkest mazes of doubt, until, like him of old, he has grown weary of the search and pronounced it emptiness and vanity:

> "The toil
> Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
> And growing old in drawing nothing up."

He has begun to wonder if, after all, there is not something else in life wherewith a man may feed his hungry soul, and, with an unconscious reaching out after living companionship, he has half-decided upon going away somewhere in search of the freshness and bloom the world used to wear; when suddenly the change comes for which he is longing, and unimagined possibilities lie thick about his path, but lately so bare and dull. No longer living in himself and for himself, the burden of discontent drops

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away and his dreary questionings are at an end. In intercourse with his fellow-beings his whole nature expands and ripens, and the crowning touch is given to the noble character by the influence of his love for a good woman. In *Mr. Isaacs*, as has been intimated, the same idea is wrought out, by methods entirely different but always tending to the same end. In the careful delineation of both men one perceives the enthusiasm of a genuine hero-worship which does honor to the worshipper as well as to the hero, and gives color to the supposition that the portraits are taken from life. As types of purely moral excellence they are indeed admirable, and the author has known how to secure for them a strong degree of interest from the very outset, and to maintain it to the end. In short, Mr. Crawford has given us two charming stories, in the main charmingly told, clean, healthy, strong, and bright; and while it is yet too early to assign him to the highest rank in literary ability, he is unquestionably in the line of promotion and may be warmly congratulated upon the work already accomplished. Judging him through this medium, he would seem to be a man of culture, at home in many parts of the world, a reader of men as well as of books, and an accomplished linguist.*

One fault to be found with Mr. Crawford's style is a tendency towards what may be called anti-climax, an instance of which occurs in the seventeenth chapter of the volume which will first receive our attention, *Doctor Claudius*. The heroine has just been compelled to listen to a tale peculiarly repugnant to her exalted sense of honor, in which the narrator figures as hero. Too ignoble in himself to comprehend the contempt with which she is regarding him, he eagerly seeks to obtain some word of approval from her, when, instead of answering, she slowly rises, rings the bell, orders in briefest terms the visitor's carriage, and sweeps out of the room, "without deigning to look at the astonished young man, standing on the hearth-rug with his tea-cup in his hand." The dramatic effect is perfect, and as the unlucky caller descends the steps, pale with the shock of his summary dismissal, the impression produced is like that of a well-managed scene upon the stage. But the author does not leave the matter at this effective point. He goes on to address the gentleman in question in a series of moral reflections,

* Apropos of this latter point, however, he has been caught tripping in one piece of oversight which is sufficiently amusing. At the close of chapter iv. Dr. Claudius says to his American friend: "And if, as you say, I ever go to America, which seems in your opinion *paramount* to enjoying myself, I will take advantage of your kind invitation."

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which, though admirable in itself, is out of place—in fact, wholly superfluous. Like Anthony Trollope in that feeblest of performances, the *Life of Thackeray*, he does not always give his reader credit for intelligent comprehension, and occasionally becomes too explanatory. And yet such faults, with the added weight of others still to be enumerated, are by no means sufficient to affect the general estimate of Mr. Crawford's real power as a writer.

The story of *Doctor Claudius* opens with a description of the man and his surroundings. The almost Spartan simplicity of his mode of life might be called poverty-stricken, were it not for the innate refinement which belonged to him, and the further fact that his means, though small, are ample for much greater requirements than his. Hitherto he has fancied himself content with the quiet round of his duties as a professor in Heidelberg, varied only by his own unending studies which lead nowhere. Just when the sense of unrest which has come upon him begins to take definite shape, impelling him to action in some direction, a letter from across the sea informs him that he has fallen heir to a large fortune left by the only relative whom he has ever known, his maternal uncle. Here, then, as from the sky, has come the message of deliverance, the means of fulfilling his wildest dreams. But it seems he has had no dreams; for after the first overwhelming surprise he recovers his serenity, and, calmly looking up the wonderful documents, sits down to write to the New York lawyers by whom they were sent, requesting them to keep the money for the present, as he has no use for it. The act is in perfect keeping with the absolute simplicity of this man, however far removed from the conduct of ordinary people, for he is by no means ordinary. The next event which befalls him is the unheralded visit of an American, Mr. Barker, who belongs to the firm having charge of the inheritance and is amiably desirous of being friendly towards the newly-fledged millionaire. A lady, the youthful widow of a Russian nobleman, herself of American birth, crossing by a sort of accident the path of Claudius, proves to be an acquaintance of Barker. An introduction follows, and Claudius thinks that he has found the realization of the ideal of woman which he has cherished with a sort of far-off reverence through all his life. The spell which she casts upon him is constantly deepened by the rather frequent visits which his friend and he continue upon various pretexts, and life is no longer empty and unsatisfying. That which the possession of great wealth and the unaccustomed sweetness of well-managed flattery, with numberless reminders of his own

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importance in the world, which he never seems to understand, have been powerless to accomplish is at once achieved without effort by this new influence, and the manner in which the author has pictured the chivalrous homage of this knightly soul is most beautiful and delicate. An English duke, whose name never transpires, and his sister, who figures as the Lady Victoria, come upon the scene at the precise point when they are needed to prevent a too early *dénouement* which the sagacious reader perceives impending. A voyage across the Atlantic in his grace's steam-yacht having been proposed to the countess, a very pretty passage of doubt and hesitation occurs, the lady having become, half-unconsciously, more interested than she is aware in this noble and unconventional Swede, and, woman-like, being fearful of betraying her interest. The difficulty is solved through the ingenuity of Mr. Barker, who contrives that all the proprieties shall be observed without separating the two persons, for whom he has begun to feel a sort of proprietary interest. He seems a good fellow in the main, although given to excessive slang, and is gifted with a full share of shrewdness and general business faculty. The party set out in high spirits, the countess taking especial pains to convince herself and the others that the presence of Claudius is precisely of the same value to her as that of the rest. A storm at sea and the sense of a common danger, however, lead to the involuntary betrayal of feelings whose existence she will not admit to herself, and naturally poor Claudius is rather severely snubbed afterwards. The arrival in New York is very brightly sketched, and the routine upon which the visitors enter, although more suggestive than positive, is as good a picture as could be given in so brief a space. It is not places, but people and their thoughts and deeds, that the author delights in. One of the prominent personages introduced is Mr. Horace Bellingham, whose portrait is drawn *con amore*, and who is the very ideal of the modern gentleman, using the word in its truest sense. One paragraph in regard to him is especially fine:

"There are some people who turn gray but who do not grow hoary, whose faces are furrowed but not wrinkled, whose hearts are sore wounded in many places but are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to age, and there is a kindness which laughs at the world's rough usage. These are they who have returned good for evil, not having learned it as a lesson of righteousness, but because they have no evil in them to return upon others. Whom the gods love die young,* and they die young

* "Quem di diligunt,
Adolescens moritur."
—Plautus, *Bacchid.* iv. 7, 18.

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because they never grow old. The poet who at the verge of death said this said it of and to this very man."

But, admirable as is the sketch, it must be said that the author has made too heavy a demand upon one's sense of fitness in presenting this charming individual as a Buddhist. The essential characteristics of New York life, in which Mr. Bellingham is a leading figure, are not overwhelmingly conducive to the contemplative abstraction of mystical beliefs. Not to speak uncharitably, it might appear as if the simplest form of the simplest morality were beyond the powers of some portions of New York. Close upon the pleasant episode just mentioned comes the dramatic part of the story, in which Barker, upon whom the reader has been looking with friendly if not admiring eyes, suddenly and startlingly develops into a rascal of the first rank under the influence of a newly-formed determination to win for himself the fair countess. He insinuates distrust of the identity of Claudius, and opens the way to indefinite trouble and confusion for the lovers—for as such Dr. Claudius and Countess Margaret have long since been recognized. A Russian nobleman, Nicholas by name, brother to the late count, arrives at this juncture, and his rather unpleasant position as a suspected Nihilist produces a strong effect upon the countess, the more as the security of her dower depends upon the status of her husband's family at the imperial court. Claudius is, of course, the knight whose sword is to cut the Gordian knot, and, with the ostensible object of obtaining proof of being himself and not another, but influenced far more strongly by the hope of doing a service to one whom Margaret loves, he goes to Europe, the countess being left under the impression that his sole destination is Heidelberg. Before this point has been reached, however, Claudius has a private interview with the duke, and shows him the contents of a mysterious box—letters and documents of such a character that the confidant is overcome with delight and surprise by the knowledge obtained, declaring that, while he had accepted the offered confidence as a "token of friendship," he now looks upon it "as a very great distinction." Claudius takes leave of the countess on the cliffs at Newport. The supreme trial of parting breaks down the reserve with which the latter has hitherto concealed her real feeling towards the Swede, and they are betrothed. At the last moment he bids her, if in his absence any doubt of him shall arise in her heart, to ask the duke the *other reason* for his going; her answer is, "I shall not doubt you!" The end of it all is, of course, easily foreseen. Claudius, having

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obtained letters to the English ambassador at St. Petersburg and thrown off for the time the mystery of his identity, secures without difficulty the restoration of the Count Nicholas—still without betraying his whereabouts to his American friends—and returns triumphant to claim his bride, who at last learns whom she is to marry, although the reader does not.

If any fault can be found with Claudius throughout the book it is in the line of love-letters. He is too great in soul, too powerful in intellect, to fall into the extravagance of expression found in such a passage as this, coming after some of the most exquisite love-making that can be imagined:

"I would ask that for one hour I might hold in my hand the baton of heaven's choir. Then would I lead those celestial musicians through such a grand plain chant as time has never dreamt of, nor has eternity yet heard it; so that rank on rank of angels and saints should take up the song until the arches of the outer firmament rang again and the stars chimed together, and all the untold hierarchy of archangelic voice and heavenly instrument should cry as with one soul the confession of this heart of mine, 'I love.'"*

The answer of Margaret to the letter in which the above effusion occurs is as unlike what a dignified and polished woman of the world would write as the other is incongruous with the noble simplicity of Claudius, and one is tempted to hope that the author may for the future lay aside this particular form of expressing love.

In *Mr. Isaacs* a totally different line has been taken, and the two books would hardly suggest comparison as being the work of the same hand. It has a certain kind of interest, deepening in some portions to an almost tragic intensity, but the admiration of the reader is nowhere so warmly attracted towards the hero as in the case of Claudius. The strong point of the book is the perfectly-preserved consistency of the narrative style. It is given throughout in the guise of the personal experience and observation of a journalist, Paul Griggs, and is so successfully maintained that the story reads like the veracious reports of a special correspondent. *Mr. Isaacs*, as an experiment, deserves all possible credit. The originality of conception displayed in taking a Mohammedan, with three very intractable wives, as the subject of a tale of love, is in itself a stroke of genius, and it is

* Before reading the books of Mr. Crawford we had been under the impression, derived from sources apparently reliable, that he was a Catholic, but his writings bear no internal evidence of the fact. The language above quoted would scarcely fall from the pen of one educated in Catholic thought. The passage reminds one of the *fine writing* of Mr. George Gilfillan, the Scotch essayist.

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not to be denied that the author has invested the plot with an extraordinary degree of interest as it develops through the various stages, which finally lead to the inevitable termination, admirably brought about and in entire keeping with the conditions presented. Yet as a whole the book can by no means stand comparison with the work just discussed. The plan of the story is much more elaborate than that of *Doctor Claudius* and possesses more of the romantic element. The scenes are laid in India, and the hero, whose very prosaic appellation of Isaacs is a convenient paraphrase of Abdul-Hafiz-ben-Isâk, is a Persian by birth and a Mohammedan in faith. Having been sold as a slave into Turkey, his youth was passed in the service of a kind master, a very learned man, who exacted of him as his hardest labor the acquisition of an excellent education. When just arrived at manhood he lost his protector, and, dreading the future, determined to escape. After many hardships he made his way to Bombay, ragged, hungry, his whole worldly possessions a few copper coins. In attempting to buy food he offended through ignorance the caste laws of the Hindus, was arrested and fined. The English official who presided kindly paid the penalty for him and gave him a rupee in addition, which gift proved to be the foundation of his fortunes. Step by step he advanced, becoming a dealer in precious stones, and finally attaining to immense wealth and to the power which belongs to it, in Eastern lands as elsewhere. He is a believer in the influence of the stars, and has much of the poetic fancy of an Oriental, joined to the practical judgment of a European—an attractive personage in many respects, and most ably drawn, yet lacking the nameless something which might make the reader whole-heartedly his friend. He is the central figure in a brilliant and rapidly changing succession of events, but the feeling which he generally inspires is rather that of admiration tinged with a respectful curiosity than of cordial sympathy with his modes of thought or his recorded actions. As a study of Anglo-Indian life the book is genuinely pleasing, the descriptions of scenery spirited and graceful, and the peculiar tone of Eastern life well-sustained. In wealth of imagery and general expression the book far surpasses *Doctor Claudius*, but withal there is an air of unreality, an artificial splendor, infinitely removed from the sturdy, simple truthfulness impressed upon every page of the Norseman's love-story.

The current belief regarding the publication of Mr. Crawford's latest book, *To Leeward*, that it was of necessity and not by preference committed to an American house, through the refusal

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of the English firm to publish it on the ground of its immorality, has had the natural result of creating an unusual interest in the work. It was not to be supposed that people who had thought to read the author's mind through the medium of *Doctor Claudius* with its crystalline purity, or through the almost exaggerated refinement of *Mr. Isaacs*, should easily accept the assertion that the same mind had so suddenly passed over to the side of evil. In such matters readers will choose to judge for themselves, and it goes without saying that *To Leeward* is the most widely read story of the day. For our own part we say unhesitatingly that the influence of the work is for good. Admitting that the subject is a dangerous one, it is yet unhappily so constantly thrust upon the attention as a feature of modern life that it is simply foolish to try to keep it out of sight. Ignorance is not innocence, and the victor in the contest between right and wrong does not begin by shutting his eyes to the resources of his enemy. "True knowledge of the world," remarks Mr. Crawford, "lies in the knowledge of good and evil, not confounding the noble with the ignoble under one smearing of mud, nor yet whitewashing the devil into an ill-gotten reputation for cleanliness." If, in the treatment of this dangerous theme, it can be shown that the author has gilded with fair colors the path which his heroine elects to tread; if in following that path the reader is tempted to excuse, to pity, to sympathize with the waywardness of an undisciplined and utterly selfish woman, or to look kindly upon deeds of blackest treachery, then such an author is doing an evil thing and his condemnation cannot be too strong. But if, on the other hand, one finds that, so far from being attracted to the brilliant characters which fill the foreground of the picture, the main interest attaches to the quiet personages fulfilling their part in the unexciting round of honorable life; if the whole teaching of the story makes wickedness hideous and repulsive, however fair its outward seeming, and simple truth and honesty to stand far above the most dazzling gifts of mind and person, such a book must be for good and not for ill. This, we think, has been the object of *To Leeward*. The actors are few in number, but the intensity of interest in the story is none the less; the incidents are not many, nor are they especially striking. The whole plot may be summed up in a few words, yet it is instinct with life and power, and dominated by one leading thought—the perils of human souls that drift without an anchor. If Mr. Crawford has been wrong in telling the story at all, if that is to constitute the ground of accusation against him apart from the meaning which

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he has given it, what is to be said of Thackeray, of George Eliot, of Anthony Trollope? Is *Vanity Fair* a book not to be approved because of Becky Sharp and her noble friend, the Marquis of Steyne? Is *The Newcomes* to be tabooed because Lady Clara Pullen ran away with Jack Belsize? Must we decline to read *Middlemarch* or *Daniel Deronda* because of the mistakes in love-affairs made by some of the personages therein? Or is that wonderfully wrought story, *Can You Forgive Her?* a thing to be dreaded because Mr. Palliser's wife was almost persuaded to leave him? In the fascinating pages of *To Leeward* we have found nothing that could be in any way construed into a palliation of the wrong that is foreshadowed almost at the very outset. The simple manliness and sincerity of Carantoni, the innate nobleness which renders him incapable of imagining even a wrong intention as possible to his wife, his generous friendship and open-hearted trustfulness, are made to seem so beautiful and admirable that he never for a moment deserves anything less than our entire respect and honor. He is not a genius, nor even especially clever, but he is a type of what is pure and true, as the other man, Batiscombe, is the type of all that is false and mean and degraded, despite his fascination, his intellect, his courage, and his ill-gotten knowledge of the world. The story is as old as the hills, of course, but it is here given in such wise that it seems almost fresh and new under the spell of a power which the most grudging of critics will never again be able to decry. Mr. Crawford has been enabled to write it plainly and openly, hiding nothing, making no excuses, yet with never a line or a word that might offend; without moralizing, with scarcely a trace of expressed condemnation for the guilty, yet making their guilt so appalling, so utterly without palliation, that the coolest of readers must be stirred to indignant scorn on the one hand, and on the other to that intense sympathy which unmerited calamity must always command.

And now we turn to a novel so different in every particular from Mr. Crawford's works that by no possibility could the slightest connection be established between them but for the accident which brings them together on these pages—that of their publication within the same season. The title, *But yet a Woman*, is perhaps the only point on which a reasonable pretext for fault-finding can be maintained, although in fairness the present writer should honestly confess to having been bewitched by the book. Taking it up casually, with no previous knowledge of its very existence, an influence such as seldom emanates from

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modern story-writing seemed to enfold the reader from the outset. The works of Mr. Crawford, as has been said, are full of the ring and stir of the busy world, with its bustling activity, its rivalries, its self-seeking, its smiles for the prosperous, its frowns for those who have known defeat—the world of to-day. Mr. Hardy's book is to these like passing from the crowded streets of some great city into the quiet of a cathedral, where all jarring noise is hushed, and a calm falls upon the soul wearied with the stress and whirl of the rushing life outside. A feeling of peace, a sense of renewed strength, grows within the mind as the beautiful story goes on, and when the end is reached the impression does not fade. The world seems a better place, the problems of life less hard to solve, its burdens easier to bear in the light shed upon them from that higher plane to which the reader has been lifted. The moral influence of such writing is simply incalculable, and the man who has given us this story is nothing less than a benefactor. In literary execution also it would be difficult for the most captious of criticism to point out a serious defect. It is as strong as it is sweet, as perfect in finish as it is pure in conception; clear as the stream in which one sees the white pebbles at the bottom, yet broad and deep as the river whose current bears onward the mystery which we call life. In epigrammatic force and beauty of expression it is worthy to stand beside the first works of fiction in the language, and there is an occasional touch reminding one of the matchless pen of Thackeray, but without a trace of imitation. In fact, so rich is it in every element of beauty that there is hardly a page on which there is not some sentiment or idea worthy of admiring comment.

Like Buckingham, whose way was marked by jewels which fell from his garments as he walked, this author drops pearls along his path wherewith to enrich those who will stop to gather them. In his companionship our view of men and things grows gentler and more kindly, and in the pictures which he holds before us there is the continually recurring thought that he has shown us nothing nobler than himself. In following the development of his story, with its wealth of elevated and beautiful thought, one is irresistibly reminded of what was said of a great statesman whose name will be for ever held in honor: "It is a white soul." The characters of the book are few in number, but each is a study in itself, so finely drawn, so delicately shaded, and so distinct in personality that to know them is to add by so much to the list of those whom we are not likely to forget. The

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movement of the story is very quiet, its interest depending more upon the interior life than upon variety of incident, and yet there is not a trace of dulness to be found throughout. The dialogue is especially remarkable and would alone suffice to establish any author's claim to consideration. Mr. Hardy possesses the peculiar faculty of identifying himself with the person represented, and seems not only to speak the words but to reflect the very mental process which they express. It is almost impossible to divest one's self of the idea that it is a Frenchman who depicts so perfectly the phases of French social life as well as the very genius of French thought.

The character of Father Le Blanc is so life-like, and takes such hold upon the attention, that it seems natural to speak of him, even before the leading personages of the tale. In all fiction it would be rare to find a more exquisite creation; he draws hearts to himself, like that good Bishop of D. in Hugo's wonderful work, *Les Misérables.* His homely figure with its worn soutane and its white hair; the kind eyes which see so clearly without seeming to observe; the gentle voice which speaks words of healing to hearts that ache, without showing that he knows their wounds; his profound learning and his child-like humility, together form a picture unsurpassed, whether as man, as Christian, or as priest. M. De Marsac is a conception equally striking, but standing at the extremest limit of opposition in type. He is a journalist by profession, a man of the world, brilliantly gifted, with one strong, overmastering principle as the guide of his every action—the love of self. Scrupulously regardful of the proprieties of life, and with the desire for approbation which self-love will never willingly dispense with, he has accustomed himself to pose on high moral grounds before the eyes of men, until at length he almost succeeds in persuading himself that the attitude is a natural one and that the lofty sentiments which he utters so readily are in truth his own. Cold and polished as ice, there is yet a lurid fire of passion beneath the surface, which sends forth now and then an arrowy gleam, quickly smothered under the mantle of expediency. Doubly a traitor while yet a young man to the friend who trusted him, he has gone on step by step in the subjugation of conscience, until it no longer utters anything contrary to his will, for "once thoroughly mastered there is no better slave." To many readers this character will stand out as the most thoroughly original effort of the author's genius, as it is also, perhaps, his most powerful delineation. Repulsive in every feature when once the veil is removed, M. De Marsac is yet a strongly interesting study, since there is always

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the certainty that but for the terrible perversion of his nature he would have filled a noble part in life. But knowing the right, he has deliberately chosen the wrong, and, like a splendid ruin, he seems to form a dark background bringing out the colors of the picture, his hypocrisy itself becoming a tribute to that which is true and good, since men will not be at pains to counterfeit the baser metals.

M. Michel is a subordinate, but by no means an insignificant, personage, giving out occasionally some unexpected touches of ironical humor, with quaint bits of philosophical reflection, now and then, delightfully naïve and characteristic; and good M. Lande, who fills even a smaller place, is a pathetic and suggestive sketch of a soul which has missed the way to earthly happiness, but has not lost hold upon that which lies beyond. A thread of romance is woven in with the Spanish journey, which leads to the discovery of some portions of M. De Marsac's early history, and is ingeniously carried on to a situation of tragic interest towards the close of the book. The opposition of type which has been alluded to as represented by the priest and the journalist is not reproduced in the womanly element of Mr. Hardy's work. Stephanie and Renée both constitute a very exalted conception of feminine character, and in his treatment of this especial theme lies, perhaps, the strongest confirmation of all that we have said of his genius. In the earlier part of the story the reader is kept somewhat in doubt as to which is the actual heroine. Renée, with the mind of a woman and the heart of a child, is lovely as a poet's ideal. Brought up in a seclusion which was not isolation, she has never known other companionship than that of her convent training, her books, and the society of M. Michel's salon. Her life is an open page on which only good thoughts and pure aspirations have as yet been traced. Ignorant of the evil that is in the world, she has learned to pity the sorrow and suffering which she had never seen, and is about to become a Sister of Mercy. The appearance of Roger Lande one evening among her uncle's guests brings in a new and potent influence, and about the same time Stephanie Milevski returns to Paris after a long absence. Stephanie has passed through many and varied experiences, and, with all the grand capabilities of her nature, one sometimes trembles lest a creature so heroic, so impassioned, so strong of will shall fail to use her powers aright. She is a widow, although still young and very beautiful, possessed of great wealth and eagerly welcomed in the gay world which seems her proper sphere, and where adulation waits upon her every step. But she is alone withal. Her marriage was an alliance, not a union, and

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her heart has not yet been awakened. Patriotism is the strongest sentiment she has ever known, and loyalty to the king has become a part of her life. The visit to Paris brings her in contact with some old friends of Russian days, and renews an acquaintance with Roger Lande, whom she meets, to her utter consternation, at the house of M. Michel. An accident has made him cognizant of Stephanie's relations with the court at Frohsdorf, and she knows herself to be in his power. Without a sign of discomposure she takes occasion to ascertain his intentions, and his noble dignity so impresses her that her admiration becomes by degrees merged into a deeper feeling, and she loves him as only such women can love. This Roger is a person well worth consideration. Proud, reserved, ambitious, unaided by any extraneous advantage in his upward struggle, his experience has not tended to develop the gentler qualities within him, and the symmetry of his moral growth is in danger of warping. But with the coming of Renée a new light shone upon him, and henceforth all was changed. The story of their love is surpassingly sweet and tender, and contrasts finely with the shadow which falls upon Stephanie, of whom Roger had once said that "life would be hard for her in any event, it makes upon her such deep impressions." At length there comes for her an hour in which lies the supreme trial, the choice between good and evil that is to raise her to the height of a perfect self-conquest or to purchase happiness at Renée's cost. It is a crucial test, borne silently and alone, unseen by any human eye save that of Father Le Blanc, and revealing to her as by heaven's own light the key to life's problem of mystery: "Many a brave soul finds itself first, God afterwards." With the assurance of victory comes the inspiration for a higher offering still, and her entrance into the cloister is the completion of her sacrifice. The closing chapter of the book, in which the ceremonial occurs, is a splendid instance of Mr. Hardy's power and leaves an impression upon the mind not soon to be effaced. Apart from the numberless passages and scenes worthy of note in this most exquisite story, a special interest attaches to the mission of Stephanie to the exiled king, whose recent death has changed once more the outlook upon political affairs in France, and placed in the keeping of another chief the white flag which Henry, Count de Chambord, loved so well.

That the author of *But yet a Woman* has a great literary future before him, if he be so minded, goes without saying. That he will be so minded must be the earnest wish of all who value what is pure and exalted in the realm of modern fiction.

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"IF THOU WILT ENTER INTO LIFE."

SOUL, thou art washed and clean, thy burden gone;
The King's highway lies straight and plain before,
Well trodden and well peopled: not alone
Shalt thou approach the ever open door.

The wayside inns are plenty, should the night
Surprise thee with thy early strength outworn;
The bath is ready for thy feet, a light
To cheer the gloom, red wine and bread at morn.

And pleasant fruits grow ripe, and innocent flowers
Blossom in every hedgerow—pluck thy fill!
So thou but keep the path, the happy hours
Delay the journey's close, yet bring it still.

"IF THOU WILT BE PERFECT."

BUT if thou wilt be perfect, follow Me!
The night is dark, the way is steep; it goes
Straight upward to the summit. Thou shalt be
Upon the heights before the night shall close.

Tread in my steps, cling close; the path is strait:
Not even I and thou can walk abreast
Until the journey's ending. I will wait
Thy weariness, and after give thee rest.

The thorns are sharp? The rocks are hard? The roar
Of fierce and sullen storms affrights thine ear?
Yea, if thou loose thy hold, thou fallest o'er
The sheer, black depth: yet cast away thy fear.

For lo, the Dayspring! Faint and far they shine,
The worlds below us, in its silver ray!
Thy Father, Brother, Lover greets thee! Mine
The weary night was, and I am the Day!

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THOMISTIC-ROSMINIAN EMERSONIANISM; OR, "A RELIGION FOR ITALY."

THERE is an article, which is in some respects a noticeable one, by Thomas Davidson, entitled "A Religion for Italy," in the last December number of the *Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine*. Its author seems to share in not an uncommon impression of the New England mind, that his mission is to furnish a religion, and he has seen fit publicly to ventilate in the above appropriate publication his ideas on the subject.

After depicting what he considers to be the weaknesses and sins of the Italians, and their better characteristics and gifts as a people, he asks the question: "What form of religion will at once act as a remedy to the former and as a healthy stimulant to the latter?" "It must be a religion," he informs us, "that shall banish superstition, enlighten the mind, encourage self-respect and personal independence, and justify the highest aspirations and hopes—a religion based upon a generous philosophy, and affording material for art, encouragement and guidance to science, and a norm of life, political, social, domestic, personal." He then sets himself to fulfil his self-imposed task by answering two questions: "How is it possible to have an efficacious religion without superstition? Who could be found to preach such a religion?" The second—how to supply preachers to this new religious sect—is no concern of ours. Here is his answer to the first question: "New England Unitarianism, in its more advanced forms of free religion and Emersonianism, comes very near being such a religion, and only lacks a profound philosophical basis to give it courage to become so altogether." But what is to supply to the advanced forms of Unitarianism that which they lack to be a religion for Italy? This is his reply: "There exists a philosophy, thus far little known in New England, which is in every way suited to supply such a basis. This is none other than the philosophy of the Catholic Church, Thomism, as worked out, in the light of modern thought, into clearness and coherence in the system of Antonio Rosmini, the greatest of Italian thinkers."

It might be quite natural for a Catholic on reading these lines to exclaim: "To what base uses we may return, Hora-

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tio! . . . The noble dust of Alexander stopping a bung-hole." But we would rather congratulate the writer, who has so far cast aside his prejudices as to give his attention and devote his time to the study of Catholic philosophy. Few free-religionists or Emersonians, he may be assured, have overcome their instilled prejudices even to that extent. Who knows what might have been the precious fruits of transcendentalism, if, instead of seeking in its start for a dialectical basis among French and German philosophers, it had had the courage to examine Catholic philosophy, where all is found consonant with man's everlasting convictions, and which fully sustains the soul's loftiest aspirations? Dr. Channing saw in his day that transcendentalism had lost the opportunity of becoming an original movement by trusting the crude systems of French and German philosophy, and he regretted it. German philosophy in its destructive process landed transcendentalists where it has left its cultivators and followers in its native land—in infidelity and rationalism, which now pass under the euphonious title of *der speculative Protestantismus*, and which the writer under criticism calls "the advanced forms of Unitarianism," and his mission, so it appears, is to give to these erratic movements "a profound philosophical basis."

"Protestantism," he says, "is distinctly unphilosophical." Minds reasonably free from bias, and which think, know this to be so. The denial of reason and free-will is involved as an immediate inference in the Protestant doctrine of "total depravity," and this destroys the basis of all knowledge and all virtue in the natural order. To preach the Gospel to one who is "totally depraved" is both vain and suicidal. A Christian, on the common Protestant theory of Christianity, is one who has at least renounced reason and repudiated the natural dignity of man. Protestantism, as a system of religious belief, leaves no other alternative to a mind accustomed to think consecutively than either to become infidel or "strangle reason," as Martin Luther sagely advised his followers who would become perfect Christians to do.

Mr. Davidson is right again when he says that "free religion and Emersonianism lack a profound philosophical basis." Does he, in the simplicity of his soul, suppose that he can supply what these systems are lacking, when he cannot find two of their adherents who are willing to study Catholic philosophy, or, if they were, would agree with him as to its contents? The author of "A Religion for Italy" has set for himself a harder task than Samson had in tying together the foxes' tails!

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No one can have observed closely the course of the leaders of these movements in New England without giving them credit for having reached the perception of certain great neglected truths of reason, and for earnest convictions; but they held these with no strong and firm intellectual grasp. Finally these truths and convictions escaped them, and the fabrics built upon them, when the storms came, fell. This was the experience of the two wings of transcendentalism in their attempts to reduce their theories to practice at Brook Farm and Fruitlands. Alas that such lofty aspirations should have been born in vain and such noble efforts have been wasted! Subsequently Mr. Francis Ellswood Abbot, a leader in free-religionism, in his attempt to hinder the free love section from mastering the "Liberal League," of which he was the president, suffered defeat.

Is Mr. Davidson fully aware of the character of the enterprise upon which he appears about to enter? The transference of the supernatural order to the natural constitution of man is a dangerous, rash, not to say vain experiment. The Gnostics of old in their intellectual pride made the attempt in pretending to know what is beyond the natural grasp of human reason, and failed. Up to this hour Catholicity has maintained successfully in the court of intelligence her inheritance. She is in possession, and her titles are at all times scientifically verifiable. It is a delusion to suppose that divine revelation, the Catholic Church, can be conquered by the opposition of a sect or the hostility of a nation or a race. As to the futility of the efforts of sectarianism after nineteen centuries, this needs no proof; as to the two last, England and Bismarck stand to-day as witnesses of their truth. It is a new phase of folly to suppose that Catholic philosophy will lend itself to the destructive process contemplated.

This mongering in sects is a poor trade, and the new one about to be fabricated for Italians will fall flat to the dust. No ordinarily sane man with common education would choose, at this stage of the world's experience, to be a sectarian in religion, in philosophy, or in science. What intelligent and impartial men who study the religious question are seeking for is not a religion fitted for Italians, or Gallicans, or Spaniards, or Germans, or Englishmen, or Americans, or Chinese, or the people of India. The day of sectarianism, national churches, or race religions has gone by. Such work leave to ultra Protestants, or to the Loysons, the Döllingers, and the Protap Chunder Mozoondars. The mind and energies of a man conscious of his true dignity and of the greatness of his destiny cannot be con-

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fined to himself, or to a family, or to a nation, or to a race. Intelligent men who neither exaggerate reason nor revelation seek for a religion that is divine and universal in time and in space, such as Christianity has always, everywhere, and in all ages claimed to be and is, because it can be verified by every criterion of truth. A civilized man who is not a sceptic or ignorant, and is not a Christian, is a coward. A well-instructed Christian man not a Catholic is a failure.

Mr. Davidson proceeds on the false premise, common with rationalists, that the truths of revealed religion and the truths of reason can be divorced, or that the truths of reason alone are all that men require to make a religion that suffices for all their needs. These both are pure assumptions, unwarranted either by history or philosophy. There never has been a time when the truths of revealed religion and the truths of reason have been separated from each other. This is a historical fact. That they cannot be divorced when once united, as they are and always have been in the Catholic religion, without the repudiation of the dictates of reason, is a philosophical truth. If he should succeed in inducing free-religionists and Emersonians, if such be found, to study Catholic philosophy, it is more than likely, it is certain, that the outcome of their studies will be, if reason rules, their giving up of infidelity and their becoming Catholics.

The knowledge of the great primary truths of reason disposes the guileless mind to the acceptance of Catholicity when it is fairly presented to it. Mr. William T. Harris says in effect this much in his "Philosophy in Outline," which he is now publishing in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, of which he is the editor. "The conclusion reached in our time," he writes, "that the theological doctrine of the Trinity is a useless subtlety, may be found altogether rash and unwarranted by philosophy."* Now, every consistent Unitarian will agree that, with "the theological doctrine of the Trinity" as a premise, the Divinity of Christ, the Incarnation, the Catholic Church and her sacraments, follow as logical inferences.

Mr. Davidson was right, therefore, in saying, as he does, that "Protestantism and positivism are distinctly unphilosophical," and also that "free religion and Emersonianism lack a profound philosophical basis." He might have added: that no sect will ever be able to find a philosophical basis for its heresy—his own included, we subjoin. Since the truths of divine revelation and the truths of human reason come from the same divine

* July, 1883, p. 312.

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Source, there is no struggle, in the mind of a Catholic, between faith and reason. They stand or fall together.

Divine revelation is the supreme reason disclosing truths, otherwise inaccessible to human reason, with an evidence that excludes all rational doubt as to their origin. Sound philosophy does not exclude divine revelation, since the truths of both spring from the same certain source. Revealed religion, therefore, can be legitimately approached through sound philosophy. Catholicity is Christianity in consonance with the dictates of reason. Hence there is no thoroughly rational belief in Christianity outside of the Catholic Church. The author of "A Religion for Italy," though he does not say so in so many words, sees this clearly, and virtually repudiates Christianity with the New England rationalists, otherwise called free-religionists. Has not F. E. Abbot impeached Christianity, to the satisfaction of the free-religionists? This much can be said for the writer in the *Unitarian Magazine:* his inferences from his false premise follow at least logically. Protestantism as Christianity makes a miserable show, but answers well enough as a temporary standing-place for infidels and atheists to aim their shafts against revealed truth and all religion.

Further on, under Emersonianism, we shall speak of the second assumption of rationalism of the sufficiency of human reason. But the pith of this article in the *Unitarian Monthly* lies in the announcement of the advent of a brand-new religion in the shape of "New England Unitarianism, in its more advanced forms of free religion and Emersonianism," assuming, as Mr. Davidson does, that they are placed upon the basis of Catholic philosophy! Upon what? *Risum teneatis amici.* Catholic philosophy!

It would be proper at this stage of our friendly comment to ask, "What is free religion?" The free-religionist movement sprang from the more radical and ardent members of the Unitarian Association who were actuated with the desire of getting rid, in the speediest way possible, of the spurious Christianity which was imposed upon them by their Puritan forefathers as pure religion. Free-religionism may be defined as Protestantism, viewed, not as a heretical Christian sect, but from its standpoint as a protest or rebellion against the authority of the Catholic Church, extended to its legitimate result—individualism. They agree to disagree, and Mr. Davidson, unless we are egregiously mistaken, would not find two whose names are known to the public as free religionists who would accept *ex animo*,

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separately or *in globo*, the four propositions which he says Catholic philosophy will show. If he doubts this, let him try the experiment among the transcendentalists in their Summer School of Philosophy at Concord.

"Free religion" would make a poor exhibit as a religion for Italy, if the confession of its first and most active leader is to be credited. In giving his reasons for closing up in 1879 with "individualism," Rev. O. B. Frothingham says:

"Emerson preached individualism, so did Parker. So did all men of the transcendental school. . . . But the time comes . . . when individualism becomes rough and rude and contumacious, when vagaries and whims and notions calling themselves inspired, and a coarse kind of self-assertion, take possession of the holy place and utter their diatribe in the name of prophecy. Then individualism becomes questionable. . . . Therefore it is given me to say this, that in my judgment the era of dogmatic individualism is drawing near to its close." *

After having passed several years in Europe to recruit his health, on his return he speaks as follows:

"For many years I have been inclined to try to prove that everything comes out of the earth from below; that religion is purely earthly in its origin—something made by man in his effort to perfect himself, to use Mr. Abbot's phrase; and I have not, as I now think, taken enough account of a divine mind, a power above man, working on and through him to lift and lead; and in his own use of that term he looks for longer 'renditions' of God and truth in the future." †

The other element of the composition of a religion for Italy consists in "Emersonianism." What is that? Well may one ask: What is that? Mr. Emerson first advocated naturalism; he was a votary of Nature, and so far as he worshipped at all it was at her shrines. He tells us:

"All my hurts
My garden spade can heal. A woodland walk,
A quest of river grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild rose, or rock-loving columbine,
Salve my worst wounds." ‡

A man who can find in spades, in walks, in fruits, in birds and flowers, virtues which drive out of the flesh all its foes and restore it to its first vigor is rarely gifted. But we must be pardoned for the suspicion that that man's hurts could not have been very serious or his wounds very deep if he could find their healing salves so readily in Nature's stores. Let but the hand

* *Farewell Sermon.*

† *Expression of the Opinions of Rev. O. B. Frothingham*, by Rev. M. J. Savage.

‡ "Musketaquid."

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of death touch the human affections of this over-ardent, not to say superstitious worshipper of Nature, and then one shall hear, if true to himself, a strain whose accents it will be difficult to distinguish from the wail of despair. Here is such a strain, written on the death of his boy:

"The south wind brings
Life, sunshine, and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire;
But over the dead he has no power,
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return." *

If Nature heals the hurts of the flesh, it is clear she grows no herb to cure the wounds of the soul. The south wind with its aromatic fire has no power over the dead. To assuage such griefs the balm

"Grows
In that sole garden where
Christ's brow dropt blood."

Then a species of subjective rationalism spread over his mind and turned Mr. Emerson into a chronic sceptic. He defines religion as "the pious ejaculations of a few imaginative men." Thus God and religion are the product of the creative force of thought, the mere coinage of the human brain, otherwise nullities. This is one of the worst symptoms of the intellectual disease of scepticism—the loss of the natural capacity for the apprehension of God. Mr. Emerson dares to tell a people who have not altogether lost the Christian consciousness that

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best."

If this be elevated thought and ennobling aspiration, to make "the love of the Best" the work of a "fiend," the author of "A Religion for Italy" is welcome to Emerson, but we mistake the people of Italy if they agree, or ever will agree, with him, that the natural love in man's heart for God is the product of a base spirit. The furious Martin Luther or the sour John Calvin never said anything of human nature worse than that. But before the close of his career Mr. Emerson had better moments—moments in which he rose above naturalism and subjective rationalism; moments in which he was conscious that man was more than Nature, and that rationalism was not sufficient for

* "Threnody."

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man's religious needs; moments when he was given to see clearly that the pursuit of natural virtues was no substitute for revealed religion. But he never got rid of scepticism or rose to the plane of vision to see that religion which embraces nature, animate and inanimate, in closest companionship, and is distinguished by the heroic love of her children for their fellow-men.

The sage of Concord was not altogether wrong; in view of his heredity and environment he might have done worse, and he deserves credit for not having done worse. The pursuit of personal independence, the acquisition of natural virtues, and the emancipation of the mind from servility, rightly viewed, are conditions favorable to the acquisition of truth. But it is a mistake to suppose that this preliminary work is necessary to every one, or to fancy that everybody suffers as he did from a half-dozen or more of grim Puritan ancestors "wrapped up in his skin."

Mr. Emerson was keen enough to see that he was no guide to the young generation growing up around him, who were earnestly seeking for truth and were unwilling to accept heathen views of life, which was all that he had to offer. The pagan sage of Concord was not their guide, and he candidly tells them so:

"Alas! the Sprite that haunts us
Deceives our rash desire;
It whispers of the glorious gods,
And leaves us in the mire.
We cannot learn the cipher
That's writ upon our cell;
Stars help us by a mystery
Which we could never spell." *

He comforts himself, however, with the thought that he is with his contemporaries in the dark—a comfort he may take who finds any enjoyment in demon-haunted ground.

"But our brothers have not read it,
Not one has found the key;
And henceforth we are comforted—
We are but such as they."

To find the master key to that knowledge of which the seer of Concord confesses his ignorance was needed more breadth of mind and a broader education than commonly fell to the lot of men born one or two generations ago in New England of Puritan

* "The World-Soul."

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parentage. The failure of proclaiming half-truths dawned upon Mr. Emerson before his life ended, and in some such better moment he must have penned the following:

"What our society most needs to-day is a baptism of the Holy Ghost. I see in the young men of this age character, but scepticism. They have insight and truthfulness, they will not mask their convictions, they hate cant; but more than this I do not readily find. The gracious motions of the soul—piety, adoration—I do not find. Scorn of hypocrisy, elegance, boundless ambition of the intellect, willingness to make sacrifices for integrity of character, but not that religious submission and abandonment which gives man a new element and being, and makes him sublime." *

In reading this one might be led to think, without stretch of the imagination, that he was listening to Mr. Emerson's general confession, accompanied in an undertone with original observations upon the fruits of the errors and defects of his own teachings and the noxious influence of his example, not to speak of the exercise of his authority over gentle spirits whose guidance came from a source which he had no skill to gauge or which he had lost the faculty to esteem. The spirit of denial which seized upon Mr. Emerson in the earlier period of his life appears to have carried him beyond the limits of the approval of his riper years. Though it has the marks of sincerity, yet it is a sad confession for a man like Mr. Emerson to make, that his life had been spent upon what does not meet the soul's highest and best needs.

Does Mr. Davidson need that the moral should be drawn and applied to open his eyes? Is it necessary to show that the door of escape from Puritanism opened by Unitarianism is not Christianity? Must he misspend his life in free religion before he acknowledges in its conclusion—if he has candor and sincerity—with Rev. O. B. Frothingham: "I can set nothing right that is wrong; I can answer no questions or throw any light on unsolved problems"?

We do not forget that he does not promise to accomplish great things save by the "aid of Catholic philosophy." But who is so weak, who so credulous, who so superstitious as to put any credence in so absurd a condition? It would be indeed a great stretch of credulity to believe that the great St. Thomas, who wrote a defence of Christianity on the basis of pure reason, his *Summa against the Gentiles;* and Antonio Rosmini, who, the writer says, was "the greatest of Italian thinkers" and "one of the purest and most religious men that ever lived,"

* *Index*, August 24, 1882.

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were unaware of the drift of their life-long labors. Is not this promise rather what Mr. Frothingham calls "a diatribe in the name of prophecy"?

We surmise that the difficulty is not where Mr. Davidson puts it. The counsel might not be out of place, now that he has studied Catholic philosophy and thinks so well of it, to devote a share of his time to the study of Catholic dogmatic and moral theology. Who knows whether the author of "A Religion for Italy" might not make another discovery, and find that there is a diviner body of truth and a brighter heavenly vision, which the great Catholic Church is engaged in realizing, than free religion or Emersonianism ever dreamed of? This would not be strange, for there are those who are familiar with these peculiar movements from their origin, know them well, and with the aid of Catholic philosophy have made years ago this blissful discovery.

What is needed at this period of the world's history is not the forming of a religion; God has taken care of that. What is needed is the will on the part of man to take the God-prepared religion. There is something, if he only could be made to believe it, for this advanced Unitarian to learn! Who knows but he might yet retract his rash judgment? But what is to be feared is that his gun has gone off, as the saying is, "half-cocked," and he acts—this is the greatest of misfortunes—as though he was not aware of it.

Mr. Davidson seems to labor under another false impression: he imagines that a man, an Italian, to be a Catholic must be opposed to the political unity of Italy! Does he know—we presume he does, for he is a scholar—that the Guelph party was the papal party, and that the Guelphs were uniformly opposed to the interference of foreigners in Italian matters? He needs to refresh his memory with the facts of history, and study Catholic theology, and he will learn that the spirit of the Catholic religion, when rightly interpreted—that is, when taught by men like St. Thomas—is and always has been favorable to self government, independence, and liberty. What true Catholics in Italy are opposed to is not the political unity of Italy, but the invasion, subjugation, and *exploitation* of southern Italy by the Piedmontese. Humbert is a carpet-bagger and must leave Rome! That is plain English. He who can take, let him take.

The Italian question is not one of political unity. There are those who know better, but, from interest or ignorance, cunningly wish to make it so. All Catholics agree on the Italian

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question when considered as one of political unity. Unity, in its highest and in every good sense, is a Catholic idea, religiously, socially, and politically. The actual "Italian question"—and it is useless to try to blink it—is one which involves the perpetual oppression of the people of southern Italy, with the overthrow of their religion. Neither of these tasks can be accomplished. Knowing this, it is no wonder that Italians of this region are restive under present constraints. The movement from Turin to Florence and from Florence to Rome was a mistake. Humbert must take the back track!

Besides, the political unity existing in Italy is based upon the infamous means and treacherous policy of such leaders as the Mazzinis, Cavours, and Garibaldis! Men whose principles are not changed like their coats cannot sink these things out of sight, nor can such means be condoned save at the expense of Christian civilization. Infidels, socialists, anarchists may laugh at this, so may the members of secret societies; but the bulk of the Italian people are Catholics, and not so easily conquered as these visionaries have imagined. Not all the crown princes, or kings, or emperors in the world can make the throne of the Piedmontese king stand in Rome and keep him there. Humbert must go home!

There are better days and things in store for Italy, but not in the fatal direction pointed out by the writer in the *Unitarian Review*. What ought one to think of a scholar and professed philosopher who pretends to favor the political unity of Italy, and is not contented with "fifteen"—these are his own words—"with fifteen Protestant places of worship in the city of Rome"? Must he strive to add another, and that other Unitarian? Poor man! Italy stands in need of no more elements of discord; what Italy wants is what, according to Mr. Emerson, society wants, and that is "a baptism of the Holy Ghost." Humbert is in Rome on sufferance, and he knows it. He is only waiting for his walking-papers.

There is a certain candor in this writer, for he tells us that "St. Thomas, and perhaps even still more Rosmini, would be shocked to think that their philosophy" should be put to the use which he would make of it, to bolster up the most advanced forms of Unitarianism. No doubt they would be shocked, as every Catholic is to-day at the bare suggestion of it. The idea is as preposterous as that of a man who would insure his wooden house against fire by putting under it a rock foundation! We are provoked to ask: Is it not the height of self-conceit, nay,

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is it not sublime impudence, for a man who has in no way up to date distinguished himself as a philosopher or a Christian to coolly tell the world that such men as St. Thomas and Rosmini-Serbati, both remarkable for their intellectual gifts and the sanctity of their lives, devoted their genius to forge the weapon that would, in the hands of its enemy, overthrow and conquer what was dearer to them than life—Christianity? We submit that this is the sum and substance of the article by Thomas Davidson published in the *Unitarian Review* of last December, entitled "A Religion for Italy." It is too absurd, and we beg our readers' pardon for having called their attention to these vagaries.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

ONE morning, not long after the surrender of Fort Sumter, a young man slowly and thoughtfully walked along the gravel road leading to a fine old mansion on the Savannah River not many miles away from Augusta. As he came near the house he turned aside towards a small building at the rear of the larger house. This young man was Henry Schuyler, a graduate of Harvard, who had come here two years before, with his college honors newly won, to act as tutor at Magnolia. No wonder his head was bent in thought, for the news of this eventful surrender had but a little while before reached him. And here he was in the very heart of the enemy's country. Apart from his own private anxieties the future of his country weighed heavily upon his spirits.

After he had reached the door of the building he paused before entering, to take a last look at the lovely scenery, which had so many times seemed like a picture spread out before his admiring eyes. The mist had rolled away from the hills, the river, and the valleys, and the sweet and balmy morning was full of benedictions.

> "A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
> No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
> Breaks the serene of heaven."

The little building was covered with vines: the clematis, honeysuckle, and ivy vied with each other in adorning it. The white

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and the yellow jasmine, the crab-apple, the wild grapevine, the wall-flower and sweet violets, which grew in such luxuriance about the grounds, made fragrant the dewy freshness of the air. The poplars that bordered the road leading down to the river turned the silvery linings of their leaves now in and now out, as their branches were moved by the gentle breeze. On the opposite side of the river the low hills sloped gradually down to the river. Those low hills were covered with trees, which spread their long branches over the border of the river as it moved gracefully on.

Why should visions of a coming war intrude on beauty such as this, and like grim spectres stalk over anything that Nature had made so fair? In moments when we are brought near to a great and sudden trouble one is apt to find suggestions of a moral in every passing object; so it was that the river started a train of thought in the mind of the young man as he listened to the murmuring sound of its waters: "Wars may come and desolate the land, and another generation with their ploughs turn over the fields once red with blood and reap a richer harvest because our bones have become part and parcel of the soil. Nations and governments may live their day, and a line or two in history or a few scattered stones be all that is left to tell of their having lived. And we—what are we more than the leaves that flutter down and sail for a while over the surface of the river, and then are carried by the current—whither?" Speaking thus to himself in a low tone, he turned the handle of the door and entered the room where he had passed so many pleasant hours.

This little building was the school-house where the children of the wealthy planter, Mr. Ogilvie, came to be instructed, the younger children in the common branches and the eldest daughter and son in the higher studies. During the two years of his residence at Magnolia he had become greatly attached to the family, who had always treated him with such uniform kindness and courtesy. And now, in this the crucial hour of his life, he had come face to face with the knowledge that it was not alone as teacher and friend that he loved the sweet Avis Ogilvie—the Georgia Rose, as she was called.

This love had lain in ambush while the current of life went on peacefully at Magnolia. There had been strolls, and sails by moonlight over the quiet river, picnics, nut-gatherings in their season, ferns, leaves, and wild flowers to be collected; how charming had been the lessons in botany during the spring, when, with baskets of luncheon and tin boxes for flowers, the teacher

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and his pupils passed the golden days in some distant woods or explored the windings of the creek that added its mite to the gathering together of the waters where the river emptied itself into the broader bosom of the Atlantic! Then there were horse-back rides, in which the tutor was often Avis' escort; dear, innocent Mrs. Ogilvie thinking that it was so much pleasanter for Avis to go with her teacher than to have Cudjo or one of the colored folks riding along by her. So things had fallen into a groove and moved pleasantly along in this lotus-land of Magnolia.

But now this love rose up and asserted itself, and would be heard, adding to the sorrow and burden which the morning had brought the tutor—the burden of an inevitable parting. Everything about the room was full of associations connected with Avis. There were her chair and her desk; how often had he watched her there as the sunlight came through the window and added a new glory to the bright head leaning over the desk! Now he should never see her there again. Long he sat at his desk with his head buried in his arms, and memories, cares, and presages of evil coming thick into his mind. Roused at length by the repeated ringing of the breakfast-bell, he gathered up his papers and books and went over to the house.

He saw at a glance, as he entered the breakfast-room, that the news had not yet reached Mrs. Ogilvie and the children. Colonel Ogilvie had gone out early to a distant part of the plantation and had not yet come in to breakfast. Harry had no heart to break the news of his departure, so he lingered in the room, as he had often done before, after he had finished his morning meal.

Mrs. Ogilvie had brought with her from dear old Virginia the habit of washing the china and silver used at breakfast. For this she had the daintiest cedar vessel, which was placed on a little table at her side by the servant, and the choicest tea-cloths were at hand. While she washed and wiped her dearly prized china—prized doubly because of its beauty and because it was the gift of a dearly-loved father on her wedding day; and then it was of such rare and delicate manufacture that it would have filled her soul with fear and trembling if any rude hand had touched it—while she busied herself with this nice little household care the tutor and her children had been in the habit of discussing with her the plans of the day.

The children and Mrs. Ogilvie had decided that a lesson in botany would be just the thing for this lovely spring day—they

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had not noticed the preoccupation of their teacher—when the door of the room was suddenly opened and Colonel Ogilvie appeared; throwing down his letter-bag, he advanced with an open letter to the table, and exclaimed with an oath: "I shall have no Yankees about here any longer."

Dear, sweet little Mrs. Ogilvie, completely mystified, but determined on general principles to exercise her favorite rôle of peace-maker, tried to quiet him, but in vain; he raged on. Harry made no reply until he had finished, and then, going quietly up to him, said: "Colonel Ogilvie, you could not keep me here any longer, even if you were willing to have a Yankee tutor. My duty to my country calls me away, and I had intended to tell you so as soon as I could see you after breakfast. My letter recalling me home came last night. As the stage will pass the house in an hour, I must beg Mrs. Ogilvie to excuse my retiring in order to complete my arrangements for leaving."

Colonel Ogilvie was heart and soul a Southerner; the Southern chivalry had no better or truer representative. It was not often that his hot temper led him afield as it had done this morning, and so to forget what was due to himself as a gentleman and what was due to any one under his hospitable roof. Born in the South, inheriting his plantation and most of his slaves, those who had come to him from his father or been born on the plantation, or were part of his wife's marriage portion, found in him a kind master as slavery went in those days; but they were all slaves and his property, and it would have gone hard with any one of them who had presumed to think differently. Before breakfast a servant had been sent as usual to the post-office, and had returned with a letter containing the startling news of the surrender of Fort Sumter—news that before it had reached the country post-office had been sent flashing over the wires to all parts of the country, thrilling the people; even then in some places the people were mustering into service, and drums and fifes were heard, showing that the North was in no mood tamely to submit to an insult.

The preparations of the tutor for leaving were soon completed; he had watched the trouble growing greater between the North and the South, and he had felt that he might some time have to leave, and so had, he thought, kept his tent folded ready to start. But if his belongings had been kept in a state of preparedness, not so with his heart. The evils of slavery, after coming close to them, had become so hateful that he had made up his mind many times that he ought to resign his position and

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go home, and was sometimes on the point of doing so; but one look from the dove-like eyes of the Georgia Rose drove his resolution away for the nonce. Now he dared not linger, even if Colonel Ogilvie had wished it, sunning himself in her sweet presence. But how to go and leave her exposed to the dangers and sorrows of war which his prophetic soul told him would come in no measured way to this land of magnolias and palmettos?

While his thoughts were busy with this parting which must soon come, and with a sweet kind of wondering as to how Avis felt about it, a knock at the door roused him from his reverie. "Would Massa Schuyler hab his trunk toted down? And Massa Ogilvie's compilmen's, and would see Massa Schuyler in de offis."

"Yes, Cudjo, I am ready," said the whilom tutor, as he put a small sum of money into the negro's hand. He was almost afraid that this gift might be misinterpreted, if it ever came to Colonel Ogilvie's knowledge; but a significant look and gesture set his mind at rest in that regard. "O Massa Schuyler! all we's niggers bery sorry dat you's goin'," making a bow in acknowledgment of the *douceur*, and taking off the old crown, guiltless of a rim, that did duty for a hat.

Then the stalwart negro lifted the trunk to his broad shoulder and disappeared. Henry waited a moment or two longer, taking an inventory of the minutest thing in that room, which used to feel so much like his room at home where the dear old mother, long gone, often came for a *tête-à-tête* with her darling boy; then he turned from the room and walked down the steps, and found his way to the "office," the name by which the master's sanctum was dignified. The room that went by this imposing name was at the end of a long porch, a place especially sacred to the colonel's interviews with his overseer. Now and then a neighboring planter would come over on horseback for a political talk or to compare notes about the rice-crops or the cotton-crops; then they would take a drink or indulge in a smoke.

Before Henry had reached the office on that morning several of these planters had gathered in and were discussing in very excited tones the news that had just reached them. As they all called themselves gentlemen, they somewhat moderated the tones in which they had been threatening the entire annihilation of the Yankee nation at the sight of the tutor, whom they had all met during his stay at Magnolia.

"I have sent for you, sir, to pay you your quarter's salary," said the colonel, "and to say that I am sorry that I spoke rudely

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to you this morning, sir; at any other time, sir, I should be sorry to part with you, if you are a Northern man. I must bid you good-by, for we must be busy in getting our troops together here, and we'll soon show the North that it can't make laws for us, sir." He took the money from his pocket as he spoke and handed it to his former tutor, and then turned on his heel.

When the interview with the colonel was over Henry went into the breakfast-room to bid the family good-by. No one was there but his friend Mrs. Ogilvie and the boys; tears were in her eyes, and the boys, too, had been crying. He looked around for Avis, but she was not there and did not make her appearance. Her mother and the boys went with him to the gate, and a little procession of the colored people followed in Cudjo's wake as he "toted" the trunk down the path to put it in behind the stage, and several groups of nearly naked, merry little darkies rolled about in the grass and turned head over heels in their enjoyment of the sunshine and the stray chance to see something. They were enjoying themselves to the top of their bent when Dinah, the housekeeper, in a brand-new Madras and striped apron, appeared on the scene. Swooping down remorselessly upon the merry crowd, she boxed them right and left. "Git 'long wid ye, ye good-for-nothing, onmannerly nigs! Wha's yo' manners to be out hyah when the 'quality's' 'bout? Didn't ye know bettah? D'ye think ye's white folks? Go 'long to de qua'ters, wha' ye b'long." Then "Miss Dinah Ogilvie" sauntered down to the gate with her arms akimbo to watch for the stage and bid "Massa Schuyler" good-by.

The sound of the stage-horn was heard, and amidst a cloud of dust the heads of the horses came into view and soon were drawn up at the gate. Cudjo put the trunk in behind and opened the door for Henry, who entered, and, after a wave of his hand from the window, he drew back into the corner of the stage to wonder why Avis did not come to see him go and give him a kind word at parting.

A turn in the road took him out of sight of Magnolia, and one chapter of his life was closed. But who was that standing on the roadside waving her handkerchief for the stage to stop? It was Avis. After a peremptory order for him to stop the driver checked his horses, and Henry, pushing open the stage-door, leaped to the ground. "How good you are, Avis, not to let me go without bidding me farewell! As your friend and teacher I am at least entitled to a kindly remembrance. In the uncertainty of my future I dare not now ask for more."

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The fair girl was standing under a tree by the roadside, the sunlight coming through the branches and across her hair, flecking it with gold; the bright green of the thickets on either side of the road; the noisy blackbirds, in fear for their nests and the precious inmates, were filling the air with their cries of "catch"; and over all the beautiful floating summer clouds, nowhere more lovely than in Georgia. But farewells must be quickly spoken when one is a passenger in the stage, and the stage is by the roadside, and an impatient driver cracking his whip by way of a reminder that one's time is up.

Avis waved her handkerchief as long as the stage could be seen, and when it disappeared from her sight she walked slowly back towards the house where they had all been so happy only yesterday; now something was gone from her life, and her lessons, her rides and walks, could not be the same any more.

The stage had not rattled on far before there was a call to "halt." A company of men surrounded it, and one, who seemed to be acting as chief spokesman, opened the door and said:

"You are our prisoner, sir."

"By what authority have you waylaid and captured me?" indignantly demanded Henry, jumping out of the stage.

"In the name of the South, sir," was the reply. Seeing there was such an inequality in numbers, Henry thought it the better part of valor to yield; and as nothing could be gained by resistance, he re-entered the stage at the command of the captain, who followed him in. Some of the other men mounted to the top with the driver, and the horses' heads were turned; and instead of reaching Savannah, where he had hoped to find passage to the North, Henry was carried to a plantation a few miles from Magnolia and locked up in one of the rooms of an old house.

After the surprise at finding himself a prisoner had worn off a little Henry thought there was something familiar about the house and its surroundings, and all at once he remembered that he had been here before with Avis Ogilvie. It increased the discomfiture of his arrest when he found where he had been brought. This plantation was the largest in the county, and the poor slaves who had the misfortune to form a part of its "chattels" were worked the hardest and fed the poorest of any for miles around. The way that Mr. Wetherston treated his colored people had come to be a matter severely censured in the neighborhood, even amongst persons who justified slavery as an institution.

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This cruelty to the colored people was not a new thing on the Wetherston plantation, which had come down from father to son for several generations. Major Wetherston, the father of the present owner, was said to have come to his death through the agency of a slave whom he had whipped unmercifully for some trifling offence.

On many plantations where the master and the overseer practised a good deal of *wholesome* discipline and in no wise spared the rod, there were often some tender-hearted women—wives or mothers—who would intercede for offenders, and by thoughtful care and kindness mitigate the too often hard lot of slavery. But, alas for the slaves on the Wetherston plantation!—a plantation that included miles of the richest rice-fields that the sun ever shone upon—there was no sweet, womanly influence to come between them and hardships. "Ole mistis" had been the major's congenial spirit and sympathized with him in his efforts to subdue his slaves and keep them down to the proper condition of good working "chattels."

"Ole mistis" did her best to make her slaves unhappy by petty tyranny over the helpless ones who were so unfortunate as to call her mistress. One of the pet stories that were told was of a row of cherry-trees which formed one of her cherished possessions; when the cherries were ripe her life became a burden to herself and her household with the irrepressible blackbirds and her fears that the colored people would steal some of them. The blackbirds had it all their own way in spite of her, and she set her small soul the task of circumventing the other pilferers. Calling all the little darkies into the yard one day, she sent them up into the cherry-trees, telling them that if they ate a single cherry she would have them severely whipped when they came down. No sooner had they finished their tasks and were on *terra firma* again when they were dragged away and whipped on *prima facie* evidence; their mistress thus making assurance doubly sure, so far as a whipping could go, and justifying her knowledge of negro nature, as seen in her chattels, by saying that she knew no negro could have stayed up in those trees a half-day and not have eaten some cherries, so, therefore, they must all have a whipping.

But all of this was between her and her colored people. The outside world and society knew her as the gracious hostess who spoke in such low, gentle tones. The velvet glove was seen, but not the hand of iron which was so firm beneath. This gracious hostess with the soft and gentle voice was now resting from her

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labors in a far-off cemetery, beneath a tall white monument on which were recorded, on one side, her name and age, and on another were emblazoned her many virtues. *Hic jacet.* An irreverent neighbor might have hinted that it would be very uncomfortable for her on the day of judgment if some of those little colored witnesses were permitted to rise up in the same world with their mistress.

Recalling all these things, which he had often heard about, as he sat by the window of the room so suddenly turned into a prison, did not make Henry's future a very pleasant one to contemplate. Iron bars were put across the window early the following morning, and a double lock on the door of the extemporized jail. Every few moments he could hear the steps of the guard as they made the circuit of the house. A negro brought him food three times a day, but how could he have eaten with a thousand cares and anxieties pressing upon his mind?

In this manner day after day, week after week, passed, and he seemed no nearer to obtaining his liberty. Was his life to be consumed in this hopeless, secret way, when he so longed to be up and doing with the best and bravest of his countrymen, at the post of duty, battling for the honor of the stars and stripes on their azure field? His books and money had been taken from him on the day of his arrest; he could get no papers, was not allowed the use of pen and ink. Nothing for him, as each new sun arose, but the monotony of getting out of his bed, pacing up and down the short measure of the length and breadth of his prison, sitting at the window and watching for what did not come—a chance to regain his freedom.

Thus three months rolled hopelessly by; measured by his anxieties they would have been many more. One day, which had been one of his "bad days," he was attracted to the window by the sound of voices; one he recognized as the voice of the negro who brought his daily allowance of food and would never give him any satisfaction, no matter how often he asked to see Captain Wetherston. "Cap'n not to home; dun'no whar' he be. Massa no tell nigger wha' he go," was all that the tired prisoner could ever get from his imperturbable jailer. The other voice was the voice of Colonel Ogilvie's man, "Cudjo." The two negroes were engaged in their favorite game of pitching coppers. Every once in a while in the excitement of the game their voices would get pitched into a very high key. Suddenly Cudjo's voice broke into one of the favorite negro melodies of Magnolia. Henry walked over to the window and stood looking out through

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the bars. When the song was over Cudjo looked up, and from the cunning look that came over his face Henry felt that he had recognized him. The heart of the prisoner was lightened at the consciousness that a friend, even a very humble one, knew his whereabouts. He felt certain that Cudjo had come under that window and sung his melody for a purpose. In a little while he saw Cudjo trotting down the road on his cob.

For days afterwards his thoughts continually dwelt on that incident—Cudjo's coming under his window. The more he thought about it the more certainty he felt that there was method in it, that it was not an accident that drew him there; and at night he lay awake to ponder over it and wonder what it might lead to.

There was at least some comfort to be had in the certainty that the secret of his arrest and imprisonment had now become known to some who were friendly to him and would help him if they could. But what could these friends do—two helpless women, Mrs. Ogilvie and Avis, and Cudjo with even less power to help? There in that neighborhood, where hatred against the North had suddenly become fanned into a white heat, what could he expect in the way of assistance, even if it should become generally known that a prisoner was detained at the Wetherston place? But in spite of doubts and many forebodings a feeling of comfort had found its way into his heart and abode there.

Another week went by and no word from the outside world reached him; the guards paced to and fro beneath his window; the sphynx who unlocked his door and brought his meals three times a day grew more sphynx-like, and "no hint of change" in this imprisoned, monotonous life came to lighten the burden of the long summer days.

One evening, after a day which had been the bluest of his many blue days, the door was unlocked a little earlier than the usual supper hour. The prisoner turned, but, seeing a waiter with something on it, he went back to his retrospect of the past and his dreary look-out into the future; his head went further down on his breast and his arms were folded tighter. But as the bearer of the waiter did not seem in as much of a hurry as usual to leave the room, Henry's curiosity was at last excited. Looking up, we can imagine his surprise when he saw the broad grin, white teeth, and red gums which could have belonged to no one but the good-natured Cudjo. He put his hand on his mouth to enjoin silence, and placed a little paper in Henry's hand. Has-

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tily and with a trembling which he could not control he opened the paper and read: "Trust in Cudjo.—A. O."

"Be back soon, massa," said Cudjo in a low voice, and he quickly left the room, but returned in a little while with a big bundle in his hands, which he unrolled and shook out; it was a long cloak with a cape, and from one of the pockets he took out a cap. "Put 'em on, massa, quick, and le's make has'e 'fore dat darky kum back. O ki! won' he be burnin' mad when he fin's out I'se bin foolin' ob him—tellin' him Dinah waitin' fur him by de big oaks, and when he gits to de big oaks dere'll be no Dinah tha'! But won' he gib it to me when he cotch me! But dat's de ting: how he goin' for to cotch me? He! he! he!" And he grinned and chuckled over the trick he had played the unsuspecting Sam.

Without any hesitation Henry put himself into the hands of his dark friend in need, wrapped himself in the big cloak and drew the cap as far down as possible over his face, and followed him down the stairs as softly and rapidly as possible, Cudjo taking the precaution to lock the room which they had just left. Cudjo opened the hall-door and they were in the yard, making quick strides toward the gate.

When they had got a little ways beyond the gate Cudjo broke out into another "O ki! he! he! You know wha' de gua'd am, massa?" "Of course not, Cudjo," replied Henry. "Where are they, pray?" "Dey's on de flo' in Massa Wetherston's dinin'-room. You see, massa, my mistis an' de Georgy Rose dey say, 'Cudjo, you jis get Massa Schuyler out ob dat house of Cap'n Wetherston's,' and I say, 'In course I'll do it.' But it be mighty hard to circumwent dat cap'n and pull de wool ober Sam—he mighty sharp nigger. But arter scratchin' round awhile I dun cotch de idee how it am to be done. I fool Sam, and tell him Cudjo stay and 'tend de prisoner while he go see Dinah. Dat nig he eye me very sharp-like, but I looks very innocent and onsuspicious-like, and Dinah she bery pow'ful bait for Sam. So he go. An' den I leaves Massa Wetherston's keys in de sidebo'd wha' he keeps his brandy. De gua'ds fin' 'em bery handy-like, an' sure 'nuff, when I'd dun took your supper up-sta's an' kum into de dinin'-room, dey had foun' de brandy, an' now dey's safe for a while, and Massa Wetherston he no kum home to-night, I hearn."

This he told as they went on towards the country road that ran along about a half-mile from the house. "You jes' go down dis road and crost dat fiel' near de grove, an' you'll fine summun

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a-waitin' fur you. Cudjo like might'ly to go furder, but if dat Sam kums back an' don' fin' me roun' he'll 'spect sumthin' an' go up to yo' room, and de ole Belzeburb 'll be to pay."

The importance of keeping his escape a secret as long as possible needed no arguments to impress it on Henry after gaining it so recently. "Jes' keep straight 'long de road an' cross dat fiel' down tha', an' you'll fin' summun a-waitin' fur you," repeated Cudjo, as he turned to go back to his pretended watching. With all possible haste the newly-liberated man walked down the road. The whole thing had come upon him so suddenly and unexpectedly that he was in a half-dazed condition, and had scarcely yet had time to realize that he was in the open air.

Though an enemy might be lurking behind every bush and dangers were on all sides, and at any moment he might be arrested again and taken back to his old prison, there came to him in spite of all these dangers an exhilaration of spirits to which he had long been a stranger. Suddenly his heart seemed almost to have ceased its beating; there was a rustle in the thicket at his side, and some one on horseback, and leading another horse, came out upon the road. In the darkness he could not distinguish who it was—not until a sweet, soft voice said: "Who goes there?"

Could it be the voice of Avis Ogilvie, who had come, strong in her maiden purity, and for the sake of that holy charity that neither thinketh nor feareth any evil, to lead him to a place of safety?

"Mount as quickly as you can, Mr. Schuyler," she said, "for you must be in a place of safety before morning, before Captain Wetherston returns to his home and finds that his prisoner has escaped. Please don't take time for thanks now; there will be time enough for that when we are further away."

For answer Henry stooped over and, taking her hand in his, kissed it, murmuring some loving words in a low voice, and then, leaping into the saddle, they were on the path through the woods of oak.

When they were some distance on their way they ventured upon a little conversation, though in very low tones. In those times of such peril it seemed as if the wind itself could carry far and wide a dangerous secret.

"I am going to take you to my dear old grandma's house," said Avis, after an interchange of confidences which were full of interest to the riders, but with which strangers had no right to meddle, and which are not a necessary part of our story. "Grand-

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ma is very good and kind, and will do anything I ask of her, so that I don't fear that she will be unwilling, strong as she is in her love for the South, to let you stay for a few days at Ridge House until the search for you in this neighborhood is over. The cloak and cap you wear are Uncle Robert's, who is now too sick at Magnolia to go home. You are about as tall as he is, and are to be Uncle Robert to the servants at Ridge House, and must be supposed too sick to leave your room until we can send you off with a reasonable hope of your reaching some of the Northern lines in safety. We dared not bring Cudjo away, because it was necessary for him to remain at Captain Wetherston's until Sam should have reached home, to keep him from going up to your old room to-night; as it is, we have secured many hours before they will find out that their prisoner has flown. Mamma did not think it would be wise to take any of the other slaves into our confidence; so you see, sir, I had to come myself."

Neither the famous "little bird" nor the wind has brought word what Henry said to this, but it is easy to suppose that it was something very choice.

"Mamma will send Cudjo after us as soon as he returns to Magnolia. He is her own property, and she has given him his freedom; though, poor old fellow! if he could read he might see himself advertised as a 'runaway negro.' If he should stay in this county he would have everything to dread from the vengeance of Captain Wetherston when he finds out that Cudjo had a share in your escape. I should be afraid for poor Sam, but he is so useful to the captain that I think he will spare him. It would be a sad return for Cudjo's fidelity and devotion if we left him exposed to this danger."

"I will take him with me to the North, Avis, and do everything in my power for him. I owe more to him than I can ever repay. You will trust him with me, I know. God grant that this storm of war may be over soon, and that we may soon come back to this place, which has grown so dear to me, for it holds what is most precious to me on earth, except my honor; and you could not care for me if I bartered that to stay here now!"

Through the hours of the night they rode on side by side, with the ancient, solemn stars looking down upon them, and the silence unbroken save by their low voices, the whirring wings of some frightened herons rising up suddenly from a rice-field, the buzzing and twittering of the innumerable insects and birds that

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make themselves heard through the summer nights at the South; and mingling with this concert at intervals came the homely "caw, caw" of the cuckoo—a far-away relation of the cuckoo that is said in poetry to be "the harbinger of spring"—then the sweet refrain of some homesick oriole, and, rising over all, the shrill, far-away whistle of a belated curlew whose companions had gone on their summer flight and left this solitary pilgrim to find his way alone.

Just as a few faint streaks of the dawn began to rise above the Ridge they came upon signs of human habitation—a stray cabin here and there, from whose rough outside chimneys a faint thread of smoke had begun to rise. These were the homes of small planters or of poor white folks who gathered a precarious living from the few acres they called their own or rented from some richer neighbor; "nubbins" and tobacco were their staples. If these poor white people were poor in most things that go to the making this world of ours a comfortable place to live in, they were at least rich in dogs, who came rushing pell-mell out upon the travellers—black dogs, white dogs, brown dogs, shaggy dogs, spotted dogs, big dogs, little dogs, and all the varieties of dogs that nourished the pride of the poor white Southerner. The master cheerfully divided his last "pone" with his canine followers, if it came to a question of short allowance; as to his own children, born to such a poor niche in the world, or the "little nigs" who generally formed part of his stock in trade, it was "root or die." As a rule the poorer the planter the more he rejoiced in his dogs. This barking and vociferating was not a welcome sound to our travellers, for at any instant the tangled head of a possible informer might take the place in the window now occupied by a harmless old straw hat or nondescript bundle, and then good-by to Henry's safety at Ridge House.

But, happily for the successful ending of the night's journey, the owners were too well accustomed to this noise to pay any attention to it, or their happy-go-lucky habits had made them indifferent as to who came or went on the road, so that their morning slumbers were not broken in upon. "A little more sleep and a little more slumber," and the opportunity of their lives had passed them by. Captain Wetherston would have given many a dollar for the information which the most poverty-stricken amongst them might have given.

At last Ridge House loomed up before its uninvited visitor and was no unwelcome sight, as it seemed to tell that the worst

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dangers of the escape were over. It was on the highest point of the Ridge, overlooking a creek. A rustic bridge brought the road from the far side of the creek to the big gate in front, and from that by a winding shell road the house was reached. The tired horses seemed now to breathe a familiar air, and, with "prophetic" feelings of oats to be had at the end, they trotted briskly up the road and came to a stop at the "horse-block," where the stable-boy took them in charge and led them off to meet their reward.

Just as the travellers came up the steps of the wide portico in front of the house the sun rose up over the water and lighted up the windows with a golden and rosy glory such as no artist's hand ever could have transferred to a "storied window."

There were at that time but few houses in all the South where a Northern man could have hoped to gain a kindly welcome; how could any one expect it at the hands of this proud Southern lady, whose prejudices against the Abolitionist had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength, and whose litany was interpolated with the words, "O Lord! have mercy upon us miserable sinners and deliver us from Abolitionists."

The heart of the young Northern man sank within him now that the excitement of the escape and the ride had subsided. He cast an anxious glance at Avis, but her smile was reassuring, and suspense would soon be over and he would know his fate; he hoped that he would be man enough to bear it, whatever it might be.

Ridge House was an ancestral home built by the grandfather of Mrs. Ogilvie (or rather Madam Ogilvie, as she had been called ever since the marriage of Avis' father), and to it she had returned after her short married life at Magnolia. She had surrendered her rights in the home of her husband in favor of her oldest son when he came of age, intending that Ridge House should go, together with some bonds she owned, to her youngest son. If there was any inequality or injustice in this distribution neither the mother nor her sons ever knew it; they were a happy, loving family, the sons idolizing the mother, and the mother most proud and happy that such a pair of sons called her mother. Here she had lived ever since her widowhood, and kept up the state and style of an old-time Southern matron—a good, kind mistress, and conscientious in what she thought her duty to the poorest and frailest of the people that were a part of her possessions; and neither slave nor "po' white" person who lived

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on her lands ever had a grievance laid up against the dear old lady.

Ridge House was, like its owner, quaint and old-fashioned, but exceedingly handsome and stately. The mantelpieces and floors were the *chefs-d'œuvre* in the handsome old mansion. The mantelpieces were of fine old mahogany beautifully carved, and one could see one's face in them as in a mirror, they were kept so carefully polished. As to the floors, no one's floors were so well waxed and "dry-rubbed." It was counted a feat of dexterity if the uninitiated could safely accomplish a walk across one of them. If by any unlucky chance a spot showed itself on the irreproachable floors, straightway one of the brigade of little darkies would come upon the scene with his little gourd of sand and soap, and his little slipper to rub with, and the spot quickly disappeared from view.

Another rite almost peculiar to Southern houses was going on when they came to the door. Thump, thump of a machine was heard. Henry would have been puzzled to know what it meant, if the same muffled thump had not often awakened him in the morning at Magnolia. This was the "pounding" of the family biscuits—for breakfast in the South at that time would have been no breakfast without these biscuits. No one could make such brittle white biscuits as Judith worked the dough up into, after Pomp had pounded it, and turned it, and doubled it, and then pounded and doubled it over any number of times. Then they were baked to a turn, and Judith donned her white apron, put the plate on a salver, and carried them proudly in to set before her mistress and the guests of her mistress.

Did grandma ever refuse her darling anything? None knew better than the darling herself that grandma would not find it easy to refuse what she was going to ask of her. When the story of the night's ride was told and what led to it grandma looked grave; it was evident that she did not approve of it. But by dint of coaxing she was mollified, and consented to do what she could to help in "the poor young tutor's" escape. It may be that while Avis thought that she would have done as much for any young man so unjustly treated in a strange land, her grandmother's years and experience gave her a clearer insight as to the secret springs which led her to venture so much for one who was no relation. No doubt grandma thought she was doing what was best and kindest for her darling, in more than one sense, by sending the tutor away, that he might drop out of Avis' life and be forgotten. Charity's cloak can cover a multi-

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tude of motives of policy as well as a multitude of sins. It is not best to always analyze too closely even an action that we think grows out of a good motive and is a disinterested one, lest, unconsciously to ourselves, a little alloy may be at the bottom. So after the tale was told grandma began to wonder how it might have ended if "the poor young tutor" had remained much longer at Magnolia. An Abolitionist to creep in under the sacred panoply of the Ogilvies? What a *contretemps* that would have been! Yankee blood to mingle with the blue blood that had run only through Southern veins since the first Ogilvie who had put a foot on American soil came over to take possession of his grant of land from the king?

Madam Ogilvie's musings were interrupted by a knock at the door; it was Morris, who had come for orders from "mistis," one of which was that no one should go to Master Robert's room except Morris himself. Morris was the confidential adviser and superintendent in all important matters at Ridge House, and they could have done nothing in this matter without his assistance; and he entered readily into it and arranged how the escape from Ridge House should be managed without the knowledge of any of the other servants.

Cudjo arrived early the next morning. His coming did not excite any surprise amongst the servants, for he was often a messenger from Magnolia to Ridge House. He gave a very laughable account of the scene at the Wetherston house when Sam stole home in the small hours and charged down upon him because Dinah was not there. "O Miss Avis! d'ye tink Old Belzeburb 'll git Cudjo cos he jes' had fur to tell a lie fur to make b'lieve to Sam dat Dinah dun promise dat she'd go to de big oaks? What dat ole nig dun when he fin' Massa Schuyler had cut dirt from Wetherston? O ki! wouldn't it be fun. His 'mazement would be a cu'rosity. Oh! but won' his jacket git a good warmin' when Cap'n Wetherston kum back!" And he chuckled with satisfaction over the fact that it was Sam's jacket and not his that was to get such a warming.

But it was necessary that Cudjo should "move on" for his own safety's sake. Posters around in the country stores, at the court-house, and on the fence of the county jail might advertise him as a "runaway negro"; of course Mrs. Ogilvie could not tell her husband that she had liberated a slave, even if he was her own. So, with Miss Avis' assurance that Beelzebub wouldn't get him this time, he left Ridge House with a letter from Madam Ogilvie to a friend twenty miles further up

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the country, and was told to wait there till Mr. Schuyler should come.

It was not a very pleasant surprise when, in the course of a day or two, Captain Wetherston rode up to the house and asked for Madam Ogilvie. Could he have found out that his prisoner was safely lodged at Ridge House? queried Avis when Morris announced the visitor. But no intimation that he had ever heard of Mr. Schuyler escaped him. He was, he said, "beating about" in the county to see how much money and how many men he could secure for war purposes. He was delighted to find Avis at her grandmother's—for he was said to be "sweet" about the "Georgia Rose." But the Georgia Rose, blooming in such lovely womanhood by her native river, never showed anything more than common politeness to the blustering captain, in spite of his miles of rice-fields and cotton-fields and his hundreds of slaves.

The ladies felt greatly relieved when he took his departure from Ridge House shortly after dinner. His leaving before dinner would have been without precedent at Ridge House, and such an infringement of the *ancien régime* would have worried the hospitable old lady; but, the duty of hospitality accomplished, she was very willing "to speed her parting guest."

Henry had been three days and nights secreted at Ridge House when a letter came to Madam Ogilvie asking her to send the carriage to Magnolia for her son, that he was not strong enough to go home on horseback. The contents of this letter made it necessary for Henry to start immediately on his journey North. No need to dwell on the parting between the tutor and the girl he loved—loved now with a far greater love than when he bade her good-by at the roadside the morning that he left Magnolia.

It was no holiday journey that he was about to undertake, full of uncertainties and dangers, the full measure of which neither he nor the anxious girl could have dreamed; but it must be commenced—how would it end? Only He who sees the end from the beginning could tell.

The years that passed between Henry's leaving Georgia and his return were momentous years for both the North and the South—years during which we were a spectacle for an admiring world. How could a government but of yesterday, in comparison with the governments of the Old World, gather up so much money and put so many fighting men into the field? The an-

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swer was found in the wonderful resources of our country and the brave, willing hearts of her people.

Henry Schuyler—or Captain Schuyler, as he came to be called soon after reaching the North—wrote some letters which he managed to get through the lines, but not a word from Avis could he get in return. He had kept Cudjo with him; but at some point where the army was stationed the charms of a dusky widow proved stronger than the glow of patriotism in Cudjo's breast, and he came to Captain Schuyler and announced, with a great deal of circumlocution and many high-flown words, that he was about to leave the army and take upon himself the joys and cares of matrimony. Like many another hero, the negro surrendered himself to the wiles of his Dalila.

Captain Schuyler was in Georgia in one of the regiments that accomplished under General Sherman the famous "March to the Sea." The line of march led near to the scenes once so familiar to the tutor; but, alas! desolation had come where peace, plenty, and happiness seemed once to have had assurance for ever. And where were those who once dwelt so securely under their own vine and fig-tree? Their history had many counterparts in broken ties and desolated hearthstones.

It was after a long and fatiguing day, when the troops had halted to prepare their coffee and rest awhile, that Captain Schuyler met his whilom employer and host. Some of the men had been out on a reconnoitring expedition, and came back with the report that a Southern officer was lying on the ground not far away, and that his horse was apparently keeping watch over him. They had not gone near enough to ascertain whether he was dead or only sleeping. Captain Schuyler sent them to bring him into camp, and they were not long gone. One came leading the faithful animal by the bridle; the others had extemporized a rude litter of branches, on which they were carrying the officer. An examination by one of the army surgeons revealed a wound on the temple from which the blood was still oozing; whether the wound was done by his own hand or the hand of an enemy could not be ascertained.

Captain Schuyler came over to take a look at the officer after the surgeon had done what he could. "A few minutes will finish that poor fellow," said he, and then, looking a little closer, he was startled at the sight of Colonel Ogilvie, now "done to the death." He rallied a little after brandy had been administered, and opened his eyes, but only for a moment. The time was but short in which to show his respect for the dead, but in the in-

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terval before marching orders came he had some of his men dig a grave, and, with what few and simple funeral rites the hasty march admitted of, Colonel Ogilvie was laid earth to earth, ashes to ashes, until peace should come to the distracted country and he could be carried to his family burying-ground. A wooden cross with his name was set up to mark the spot, and before Captain Schuyler left Georgia he took upon himself the solemn duty of seeing him placed beside his ancestors.

A letter in Colonel Ogilvie's pocket from his wife showed that the family had taken up their residence at Savannah.

No sooner were the troops fairly in possession of Savannah than Captain Schuyler started out with the determination of finding the friends whom he knew and loved; and then, too, he had before him the hard duty of breaking the news of Colonel Ogilvie's death. He had not gone far in his search before he ran across "Pete," whom he at once recognized as one of the Magnolia slaves.

"O golly, massa! is dat yo'? Golly, but I'se mighty glad fur to see yo'. We's all on us had a bery hard time sence yo' dun went away. Everyting at de ole house had to be giben to de sojers; all mistis' purty carpets dun cut up for to make blankets for de army." "Well, Pete, I am very glad to meet you. I was just on my way to find the ladies. You can take me straight to the place where they are now. They are here, are they not?" "Yes, I kin take yo' wha' mistis am; but, massa, dunno' yo' know 'bout de Georgy Rose—po' Miss Avis?" "What about Miss Avis? Tell me quickly," said the startled young man. "O massa! hasn't you dun hearn dat de purty young mistis am dead?"

The interview between Mrs. Ogilvie and the tutor who had received so many kind offices from her in the better days that were gone, and could never be here again, was deeply affecting. There were so many memories which they could share, and they had one common sorrow to cement their affections. It was no wonder that she and the young captain kept up their friendship for one another as long as she lived, and that, as fortune showered many blessings upon him, he should have shown his affection and gratitude by substantial gifts.

Mrs. Ogilvie and the captain had many conversations about her lovely daughter, whose days on earth had been so few. She told how, when the war came, she forgot all distinctions of North and South, color and race. There were no "lines" in her

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charity, and when she visited the sick and the wounded she was alike helpful to all, and when earthly hope was over she stayed by the dying and wrote letters to the mothers, wives, or sweethearts. It was in one of these ministrations that she caught a fever which in two or three days closed her earthly life.

No matter where his fate may lead Captain Schuyler, he will ever carry with him the memory of a fair young girl standing by a country roadside under the marvellous sky of Georgia, with her hand in his, and around her the fragrance of wild roses and sweet violets. Another memory that will live with him while life itself shall last will be the night ride to Ridge House, when his life was saved by the angel presence at his side.

THE YOSEMITE.

THE night was clear, calm, and cool; the great waterfall glistened in the moonlight, and the noise of its waters was the only sound that broke the silence of the place, without, however, disturbing those who heard its monotonous roar. Though a half-mile off, its great height, over three thousand feet, made it seem within stone's throw. This is the Yosemite, which gives its name to the valley. Pike sat on the veranda of the pretty, quiet hostelry and conversed with the tourists. "Couldn't live in a city," he said: "too much noise, too many houses. Like the trees, and the rivers and lakes, and the fresh air. B'ars 'round here? Oh! yes. Not near as many as used to, but still they be in the woods. Most every night, I expect, there's one or more crosses the valley." Pike was one of the guides. He was about sixty, spare and rather out of shape. Hardship and the "rheumatiz" had played havoc with his form and strength. He wore an old blue shirt and butternut nether garments, while his thin brown hair flared out from under an old sombrero and looked as if the color had been washed out of it by chloride of lime, so burnt and frizzled it seemed. He was toothless, deaf, and almost voiceless; having no palate, he spoke with extreme huskiness, as if little throat-power and less lung-force were yet left him. Remarking that there were no servants waiting on the supper-table, we suggested to the old, broken-down woodsman that they seemed to be short of help at the hotel. "Oh! yes," he replied: "won't stay. Boss gave Chinamen as much as one hundred dollars a month and board, and they run off after a couple of weeks, with-

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out waiting for any wages. Girls say it's *too fur from church*, and are satisfied with twenty-five to forty dollars in the cities, where they can have *their company*, you know. So the boss has to do his own work pretty much." Strolling out alone late, we saw a large, dark-looking animal striding along the field near by. It may have been a Newfoundland dog. It may have been a bear. We confess we didn't clear up the doubt, but turned our steps rather hastily hotelwards and joined a party who were taking a moonlight walk to the principal cluster of dwellings.

What struck one first was the wonderful quietness of everybody. It seemed as if it were the spirit of the place—quietness, simplicity, and unaffected courtesy. It was really grateful to him who had just arrived from the turmoil of a great city. Besides, we had been shaken up in a stage-coach for two mortal days. "Nearer to Nature's heart" doubtless these men were, and, like the still trees and the silent planets above, they too were hushed. Indeed, none of your turbulent, active spirits could tolerate existence here for one week. Another of the guides whom we met was attired simply but gracefully after the manner of old Pike, but was a young man of gentle bearing, intelligence, and cultivated address, and we thought was probably one of those Harvard graduates who, according to Kate Field, are numerous in the West, where they prefer a simple life to the ordinary race for wealth and fame and the company of a wife. We visited the dwelling of a gentleman, a German, who seemed to be a man of high education, but supported himself here by making pieces of cabinet-work out of the many and varied woods native to the place. Some of his handiwork was very artistic and beautiful, and held at high prices. We found him in his sitting-room, which was a very remarkable apartment. About as large as an ordinary parlor, the centre of it was occupied by one of those great trees (this one of moderate size, however) for which California is noted. It was about eight feet in diameter; the grass grew for a space around it, and was fenced in from the carpet which covered the rest of the floor. The house was built under and around one of the monarchs of the forest! "Do you stay here during the winter?" we asked. "Oh! yes," he replied, with exquisite feeling and conviction in his tone; "I have lived in the valley twenty-five years. This is *my home*." Being asked to tell us about the place which we intended exploring the following days, he gave us at length the information which we now present in brief to our readers.

The Yosemite Valley is described in the act of Congress granting it to the State as the "cleft or gorge (cañon) in the

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granite peak of the Sierra Nevada Mountain, situated in the county of Mariposa and the head-waters of the Merced River, with its branches and spurs in estimated length fifteen miles and in average width one mile from the main edge of the precipice." It is one hundred and fifty-five miles in a bee-line from San Francisco, in the centre of the State, north and south, and midway in the Sierra Nevada, a range about seventy miles in width. The valley proper is nearly level, about six miles long, one-half to one mile wide, and about *one mile in depth*. It forms an irregular basin having many re-entering angles and recesses. Its upper end divides into three branches, through either of which one may ascend, as it were, a series of gigantic steps to the general level of the mountain-tops. Down these branches plunge the forks of the Merced River in stupendous falls. The other end is a narrow, wedge-shaped gorge.

It was discovered by the whites in 1850. They followed up an Indian tribe that was harassing the settlements, and, guided by two friendly chiefs, traced them to this retreat, attacked and almost exterminated them with their chief, Tenaya. A few of the red men still frequent the place, but their number is insignificant. They belong to the so-called "Diggers," and are a wretched-seeming set. Although the tribe had a name for every prominent feature of rock, meadow, and cataract, these have mostly disappeared, being long and of uncertain spelling and meaning. *Ahwahnee* is their present name for the valley, but what it signifies cannot be certainly known. *Yosemite* ("great grizzly bear"), which is now commonly used, was the name applied by the Indians to the principal waterfall. The whites gave other appellations to the salient features of the landscape; whether they are an improvement or not may be questioned, but they are better than many of those conferred elsewhere by the rough early pioneers. Bridal Veil, Virgin's Tears, Cathedral Spires, Clouds' Rest, Mirror Lake, North Dome, Sentinel, etc., are the gift of English-speaking sponsors, while El Capitan is a very appropriate Spanish title of the noblest promontory in the valley. This latter the natives called *Totokonula*, in imitation of the cranes' cry, which enter the valley in winter over this rock. The most beautiful of their names is perhaps that applied to the fall now known as the Bridal Veil—*Pohono*, meaning the wind-spirit, this slight and graceful cataract being constantly swayed by the air which itself sets in motion.

Thanking this singular recluse for his information, we retired to our needed rest, and the next morning at nine set out on horseback on our first trail. The horses are three dollars a day

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each, and the guide a like sum. Pike rode in advance, watchful and silent like his savage predecessors; we followed in Indian file, the sure-footed mustangs picking their way along up the plain amongst the prickly bushes, and then up by a path that showed scarce a trace of human care, and was probably first made by wild beasts in their ascent of the precipice. Its windings were as devious as those of the "serpent on the rock" which the Wise Man could not trace. We were advised to give our horses free rein, as their instinct far excelled our reason in the juncture. Sometimes the situation was very critical, the steep and perpendicular side of the rock outside of us, and inside a snow-bank twenty feet high against which our boots scraped, "to pass there was so little room," though one thought of the result should that snow suddenly slide down in an avalanche, as slide it does somewhere every day. At each turn on the way up we stopped to enjoy the still enlarging panorama of height and depth and vast recess with feelings of admiration and expansion of soul which may not be expressed in words. The man who has not gazed on such wonders of nature cannot realize his capacity for perception and enjoyment. About three-quarters of a mile up we met McCauley, an Irishman who had cleared the way of snow and otherwise improved it, and who was engaged with a couple of others in this work, on the trail which thus came to bear his name. Paying him one dollar each for toll, he tied our horses to trees, as the snow was yet too deep further on, and fastened coarse sacking round our shoes and ankles as a protection in our walk. He directed our way, and we proceeded slowly over snow from twenty to sixty feet in depth, into which, however, we sank but a few inches. The edge of the mountain here was a sheer precipice nearly a mile high, and one of the most striking views imaginable lay before us. Far beneath were the little hotels and other buildings, and the few green patches, and the silvery waters flowing in many a tiny stream. We were now on a level with the top of the great falls, and could enjoy their descent from above; the peaks and domes and all the fantastic shapes of the mountains were around us, and the great roofless temple of nature spread below. That our readers may form some idea of the place, we must supply them with a few figures, though aware how utterly inadequate are such statistics to make up for seeing.

Most of us know the Palisades of the Hudson. They are three hundred feet high; the enchanting Catskill Mountain-House is twelve hundred feet above the Hudson. Imagine now

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the perpendicular Capitan Rock, solid and massive like the head of a whale, one mile in height and perfectly proportioned, as it

> "lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

It can be seen sixty miles off above all the intervening hills. Adjacent to it fall the waters of the Yosemite in a stream twenty feet wide and two feet deep, rolling ten million gallons an hour over the cliff. The water first falls fifteen hundred feet in a pretty solid column, striking on a ledge or shelf apparently narrow, but really very deep, then makes its angry way in a series of cascades one-third of a mile forward and six hundred feet down to another abrupt shelf, from which it plunges four hundred feet to the plain. Its mass vibrates very strikingly under the wind, is beautified by continual rainbows, and, while so great that it cannot be broken into spray, is over three hundred feet wide when it reaches the level.

We have not space nor skill to describe the exquisite beauty of the Bridal-Veil fall nor the Virgin's Tears, but turn to Mirror Lake, a wide place in the Merced River and down in the valley, which reflects the mighty rocks and the rising sun with gorgeous colorings. The water in which these glories are reflected has come down over two thousand feet in the space of two miles, making innumerable cascades and two grand cataracts, which are wonderful for volume and surrounding scenery. A remarkable natural parapet of granite, breast-high, runs along near the edge of the Vernal Fall, the second plunge of the river, and looks as if left purposely for visitors. The waters descend vertically at your right hand four hundred feet into a vast basin about a mile in diameter, while the rocky galleries rise thousands of feet all around you and sink into an abyss below, realizing to your imagination Dante's description of hell. Niagara cannot be approached for its volume and majesty, but not even Niagara can afford the sublimity of this scene. It brings a common mortal up to the level of the great Italian poet, whose genius created what we now have presented to our view. We cannot rest to describe the Cathedral Spires, two jagged rocks of vast height recalling Notre Dame to memory; nor the North Dome, beside which St. Peter's would dwindle into a toy church; nor the Half-Dome, seemingly split in two and one part of it buried in some tremendous disturbance of nature. But

> "Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
> To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?"

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Before abandoning a task to which our talents are not equal, and descending to personal matters, where we are more likely to be understood and to make ourselves interesting, we would remind our readers that while height of descent and mass of water are important elements of sublimity, yet the setting of these enhances their greatness and impressive power.

Niagara is unrivalled for might, solidity, greatness. Yosemite possesses these qualities, but combined in such various and colossal but well-proportioned surroundings as to give the effect of airiness, beauty, and grandeur. The highest cascade in Europe is the Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees, but it is too thin and small to compare with the ones we speak of. Of the Staubach Fall in Switzerland the same may be said. The fall of the Aar at Handeck and the Vöring Foss in Norway may be compared to ours for height and quantity of water. But while Niagara and Zambesi, in Africa, excel in magnitude, no locality on earth yet discovered combines in such a magnificent amphitheatre five great cataracts, the lowest of which is nearly thrice the height of Niagara, while the highest is more than sixteen times as high as that wonder of the world. As to the geology of the valley, this seems to have been once the bed of a lake, its bottom being almost quite level. Perhaps it was formed by the sinking away of soil between these mighty rocky sides, which are said not to show correspondence as if they were split asunder, as the Palisades seem to have been. A glacier doubtless at one time urged its imperceptibly slow course through the chasm, the rocks being in places polished horizontally by the action of the ice.

To return to our outlook on Glacier Point. There being no ladies in our party, McCauley left us to take care of ourselves, and we therefore lost most of the entertaining experience which we will allow a graphic journalist of one of our best-known weeklies to describe in his own words. "As a part of the usual programme," this writer goes on to say, "we experimented as to the time taken by different objects in reaching the bottom of the cliff. An ordinary stone, tossed over, remained in sight an incredibly long time, but finally vanished somewhere about the middle distance. A handkerchief with a stone tied in the corner was visible perhaps a thousand feet deeper. Even a large, empty box, watched by a field-glass, could not be traced to its concussion with the valley floor. Finally the landlord, whose hut was just back of the edge of the cliff, appeared on the scene, carrying an antique hen under his arm. This, in spite of the

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terrified ejaculations and entreaties of the ladies, he deliberately threw over the side. With an ear-piercing cackle that gradually grew fainter as it fell, the poor hen shot downward; now beating the air with ineffectual wings, and now frantically clawing at the very wind that slanted her first this way and then that, the helpless fowl shot down, down until it became a mere fluff of feathers no larger than a quail. Then it dwindled into a wren's size, disappeared, then again dotted the sight a moment as a pin's point, and then it was gone. After drawing a long breath all around the women folks pitched into the hen's owner with redoubled zest. But the genial McCauley shook his head knowingly and replied: 'Don't be alarmed about that chicken, ladies; she's used to it. She goes over that cliff every day during the season.' And, sure enough, on our road back we met the old hen about half-way up the trail, calmly picking her way home." Before we left McCauley told us one at the expense of an English tourist apropos of the deceptive distances in these regions. John Bull was on his way to Pike's Peak, which loomed up as if within a day's march. The next day passed, however, and the next, and the Peak appeared as near and yet as far. On the way the party had to cross a little brook or ditch, and the Saxon deliberately sat down and proceeded to remove his boots. "Why, Mr. B——," said one of the travellers, "there's no need of that; you can jump over." "No," was the reply; "you can't tell. Distances are very deceptive in this country. We will probably have to wade across!"

Next day we wandered alone through the valley and saw some Indian girls galloping on their small wild ponies, without saddle or bridle. Reaching one of their camps, we found no one but an old squaw making baskets. Her dress was very miserable, her appearance beastly; her hair bore no signs of care, and resembled a tar-mop in full spread. We essayed conversation in vain, and only provoked a reply from a mongrel dog which barked about us. But her baskets were phenomenal: one of them was full of water, and held it as if it were of earthenware. Her hut was made of three poles with an old brown blanket hung on them. These few Indians camp here occasionally in their meanderings, but the only persons who reside throughout the year are about two score whites. Communication with the outer world is difficult, it taking at least two days to get to the railroad. It costs two hundred and fifty dollars to bring a doctor into the place. The aborigines do no work except this basket-making, hunting, and fishing, by which they gain a

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livelihood, the United States government giving them blankets, etc. We could not help thinking how much they must love this singular, beautiful spot! And yet, as far as we heard or could judge, its sublimity and beauty have not elevated them above their fellows. Man appears little capable of elevating himself; education from above seems needed to appreciate beauty or greatness. Rustics do not value a fine painting; we saw a savage from Oceanica laugh idiotically at St. Peter's; the Indian glances carelessly at Brooklyn Bridge and says, "Heap stone!" Like all the other red men, these too dislike labor or disdain it, and money cannot induce them to work. Noticing an individual along the Pacific Railway at work with a shovel, we could not tell whether he was an Indian or a Chinese, and asked a brakeman. "An Indian never works," he answered; "you can always tell by that."

The inhabitants of mountainous regions are very patriotic. Look at the Swiss. Yet, as some one said, Switzerland has produced no great poet, though it has inspired many a one from abroad. What if the prophet had seen the Alps, he who so often refers to the mountains: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the footsteps of the messengers of peace"? Can it be that even here "familiarity breeds contempt"? We heard it remarked once that God himself gives himself to man on faith, possibly lest the too familiar sight of even him might cause surcease of reverence. However it may be, we confess that the visit to the Yosemite was very elevating and consoling to ourselves, and excited in us beginnings of thought which we find expressed at length in the writings of two of the most brilliant writers of to-day—one a Catholic, Cardinal Newman; the other a deist, we believe, the author of *Ecce Deus*.

The awakening of the soul to a sense of higher enjoyment and larger capacity produced by the sight of the great and beautiful works of God such as this valley gave us an insight into the latter's meaning in the work mentioned, p. 251: "Man's erectness, his faculty of speech, dominion over inferior life, and power of reasoning upon the future, have a strange light of divinity lingering upon them even now. In his wildest talk there are accents and snatches of expression which must have come from heaven; his magistracy is a reprint of an ancient charter; his thinking is the dim light which struggles through an eclipsed genius. He does not know himself as a fallen member of the heavenly hierarchy; he gropes and flounders as though he had lost something, and now and again there come through his daily

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life gushes of tenderness and glitterings of mind which have a deep meaning—a meaning which makes the heart sore and sad as it vainly tries to piece itself into wholeness and render the ciphers into intelligible language." Mountain scenery rouses up such thoughts in every poet, but it is only the one who ignores the revelation of Christ that retires "sore and sad" at his inability to solve the riddle of himself. Newman's remarks on the effects of music on our souls apply themselves equally to the impressions produced by the sight of the great places in nature, "the beauty thereof, the unspeakable grace." "Out of what poor elements," he says in his *Theory of Development*, "does some great master in it create his new world! There are but seven of them. What a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! Yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of the heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No: they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels, or the Magnificat of saints, or the living laws of divine governance or the divine attributes; something are they beside themselves which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter; . . . so the whole series of impressions made on us through the senses may be but a divine economy suited to our need, and the token of realities distinct from them, and such as might be revealed to us, nay, more perfectly, by other senses, as different from our existing ones as these from each other."

So far the cardinal-musician and poet. Yes, indeed! These tokens of beauty we receive through the eyes in the valley, "the footprints of God," as well as through the ears in the sound of rushing, falling water: "the voice of the great Creator dwells in that mighty tone." Examine: there is naught but liquid, mineral and vegetable, but the soul insensibly catches ideas of abstract beauty, sublimity, and harmony from their endless variety and combination, which are distinct from the objects themselves. That divine Power which in the beginning "hovered over the face of the deep" enlivens the material masses, giving impressiveness and attractiveness to these mountains and cataracts,

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informing the whole and revealing through those organs, in mute yet eloquent form or "expressive silence," the spirit of eternal order and grandeur to our responsive imaginations. The animals have no appreciation of this, do not understand the language and are unimpressed; the sensual, besotted man is sometimes little above the brutes in this regard, but some, more highly gifted, have a keen intelligence and enter into close communion with the Spirit in the world, and are entranced and lost in the delightful intercourse. The objects their senses perceive seem to recall unconscious memories, and they wander about the hills, the fields, and the rocks, searching for something they have got on the track of, and, having found it, interpret their discoveries to us, and delight and elevate admiring multitudes with their music, their painting, or their poetry. So Raphael's pictures transcend created beauty; Allegri's music is the melody of angels; Shakspere, Dante, Milton hold converse with unseen intelligence. Some oriental dreamers explain by metempsychosis (transmigration of souls) this wonderful quasi-creative faculty by which we recognize beauty in weak material elements, and would have our conceptions of it to be faint memories of higher and happier lives in other planets, reminiscences of the music which the spheres are ever pouring into the ear of God, lines of ethereal beauty and angelic loveliness known in a former existence:

> "There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay,
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."
>
> —*Merchant of Venice*, act v. sc. 1.

We have not progressed enough to realize this truly scientific conceit of the poet, but, in our present limited condition, the effect of all that is grandest and most beautiful in the universe is to raise our minds to God, to make us despise mere matter, and feel and long for that higher, purer existence for which we are destined, when, with perfect soul and spiritualized body and increased sense-power, we shall roam at will through all his splendid creation, and take in and enjoy the greatness and beauty of still other works which it "hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive."

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ARMINE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

In this manner that first meeting with Armine, which Egerton had secretly dreaded, being over, he found himself following her into the nave, where she knelt on a chair next those already occupied by Mlle. d'Antignac and Miss Bertram.

He sat down quietly beside her; and whether it was that the effect of her last words or some other influence rendered him peculiarly susceptible, it is at least certain that the spirit of the great church seemed to lay hold of and take possession of him. He had felt it before—that spirit of immovable serenity and triumphant faith which the massive pillars and the soaring arches express and embody—but never so strongly as now. Looking at the columns that rose around him and were lost in the obscurity of the vast roof, which springs heavenward like an ardent soul, he was moved again with a yearning of envy of the souls that had thus written in stone their imperishable *Credo*. "Whatever other trials life held for them, they knew nothing of the doubt which has wrenched the very foundations of existence from under the feet of this generation," he said to himself. "If one had such faith, all things else would surely be easy; but how is one to gain it who has been filled with the spirit of an age like this?"

The thought made him glance at Sibyl Bertram. Her face looked pale and grave as she sat gazing at the distant altar, the myriad tapers of which formed a mass of radiance to the eye at the end of a long vista, while the mighty roll of the organ and the sound of the cantors' voices filled the space overhead. Did some yearning for faith come to her also? An instinct of sympathy seemed to tell Egerton so, to make him understand the expression of that face turned toward the far-off sanctuary where light and color, the gleam of jewels and the white smoke of incense, were framed by the dim, aspiring arches of the immense encircling obscurity, like a vision of heaven vouchsafed to cheer the darkness of life.

But presently organ and voices ceased, a hush fell, and in the great carved pulpit stood the preacher. He was a striking

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figure—his intellectual head, with its dark, shorn crown and his strong, clear-cut face, rising above the white habit of St. Dominic and thrown into relief by the shadows around him—as he paused for a moment before beginning to speak. Egerton saw Sibyl look up with parted lips. Was she wondering what message he would have for her? This was its substance:

"Every age," began the clear voice, "has its distinctive character impressed upon it by God, its divinely-appointed work to do, and its inevitable conflict with evil to wage. But at the present time there are many earnest souls who despair of the age in which our lot is cast, who think that all things are hastening toward evil, and who look with darkest forebodings upon the prospects of a society which seems daily divorcing itself more and more from the light of truth and the source of unity. Then, in strong contrast to these fearful souls are those who, full of exulting hope, believe that a new light is dawning for humanity, that greater possibilities of freedom and happiness are broadening before it, and that a religion of infinite value—a religion that will change the whole face of the world—is to be founded on the devotion of man to his fellow-man. There are few who do not include in their acquaintance types of both of these classes, and there are few also who do not sometimes ask themselves what they must think of this age, so clamorous in its demands, so loud in assertion of its own excellence, so full of promise to one set of thinkers and so full of evil to another.

"In order that we may know what to think—inclining neither to despair at its many evils nor to a delusive hope born of its specious promises—we must remember that which I began by stating, that God impresses a distinctive character on every age, and we must look for this character not only in the good but in the evil aspect of the age; for as evil is nothing of itself, but only the perversion and travesty of good, so we shall find underlying the fallacies of the age the same fundamental idea which is the inspiration of its good. For every epoch has a twofold spirit—the spirit with which God fills those who strive to accomplish his divine purposes and to hasten the reign of his kingdom on earth, and the spirit with which his enemy and the enemy of souls animates those who oppose these purposes and retard that reign. What, then, is the idea which we find underlying both the truth and the error of the present age? What is the divine

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inspiration which gives force and movement to our time? It is unquestionably an idea of the necessity for a greater love of mankind, an inspiration toward a keener sense of universal brotherhood, toward a deeper charity and a wider compassion for the poor, suffering humanity that lies around us, steeped in misery and cursed with sin. This inspiration is inciting all souls that love God to great deeds and greater sacrifices; in the burning heart of the church it is forming new saints whose chief characteristic is this spirit, and it is bringing forth new orders for the special purpose of serving Christ in his poor. It is this inspiration also which evil has seized and perverted into the false religion of humanity—that religion which, not content with denying God, usurps his dignity and declares in the face of Heaven that humanity *is* God! To this, the lowest depth of degradation into which the human intellect has ever fallen, pride has betrayed man, as pride hurled the fallen angels to hell. He who refuses to believe that the omnipotent God could unite our humanity to his own divinity and so elevate the former to unspeakable dignity, descends to the depth of finding God in man alone—man, who, looking into himself, sees only concupiscence and weakness, who knows absolutely nothing of the nature of his own existence, and who passes like a vapor, unable to tell from whence he comes or whither he goes! But though man as an individual passes into nothingness, humanity remains, these thinkers tell us. And is humanity—that is, man collectively—higher or nobler than man individually? As are units, so is the mass. As we find in the individual ignorance, weakness, selfishness, and crime, so we find these things marking every page of the history of mankind. Has even this age, with its prosperity and its inventions and its intellectual arrogance, improved upon the record of past ages in these respects? Does crime exist no longer? Do we hear no more of robbery and murder and assassination, of treachery between men and war between nations? Ah! lift up your eyes and see the whole earth groaning with misery and darkened with the shadow of wrong. See the rulers of the earth persecuting God's church with one hand while the other is held upon the throat of advancing revolution; see the rich forgetting that they are the stewards of God's gifts, and the maddened poor rising up to take by force what is not their own, and then hear the voice of the age proclaiming the brotherhood of man and his inalienable rights of liberty and happiness!

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"You smile at the satire. But in every false doctrine there is a soul of truth, perverted and misapplied, yet powerful to move the hearts of men. Such a soul is in these doctrines. Do you need for me to tell you where the age has learned them? They are like the broken memories which come to a wandering, sin-stained man of the holy traditions that his mother taught his youth. So, led far astray by false teachers and vain dreams, lost in misery and yearning for higher and better things, this poor humanity of our age looks wistfully back to its happier youth, remembers the great truths which its mighty mother taught, and, filled with their heavenly beauty, wrests them from her theology to form the false Utopias of our day. Is the brotherhood of mankind a new doctrine? You know that it is as old as the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Is the assertion of man's right to liberty and happiness new? Faith has always taught that he is free to choose his immortal destiny and to win an eternal happiness. Does the voice of the age proclaim that men are equal? The church has always declared that serf and king stand on the same plane before God. Has it a zeal to aid the wretched and relieve the poor? What is this zeal to the ardor which has animated her generations of saints, her countless army of religiouses and her missionaries, who to-day, as of old, go forth to shed their blood for the salvation of souls?

"No, the age has nothing to teach us which is new. It only distorts ancient and divine truths. We may go through article after article of the creed which is shaking the world to its centre, and find each article but a parody of the Catholic faith. Only, in place of the worship of God, we have as its centre the worship of humanity; and in place of the humility taught by the Son of God, the pride that will neither believe nor obey. And in this fact—the fact that under every modern idea lies a great but perverted truth—is an explanation of the powerful hold which these doctrines have upon a generation without knowledge of the science of God, a generation left in darkness by the rebellion of their forefathers against the light of divine revelation. Is it wonderful that, after wandering in countless mazes of error, humanity should longingly think of the hopes it has lost and strive to evoke out of its finite imagination a vision of the infinite and celestial promise of God? Is it strange that the divine idea contained in the second great Commandment of the law should exert so strong a fascination even over those who deny the First Commandment, on which it

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rests, that they are filled with something akin to the spirit of martyrs, with a passionate devotion and an ardent zeal for the ideal of human happiness which they seek in vain to realize, and which they refuse to believe is like the mirage that betrays the traveller of the desert into burning sands and trackless wastes?

"Such a mirage is the dream of human progress, the Utopia of human perfection, which intoxicates and deludes multitudes in the present time. But among this multitude are many sincere souls who, after weary days of wandering, may pause and look around for the true city of God, whose wondrous battlements, whose domes and pinnacles, they have seen reflected on the clouds. Where shall they find her? Does any need to ask? In all the earth there is nothing like unto her. She is that city builded upon a mountain which cannot be hid. She alone, who stood by the cradle of civilization, is here to-day in all the beauty of her perpetual youth. Do you persecute her? O blind and foolish generation! combat is her life. She draws fresh vigor from it, and in a thousand battles she has triumphed, leaving her enemies dead upon the field. Come, then, and learn from her the true meaning and purpose of life. She alone can solve your perplexities, for she alone possesses truth in its entirety. She alone can teach you the true dignity of human nature, which this age proclaims without understanding, and the true brotherhood of mankind, which it denies in asserting; for she alone has an exact and perfect knowledge of both. She alone can satisfy every aspiration of the human soul and realize every ideal of human progress, for only by her aid can the world attain to that 'deliverance of the nations,' and that 'increase of liberty, love, and peace among men,' of which it dreams. Let us, then, yield ourselves to the spirit with which God inspires the age; let us labor to hasten the reign of his kingdom; let us burn with more active love for our brethren, and let us pray that this age—in which men, grown weary of denial, are seeking for truths to affirm—may rise from faith in humanity to faith in the Man-God whose Sacred Heart, at once human and divine, is the centre of the new creation, and in union with whom our fallen nature finds its sole dignity and its only hope."

Dusk had fallen before the preacher finished, and, making the sign of the cross over the silent multitude before him, turned and disappeared, his white habit seeming to catch the

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last ray of light among the dim arches. From that moment until she found herself in the great square before the cathedral, with a soft evening sky overhead—primrose-tinted in the west, where the roofs of the tall houses were outlined against it—Sibyl Bertram felt like one in a dream. Then she looked up at this sky, and, turning to Mlle. d'Antignac, who was beside her, said:

"Have you ever seen a mirage?"

"No," the other answered. "Have you?"

"Yes, I have seen it in the Camargue. After I read *Mirèio* I gave mamma no peace until she consented to travel there. You know it is like a bit of Africa in Europe, and as we drove one day toward Les Saintes Maries I saw the mirage. It was wonderful—the exact reproduction of a battlemented city, with glorious Gothic towers and spires. Any one might have fancied it reality. I thought, while the preacher spoke, how well he had chosen his image."

"I thought it a very true image," said Mlle. d'Antignac.

"It was certainly forcible, to one who has seen the mirage," said Sibyl.

She said nothing more. Indeed, they were all rather silent as they walked in the direction of the Quai Voltaire. There was something in the expression of Armine's face which deterred Egerton from conversation; and he was himself still under the influence of the feeling which had laid hold of him in the cathedral and had been deepened and intensified by the words of which only a pale shadow has been here transcribed. Presently he found himself—he did not know how—joined by Mlle. d'Antignac, while Armine and Sibyl dropped behind them.

It was a pleasant hour for such a promenade along the quays. On one side the river flowed, bearing the sunset light on its breast; on the other were glimpses of narrow, picturesque streets, lined with those tall old houses which still exist on the left bank of the Seine. Usually Sibyl would have been keenly alive to every aspect of the scene; but now she hardly heeded it. Her mind—that ardent mind so quick to seize whatever was attractive—was occupied by the thoughts which had just been presented to it, and when at length she addressed Armine it was to say almost abruptly:

"Those were striking ideas. Were they new to you?"

"Not entirely," Armine answered. "I have often heard M. d'Antignac speak of the close resemblance between the

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teaching of the Catholic Church and the religion of humanity. But it was a new idea to me that the evil spirit of the age is only its good inspiration perverted. Yet it explains many things," she added thoughtfully.

"As, for example—?" said Sibyl, who had a strong inclination to draw her out on a subject which she had reason to know so well, and which had always exercised a great fascination over herself.

"Well, for one thing, the spirit of self-devotion and self-sacrifice of which the preacher spoke," the girl replied a little sadly. "It would astonish you if you could know how sincere this is in many of those whom the world calls Positivists and Socialists. They are ready even to lay down their lives for their brethren; and 'greater love than this hath no man.'"

"It would not astonish me," said Sibyl. "I know—I have long known—of the existence of this spirit, and it has made me desire to learn more of the ideal which inspired it."

Armine looked at her gravely.

"If you learned more," she said, "you would feel, as others have felt, the infinite pity of seeing such ardent faith and such passionate effort wasted in a cause so hopeless, and which, if gained, could only be so evil. You would feel as if your heart might almost break with sadness over the sight of an enthusiasm which counted life and all life's effort as nothing to give, in order that certain social and political dreams might be realized, which if realized would plunge the world into anarchy, take from mankind the hope of anything beyond this miserable life, and make existence far more unbearable than it is now. And then, at the end, to think that all this effort was for nothing—poured out like water on sand—when if it had been for God—"

The voice, which had deepened in earnestness as the speaker went on, suddenly paused; and Sibyl, understanding, said quickly:

"But what is generally known as 'work for God' seems to be selfish in its end, whereas such effort as this for humanity is at least nobly unselfish."

"It is likely," said Armine, "that we may be as much mistaken about what is work for God as about the best mode of serving humanity. And it is possible to serve him for a selfish motive. But the noblest souls do not so serve him. They rise higher and higher above self until at last they end by an-

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nihilating it. One need know but little of the saints to know that."

"I confess that I know very little of them," said Sibyl. "But from what I do know they seem to have been absorbed in thinking of their own souls and of what their prospects were for eternal salvation."

Armine smiled. "It is plain that you know little," she said, "for no such spiritual egotist could be a saint. The saints are souls that are on fire for God's glory, for the coming of his kingdom on earth, of which we have just heard, and for the relief of the poor, the sick, and the suffering, whom the Son of God deigned to identify so completely with himself as to say that whatever is done to the least of these is done to *him*. The marvel is that there should be any poor left on earth after that had been said," the girl added, as if to herself. "The wonder is that every one does not rise and go forth to seek them!"

"And yet," said Sibyl, "we are told that the condition of the poor is nowhere so desperate as among Christian nations."

"I have heard that," Armine answered; for what idea connected with human progress could Sibyl Bertram suggest which this Socialist's daughter was not likely to have heard? "And when I went to M. d'Antignac and asked him what I should think of it, he simply gave me a volume of history and said: 'Read that.' But if I told you what I found there, Miss Bertram, it is probable that I might wound you."

"It is not at all probable," Sibyl answered. "I may safely say that if there is anything of which I *am* capable, it is of regarding abstract questions dispassionately and not as a partisan. The most astonishing thing connected with human nature to me is the manner in which people refuse to hear anything opposed to the set of opinions in which they chanced to be educated. I have no such opinions. I long ago cast them aside, and I have found nothing as yet to take their place."

Armine's grave and gentle eyes regarded her again, this time with something of compassion.

"I am sorry for you," she said simply. "It is terrible not to know what to believe of this mystery and riddle of life which is all around us. I am told that there is a school of thinkers—should one call them thinkers?—who declare that an attitude of doubt is the only one possible to man. Could

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anything be worse? Never to *know* anything, never to possess any certainty of truth—why, faith in the worst of doctrines would, as a mental state, be preferable to that."

"Yet," said Sibyl, "such people look upon it as a kind of weakness to desire certainty. Oh! you do not know; you have not come in contact with the spirit of the day—" Then she stopped with a sudden recollection. "I am very foolish," she said in a different tone. "You probably know much more than I do of that spirit. You have more reason to know."

"Of a certain form of it I know a great deal," Armine answered; "but it is not the form of which you speak. There is no attitude of doubt about the men I have known. They are strong in belief and positive in teaching. They do not say, 'There may or there may not be a God—we cannot tell.' They say, 'God is a fable. Let us worship and serve humanity.'"

"It was that positiveness which always attracted me," said Sibyl, "as well as their ardor in the cause of humanity. The dream seemed so beautiful—of elevating mankind, of banishing inequality and poverty and pain, as far as might be, from the face of the earth."

"Pain can never be banished while sin and death remain," said the soft voice at her side.

"I suppose the hope is a mirage," said Sibyl, with a sigh—"a mirage which is indeed but a reflection of the old ideal of Christianity which the modern world has almost forgotten."

"M. d'Antignac says that there was nothing which the world so quickly forgot, when it ceased to be Catholic, as the counsels of perfection," said Armine, "and that they embody all, and more than all, that the religion of humanity desires to accomplish."

"I think I must ask M. d'Antignac to tell me something of the counsels of perfection," said Sibyl, smiling a little.

"You cannot do better," answered Armine, as they turned in under the familiar door of the house where D'Antignac dwelt.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHEN they entered the room where D'Antignac lay they found his couch surrounded by a group of his friends. M. de Marigny, Godwin, the Abbé Neyron, and one or two others were there, and conversation as it is understood in

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France—which does not mean the talk of one or the aimless gossip of three or four, but the contact of trained minds in an intercourse which sharpens them, as steel is sharpened by steel, and from which results the highest form of mental enjoyment and the ability to give and take keen intellectual thrusts—was evidently in animated progress. The appearance of the new-comers caused a temporary lull, but the air of the *salon* was unmistakable. Photographed, one would have seen in the very attitude of the figures a reflection of the discussions in which they were engaged. The sight of so many people—though all of them were known to her—made Armine shrink a little; but Miss Bertram's eyes brightened. Nothing pleased her better than to sniff the air of such combats, even from afar, and to mingle in them was her delight.

It was natural that every one should look at her as she came forward; for beauty always commands this tribute, and hers was a very striking type of beauty, rendered more striking by the absence of self-consciousness. "Who is she?" the Abbé Neyron asked aside of M. de Marigny, and when he heard he said, "It is a noble face."

Meanwhile Sibyl, putting her hand in that which D'Antignac held out to her, said with a smile: "You see I have come to be a listener."

"More than that, I hope," he replied, smiling in turn. "We cannot afford to lose the element which you will bring into our conversation."

"I am afraid to ask what that is," she said. "I fear that if *you* are candid, *I* may not be complimented."

"Am I ever other than candid?" he asked. "But I will leave the answer to M. de Vigny, whom you will permit me to present to you. He is an author, and consequently an adept in phrases."

"I am aware," said Sibyl turning her brilliant glance on the gentleman thus presented, "that M. de Vigny is an adept in phrases, but I do not think that excuses you for transferring a difficulty to his shoulders."

"There can be no difficulty in perceiving that it is the element of the charming which mademoiselle must bring into any conversation," said M. de Vigny, with a bow.

"I knew that I could trust his power of intuition to divine that," said D'Antignac quietly. "Now sit down, mademoiselle, and tell us where you have been."

"I have been to Notre Dame," answered Sibyl, after she

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had acknowledged M. de Vigny's gallantry with an altogether charming smile, "and I have heard a sermon which gives me many ideas that may not be new in themselves, but are very new to me."

"I beg to congratulate you, then," said M. de Vigny. "Nothing can be a greater pleasure than to receive new ideas, but nothing, alas! is more rare. Everything that can be said on any and every subject has been said to an exhaustive degree."

"Even if that were true there are fresh auditors all the time for whom things need to be said over again," remarked D'Antignac. "But it is not true. New ideas are possible, because human life is all the time changing its aspects—of course within certain fixed limitations—and though I do not admit that in all respects

"'The thoughts of man are widened with the process of the suns,'

there can be no doubt that in some respects they are. And you, De Vigny, should be slow to declare that 'everything which can be said has been said,' else where is the excuse for your new book?"

"Perhaps it has none," said M. de Vigny, lifting his shoulders with an airy gesture.

"Your readers, monsieur, would be slow to admit that," said Sibyl, seeing her way to repay the compliment of a moment back.

"You are very kind, mademoiselle," replied the author; "but my readers are only pleased by seeing their own reflections in what I produce. It is like the fascination of gazing in a mirror, and they cry: 'Ah! that excellent De Vigny—how artistic, how lifelike his pictures are!' They value them merely as the representatives of a reality with which they are familiar, and not for any element of originality which they possess."

"That is your own fault, or rather the fault of the school to which you belong," said D'Antignac. "You aim only to present representations of a reality with which every one is familiar—not types of an ideal to which human nature may aspire, and does now and then attain."

"This is the day of reality in art," said De Vigny. "We leave the pursuit of the ideal to politics."

"And consequently art, instead of being an elevating, has become a degrading influence," said D'Antignac. "Genius

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is occupied in painting the diseases of humanity, not its infinite pathos, its deep tragedy, or its possibilities of nobleness."

"You are a moralist, and moralists make the mistake of regarding everything from an ethical point of view," said M. de Vigny. "It has been long settled that it is within the province of art to treat *all* topics, and the value of a book—we are speaking, I presume, of what is known as fiction—lies in the truthfulness of its delineation of the subject and types portrayed."

"Then a painter might represent a hospital ward with perfect fidelity, and the picture would be worth as much as the 'Transfiguration' of Raphael," said the quiet voice of the abbé.

"In my opinion it would be worth more, inasmuch as it would increase our knowledge of humanity as it lives and suffers around us," said M. de Vigny.

"A very good end," said the abbé, "if it also increased our charity and pity for this poor humanity; but experience teaches that the result of the brutal realism—I can use no other term—which distinguishes much of our art is not only repulsive but debasing. I walked through the *Salon* the other day," pursued the speaker, "and the effect of those acres of canvas devoted to vicious or ignoble or merely trivial subjects—for the exceptions were few and not remarkable—was so depressing that I was forced to go to the Louvre and refresh myself for half an hour with the old masters. And in literature it is the same story. Forgive me, my dear De Vigny, if I say that after I have read one of our modern dramas or romances I am fain to take the bitter taste out of my mouth by going to those old masters of classic antiquity who, pagans though they were, recognized the truth that a noble literature must possess an ethical purpose and be bound by ethical laws."

"But when we read Sophocles or Euripides," said M. de Vigny, "it is for their perfection of form, not for their ethical purpose."

"Form is but the body which clothes the soul of the writer's purpose," said D'Antignac. "Without that soul—a soul high enough and strong enough to touch the noblest aspirations of mankind—form alone cannot hope to secure immortality for any human production. See, as an example, the paintings of which M. l'Abbé speaks. Every one can

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perceive that the artists have perfect command of what may be called the mechanism of art. Their knowledge of perspective, of anatomy, of the use of color, is far in advance of the great old painters; but, for lack of noble subjects, modern art is trivial where it is not vicious, and no one can believe that it will live."

"But if the age does not furnish noble subjects are its poor painters with pen and pencil to blame?"

"Men are too apt to forget that each one helps to make the age," said the abbé gravely.

While talk went on in this fashion tea had been brought in, and Mlle. d'Antignac, who detected in Armine an intention of slipping away, frustrated it by placing her at the table on which Cesco arranged the urn and cups, and asking her to pour out the tea. "For I must go and talk to Signor Arlotti," she said, indicating a gentleman who was speaking with M. de Marigny. "He is an old Roman friend of Raoul's."

Perceiving Armine thus occupied, Egerton came up and asked if he could render any assistance. Informed that he could not, he sat down by the side of the table to drink his own cup of tea and wait until every one else was served. Then, when Cesco had been despatched with the last cup, he said:

"I have been watching Miss Bertram's face. It is pleasant to see her keen enjoyment of the atmosphere which she finds here."

"She seems specially fitted to enjoy it," said Armine, glancing also across the room at the mobile face, which was indeed full of animation. "She appears to be one of those for whom society is made, and who are specially fitted to adorn it."

"She adorns society, certainly, and society admires her very much," said Egerton. "But I think she puzzles it a little also, for her attitude is generally somewhat scornful and suggestive of the fact that it is not equal to her requirements. But *here* she is evidently in an element which suits and delights her."

"I cannot fancy her scornful," said Armine. "I have never seen her other than full of graciousness—and not without something of humility also," she added, recalling their late conversation.

Egerton could not forbear a smile. "Humility is the last

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characteristic with which I should credit Miss Bertram," he said.

"Perhaps you do not know a great deal of her," said Armine. "I do not mean that *I* know a great deal," she continued, "but sometimes it will chance that a single conversation reveals more of a person than one might learn by the surface-intercourse of years."

"I am glad if Miss Bertram has revealed herself to you," said Egerton. "If I may judge by my own experience, you have a singular power of saying the right word at the right time and in the right manner."

"You are too kind," she said in a low tone. "You think too much of any words which I may have uttered to you. It was God who enlightened your mind and touched your heart and made—some things impossible to you."

"Perhaps so," Egerton answered; "but God works, does he not, by human instruments?"

"Sometimes—yes. But do not think of me as such an instrument."

"I must think of you as I have found you," answered the young man, with a tone of feeling in his voice. "But I will not talk of it, if you do not wish me to do so. We were speaking of Miss Bertram. She is clever, as you have no doubt perceived, and she has been very much attracted by certain modern theories about life and conduct. Therefore it is well for her to meet you. She knows what your experience has been, and your opinions derive greater weight with her from that experience."

"Any weight which they possess must be derived wholly from it," said Armine, "else they would have none. With regard to Miss Bertram, I think I understand what you mean. I should say that she has great natural nobleness of character, and, like many noble souls, she has been fascinated by a dream of ardor and self-sacrifice and labor for the common good of humanity. That sermon this afternoon seemed preached for her."

"And not for her alone," said Egerton.

"I did not mean that," said Armine. "There was much in it for all of us. I have often observed that great truths seem to contain what is necessary for many individual needs."

"And all our needs are different," said Egerton. "For example, I need faith—not intellectual conviction, but something spiritual which I have not got and cannot give myself;

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Miss Bertram needs to be convinced of the unsubstantial nature of the dreams with which she has been fascinated; and you—well, I do not know what *you* need, but I am sure it is something very different from either."

Armine smiled a little, but did not reply, for at that moment M. de Marigny approached them.

"I have come to beg for another cup of tea, mademoiselle," he said, "and to hope that you are well."

"Thanks, M. le Vicomte; I am very well," she answered as she filled the cup which he held toward her. Then she looked up at him with the familiar wistful light in her eyes. "And you?" she said.

He bowed. "I too am very well—the better for having been out of Paris for a day or two. Business called me away, and I was glad to forget the turmoil of life here for a short time."

"It is strange," said Egerton, "to hear a Frenchman speak of being glad to be out of Paris and away from the turmoil of its life."

"Paris means different things to different people," said the vicomte. "To me it is simply a battle-field, and not even the charm of its boulevards and its *salons* can counterbalance the weariness which I suffer in the Chamber. And not only weariness—that would be easily borne—but pain and shame and despair for the immediate future of France."

"It is hard to maintain spirit when one is fighting a hopeless battle," said Egerton; "and the battle which you are fighting against the Radical element seems at present very hopeless."

"The battle against Conservative apathy is still more hopeless," said the vicomte. "Indeed, it is in that chiefly that the hopelessness of the contest lies. Radicalism must run its course and reach its end after a time—for destructive forces do not halt—but it is Conservative apathy which gives it such great power for evil, and which will make the end so terrible. I do not wish to be a prophet of dark things, however," he broke off with a smile, "and no soldier should lose courage because the fight is hard.'

Egerton saw that Armine's eyes were full of sympathy as she looked at the speaker. "I am sure that you do not lose courage because the fight is hard," she said, "but only because it seems hopeless—if, indeed, you lose courage at all."

"I am at least often tempted to discouragement," he said.

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"But the cause in which we fight is not wholly earthly; it is to save the faith as well as the honor of France; so we may leave the issue to God. *Apropos*, I am told by my cousin that you heard a very good conference at Notre Dame this afternoon, mademoiselle. I am glad that you were more fortunate than on the afternoon when I was your guide—into the roof."

"Yes, I was much more fortunate," said Armine, smiling; "but I have not forgotten that you resigned the certainty of hearing on that occasion, in order to give me the probability of doing so. I wish, therefore, that you had been rewarded by being there this afternoon."

"I thought of going, but, on consideration, preferred coming here. I knew I should find D'Antignac alone; and there is no one whose society I enjoy more, or from whom I derive more benefit."

"Ah! I can well imagine that," said Armine, with the tone of feeling which always came into her voice when she spoke of D'Antignac. "But you did not find him alone, after all!"

"Yes, I was fortunate enough to anticipate the other visitors by an hour."

He paused. It seemed to Egerton that he was about to speak of what passed in that hour, so he rose and moved away, mindful of the peculiar position in which these two people stood to each other. But the vicomte said nothing farther of his conversation with D'Antignac. He seemed chiefly anxious to put Armine at ease with himself, and the topics which he chose were as far as possible removed from any that could disturb her. When Mlle. d'Antignac joined them presently she found him talking of the wild legends of the Breton coast, while Armine's eyes were full of interest and pleasure as she listened.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A DAY IN ATHENS WITH SOCRATES. Translations from the *Protagoras* and the *Republic* of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These translations are from the pen of the author of the small volume entitled *Socrates*, noticed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for June, 1883, who is now universally known to be a lady of Boston. Her translations from Plato are admitted by competent critics to be the best which have yet been made into the English language. In our opinion there is even an improvement in style attained in the present volume upon its earlier companion. In fact, we could not wish for anything better. The object of the translator in the present instance has been, not so much to set forth a conspectus of Platonic philosophy as contained in the Dialogues, as to present a vivid picture representing characteristics and persons of the age in which Socrates and Plato lived. Parts only of the Dialogues are translated. Other parts are epitomized in the author's own words with consummate art. Most persons will understand and enjoy them in the perusal much better, we dare say, in this form than in their unabridged text. The Preface and Notes furnish a great additional help. The author's design of presenting a vivid picture of a day in Athens with Socrates and the group of interlocutors and hearers among whom he makes the central figure has been successfully accomplished. The picture is really vivid and life-like, and the discussion in that Greek of long ago which is the school-boy's terror and dismay, not to speak of the sentiments which it awakens in the bosoms of most masters of arts, is reanimated by the English spirit of life breathed into it by the translator. The quality of the Socratic talk in Plato's Dialogues is wholesome and invigorating. Politics becomes something better and higher than we find in our common newspaper talk and our ordinary speechifying dialect. Hence it is a good thing to have this nobler kind of discussion thrown in to purify and tone up the readable matter served on the common table of intellectual refection. Not in the exact and spirited rendering of the very language of Plato himself, alone, but also in the original sentences of the Preface and Notes, the translator has shown a clear understanding of the elevated ideas and purport of this discussion, and the power of expressing the same in fit words. For example, what can be better or more tersely expressed than the following (n. 25, p. 24):

"To account for this identification of politics with virtue we must remember that to the Greek the art of politics comprised all excellence. To him the state was the moral and religious law in one, a community in good living, its end being the full and harmonious development of human nature in the citizen; or, in other words, the unimpeded activity of his moral and intellectual power to work—of his 'excellence' or virtue."

One more choice passage shall be quoted from the preface, as a specimen of the manner and quality of the author's style of original composition (pref. p. xviii.):

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"Joining the group in the *Protagoras*, let us listen to their earnest questionings concerning virtue. Shall the different attributes which go to make up this most precious of possessions be likened to so many precious gems, each preserving its own identity even when grouped with others in one cluster, or, like the many faces of a crystal, are these attributes but different phases of one harmonious whole? This surely is no idle speculation, but a problem of vital importance to us all. For if we recognize virtue to be indeed 'one through all, a unity in multiplicity,' we know also that the perfection of no single virtue can be reached if the quest of virtue as a whole is abandoned; we know that the end to be held steadily before us, the one ideal to be untiringly pursued, is virtue in its entirety. And since by ignorance alone we are blinded to this truth, so by education alone the eye of the soul is opened to the 'things that are real,' and we are enabled to recognize virtue as the indissoluble bond which holds together all that is good and pure and high, and to make that 'choice which is best both for this life and for the next' (Pl. *Rep.* 618 E.)"

Suppose, now, we counsel all our young ladies of the upper circle to buy and read the two volumes of translations from Plato by one of their number, what will probably be the effect? It is to be feared that but few will see what we have written, fewer still follow our advice so far as to buy the books, and a still smaller number read them through with a real enjoyment. If we are wronging our young friends, we shall be delighted to be convinced of it and to make a retractation. There is a large class, however, of young ladies, most intelligent and solidly educated, who are engaged in teaching or are preparing to do so, to whom we can offer the above advice, with a hope that it will be followed and that we shall be repaid by their thanks. As each of these volumes, although very neatly and attractively printed, costs but fifty cents, they are within easy reach of all.

PHILOSOPHY IN OUTLINE. By W. T. Harris. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If we were asked why we take more interest in reading a book written by an American author, whether it be on mental philosophy or social science, than one written, for instance, by a German or an Englishman, our answer would be: So far as the American is true to the principles which underlie the phase of civilization in which he was born, you will always find him, instead of pulling down, engaged in building up; and in place of occupying his time in studying the dead past, he is bent upon pointing out the way to true progress for the living present and the possible future. The American, at least, has his eyes in his forehead, is alive, and has not forgotten how to exercise the faculty of hope.

Hence in reading a thorough American book on any of these or kindred topics our first question is: What are its underlying principles?

In applying this test to *Philosophy in Outline* we are struck with the fact that its author is no pessimist or agnostic. He is true to this extent to the spirit of his country, and so far he is superior to the philosophical theories at present reigning in Germany and England. Had Mr. Harris trusted more to his own intellectual gifts and personal convictions he would have, in our opinion, done much better. His mind evidently has

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been biassed by his study of Hegel; and, other things being equal, why should not an unfettered man do better than one born under the sway of nobody knows how many absurd and false philosophical systems, looking at truth through a traditional, distorted medium?

Would that W. T. Harris were free from Hegelianism, and, with his insight, had spoken out in the native freedom and prime convictions of an American! Not that sound philosophy is either the fruit of national or race characteristics, but is born of the first principles of reason, whose lines are, such is our conviction, more distinctly enunciated and more closely followed as a whole by American civilization.

Hegelianism as a religion belongs to the genus rationalism, and from this false point of view attempts to pass as a philosophical exposition of Christianity! Hegel succeeded beyond any other German, in our opinion, in giving to words a meaning clean away from the things themselves. There are those who have been deceived by this sleight-of-hand, and have taken for philosophy what is only a trick. The author of the *Outline* is too candid a man to play successfully in this sort of legerdemain; one detects how it is done, and what was intended to create astonishment under his manipulation only excites indignation. It is best to leave this sort of mystification to the Germans. Hegelianism as a philosophy is an effort to construct a logical system without taking into consideration the labors of the great thinkers, outside of Germany, either in the past or the actual present.

It would have been a gratifying spectacle to see Mr. Harris grapple at once with the false Hegelian premise of the identity of contradictions and throw it square on its back, as he has done with agnosticism. Who knows?—after he has passed through the Hegelian epidemic, he may do it yet, and standing firm on his own untrammelled convictions, without the fear of German philosophy before his eyes, give the fruit of his philosophical cogitations. *Speremus.*

THE WORKS OF VIRGIL. Translated into English Verse, with Variorum and other Notes and Comparative Readings. By John Augustine Wilstach (Counsellor-at-Law). In two volumes 12mo, pp. 575, 647. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

Here is a complete translation into English, in blank verse, of all of Virgil that is extant. English translations of Virgil have been plentiful, but, alas! how unsatisfactory to one who really knows Virgil in the original. French, Italian, and Spanish translations have been, as a rule, faithful to the soul and the expression of the divine Latin poet. German translations have been faithful, but, to the Latinist who is not a German, the opposite to satisfactory. In fact, the romantic, mystical German mind could not sympathize, as does the French, Italian, and Spanish, with the classical beauties of old Rome. What German, what Englishman, could look upon the bees and their hives with the intense delight that beams out in the Fourth Georgic? The atmosphere itself of southern Italy and the Mediterranean is not natural to them. When Dryden and the later English translators of Virgil have worked out their couplets, Alexandrines, hexameters, and their ballad lines, they have worked out rather—if anything heroic—the voyages and the adventures of Northern heroes, not classical. Whoever

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has tried to read Dryden, Conington, Cranch, or the rest of them has found it to be a task of duty, not of pleasure.

Therefore it is an epoch for those who cannot read Latin to have before them so faithful a translation, which yet reads so delightfully, as this of Mr. Wilstach. The writer of this notice has read the translation from beginning to end, and, with Virgil's sonorous Latin ringing familiarly in his ears, he has not come across a passage unfaithful to the original or unpoetical in English. So far Mr. Wilstach can congratulate himself on having made the best English translation of Virgil.

Still, the author would, perhaps, have done better in some cases had he been led less by English and German commentators than by Italian scholars, and by others to whom Latin is almost a mother-tongue and to whom Virgil was the first poet of their childhood. Think, for instance, of quoting that respectable Protestant Episcopal clergyman, the late Mr. Anthon, to solve a difficulty in Virgil, when hundreds of Virgil's countrymen—Italians—have trodden the same ground!

BROWNSON'S WORKS. Controversy. Vol. i., vol. v. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse. 1884. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This volume embraces some of the ablest of Dr. Brownson's works. The most able book from his pen, in our opinion, is contained in this volume—"The Convert." No one is fully equipped as a controversialist in this age, especially in this country, who has not read attentively, and appropriated to the extent of his capacity, Dr. Brownson's writings. Every student of the religious question, whatever may be his creed, ought to study them. Every library ought to have a copy.

THE NEW PARISH PRIEST'S PRACTICAL MANUAL: A work useful also for other Ecclesiastics, especially for Confessors and for Preachers. By Joseph Frassinetti, Prior of St. Sabina, Genoa. Translated from the Italian by William Hutch, D.D., President of St. Colman's College, Fermoy. London: Burns & Oates. (New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.) 1883.

It seems hardly necessary to write a long notice of a work so celebrated, so successful, and so universally approved as Father Frassinetti's *Manual*, which now appears for the first time in an English translation. There can be little doubt that for the circumstances for which it was written it is unsurpassed and, it may even be said, unsurpassable; it goes directly to the point and hits the nail straight on the head on every page and in every sentence. Common sense, practical judgment, experience, moderation, joined with perfect theological knowledge as well as charity and zeal, are manifest throughout.

Of course the principal part of the unqualified praise which this *Manual* deserves and has always received must still belong to it in all parts of the church and under all the varying conditions of its life in different countries and times; for the pastoral duties are always essentially the same. Still, there are some portions of the book which, referring as they do to special customs and circumstances not existing among us, are not directly applicable, and might, perhaps, be omitted without injury; still, they are often so interwoven with other matter that this is not easily feasible. Some such portions have already been dropped in this translation.

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After all, it is the spirit and general principles of action by which one in charge of souls should be governed which is the most important thing to be learned from works of this kind; so that if these are well set forth and illustrated in detail, the details, if necessary, can be varied by the reader. In the greater part of the subject, however, little or no variation is required, especially in that relating to preachers and confessors, on which no improvement seems possible. The translation is good and free from foreign idioms, and the type remarkably clear and pleasing to the eye.

THE LIFE OF ELIZABETH, LADY FALKLAND. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. (Quarterly Series, vol. 43.) London: Burns & Oates. (New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Lady Georgiana tells us in her preface that a biography which fulfils the conditions which make works of fiction attractive, possesses a far greater attraction than they can have. This remark leads the reader to expect a great deal from the biography of Lady Falkland. Lady Georgiana is the best writer of fiction among Catholic Englishwomen who have tried their skill in that department of literature. A biography from her hand surpassing in fascination her best novels must be indeed charming. Her subject is one which lacks none of the materials for the most interesting kind of biography. She has treated it in her own masterly style. Lady Falkland was a person of great idiosyncrasy of character, highly gifted and educated, and of a generous temper. She lived during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. (1585–1639), was a convert, and underwent a pretty severe ordeal of persecution. Many persons in our own day, especially women who are wives and mothers, will find in her history a likeness of their own trials and a great many lessons of wisdom and encouragement. One curious episode in this biography is the account of that theological charlatan and impostor, Chillingworth. The narrative brings the reader in contact with quite a number of historical characters, and with some not much known to history but nevertheless interesting and remarkable. It is difficult to convey a just impression of the piquant charm and quite peculiar attraction of the *Life of Lady Falkland* to one who has not read it. It is enough to say that it is worthy of the author, to assure any reader from being disappointed in its perusal.

ABSTRACT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR 1881.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY. 1884.

SERMONS PREACHED IN ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, and published for the benefit of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. Philadelphia, Pa.: Thomas Coleman, 1409 North Second Street.

A TREATISE ON THE TRUE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By the Venerable Servant of God, Louis-Marie, Grignon de Montfort. Translated from the original French by Frederick William Faber, D.D., priest of the Oratory, with a letter to his clergy by the Lord Bishop of Salford. Third Edition. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

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STATEMENT

OF

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

For the year ending December 31st, 1883.

ASSETS.....$101,148,248.25.

Annuity Account.

	No.	Ann. Pay'ts.		No.	Ann. Pay'ts.
Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1883.	55	$19,200 91	Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1884.	61	$23,134 31
Premium Annuities.....		3,712 44	Premium Annuities.....		3,674 96
Annuities Issued.....	7	4,433 40	Annuities Terminated.....	1	537 48
	62	$27,346 75		62	$27,346 75

Insurance Account.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1883.	106,214	$329,554,174	Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1884.	110,990	$342,946,932
Risks Assumed.....	11,531	37,810,597	Risks Terminated.....	6,755	24,418,759
	117,745	$367,364,771		117,745	$367,364,771

Revenue Account.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Balance from last account.....	$92,782,986 08	By paid Death Claims.....	$5,005,795 00
" Premiums received.....	13,457,928 44	" " Matured Endowments.....	2,666,261 73
" Interest and Rents.....	5,042,964 45	" Total claims— $7,962,056 73	
		" " Annuities.....	27,661 38
		" " Dividends.....	3,138,491 69
		" " Surrendered Policies and Additions.....	2,831,150 71
		Total paid Policy-holders— $13,959,360 51	
		" " Commissions, (payment of current and extinguishment of future,).....	886,126 90
		" " Premium charged off on Securities Purchased.....	405,472 22
		" " Taxes and Assessments.....	226,957 60
		" " Expenses.....	834,752 70
		" " Balance to New Account....	94,972,108 80
	$111,283,878 97		$111,283,878 97

Balance Sheet.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Reserve at four per cent.....	$95,571,877 00	By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on Real Estate.....	$46,303,472 34
" Claims by death not yet due.....	908,635 00	" United States and other Bonds...	25,270,240 00
" Premiums paid in advance.....	22,794 35	" Loans on Collaterals.....	15,037,910 00
" Agents' Balances.....	8,479 56	" Real Estate.....	8,633,971 80
" Surplus and Contingent Guarantee Fund.....	4,636,462 34	" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest.....	3,403,249 63
		" Interest accrued.....	1,310,588 23
		" Premiums deferred, quarterly and semi-annual.....	1,039,229 68
		" Premiums in transit, principally for December.....	140,786 48
	$101,148,248 25		$101,148,248 25

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent Interest be used, the Surplus is over $12,000,000.

From the Surplus, as appears in the Balance Sheet, a dividend will be apportioned to each participating Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1884.

THE PREMIUM RATES CHARGED FOR INSURANCE IN THIS COMPANY WERE REDUCED IN 1879 ABOUT 15 PER CENT ON ORDINARY LIFE POLICIES.

ASSETS.....$101,148,248 25

NEW YORK, January 18, 1884.

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